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HOOK'S ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

THE promotion of Dr. Hook from a laborious town parish to the comparative leisure of a deanery will not have been without its public fruits, if it does nothing more than furnish us with a good readable History of the English Church. It was much wanted; for drier food than was usually presented to the reader under that title can hardly be imagined. Much painstaking research, a very conscientious balancing of authorities, and a large amount of out-of-the-way learning, has been employed upon several of our modern Church Histories. But, however these may meet the wants of the student, they are for the most part sadly unattractive to the general reader. The old monkish writers, with all their marvellous stories unpruned, were much more entertaining; for when the supernatural items, which are the anecdotes of medieval history, come to be explained away, the residuum may be very innocent and unobjectionable, but it is often terribly insipid.

The Dean of Chichester is not to be placed above his predecessors in

this department of history, so far as extensive learning or research is concerned; probably he would himself be the last to claim any such superiority: the praise which he deserves—and it is really praise—is that of being eminently readable. If the student will not have learned much which could not have been gained elsewhere, he will find the facts put together in a clear and pleasant narrative. With the miraculous element, that sore stumbling-block to all who have to deal with the old ecclesiastical authorities, Dr. Hook deals manfully and summarily; he rejects it altogether. "It is inconsistent," he says, "with the principles of our holy religion to expect the performance of miracles under the Christian dispensation." (We presume that we are meant to understand, since the days of the Apostles). "Such miracles would not have been permitted to take place if not absolutely necessary, and miracles cannot be necessary in a church which professes a completed Bible." Such a canon is at least a very simple one, and facilitates the study of early ecclesias-

Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. By W. F. HOOK, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vol. i.—Anglo-Saxon Period. London: Bentley, 1860.

tical history considerably; and it is convenient for the reader to have it laid down thus dogmatically at the outset. Whether it has not its weak side, we shall not here stop to inquire. It was not always part of the author's own creed, as he honestly reminds us; he has adopted it only after mature consideration; we do not mean to say it is the less to be respected on that account. But when it comes to be applied practically to each particular case, it is beset with the difficulties which accompany all skepticism, theological or historical. To deny the miraculous is a very easy process; but when you come to philosophise the fact into the prose of ordinary life, the explanation commonly demands as much faith as the miracle. It is so with the juggler's sleight-of-hand: when he gives you back your watch safe and sound, you feel satisfied it is not the same which you saw hammered to pieces a minute ago; and you are right in your conclusion; but if you are not content without proceeding to explain to a friend your own notion of the real process, it is most likely that you will be unintelligible, and pretty certain that you will be wrong. Surely the simpler way of dealing with these old chronicles is to tell the tale as the monkish historian told it; but to separate the fact from the fiction will continue to be the temptation of the historian.

When Dr. Hook goes so far as to say that "it is only in modern times that we have learnt to distinguish between credulity and faith," we think many readers besides ourselves, having a vivid recollection of what men profess to believe and to disbelieve in the year of grace 1861, will be somewhat slow to follow him. But it is a strong feature in the historian of the *Archbishops* that he claims for himself, bravely and honestly, to be a man of the age. He wastes nothing in regrets for the past or dreams of the future. The religion of this nineteenth century he considers (apparently) the model of Christianity. "In

these days, the ordinary Christian, taught to use the world without abusing it—to blend the duties of a contemplative with those of an active life; to distinguish between self-discipline and asceticism; to aim at practical usefulness instead of a theoretical, unattainable perfection—is superior to the greatest saints of the middle age, to whom at the same time we tender the homage of a charitable respect."—(P. 38.) We hope we shall not incur the charge of undue reverence for medieval Christianity, if we venture to think that some of its "greatest saints" were really not inferior to "ordinary Christians" even of this century. We think we shall be able to show, from Dr. Hook's own pages, that there were occasions on which, though they asserted no miraculous powers, their life and death were notes of sanctity better than a miracle.

We are not by any means going to assert that every Archbishop of Canterbury in the volume before us was a saint, in any sense of the word. Such an assertion could hardly be made, without some limitation, even of St. Palmerston's modern episcopate. Nothing is more patent, in most cases of bishops and archbishops, than their humanity. There were as many varieties of the episcopal type in the Church's early days as in our own. The material which the royal prerogative worked up into a bishop—for royal prerogative it always was in the Anglo-Saxon Church—was various in its texture, then as now. There was the school-master bishop, Theodorus, and armed with an actual power of flogging his refractory canons, which one hopes was exercised with moderation, but which would be very terrible in the hands of some school-master bishops of modern date; the *dilettante* primate, Northelm, busy with his illuminations, in which he was no mean proficient, and which were to him all that Archaeological Institutes and Arundel Societies are to modern ecclesiastics; pious and learned divines

like Bregwin the German, loth to quit his studies, and protesting an honest *nolo episcopari* against his elevation; Latin verse-makers, like Tatwine, before whom a false quantity would hardly have reckoned as a venial sin, who wrote classical enigmas in rather enigmatical Latin, and, in other respects, "passed his life in the quiet routine of episcopal duty." There were men who seemed to have mistaken their vocation: Odo, the Dane, who was three times on the field of battle after his consecration, and saved King Athelstane's life from the Northmen in the great fight of Brunanburgh, whose combative spirit, Dr. Hook thinks, would in these days have found its natural vent in the House of Lords, in some trenchant onslaught upon the opponents of orthodoxy (possibly the Liberation Society, or the *Essays and Reviews*); and statesmen like Dunstan, who would have found in any vocation the road to power. We are seldom able to trace with much certainty the motives which led to their election in each particular case, but probably these were as various as the men. Their appointment rested, as we have said, entirely with the king; their confirmation by the clergy of the chapter seems to have followed as a matter of course. The *pallium* conferred by the Pope was as yet rather a token of honour than an investiture of office; and though the Roman See assumed the right of arbitration in appeals, its pretensions were set at naught whenever they were inconvenient.

It was a happy thought to comprise a History of the English Church in a series of biographies of its primates. Dr. Hook very fairly observes, that it is quite as natural an arrangement as that to which we are all so well accustomed in secular histories of our own and other countries—the making the king the central figure, grouping the contemporary facts round him, and dividing the history into those arbitrary but convenient periods which begin and close with each suc-

ceeding reign. It is true that the Archbishop of Canterbury could never be said to represent the Church as the king did the realm of England; but he serves as a centre-point none the less, and helps to localise in the reader's memory facts which, in themselves, are not so readily remembered as the more stirring events in the life of camps and courts. The one point in which the succession of archbishops fails to answer this purpose as conveniently as that of the kings has been found to do, is this,—that as the latter usually succeed either by hereditary descent or by conquest, most of the needful particulars of the early life of each before his accession will have been naturally comprised in the reign of his predecessor; whilst an archbishop, succeeding to the primacy at a much later period of life than the king to the throne, and having a previous personal history to be told, quite distinct, in many cases, from that of his predecessor, obliges both author and reader continually to retrace their steps in point of time, in a manner which to the latter is sometimes rather bewildering, and which is the only inconvenient feature in Dr. Hook's present arrangement.

The *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, then, is nothing more or less than a History of the Anglo-Saxon Church from the mission of Augustine into Kent. The annals of the early British, or rather Celtic, Church, are merely glanced at in an Introduction. The form which the author has chosen for his work necessarily precluded any further notice; for there were no British archbishops of Canterbury. And the difficulties which beset the ecclesiastical historian, in any attempt to sift truth out of the pious fabulists who have enlarged upon the first planting of Christianity in Britain, are certainly so formidable, that even Dean Hook's courageous spirit may be excused for declining to grapple with them. The Welsh writers—always strong in genealogies, temporal or spiritual—make out amongst

them that a majority of the apostles were in one way or another concerned in the evangelisation of their island. One almost wonders that they do not insist upon some at least of that body having been Welshmen by birth or descent. But probably Dean Hook's natural sympathies have had something to do, even though unconsciously, with this limitation of his ground. If there is one thing upon which he honestly prides himself, it is that he is an Anglo-Saxon. He evidently thinks much more of it than of being Dean of Chichester. "That indomitable spirit of independence which, inherited from our Saxon ancestors, is the glory and the characteristic of the English race." Such are the concluding words of this volume, and their spirit may be traced throughout. We confess that our Celtic feelings are slightly ruffled by the constant reiteration, by modern writers, of these Anglo-Saxon pretensions. The old national self-glorification (always pretty strong in the little island) used to content itself with the term Britons, which has grown quite old-fashioned and obsolete. It is the Anglo-Saxons who are to go everywhere, and do everything, in these days. There is no particular objection to a man calling himself an Anglo-Saxon, if he is so disposed; but the precise ground of this form of family pride is rather difficult to understand. At the best, Anglo-Saxon blood is but a successful cross. The modern Englishman who insists upon the title is quite as likely to be a combination of Celt and Dane. The Dean of Chichester's surname, no doubt, is of anything but Celtic derivation; but if we had his family tree drawn out from Woden downwards, we have little doubt but that his excellent moral and intellectual qualities would be found to be the result of a continued "natural selection" from the various national stocks which have peopled the island in succession, from Albion the sea-giant and Brut the Trojan down to the latest Flemish immigration. How can any man tell, in these days,

what proportion of Saxon blood he has in his veins? No people seem to have cared less about pedigree. When the present David Jones traces his descent in a long series of *aps* up to King Arthur, although the historic truth is not conclusive, the principle is intelligible; or when a man tells us that his ancestor came over with the Conqueror, and points to his name on the roll of Battle Abbey, there is a certain amount of probability in the claim, whatever it may be worth, and there is room for a charitable hope that the Norman rider, when the fighting was over, brought his wife across seas, and lived a decent and respectable life afterwards; but a true-born Anglo-Saxon is a genealogical absurdity. It is very well for a poet like Mr. Kingsley, when he sings his song of the *North-East Wind*—we hope, by the way, that he has had the "Viking's blood within" him stirred sufficiently during this last spring—it is very well for him to tell us that his forefathers came

"Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea."

We have not the Kingsley genealogy before us, but it is quite as likely that a proportion of all our forefathers were the conquered instead of the conquerors, or came, in the language of his parodist,

"Blasting, blighting, burning,
Out of Normandie."

So far as the "great Anglo-Saxon race," as it is now the fashion to call it, has gone forth to rule or civilise the world, east or west, the Celt has gone with it, and has not been the last in the adventure, whether it were peace or war.

But although Dr. Hook precludes himself, by the very title of his book, from dealing with the early history of Christianity in the British Islands, he does justice to the claims of the Celtic Church, in contradistinction to the Italian mission of Pope Gregory, to be the fathers of the Gospel. He admits in his Introduction what is undeniably true, that these claims "have been under-

stated by the historian." There were excuses for this: the Welsh traditions, and in a less degree the Irish, are palpably untrustworthy; and whatever more authentic records may have existed have probably perished, as Gildas of Bangor says they did, in the troublous days of foreign invasion. The author of the *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, though he takes Augustine's mission as his starting-point, is careful to give due honour to the teachers who had preceded him. It has been too often assumed that to Gregory, and his missionary Augustine, England was entirely indebted for the introduction of Christianity—that before that time its light had never reached beyond the remote fastnesses of Wales and Scotland. During the long rule of the Roman Church in England, this assumption was naturally encouraged for the greater honour of the Papal See. Popular belief, never very curious as to ecclesiastical antiquities, was quite content to adopt it; and popular belief maintains its ground long after historical investigation has disproved it. But it is curious to find even so learned and accurate a writer as Dr. Stanley contributing unconsciously to strengthen the common misapprehension. Throughout the whole of his picturesque and interesting account of the "Landing of Augustine," there is nothing more than a passing allusion to the "remnants of the old British churches." He speaks of the Italian mission as "the means, under God, by which our fathers received the light of the Gospel," and points to Canterbury emphatically as "the first English Christian city." Even granting that such an expression as the first might be correctly used in a lecture delivered to the people of Kent, it is very misleading when published to be read by the general public of England. Of course Dr. Stanley himself understood perfectly well what he meant to imply, and those who have any very moderate acquaintance with Church history will not misunderstand his words; but an ignorant

reader would scarcely imagine, from such a mode of statement, that there had been for centuries British metropolitans of London, and probably of York; that the last of the archbishops of London, Theonus, had been obliged to take refuge in Wales only eleven years before Augustine's arrival; and that, to use Dr. Hook's own admission, "the northern half of Anglo-Saxon Britain was indebted for its conversion to Christianity, not to Augustine and the Italian mission, but to the Celtic missionaries who passed through Bernicia and Deira into East Anglia, Mercia, and even Wessex."

Historians have reproached the Celtic Church with a lack of zeal to attempt the conversion of the conquering Saxons. The remark is originally Bede's, who was himself, it must be remembered, a pupil of the Italian missionaries. Reserve and jealousy towards all foreigners is undoubtedly a characteristic of the Celtic nation, as it was of the Jews. But there is no need to seek in this national prejudice excuses for the apathy charged against them. A century of hard fighting for existence leaves little leisure or temper for evangelisation. A people who have been driven back, step by step, before a pagan invasion, disputing every river and every ridge as they retired, and who have been worsted in a war of extermination, may be excused if they bury their religion for a while with their defeat in their mountain fastnesses, and leave the successful invader to the protection of his own gods. It is no reproach to the disinherited British Church, if the Gospel, which the Saxons trode out before them as they advanced, came back into Kent from a different quarter.

The mission of St. Augustine, then, was, even in Kent, but the rekindling of the old altar-fires. Nay, the light was found still burning there. Though the King of Kent was a heathen, his Queen, Bertha, had brought with her from her father's court at Paris her Christian chaplain, Luidhard. An ancient church

had been assigned her for the offices of her faith, the free exercise of which had been specially reserved to her in the marriage-contract; and it is probable that Augustine found others who had already become disciples of the Cross even in Saxon Cæsar's household.

It was within these walls, then, already consecrated to the simple worship of the early Britons, which had now been succeeded—probably after no long interval—by the Gallican liturgy, from which it differed little except in language, that for the first time the splendours of the Roman ritual found place in England. For this Italian mission was perfectly disciplined and appointed for its purpose,—that of converting, through their chiefs, a tribe of successful warriors, easily impressible through their outward senses, and ready to give assent to the imposing and authoritative in questions of religion. Even then, Rome had the art in which other Christian churches have so often been lamentably wanting, of choosing her instruments and her mode of operation wisely for their ends. Augustine went forth to his work of conversion with other apostolic furniture besides scrip and staff. He had many high qualifications for his office; but he was an evangelist of a different type from Ninian or Columba. Neither he nor any of his forty monks would have liked to cross the channel with the Irish saint in his ox-hide boat. Pope Gregory had provided them well with all the appliances which the Roman Church could furnish—silver crosses, vivid paintings of the Sacred Passion which might attract the barbarian's eye, and appeal to his rude sensibilities, harmonised litanies which might charm his ears, and interpreters who might explain the solemn message. More than all, they brought with them what Rome could then give—sound doctrines, not indeed wholly free from superstitions, but in which superstition had not yet overlaid the truth. One thing Gregory failed to give them,

the honest enthusiasm and faith in their high purpose which he felt himself. They had all but turned back in their passage through France, terrified at the length and difficulties of the journey. Augustine himself returned to Rome, and asked to be released from an engagement of which he had not counted the cost; and nothing but the firmness of the Pope himself, and the influence of his personal encouragement, prevented this Anglo-Saxon mission from being a failure in the very outset.

They made a brave show, however, when at last they landed at Ebbe's Fleet, between Ramsgate and Pegwell Bay, and marshalled their procession to meet King Ethelbert. Augustine himself was one of nature's princes, like Saul—"from his shoulders upward," says the chronicler, "higher than any of the people." Before him went a verger carrying a massive silver cross, and another who bore what served for the banner of the mission—a large painting of the Saviour on a board, "beautiful and gilded;" whilst the choir of brethren, led by Honorius, Gregory's own pupil, chanted a litany to those sweet "Gregorian tones" which, after so many ages, are still found to have such a wondrous charm alike for the rudest ear as for the most scientific. Some of the words have been traditionally preserved by Bede:—"We beseech Thee, O Lord, for Thy mercies' sake, that Thy wrath and Thine anger may be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house,—for we have sinned. Allelujah."

The immediate results of the mission are too well known to be told again here. In that little British church of St. Martin the king of the Anglo-Saxons received baptism from Augustine. The font used at the ceremony is still shown to Canterbury pilgrims; but unimaginative archæologists point to the mouldings, and refuse to countenance the illusion. It is a pious fiction, they say; like the impress

of Augustine's footstep which was long shown on the rock where he landed, or the mark still pointed out on the ruined wall of St. Pancras—another Celtic church reconsecrated by the Roman missionary—the last hold of the “devil's claw” in his attempts to retain possession; for the building, under the Saxons had been converted into a pagan temple. The new faith soon spread, when it became known that the Bretwalda and his *witan* had formally adopted it; and on the Christmas after Augustine's landing ten thousand Saxons were baptised at once in the river Swale. The chroniclers assure us that nothing like undue influence was used; but when we read that the “Dooms of Ethelbert”—laws at this time enacted by the Bretwalda in full council—declared Christianity to be the adopted religion of the nation, we are left at liberty to attach what value we please to these wholesale conversions; and we are not surprised to find that, in the next succeeding reign, a change of ruler produced a large reaction towards paganism.

Ethelbert himself, however, was a sincere convert, according to his light. He presented his new archbishop (who had gone for consecration to the Archbishop of Arles) with his own palace at Canterbury for a residence, and withdrew himself to Reculver, the old Roman fortress of Rutupium. He granted to him, also, a piece of ground outside the city walls, where was built the great monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul, afterwards known as St. Augustine's, and now once more the site of a missionary college, and still bearing his name. Outside the walls, because one great object was to provide a consecrated spot for the burial of faithful kings and bishops, and the customs of Christian Rome, as of Pagan Rome, forbid burial within the gates of the city. There Ethelbert and Augustine both had their bones laid; and the value attached to such relics of the faithful, and the sanctity which

they were held to confer upon their resting-place, led in after years, as we shall presently see, to very indecorous contests at the burial of future archbishops.

The Italian prelate, who now found himself firmly established at Canterbury, whether from personal ambition or from zeal for his mother-church, desired to assert the supremacy of Rome in matters ecclesiastical, to an extent which Gregory himself appears never to have claimed or desired. He wished to unite the newly-formed Saxon Church with the ancient British one; but his notions of union implied that the Celtic Bishops should acknowledge him as their metropolitan. They, on the other hand, saw in him only an equal. The *pallium* which the Pope had lately sent to his new archbishop conveyed with it no mysterious rights in their eyes. There was a difference, too, in their practice as to the correct time of keeping Easter: one of those differences in formal points which seem so unimportant, but about which, we know from all experience modern and ancient, men will do battle to the death, and for which they will sacrifice, with all the complacency of martyrs, the weightier matters of justice and charity. We are not going to discuss the controversy either as to metropolitan rights or the calculation of Easter-day. but there is one story recorded by Bede and others which reads like truth, which supplies a key to the real causes which turn such discussions into bitter feuds, and which, even if it be a fable, is worth preserving for the lesson which it bears, that a gentle word might decide a controversy which confident assertion and learned arguments only push to extremities. There appears to have been no archiepiscopal dignity claimed at this time by any of the seven British bishops who were assembled to discuss their line of action previous to a second conference with Augustine on the questions in dispute. They were not unwilling, for the sake of the

unity of the Church in the island, to acknowledge the new Archbishop of Canterbury as their metropolitan. Even on the Easter question, they might have been prepared to give way then as they did afterwards. But in their first interview with Augustine, they had remarked something in his tone which made them hesitate to submit themselves to his rule as an ecclesiastical superior. Their impression of his character is corroborated, as Dr. Hook observes, by the fact that his friend Pope Gregory took occasion twice in his pastoral letters to warn him against being puffed up with vainglory. The British prelates took counsel with a certain anchorite, highly reputed for saintliness and wisdom.

"The anchorite advised them to accept Augustine as their metropolitan, if he were a man of God. 'But how are we to know that he is a man of God?' 'The Lord,' continued the anchorite, 'hath said: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." If Augustine be meek and lowly of heart, he bears the yoke of Christ, and the yoke of Christ is all that he will seek to lay on you. But if, instead of being meek, he is a proud haughty man, it is clear that he is not of God, and his proposals may be rejected by us.' On further consultation, it was determined to put him to the test. It was to be so arranged as to permit Augustine and his little party to arrive first at the place of meeting; then the seven British bishops, with most and their men of learning, were in an imposing procession to draw near. 'If Augustine,' said the anchorite, 'shall rise up to meet you as you draw near to him, then accede to his proposals, and accept him for your leader; but if he shall treat you with contempt, and not rise to meet you, let him be by us contemned.'

"They came. Augustine was seated, and the British prelates were permitted to enter the place of conference, not as if they were equals, but as if they were inferiors, summoned into the presence of one who had a right to lay down the law. They were justly indignant. They would concede nothing. They positively refused to receive Augustine as their metropolitan. They assigned their reason: If, while they were equals, he would not treat them with respect, what were

they to expect if they elected him their superior, and took the vow of canonical obedience?"

Lingard dismisses the whole story with a sneer, remarking that such advice was an easy mode of avoiding responsibility by "leaving to accident the decision of the controversy." Be that as it may, it was a course adopted nine hundred years afterwards—whether with a recollection of Augustine or not—by St. Philip Neri, perhaps as wise a man as Dr. Lingard. A certain nun had laid claim to a miraculous gift of inspiration. Her abbess sent to inform the Pope of the treasure she possessed in her establishment. The holy Father requested Philip to examine the case. It is Mr. Emerson who tells the story:—

"He threw himself on his mule, all travel-soiled as he was, and hastened through the mud and mire to the distant convent. He told the abbess the wishes of his Holiness, and begged her to summon the nun without delay. The nun was sent for; and as soon as she came into the apartment Philip stretched out his leg all bespattered with mud, and desired her to draw off his boots. The young nun, who had become the object of much attention and respect, drew back with anger, and refused the office. Philip ran out of doors, mounted his mule, and returned instantly to the Pope. 'Give yourself no uneasiness, holy Father; here is no miracle, for here is no humility.'

Augustine showed that they were not far wrong in their judgment of his character. He threatened them, in his excitement, with the vengeance of heaven for their obstinacy; and when a few years after the archbishop's death, the memorable slaughter of the monks of Bangor Iscoed by the Saxon army took place, the Saxon chroniclers pointed to it triumphantly as the fulfilment of prophecy. The feeling which Bede shows on the subject is quite sufficient to mark him as a bitter enemy of the Celtic Church.

New missionaries had arrived from Rome to strengthen Augustine's hands; and they brought with them from Pope Gregory the scheme of a complete church estab-

lishment for England. There were to be two archbishops, with twenty-four suffragans; and so little elasticity has shown itself in the system, that it remained unaltered as to numbers for about twelve hundred years, and, with one single addition, has remained so ever since. It was long, however, before the scheme was worked out into practice. Augustine himself lived to see only the sees of Rochester and London established, and filled by bishops of his own nomination.

Four of the companions of his mission succeeded him in the see of Canterbury. When the last of these, Honorius, was laid with his predecessors in St. Augustine's, he left his own branch of the Church Catholic in England decaying, so far at least as outward progress was a sign, and the rival Celtic episcopate increasing in numbers and activity, and carrying on the work of evangelisation on its own account with great zeal and success in the northern, eastern, and even the midland districts of England. The new archbishopric of York, to which the Italian Paulinus had been consecrated upon his conversion of the King of Northumbria, had only a precarious and almost nominal existence for a few years. The splendid pall which was sent from Rome in 634 was never worn by Paulinus as metropolitan of York, though he thought it a harmless ornament when he retired to the see of Rochester; the Pope's letters, if they reached him at all, found him a fugitive from his diocese; King Edwin had fallen in Hatfield Chase, and Penda the pagan, a name of terror to all Christians, was ravaging the kingdom. If Paulinus had baptised his tens of thousands like Augustine, the facile converts went back to their old faith with the change of circumstances; and when Christianity revived again in Northumberland, it was under a king who

sought his bishop from the Celtic Church instead of from Canterbury, and who fixed his restored see, not at York, but at Lindisfarne. A bishop of Celtic consecration also occupied the see of London. For nearly two years—for Honorius had recommended no successor—the see of Canterbury was in abeyance. A Saxon was at last consecrated—Frithona, better known as Deusdedit, the Latin appellation which he assumed to meet the taste of the Italian Church. By his good offices at the great Synod of Whitby, something like a union was affected between the two rival churches. The great Easter question was decided in favour of Rome by King Oswi, who seems to have acted as umpire on the occasion; and the decision was submitted to, according to the chroniclers, by all the Celtic church except a small minority, who still held with Bishop Colman of Lindisfarne, who resigned his bishopric rather than sanction the new usage. The recusants in Scotland maintained their ground for another generation, when they too gave way; but in Cornwall they continued the old British usage, probably up to the time when their kinsmen in Wales at last adopted the reckoning of the strangers. With characteristic obstinacy, these last held out until A.D. 770; and the commotion which the change excited amongst them may be estimated from the fact, that it forms one of the items of record, few and far between, in the earlier pages of the *Chronicle of the Princes*.*

Deusdedit died of the yellow pestilence, which carried off kings, abbots, and bishops, and desolated half England in 664; and a fatality might have seemed to hang over the Church when his successor, going to Rome for consecration, died there, with most of his company, of the plague. Its fortunes rose again under Theodorus of Tarsus—the "Philosopher,"

* *Brut y Tywysogion* (Williams), p. 7. "Seven hundred and seventy was the year of Christ when the Easter of the Britons was altered by the command of Elbod, a man of God." Elbod is called subsequently "Archbishop of Gwynedd."

as he was called — a Greek Churchman, who had conformed to the Latin usages, and who was probably the greatest scholar of his age. He was sixty-four years old when he was consecrated; but he lived to administer his see for more than twenty years, and he did more for the English Church than perhaps any one of his predecessors or successors. "He converted what had been a missionary station into an established church." He undertook a personal tour of his large diocese; he laid the foundation of the parochial system, which is still the blessing of England — "the cheapest and best police," as even politicians have called it; he increased the numbers of the episcopate; his book of canons contains the elementary principles of our ecclesiastical order; and English scholarship owes its rise to the school which he at once established in Augustine's monastery at Canterbury, under the presidency of Benedict Biscop, and afterwards of Hadrian — an African churchman, who had declined the archbishopric in favour of Theodore, and whom William of Malmsbury describes as "a fountain of letters and river of arts."

The system of education pursued at the College of St. Peter and St. Paul was not so different from that now in use at our public schools as might be supposed. Of course the want of books at this time implied that the instruction should consist almost entirely of catechetical lecturing. It is singular that, after the lapse of twelve hundred years, a return to the form of teaching which was then a necessity should have appeared to some, who ought to be competent judges, a panacea for the shortcomings of modern universities. But a great proportion of the subject-matter of the teaching was the same as now. It will shock some readers, no doubt, and comfort others, to find that Latin verse-making was a prominent feature in the school at Canterbury, and that no less than a hundred

different kinds of metre were mastered by diligent scholars like Adhelm, afterwards Abbot of Malmsbury and Bishop of Shelburne. No wonder that when, after trying cloister life for a while as a monk, he went back to his cherished studies under Hadrian, he worked himself into a fever which nearly cost him his life. Our modern public schoolboys may congratulate themselves that some of the hundred measures have become obsolete, and that it is possible, of late, to reach a bishopric without such a terrible amount of learning. There is reason to hope, also, that other good old-fashioned helps to knowledge had not yet fallen into disrepute; at least Dr. Hook informs us that, in the monastery on the Cœlian Mount at Rome, there was preserved, in "affectionate remembrance" of Pope Gregory, amongst other precious relics, "the rod with which he would correct the inattentive;" and no doubt there were equally interesting reminiscences at Canterbury. Other more popular branches of education, however, were not neglected. Mental arithmetic is by no means a modern art: it was practised diligently in Theodorus's schools, as was also a somewhat complicated digital system of calculation; for the convenient Arabic numerals, it must be remembered, had not yet reached English schools, any more than printing and paper. There were brave attempts made, also, to teach what we now call special subjects, and useful knowledge: music, astronomy, natural philosophy, and medicine, had each their turn. The music was good of its kind; of the natural philosophy and astronomy, it can only be said that they kept pace with the theories of the day; and medicine is still so much an experimental art amongst ourselves, that it seems quite possible that our own theory and practice may appear as barbarous, in the light of future discoveries, as that of the seventh century now does to us. If Archbishop Theodore declared it to

be very "indiscreet and unskilful" to bleed a young lady on the fourth day of the moon, he was so far a step in advance of most surgeons of the passing generation, who took lancet ruthlessly in hand on every day throughout the year; while modern science carries out the archbishop's idea more consistently, and pronounces it indiscreet and unskilful to bleed at all, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The collegians of Canterbury must have had their amusements as well as their studies; and probably of the same active kind as those which have been the delight of English youth in all generations. We may give a fair guess at them from a letter of Alcuin with regard to the education of the young monks at Wearmouth. He issues a monition — as more than one Vice-Chancellor has done to the undergraduates of a modern university — "not to pursue the winding mazes of hares," or — a profanity from which young Oxford and Cambridge would shrink — "to dig up the burrows of foxes."

Archbishop Theodore is also known as the first who arranged into a regular system — at all events in the Western Church — the principle of vicarious penance for sins committed after baptism. The "Penitential," which he now drew up, is the foundation upon which has been built that elaborate structure of religious ethics which has a voluminous literature of its own, and which has been at once the strength and the disgrace of Rome. There is this to be remembered, in justice to the original framers of the system by which it has been thought possible to compound for sin by a payment to Heaven, that the whole tenor of ancient law admitted this principle of satisfaction. Even human life had its fixed price; and the Saxon code laid down the value of each individual member of the state with great precision. Murder was by no means a ruinous indulgence, for a rich man in those days, provided always that he confined himself to victims of a cheap quality. He had only to be prepared to pay

the *wehr-gild*, according to the legal tariff, and the state was satisfied that justice had been done. Churls could be killed at the rate of ten pounds a-piece; Welshmen, and we fear Scots, could be done cheaper. But archbishops came expensive: thirty-six times that amount, as for a prince of the blood-royal, was held a fair equivalent. An archbishop of Canterbury, indeed, if Hume's authorities are to be trusted, had a price set upon his head higher than a king of Kent. So, also, in matters of testimony, a thane's oath was to be taken as equal to that of six churls; and it took hard swearing on the part of six thanes to contradict a king. Where such a judicial system prevailed without shocking any sense of natural justice, and money could not only screen the powerful offender from punishment, but clear him from guilt in the eyes of society, the application of the same principle to spiritual matters was easy and natural enough. It was right that there should be some restitution made to Heaven for wrong done; it must be made by prayer, by fasting, and by alms-deeds. Whatever truth there was in this theory of penance — and there was surely some — it was lost in the abuses to which such a system naturally led. The commutation of personal punishment for a money payment, already admitted in secular law, found its place naturally in penitential discipline; so that, in the Canons of Edgar, we have actually a rule given, by which a rich man may condense a fast of seven years, enjoined upon him as a penance by the church, into three days, by the simple rules of arithmetic — for as seven years is to one man, so will three days be to the necessary number of men whom the penitent is to provide, and pay to fast with him and for him. It is premised that this rule will only suit when "the sinner is a powerful man, and well provided with friends." Such monstrous corruptions as these did not pass unrebuked by the Saxon Church itself; fifty years

afterwards, at the synod of Cloveshoe, the system of vicarious penance was distinctly reprobated; but it was in full work again under Dunstan, and has never been fairly purged from the Roman Church.

Ten successive archbishops had now been buried in the Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul; seven (the last was Theodore) lay in the porch; afterwards, there being no more room, the bodies were deposited within the church itself, the prejudice against intramural burial appearing to have gradually worn out. The value attached to such sacred remains has been already noticed. The monastery, in consequence, claimed a far higher degree of sanctity than the cathedral. But now the see was occupied by an architectural bishop. Cuthbert, who had already been busy in ornamenting the cathedral of his see of Hereford, proceeded to do the same at Canterbury. He grew attached to his own work; and the clergy who lived there with him—his “family,” as it is pleasant to find them called in those days—took a very natural pride in it also. Perhaps the jealousy with which they regarded their brethren of the abbey, and the superior holiness which these assumed for their church as the sepulchre of the saints, was equally natural. Archbishop Cuthbert determined that whatever virtue there might be in his bones, his own cathedral church should have the benefit of it. But he was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, for the monks were not the men to forego their established privileges without a struggle. Dr. Hook tells the story well:—

“Cuthbert felt at last that the stroke of death was upon him, and the clerks of the cathedral were summoned to the bedside of their archbishop. They came prepared, as usual when he could not attend the public worship, to chant the psalms of the day, and to read the comfortable words of Scripture. He then confided to the whole body, the plan of proceeding which he had before devised to give the cathedral a triumph over the

insolent Augustinians. The grateful canons, clerks, and servants, adhered strictly to his injunctions. A mysterious silence was kept as to the archbishop's state of health. It was known that he was ill, but whether the illness was to be unto death no one was prepared to say. At length the cathedral bell was heard to give out its solemn sound. It was supposed to be the passing bell, and many a devout knee was bent in private, and many a prayer uttered for the soul of the spiritual father who was now passing to his account. When at last the knell sounded, the monks of St. Augustine, with solemn step and slow, paced through the city to bear the body of the archbishop to the monastery, until, arriving at the archbishop's palace, they were received by the cathedral party with shouts of ridicule and triumph. The archbishop had been carefully laid in the grave prepared for him in the cathedral, three days before the bell announced his death. His chapter had borne him to his last home at midnight. They were watching at his grave when the cathedral bell at last gave sound. It startled their consciences; they almost felt at first as if they had been guilty of a crime; but the feeling was momentary, and in the deep tone of the bell they heard their triumph proclaimed.”

Subsequent events proved that the cathedral party had not overrated the spirit of their rivals. When the next archbishop's death was expected, the monks and their retainers waited under arms, their abbot at their head, determined to seize the body and bury it within their own walls. But again the clergy of the chapter outwitted them by a similar stratagem. The monks were furious; and their abbot, Jaenbert, threatened an appeal to the Pope, and vengeance temporal and spiritual. The chapter seem to have had more wit than courage; they stopped Jaenbert's mouth by electing him archbishop, and they allowed him to be buried at St. Augustine's. He took the precaution of being carried into the monastery before his death. But he was the last of the line who rests there. Dr. Hook observes with truth, that, although the sanctity of the

relics and the prestige attached to their possession were the chief motives of these faction-fights over the deceased archbishops, there were other less romantic considerations at work. Kings and earls, as well as churchmen, came to be buried; and large gifts were made to the religious house, not only of money and gems, of which the Dean quotes instances, but of lands. We are afraid the authorities of the cloister were not always very particular as to the personal sanctity of those to whom they gave burial under these circumstances. The monks of Abingdon, as we read in their Chronicle, which the Master of the Rolls has lately given us, buried a lady "with great honours, in the cloister in front of the church door," who had no better claim to such distinction than having been "*concubina loco*" to King Henry I.* but a son of hers gave them Langford Mill as a "soul-sceat." Even though an archbishop's burial might bring in neither lands nor money, his bones had a value besides their sanctity; they might work miracles; it was hard if they could not be induced to do that much for their own cathedral; and those who came to be healed at his shrine would not come empty-handed.

It was during Jaenbert's primacy — not otherwise memorable — that Offa, King of Mercia, in a succession of victorious battles, reduced the kingdoms of Northumberland, Kent, and Wessex. The Archbishop of Canterbury seems to have entertained the idea of making himself a sovereign prince in Kent, as a feudatory of Charlemagne, to whom he applied for aid. It was not given, however; and Offa punished his rebellious subject — for such he considered him — in a very characteristic manner. He determined to

have an archbishop of his own for Mercia. He pronounced in full *witanagemot*, that Lichfield henceforth was an archbishopric, and for its endowment he confiscated all the property of the see of Canterbury within the territory of Mercia. He applied to Pope Hadrian for a pallium, and obtained it; but he had to pay dear for it, in more ways than one. The Pope now, for the first time, got a footing for two legates in England, ostensibly to assist in regulating the disordered affairs of the Church. They decided in favour of Offa's new archbishop; and the King of Mercia, in the gratitude of his heart, volunteered to become an actual subscriber to the expenses of St. Peter's at Rome, which laid the foundation of the charge called "Peter's pence." Lichfield continued for many years to be a provocation to Canterbury; and it was not until the terrible Offa had gone the way of his forefathers, and a more energetic prelate had succeeded Jaenbert, that the supremacy was finally restored to Canterbury, and the rival archbishop was reduced once more to a suffragan.

There was peace, and, Dr. Hook thinks, "episcopal indolence," at Canterbury for the next fifty years. But troubles enough were coming. During the middle of the ninth century the pagan Danes were sweeping over England like a hurricane; coming in gusts, with an occasional lull between, to return with fresh strength, and carrying destruction wherever they went. The monastic chroniclers have exhausted a copious vocabulary of Scripture curses upon those terrible spoilers; for the religious houses were a tempting prey, and the Vikings cared little for archbishops of Canterbury, alive or dead. They had

* *Chronicon. Monast. de Abbenodon*, vol. ii. p. 122. This chronicle gives a curious illustration of the struggles between the canons and the monks at Canterbury for the bodies of the archbishops. The canons of St. Frideswide, in Oxford, carried off the parson of St. Aldate's *alive*, when he was *in extremis*, that he might die in the habit of their order, and they might possess, not his bones (they would not be worth so much as an archbishop's), but his benefice. The brethren of Abingdon, to whom he had promised the reversion, were very indignant.—See vol. ii. p. 175.

a sufficient respect, however, for an archbishop's head when it appeared upon his gold or silver coinage; and Dr. Hook considers that the explanation of the fact, that both the monastery and the cathedral escaped comparatively unharmed when the city was twice pillaged by these invaders, is to be found in this—that the then archbishop, Ceolnoth, is remarkable for having exercised his privilege of coining to an extent far beyond his predecessors, if the number and varieties of his coin still in existence is to be taken as evidence; that, in short, he bought off his cathedral, as Ethelred (by advice of a subsequent archbishop) is said to have done his kingdom. Still, Canterbury did suffer. The next archbishop found that the Danes had been root-and-branch reformers of ecclesiastical abuses, and had suppressed the canonries effectually. The canons had all fled: St. Augustine's monastery was turned into a fortress, and watch and ward took precedence of psalms and vigils. But Alfred was now king: and though these were bitter times for the Saxons, monks or laymen, a series of defeats was training him for victory. At last it came—that great battle of Ethandun, which broke the Danish power at one blow, as the Saxon chroniclers tell us, but which certainly ended in a treaty of partition. Perhaps the best test of its being really a decisive victory for Alfred is, that Guthrum and his chiefs consented to adopt the religion of their conquerors. They were all baptised, and “the archbishop,” says the Dean, with zealous churchmanship, “had the satisfaction of blessing an united flock.” We confess we cannot share his enthusiasm at these wholesale conversions and political baptisms. But he avails himself of a pause in his history to make a remark which will apply largely to all religious records, and should be always borne in mind by those who read them.

“A great part of the effects of the Gospel must always remain hidden from

the eyes of the majority of men, and can find no place in history. They are not made known to us by the biographers of the present age, or the legends of ages past. When a man knows that he is an object of admiration to those around him, it must always be very difficult for him to preserve his Christian simplicity of character; and legends and biographies, very useful in their way, record, for the most part, the modes of action, and the death-bed scenes, which are more or less connected with the fanaticism of the age, or the conventionalities of the existing religious world.—It is in little unrelatable acts of pure disinterested piety, in persons not canonised in their life, or in their death, that the real power of the Gospel may be discovered by the eye which looks beneath the surface.”

The author is enthusiastic in his praises of Alfred. He does not go so far, indeed, as to claim for him what we find stated in a modern summary, that he founded our militia, our navy, all the arts, and sciences, the University of Oxford, and trial by jury; but, after quoting Gibbon's ascription to him of “the virtues of an Antoninus, the learning and wisdom of a Cæsar, and the legislative spirit of a Lycurgus,”—“we make an addition,” says the Dean, “the grace of an apostle!”

It is not the first time, though Dr. Hook may not have been aware of it, that Alfred has had a place assigned him amongst the apostles. Our author's dictum has been illustrated—we can hardly say confirmed—by the monk, whoever he was, who wrote the Chronicle of Abingdon before quoted. “He was a Judas among the twelve,” says the Benedictine, speaking of this pattern monarch, “heaping evil upon evil upon us.”* The poor monks of Abingdon say they found him worse than the very Danes; for he robbed them of what poor tenements they had left, and built himself an “*adificium*” of some kind on their property. Subsequent charters of kings Edred and Edwy, granted to the

* *Chron. de Abbingdon*, i. 50, 125.

house, recite this spoliation as an acknowledged fact—a deed of “diabolical avarice,” which they are fain to undo; and William of Malmesbury—quite an independent witness—confirms the story. Alfred has had so much more than justice done to him by most writers, that it is only fair that the *advocatus diaboli* should be heard in his case when he has anything to say.

It is as hard to gather the true character of a monarch from these monastic writers as it would be to judge of the policy of a modern statesman from the leading articles of a violent party newspaper. There is no doubt, we suppose, that Edgar was a profligate; but he is said to have founded forty-seven monasteries, and “the grateful monks spoke of him as a man of godliness.” They did indeed. Florence of Worcester speaks of him in the same fervent style that Mr. Gibbon and Dr. Hook use of Alfred, calling him the “flower and glory of England,” and comparing him to Romulus, Cyrus the Great, Alexander, Artaxerxes, and Charlemagne—to whom our Abingdon friend adds, “David.” It is possible to hope that, in his sensual and impetuous character, there was an under-current of better feeling—that there was a conscience which continually prompted him to repentance, in the only form in which repentance was then understood by kings. He was only sixteen when he came to the throne, and his reign brought good days for England. But the king *de facto* was an Archbishop of Canterbury. That dream of royal power which had once tempted Jaenbert was fulfilled in reality, though not in name, to Dunstan. For more than forty years he ruled the kingdom—“England’s breast-plate,” as he was called; for though his own primacy lasted only twenty-eight, he was the moving spirit in all the acts of his predecessor, Odo the Dane, who regarded him as a son, and a son to whose superior genius he yielded with a paternal satisfaction. King Edgar’s rescripts, which began with

the form—“I and my archbishop”—would have been more correctly worded “My archbishop and I.” Dr. Hook discusses with fairness and ability a character upon which unmeasured praise or blame has been usually heaped, according to the sympathies of the historian. It was natural that the foremost man in the great battle between the Benedictines and the seculars should be both canonised and execrated. Our readers will gladly spare us from reproducing the controversy. Be he what he might besides, Dunstan was the giant of his age; and Dr. Hook justly ranks him with Becket and Richelieu. If he was an “unscrupulous politician,” unscrupulous is the natural adjective of politics. He was an eloquent preacher, a well-read theologian, a sculptor, a musician, an artist, a geometrician, and a worker in gold and silver. If he ruled princes, he could make courtiers mad with jealousy by the softer talents which are said to win ladies’ hearts. No wonder that his rivals whispered of him that he knew more than any Christian ought to know; that he had learned the old sinful heathen spells that lay buried, as all men knew, in the charmed island of Avalon, and which had doubtless been revived in the college of Glastonbury—the Eton of those days, where Dunstan had been educated, and which gave seven archbishops to Canterbury. Of the miracles which he is said to have worked, and of his personal conflicts with the powers of darkness, we think it would have been more judicious not to have attempted any philosophical explanation. Chronic brain-fever—the wonders of ventriloquism—the Æolian harp—and unsuspected mechanical science, have all been suggested as solutions more ingenious than satisfactory. The imagination of the ignorant will always be busy with the supernatural, half inventing and half believing. Dr. Hook himself must have found it so, if he has had any experience amongst the rustic “Anglo-Saxons” even of his own more educated generation. Miracles are

recorded by them still as within their own experience, and not always with intentional falsehood. Dunstan in some degree outlived his power, and the kings who succeeded found weaker counsellors, and paid the penalty in Dane-gelt and other troubles. He was buried in his cathedral, "deep under ground, with a pyramid over him, and at his head the *matin altar*;" but five hundred years afterwards the monks of Glastonbury set up a claim to the possession of his bones, which led to a correspondence between their abbot and the then primate of Canterbury; each warning the other—of course in the most friendly manner—against the "scandal, superstition, and confusion," likely to arise from such a mistake; and both very successful in convincing—*themselves*.

One more archbishop, and we have done. He was a generation later than Dunstan; like him a stanch Benedictine, but as different a character as can well be conceived. It was in those terrible days when the Danes were again carrying fire and sword through England in revenge for the treachery of St. Brice's Day, that Elphege, Bishop of Winchester, was advanced to the primacy; a man "abundant in alms-deeds, and a rebuker of the rich—severe to others, but severer to himself." The Danes sat down before Canterbury. Friends urged him to fly, as archbishops had done before; but he refused. Nor did he take mace in hand instead of his crosier, as his predecessor Odo had done without reproach. But he too had a warfare to accomplish. Daily he was at his post in his cathedral, administering the sacred elements to the defenders of the walls. There was treachery at work within; and by such help the Danes, infuriated by the long resistance, rushed at last upon their prey. All the horrors of a city sacked by barbarians followed. The archbishop stood his ground, and offered himself as a victim instead of the women and children. But the conquerors kept him in the hope of a ransom, which they fixed at three thousand pieces

of silver. His friends assured him it could be raised, impoverished as they were; the church plate throughout the province should be sold if needful. Again he refused; not for him should the treasures of the church be given to heathens. At last his captors held a great feast, which was enlivened by a cargo of southern wine.

"The archbishop was sent for to make them sport. 'Money, bishop, money,' was the cry which resounded on all sides, as he was hurried into the hall. Breathless from fatigue, he sat down for a short time, in silence. 'Money, money,' was still the cry. 'Your ransom, bishop, your ransom.' Having now recovered his breath, the archbishop rose with dignity, and all were attentive to hear whether a promise of money for his ransom would be made. 'Silver and gold,' he said, 'have I none; what is mine to give, I freely offer, the knowledge of the one true God. Him it is my duty to preach; and if you heed not my call to repentance, from His justice you will not escape.' Some one more heartless than the rest here threw an ox bone with all his force at the defenceless old man, and amidst shouts of laughter the cowardly example was followed. The missiles, which the floor plentifully supplied, were hurled at him, till he fell in an agony of pain, but not dead. There was standing by, a Dane, whom Elphege had baptised and confirmed on the preceding day. He knew not how to assist his spiritual father, but he was moved by feelings of pity and compassion. It is clear that he revolved in his mind what step he would take if his favourite war-horse were mortally wounded; and knowing that in such a case, he would, as speedily as possible, put him out of his pain, he lifted up his battle axo, and as an act of Christian charity, clave in twain the skull of Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury."

His bones lie side by side with Dunstan's at Canterbury, carried there by King Canute with great honours, ten years after; and stubborn indeed must be the English puritan who grudges him his title of Saint. He was something more, at all events—by Dr. Hook's leave—than our "ordinary Christians,"

and claims something more than "the homage of a charitable respect."

The Dean has much to say about Stigand, whose character he warmly vindicates from the charge of time-serving which has been alleged against him; but the volume closes with the accession of the conqueror, and the last Saxon archbishop's life was cast in too eventful a period to be dismissed in a sketch. If the succeeding volumes of this biographical history do not disappoint the promise of the first, our readers will thank us for having at least called their attention to them.

Amongst the points of minor interest of these pages, it is amusing to note how the world ecclesiastical as well as civil is given to repeat itself. When we read of the first (Italian) Bishop of London being startled out of his propriety by the sight of "wax lights burning on the altar" (p. 95), we feel almost as puzzled for the moment as he was, and are inclined to fancy that the writer must have worked up a portion of a modern newspaper paragraph by mistake. When Hadrian, in the seventh century, submits to have "the licentious prolixity of his beard curtailed," before he ventures to present himself to the English bishops,—or Archbishop Richard, in his canons, five hundred years later, decrees that "clerks that wear long hair are to be clipped by the archdeacon, even against their will,"—we wonder whether a modern prelate was aware that he had such good medieval authority, and whether future archdeacons are likely to have this shearing of the flock imposed upon them as an addition to their duties? The modern caricature which represents the rector as sleek and well-fleshed, the curate lean and pale, might have had its origin in the days when, according to the canonical rule of Chrodegang, Archbishop of Metz, presbyters and deacons were to be allowed *three* cups of wine at dinner, and subdeacons only two. There was the same tendency then as now

to mark certain doctrinal peculiarities by little clerical fancies of costume. The scissors did for the hair what it does now in the tailor's hands for the clerical coat and waistcoat. The varieties of the tonsure marked those ecclesiastical differences which sundry forms of clerical costume now affect to represent less successfully. And as we are told that there is, or was, a certain coat considered correct by High-Churchmen, which profane tailors knew in the trade as an "M.B." (Mark of the Beast), so we read that the Italians, who shaved their heads after what they held to be the tonsure of St. Peter, accused their opponents of wearing what they were pleased to call "the mark of Simon Magus." Even in those remote ages there were Ladies' Colleges, where the Abbess Hildelidis and her scholars could read Latin (*De laudibus Virginitatis*), and even understand the Græcisms of the author, and bishops died of the gout.

There is one great fact which receives strong incidental confirmation from several scattered notices in this volume, and which has been kept very much in the background, intentionally or not, by the old ecclesiastical historians. It is the extent to which paganism continued to retain its hold upon the inner heart of the population long after they had professed a nominal Christianity. The wholesale conversions under the preaching of Augustine, Paulinus, Wilfred, and others, and the ready relapse into heathenism when the pressure was withdrawn, would be pretty conclusive evidence that such conversion was in danger of being superficial. But the indefinite amount of the old belief still surviving even in those whose new profession was sincere, who accounted themselves Christians, and, to a certain extent, were so,—the leaven of Paganism which ran through the whole of popular medieval Christianity,—is a noteworthy point of ecclesiastical history which deserves fuller inquiry. It was not merely that Christian teachers interpreted liberally Pope Gregory's advice to Augustine

—to adapt the idol temples to Christian worship, to change the idol sacrifices into feasts of dedication, and, in short, to make the transition to the purer faith as little abrupt as might be,—it was not only that complaisant genealogists placed Woden in the scriptural pedigree as a descendant of Adam — or zealots like Boniface thought that it was enough to set up a saint's image instead of a mythological idol—there was abundant heathenism besides, which held its ground side by side with a form of Christian belief. There was a necessity for perpetual warnings against pagan observances, "auguries, phylacteries, and incantations;" Odo's canons allude to "magical illusions;" offerings to the devil were common enough to warrant a specific enactment against them in the "Dooms" of Wilttræd; the homilies of Ælfric speak of the heathen superstitions still common at burials; King Edgar, with all his forty-seven monasteries, is more than suspected of an attempt to bring Woden into fashion again; and Dunstan's canons call upon the priests to extinguish heathenism, especially "the worship of foun-

tains, groves, ellens (elder trees), and also many trees of divers sorts, and stones." A remarkable illustration of the prevalence of this pagan deification of the powers of nature may be seen in that well-known cycle of romance which is associated with Arthur and his Round Table, where a fanciful Christianity is strangely blended with the imagery of an eastern fairy-tale—where the Archbishop of Canterbury sings the mass in one chapter, and the wicked Queen Morgaine turns the whole company into stones in the next. These relics of paganism hang about us still, embodied in our language, even in such semi-religious terms as Easter, Lent, Yule, Beltane, &c., and exercising an influence, far more powerful perhaps than we are aware of, in some of our rustic superstitions. Within the present generation children have been passed through a cleft ash tree for the cure of fits, a genuine vestige of Saxon heathendom. The "Devil's claw" has left its mark elsewhere besides on the wall of St. Pancras.

JUDICIAL PUZZLES.—SPENCER COWPER'S CASE.

At the summer assizes at Hertford, on the 16th of July, 1699, a young barrister, rising into eminence in his profession, the son of a baronet of ancient family, who was one of the representatives, and the brother of a King's Counsel, who was the other representative of the town in Parliament, held up his hand at the bar to answer a charge of murder. It was not for blood, shed in an angry brawl—it was not for vindicating his honour by his sword in defiance of the law, that Spencer Cowper was arraigned. He was accused of having deliberately murdered a woman, whose only fault was having loved him too devotedly, and trusted him too implicitly. He was called upon to plead to a charge which, if proved, would not only consign his body to the gibbet, but his name to eternal infamy.

Sarah Stout was the only daughter of a Quaker malster in the town of Hertford. Her father was an active and influential supporter of the Cowpers at the elections, and the kind of intimacy which ordinarily takes place under such circumstances arose between the families. Attentions highly flattering no doubt to their vanity, were paid to the wife and daughter of the tradesman by the ladies of the baronet's family; and an intimacy arose between Spencer Cowper and Sarah, which did not cease when she was left an orphan upon the death of her father, and he became the husband of another woman. He managed the little fortune which had been bequeathed to her; he occasionally took up his abode (whether as a guest or a lodger does not appear) at her mother's house, when business called him to Hertford; and he unhappily inspired her with a violent, and, as the event proved, a fatal passion.

Never did the truth of the proverb, "*Cucullus non facit monachum*," or rather, in this case, *mona-*

cham, receive a stronger confirmation than from the story of poor Sarah Stout. Stormy passions beat under the dove-coloured bodice, and flashed from the eyes which were shaded by the close white cap and poke bonnet of the Quakeress. Her whole heart and soul were given to Spencer Cowper. A man of sense and honour would, under such circumstances, at once have broken off the connection, and saved the girl, at the cost of some present suffering, from future guilt and misery. A man of weak determination and kind feelings might have got hopelessly involved in attempting to avoid inflicting pain. Cowper did neither. He carried on a clandestine correspondence with her under feigned names, and received letters from her breathing the most ardent passion, which he displayed amongst his profligate associates. He introduced a friend to her as a suitor, and then betrayed to that friend the secrets which, above all others, a man of honour is bound to guard with the strictest fidelity. He behaved as ill as a man could do under the circumstances.

On the morning of Monday the 13th of March, the first day of the spring assizes of 1699, Spencer Cowper arrived in Hertford, travelling (as was then the custom of the bar) on horseback. He went direct to the house of Mrs. Stout, where he was expected, in consequence of a letter which had been written, announcing his intended visit. He was asked to alight, but declined to do so, as he wished to show himself in the town. He promised, however, to send his horse, and to come himself to dinner. This promise he kept, and having dined with Mrs. Stout and her daughter, he left the house about four o'clock, saying that he had business in the town, but that he would return in the evening. At nine he returned, asked for pen, ink, and paper, to write to his wife, and had his supper. Mrs. Stout,

the mother, went to bed, leaving Spencer Cowper and her daughter together, orders having been given to make a fire in his room. Between ten and eleven o'clock Sarah called the servant-girl, and, in Cowper's hearing, desired her to warm his bed. She went up-stairs for that purpose, leaving Spencer Cowper and Sarah alone in the parlour together. As she went up-stairs she heard the house clock (which was half an hour too fast) strike eleven. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards, she heard the house-door shut to, and, supposing that Cowper had gone out to post his letter, she remained warming his bed for about a quarter of an hour longer. She then went down stairs, and found that both Spencer Cowper and her young mistress were gone.

The mother could not be examined upon the trial, as she was a Quaker, and could not take an oath. The account of the transactions of that day, therefore, rests solely upon the evidence of Sarah Walker, the servant, who deponed as follows :—

"May it please you, my Lord, on Friday before the last assizes, Mr. Cowper's wife sent a letter to Mrs. Stout, that she might expect Mr. Cowper at the assize time; and therefore we expected Mr. Cowper at that time, and accordingly provided; and as he came in with the judges, she asked him if he would alight? He said, 'No; by reason I came in later than usual, I will go into the town and show myself,' but he would send his horse presently. She asked him how long it would be before he would come, because they would stay for him? He said he could not tell, but he would send her word; and she thought he had forgot, and sent me down to know whether he would please to come? He said he had business, and he could not come just then; but he came in less than a quarter of an hour after, and dined there, and he went away at four o'clock; and then my mistress asked him if he would lie there? And he answered yes, and he came at night about nine; and he sat talking about half an hour, and then called for pen, ink, and paper, for that, as he said, he was to

write to his wife; which was brought him, and he wrote a letter; and then my mistress went and asked him what he would have for supper? He said milk, by reason he had made a good dinner; and I got him his supper, and he eat it; after she called me in again, and they were talking together, and then she bid me make a fire in his chamber; and when I had done so, I came and told him of it, and he looked at me, and made me no answer; then she bid me warm the bed, which accordingly I went up to do as the clock struck eleven; and in about a quarter of an hour I heard the door shut, and I thought he was gone to convey the letter, and stayed about a quarter of an hour longer, and came down, and he was gone and she; and Mrs. Stout the mother asked me the reason why he went out when I was warming his bed? And she asked me for my mistress, and I told her I left her with Mr. Cowper; and I never saw her after that, nor did Mr. Cowper return to the house."*

Cowper, who defended himself with great ability, asked the witness in cross-examination—

"When you came down and missed your mistress, did you inquire after her all that night?"

"A.—No, sir, I did not go out of the doors; I thought you were with her, and so I thought she would come to no harm.

"*Mr. Cowper.*—Here is a whole night she gives no account of. Pray, mistress, why did you not go after her?"

"A.—My mistress would not let me.

"*Mr. Cowper.*—Why would she not let you?"

"A.—I said I would see for her. 'No,' says she, 'by reason if you go and seek for her, and do not find her, it will make an alarm over the town, and there may be no occasion.'"[†]

Maternal solicitude could not be very strong in the breast of Mrs. Stout, or she was disposed to place a more than ordinary degree of confidence in the discretion of her daughter and young Cowper. Sarah Stout was never again seen alive. The next morning her body was found in a mill-dam something less than a mile distant. Cowper never returned to Mrs. Stout's; he was

* 13 *State Trials*, 1112.

† *Ibid.*, 1114.

seen at an inn in the town at eleven, and arrived at other lodgings, which he had hired in the town, at a quarter past. Here the evidence ends.—A vast amount of testimony was given at the trial, as to whether the body of the girl floated or not; as to whether a body thrown into the water after death would float or sink; but it came to nothing. The coroner's inquest had been hurried over, and no examination of the body had taken place till long after decomposition had proceeded too far to allow of any satisfactory result being arrived at.

In a former Number we observed on the effect of the rule of law which excludes a prisoner not only from giving evidence on his own behalf, but also from tendering himself for cross-examination. If Cowper was innocent, that rule bore hardly upon him in the present case. We will, however, give him the full benefit of his own account of the matter. He said*—and in this he was confirmed by the evidence of his brother—that having received a pressing invitation to take up his quarters during the assizes at Mrs. Stout's, he had resolved to do so, his object being to save the expense of other lodgings at the house of a person of the name of Barefoot, where he had been in the habit of staying with his brother. Finding that his brother would be detained in London by his parliamentary duties, he requested him to write and countermand the lodgings at Barefoot's. This he neglected to do, and on Spencer Cowper's arrival at Hertford he found them prepared for him. Finding that he should have at any rate to pay for these lodgings, which were nearer to the court-house and more commodious than Mrs. Stout's, he determined to occupy them. His account is as follows:—

"My Lord, as to my coming to this town on Monday, it was the first day of the assizes, and that was the reason that brought me hither: before I came out of town, I confess, I had a design to take a lodging at this gentlewoman's house, having been invited by letter so to do;

and the reason why I did not was this: my brother when he went the circuit, always favoured me with the offer of a part of his lodgings, which, out of good husbandry, I always accepted. The last circuit was in parliament time, and my brother, being in the money-chair, could not attend the circuit as he used to do: he had very good lodgings, I think one of the best in this town, where I used to be with him; these were always kept for him, unless notice was given to the contrary. The Friday before I came down to the assizes I happened to be in company with my brother and another gentleman, and then I showed them the letter by which I was earnestly invited down to lie at the house of this gentlewoman during the assizes (it is dated the 9th of March last); and designing to comply with the invitation, I thereupon desired my brother to write to Mr. Barefoot, our landlord, and get him, if he could, to dispose of the lodgings; for, said I, if he keeps them they must be paid for, and then I cannot well avoid lying there. My brother did say he would write, if he could think on it; and thus, if Mr. Barefoot disposed of the lodgings, I own I intended to lie at the deceased's house; but if not, I looked on myself obliged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's. Accordingly I shall prove, as soon as ever I came to this town, in the morning of the first day of the assizes, I went directly to Mr. Barefoot's (the maid and all agree in this), and the reason was, I had not seen my brother after he said he would write, before I went out to London; and therefore it was proper for me to go first to Mr. Barefoot's to know whether my brother had wrote to him, and whether he had disposed of his lodgings or not. As soon as I came to Mr. Barefoot's, I asked his wife and maid-servant, one after another, if they had received a letter from my brother to unbespeak the lodgings; they told me no, that the room was kept for us; and I think they had made a fire, and that the sheets were airing. I was a little concerned he had not writ; but being satisfied that no letter had been received, I said immediately, as I shall prove by several witnesses, If it be so, I must stay with you; I will take up my lodging here. Thereupon I alighted, and sent for my bag from the coffee-house, and lodged all

* 13 *State Trials*, 1149.

my things at Barefoot's, and thus I took up my lodgings there as usual. I had no sooner done this, but Sarah Walker came to me from her mistress to invite me to dinner, and accordingly I went and dined there; and when I went away, it may be true that, being asked, I said I would come again at night; but that I said I would lie there, I do positively deny; and knowing I could not lie there, it is unlikely I should say so. My Lord, at night I did come again, and paid her some money that I received from Mr. Loftus, who is the mortgager, for interest of the £200 I before mentioned (it was £6, odd money, in guineas and half guineas): I writ a receipt, but she declined the signing of it, pressing me to stay there that night; which I refused, as engaged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's, and took my leave of her; and that very money which I paid her was found in her pocket, as I have heard, after she was drowned."*

When Cowper recurs, at a later period of the trial, to the events of that night, he says—

"Now, if your Lordship pleases, I would explain that part of Sarah Walker the maid's evidence, when she says her mistress ordered her to warm the bed, and I never contradicted it."

And after calling the attention of the court to the warm expressions contained in the letter he had received from the girl, he goes on—

"I had rather leave it to be observed than make the observation myself, what might be the dispute between us at the time the maid speaks of. I think it was not necessary she should be present at the debate; and therefore I might not interrupt her mistress or the orders she gave; but as soon as the maid was gone I made use of these objections; and I told Mrs. Stout by what accident I was obliged to take up my lodging at Mr. Barefoot's, and that the family was sitting up for me; that my staying at her house, under these circumstances, would in all probability provoke the censure of the town and country, and that therefore I could not stay, whatever my inclination otherwise might be; but, my Lord, my reasons not prevailing, I was

forced to decide the controversy by going to my lodging; so that the maid may swear true when she says I did not contradict her orders."†

It will be observed that Cowper first puts his change of intention as to staying at Mrs. Stout's solely on the ground of having other lodgings on his hands. He says that until he found those lodgings were engaged, he had determined to take up his abode at Mrs. Stout's. The question was simply one of the cost of the lodgings. When, however, he has to account for the servant girl's evidence as to his consent to the preparations for his passing the night there, orders for which were given in his presence, then, for the first time, he begins to talk of "provoking the censure of the town and country."‡ It is impossible to know what took place after the servant-girl left the room. Cowper himself leaves it unexplained whether he left Sarah Stout in the house, or whether she quitted it at the same time that he did. The latter would seem to be the more probable conjecture, from the fact that the door was only heard to shut once, and it was proved that it was not easy to shut the door without being heard. If Cowper had been entitled to submit himself to cross-examination, these facts might have been, and probably would have been explained.

Here not only the evidence, but the whole substance of Cowper's defence ends. The trial was prolonged by an enormous mass of testimony, partly from men of the highest eminence in the medical profession, and partly from persons who had seen great numbers of bodies, some of which had been thrown into the sea after death, and others of which had been drowned in naval engagements and shipwrecks, as to whether the fact of a body floating afforded any evidence that life was extinct before it had been thrown into the water. On this point the evidence was, as might be anticipated, contradictory, but had it been otherwise, it would have been of no value; for the question, whether Sarah

* 13 *State Trials*, 1150.

† *Ibid*, 1170.

‡ *Ibid*, 1177.



Stout's body floated or sank was not proved either one way or the other. It was found entangled among some stakes in the mill-dam, in a manner which rendered it impossible to say whether it was supported or kept down.* There was therefore no basis on which to found the scientific evidence, and the case against Cowper rested upon a very few facts, and may be summed up in very few words. He was the last person in Sarah Stout's company. His conduct on leaving the house was mysterious and unexplained. When he left, instead of going direct to his lodgings, he went to the Glove and Dolphin Inn to pay a small bill for horse-keep. This had somewhat the appearance of a desire to secure evidence of an *alibi*. He was, on his own showing, embarrassed by Sarah Stout's pertinacious attachment, and had a stronger motive to get rid of her than has sometimes been found sufficient to prompt men to the most revolting crimes. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Cowper was not, like Tawell, a man who prided himself on his reputation for the respectabilities of life, but, as well as his more celebrated brother—a man of known liberalism, not likely to commit a crime of the deepest dye for the purpose of concealing a disreputable intrigue. To have convicted Cowper

of murder upon this evidence would have been, of course, impossible. But the case must ever remain shrouded in the darkest mystery. If not guilty of what the law defines as murder, there can be no doubt that Cowper's conduct was the immediate cause of the death of the unhappy girl. When the servant left the room they were on the most amicable terms. This is fixed by the evidence, as nearly as possible, at half-past ten by the town-clock. As the clock struck eleven, Cowper entered the Glove and Dolphin Inn.† In that short half-hour he had either incurred the guilt of murder, or by his unkindness had driven a woman, who loved him with the most devoted affection, to rush uncalled into the presence of her Maker. Cowper, if not a murderer, which we think he was not, must, at any rate, have been a man of a singularly cold and unfeeling disposition. According to his own version of the story, the girl, whom he had left only a few moments before, immediately upon his quitting her, sought a refuge from her love, her sorrows, and her shame, under the cold waters of the Priory river. On the next morning he heard of her fate, and the first thing he did was to send the hostler from the inn to her mother's house for his horse, fearing lest, if the coroner's jury should bring in

* See the evidence of Berry, Venables, Dell, Ulfe, Dew, Edmunds, Page, How, and Meager, 13 *State Trials*, 1116 to 1122. All these witnesses, who were present when the body was found in the mill-dam, agree in asserting that the body "floated," and they no doubt believed what they said, their evidence affording an example of how far a preconceived idea will affect belief; they describe the body as lying on the right side, the head and right arm being driven between the stakes, which were something less than a foot apart, by the stream. Robert Dew and Young, who were called on behalf of the prisoner, and who were also present when the body was taken out of the water, assert equally positively that the body *sank*. See p. 1151. These two witnesses describe the mode in which the body was entangled in the stakes with more particularity than the witnesses for the prosecution. The judge, in his charge to the jury, treated this evidence like a man of sense. "I shall not undertake," he said, "to give you the particulars of their evidence; but they tell you she lay on her right side, the one arm up even with the surface of the water, and her body under the water; but some of her clothes were above the water; particularly, one says, the ruffles of her left arm were above the water. You have heard, also, what the doctors and surgeons said, on the one side and the other, concerning the swimming and sinking of dead bodies in the water; but I can find no certainty in it; and I leave it to your consideration."—13 *State Trials*, 1188.

† Evidence of Elizabeth Spurr, 13 *State Trials*, 1177.

a verdict of *felo de se*, the animal might, being found in her stable, be claimed as forfeited to the lord of the manor. From first to last there is not one word of tenderness or regret. He never went near the bereaved mother, but he attended the coroner's inquest, gave his evidence with the most admirable coolness, and the next day proceeded on circuit as if nothing unusual had taken place. Three other persons were indicted along with Cowper as the accomplices of his crime, but against them there was not even the shadow of a case. The jury, after deliberating for about half an hour, acquitted all the prisoners.

The relatives of Sarah Stout attempted to bring Cowper to a second trial by means of a proceeding now abolished, entitled "The Appeal of Murder." The attempt failed through the influence of the Cowpers, who tampered with the sheriff, and procured the destruction of the writs. The sheriff was fined and imprisoned for his misconduct, Holt, the Chief Justice, severely animadverting on the foul play which had been employed to impede the course of justice.* Cowper continued to practise at the bar, and was at last raised to the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, a remarkable instance of a man who had held up his hand on an arraignment for murder trying others for the same offence. He is said to have learned a lesson of caution and mercy from his own experience, and to have been remarkable for both those qualities.

One might have supposed that poor Sarah Stout would have been allowed to sleep in peace without having her name revived, and her sad story made famous more than a century and a half after her death. But such was not to be her fate. The opportunity of a double fling at Quakers and Tories has been too great a temptation for Lord Macaulay. It was a right-and-left shot at the game he loved best. Accordingly, in the fifth and concluding volume of his History,

in that part which we are told by the editor he had left "fairly transcribed and revised," we find four pages devoted to the case of that unhappy girl. The whole passage is so eloquent, so picturesque, so ingenious in insinuation, so daring in the misrepresentation of facts and the distortion of evidence, and affords so good an epitome of the best and the worst qualities of the author, that we give it entire.

"One mournful tale, which called forth the strongest feelings of the contending factions, is still remembered as a curious part of the history of our jurisprudence, and especially of the history of our medical jurisprudence. No whig member of the Lower House, with the single exception of Montague, filled a larger space in the public eye than William Cowper. In the art of conciliating an audience, Cowper was pre-eminent. His graceful and engaging eloquence cast a spell on juries; and the Commons, even in those stormy moments when no other defender of the administration could obtain a hearing, would always listen to him. He represented Hertford, a borough in which his family had considerable influence; but there was a strong tory minority among the electors; and he had not won his seat without a hard fight, which had left behind it many bitter recollections. His younger brother, Spencer, a man of parts and learning, was fast rising into practice as a barrister on the Home Circuit.

"At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy, of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination, who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her looks, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a cafting waterman, who was one of the brotherhood, had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond sea, to throw herself out of the window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love; and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom

* LORD RAYMOND, vol. i. 575, R. v. Toler.—13 *State Trials*, 1199.

she never could marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory River. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement. But the family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for somebody who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on that unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and flirtations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these, her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of these persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism.

"The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamour. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would, indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London, and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible; and, unfortunately, the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself and those who were said to be his accomplices with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine, the counsel for the Crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence, of these gentlemen, two or three sailors were put into the witness box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper,—not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitions of the fore-castle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men, was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I

say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.' The jury found the prisoners Not Guilty, and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was, that everybody applauded the verdict, and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack too failed. Every artifice of chicane was at length exhausted; and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels, Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high emulgence in his profession; he at length took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had stood, at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet, William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor.*

"Though Spencer Cowper had escaped with life and honour, the Tories had carried their point. They had secured against the next election the support of the Quakers of Hertford; and the consequence was, that the borough was lost to the family and to the party which had lately predominated there."

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Macaulay has given so large a space to this case, he has read it with more than ordinary carelessness. He says: "The case against the prisoner rested chiefly

on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in the water, must have been thrown into the water *while still alive*."† The argument was exactly the reverse. It was urged that the fact of her body floating proved that she was thrown into the water *after she was dead*; and it was sought to be inferred that she had been strangled—that if, as was argued on behalf of the prisoner, she had drowned herself, her body would have been filled with water, and would have sunk. The evidence as to whether the body did in fact float or sink was, as we have seen, contradictory. The *post-mortem* examination was delayed so long that the medical testimony had really no foundation of facts to rest upon. At the trial an attempt was made on the part of the prisoner, to establish the insanity of the girl; but nothing more was proved than might be easily shown to have occurred in the case of any love-sick girl who was, or fancied herself, the victim of an unrequited passion. Lord Macaulay's treatment of this evidence is amusing. Three of the circumstances on which he relies to prove her insanity are,—1st, That "she sometimes hinted a dislike of the sect to which she belonged" (rather an odd proof of insanity, in the mouth of Lord Macaulay); 2d, That "she complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brethren, had held forth against her at a meeting" (which happened to be true, and seems to be a tolerably reasonable ground of annoyance); and, 3d, That "to two or three of her associates she owned she was in love." (Alas for all young ladies from sixteen upwards, in white satin, and their confidantes in white linen, if this is to be taken as a proof of insanity!) But when Lord Macaulay comes to the facts connected with Cowper's writing to announce his intention of staying at the house, his dining there, his return in the evening, and his mys-

* "It is curious that all Cowper's biographers with whom I am acquainted—Hayley, Southey, Grimshawe, Chalmers—mention the judge, the common ancestor of the poet, of his first love, Theodora Cowper, and of Lady Hesketh, but that none of these biographers make the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, the most remarkable event in the history of the family; nor do I believe that any allusion to that trial can be found in any of the poet's numerous letters."

† Vol. v. p. 238.

terious disappearance at night simultaneously with the girl, he condenses them into the following words : —“ He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her” (it was, to say the least, an odd mode of avoiding her that he adopted). “It was necessary, however, that he should see her when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her, for this purpose, late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her.” (The “bag” exists only in Lord Macaulay's imagination—the “gold” was the petty sum of six pounds and a few odd shillings, which Cowper had received for her as interest on a sum of £200 which he had placed out on mortgage on her behalf, and the payment of which certainly did not make it necessary that he should be with her from two till four, and again from nine till half-past ten at night.) “She pressed him,” adds Lord Macaulay, “to be the guest of the family, but he excused himself and retired.”

It is worth while, as a matter of philological curiosity, to enumerate over again the facts which one of the greatest masters of the English language can compress into the phrase—“he excused himself and retired.” Cowper went to the house on his arrival in the town, dined there with the family, left at four, returned at nine, supped, wrote his letters, was present whilst his bed and his bedroom fire were ordered and the maid was sent up to warm his bed; sat alone until half-past ten o'clock at night with a girl who he knew was violently in love with him, and who had been in the habit of addressing the most passionate letters to him under a feigned name, and then—“*abiit—excessit—evasit—erupit.*” His departure only announced by the slamming-to of the street-door. This is Lord Macaulay's notion of “excusing himself

and retiring.” He and the girl disappeared together. In the morning he is at other lodgings in the town, and she a corpse in the mill-dam.

For the charge that Lord Macaulay makes that “the prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible,” we cannot discover the slightest ground. Certainly none is to be found in the very ample and detailed report in the *State Trials*. Indeed, a far greater latitude was allowed to the prisoner in his defence than would be permitted at the present day. What authority Lord Macaulay may have had for describing Hatsell, who presided at the trial, as “the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve,” we know not. He seems to have tried the case with strict impartiality and very fair ability, and his charge to the jury was decidedly in favour of the prisoners.

We have frequently had occasion to remark upon the caution which ought to be observed before relying upon Lord Macaulay's marks of quotation. An amusing instance of this occurs in the passage we have just cited. A sailor of the name of Clement deposed that he had frequently observed that when a corpse was thrown into the sea it floated, whereas, if a man fell into the water and was drowned, his body sank as soon as life was extinct. In confirmation of this, he cited his own experience at the fight off Beachy Head, where the bodies of the men who were killed floated about, and at a shipwreck, where between five and six hundred men were drowned, whose bodies sank. This evidence was curious, and if it had been proved whether Sarah Stout's body floated or sank, would have been valuable. The judge felt, no doubt, that it was so; and when Garth swore that “it was impossible the body should have floated,” and boldly stated his belief that “all dead bodies fall to the bottom unless they be prevented by some extraordinary tumour,”* he

directed his attention to the evidence which had been given, and asked him "what he said as to the sinking of dead bodies in water?" Garth replied that, "if a strangled body be thrown into the water, the lungs being filled with air, and a cord left about the neck, it was possible it might float, because of the included air, as a bladder would." Upon this the judge recalled his attention to the question as follows:

"*Baron Hatsell.*—But you do not observe my question: the seaman said that those that die at sea and are thrown overboard, if you do not tie a weight to them, they will not sink—what do you say to that?"

"*Dr. Garth.*—My Lord, no doubt in this thing they are mistaken. The seamen are a superstitious people: they fancy that whistling at sea will occasion a tempest. *I must confess I have never seen anybody thrown overboard*, but I have tried some experiments on other dead animals, and they will certainly sink: we have tried them since we came hither."*

Now in this, we confess, it seems to us that the judge appears to greater advantage than the physician. Garth was evidently desirous to evade the question, and he attempted to do so by a sneer. The superstition of the sailors had nothing to do with the question whether a man killed in battle and falling into the water floats or sinks. Garth was compelled to admit he had no experience on the subject. He said, and said truly, that "the object of tying weights to a body is to prevent it from floating at all, which otherwise would happen in some few days."† The well-known instance of the floating of the body of Caracciolo, notwithstanding the weights which were attached to his feet, will occur at once to the mind of the reader. The inquiry of the judge was pertinent to the evidence, and the reply might have been material to the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Lord Macaulay disposes of both question and answer in the following words:

"The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.'" There was no stupidity that we can discover in the question, and the answer is misquoted.

Lord Macaulay, however, does not trouble himself with the facts of the case. He finds for once the Quakers and the Tories united (or rather, we ought to say, he assumes their union; for from first to last in the trial there is not a particle of evidence that political feeling intervened), and he infers that they could only be united for the purpose of committing a judicial murder; that the object of the Quakers was to "send four innocent men to the gallows rather than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide,"‡ and that the Tories were urged on to the same atrocity by "the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs." Lord Macaulay makes no account of the feelings that would be awakened amongst relations, friends, and neighbours by the sudden and violent death of a young and beautiful girl, who, whether murdered or not, had unquestionably been cruelly trifled with by a man who, if not directly, was at any rate indirectly the cause of her death. "Religious and political fanaticism" are motives the power of which Lord Macaulay was certainly not likely to underrate. Yet it might have been supposed that the religion of Sarah Stout was one which he would have been disposed to treat, if not with respect, at least with tenderness, however mistaken his more mature convictions might lead him to consider it to be.

We have ourselves little sympathy with the peculiar tenets and habits of the Quakers. It is difficult for any one to write with

* *State Trials*, 1158.

† *Ibid.*, 1158.

‡ Vol. v. p. 237.

perfect justice about that very singular sect. A body of Christians who make it part of their religion to observe the strictest rules of grammar in the use of the singular and plural of the personal pronouns, whilst they habitually violate them as to the nominative and the accusative; whose consciences are tender as to buttons; who hold gay colours to be "unfriendly," whilst they delight in the richest and most costly fabrics; who shrink from the hypocrisy of addressing a stranger as "Dear Sir," whilst they have no scruple in calling the man they most despise "Respected Friend," merely commit amusing eccentricities. The evil is much more serious when they proscribe all those arts which tend most to brighten our course through life. Literature, except of the most dreary kind, is prohibited to strict Friends. We once made a passing allusion to Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, in conversation with one of the most eminent Quakers of the day, a member of a learned profession, and discovered, to our astonishment, that he was in total ignorance of the *Waverley Novels*. Another venerable and strict Friend, seeing a volume lettered *Horatii Opera* on the table of one of his laxer brethren, shook his head gravely, and said, "Thou knowest, friend, that we have a testimony against all operas." Nothing can be conceived more desolate than a pure Quaker library: Barclay's *Apology* and Baxter's *Shove*, Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*, and George Fox's *Journal*—perhaps, by extraordinary good fortune, *Paradise Lost* and *The Task*—all excellent in their way, but not exactly the books to wile away a tedious hour; and one looks in vain for Shakespeare and Scott, for Pope or Fielding. Painting and music share the same fate. Now and then, however, happily, the old Adam is too strong, and such arts are cultivated either "clandestinely," as Mawworm says, or in open defiance of the yearly meeting. Gastronomy is the only one of the liberal arts

that flourishes unrestrained. The Quakers are a hospitable people; their dinners are excellent, and their wines super-excellent. The whitest linen, the most brilliant silver, and the most sparkling glass, are to be found at their tables. They indulge, not to excess, but silently and thankfully, in these good things, and a certain serious rotundity has in consequence become hereditary amongst them. The member for Birmingham is a type of his class: he is evidently not only a man who has eaten good dinners himself, but his fathers, reckoning back to the third and fourth generation, have eaten them too, and we trust his descendants, in equal numbers, will keep up the laudable practice. The late Lord Macaulay himself inherited something of the same formation, modified, however, by the admixture which his blood had received from the lean and hungry Celts to whom he owed his Highland name. This formation is no doubt unfavourable to great personal activity; but personal activity is of little import to a Quaker. Field-sports, and their attendant festivities of all kinds, are prohibited. A Quaker thinks of a hunt-ball as if it were a war-dance of wild Indians. But here again nature will sometimes assert her rights. We have known a Quaker to be an excellent judge of a horse, and some of the best heavy-weights across the Pytchly and Warwickshire countries have been of pure Quaker blood. We once knew a Quaker horse-dealer. But of all strange sights a Quaker child is the strangest. To find a little curly-headed darling of four or five years old, who, instead of climbing on one's knee, and insisting vociferously on a game at romps or a fairy story before it will go to bed, walks off demurely with a "Fare thee well, friend John Smith," is enough to make one's hair stand on end.

Early as this discipline begins, it is pleasant to find that nature is sometimes too strong for it. We

have lately met with a narrative (published within the last six months) of a Quaker journey in America, writ by one William Tallack, a "Friend," who, if we are to judge of him by his book, must be dry enough to satisfy the most nervous dread of any approach to that humidity which constitutes a "wet Quaker"—a being peculiarly abhorrent to consistent Friends. After devoting many pages to bonnets with round crowns, and bonnets with square crowns, buttons and straps, knee shorts, and "slit collars," and those still more execrable abominations, "turned down collars with slits in them" (though, we confess, without making it by any means clear to one of the profane what constitutes a slit collar); after recording how one Elias Hicks "felt that his conscience required the relinquishment of unnecessary buttons to his coat," and compelled him to "turn up a cushion in the meeting, and to seat himself on the hard board,"* he gives some extracts from the records of the Quakers' meeting, amongst which it is really refreshing to meet the passions and the foibles of poor human nature.

Here is the confession of a warm-tempered Friend, who probably would have been all the better for the cooling discipline he administered to his neighbour, even at the risk of the dreaded consequence of becoming "wet."

"Whereas I contended with my neighbour, W. S., for what I apprehended to be my right, by endeavouring to turn a certain stream of water into its natural course, till it arose to a personal difference, in which dispute I gave way to warmth of temper so far as to put my friend W. into the pond; for which action of mine, being contrary to the good order of Friends, I am sorry, and desire, through Divine assistance, to live in unity with him for the future." †

* It is to be hoped that Elias Hicks never became subject to the inconvenient delusion recorded by Melander of an unhappy man, "qui opinatus est, ex vitro sibi constatas clunes, sic ut omnia sua negotia atque actiones stando perficeret, metuens, ne, si in sedile se inclinaret, rates confringeret, ac vitri fragmenta hinc inde dissilirent."—MELAN., *Joco-Seria*, 433.

† *Friendly Sketches in America*, by WILLIAM TALLACK.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 195.

But it is not to wrath alone that Friends sometimes give way. A gentler passion occasionally hurries them beyond the bounds of what is strictly "friendly."

"Whereas I was too forward and hasty in making suit to a young woman after the death of my wife, having made some proceedings that way in less than four months, which I am now sensible was wrong. As witness my hand, R. H." ‡

Even that peaceful union which we are bound to suppose a Quaker marriage to be (by the way, what a very odd proceeding a Quaker courtship must be—how do they get married at all?) is sometimes disturbed by the sinful passions of humanity. Thus we find that the "Concord preparation-meeting complains of J. P. S. for breach of his marriage covenants in refusing to live with his wife as a faithful husband ought to do."

Nor does the traveller fail to observe the qualities which we have already noticed as so commendable amongst friends.

"At meals," he says, "there is generally several times the quantity of food placed upon the table which could possibly be eaten by the heartiest appetites of those present, and plates are piled with so much that they are seldom empty at the end of the meal. . . . It is usual to help a visitor to two or three slices of pie at a time."

Times have certainly changed amongst the Quakers since

"Brother Green was feasted
With a spiritual collation
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine with a prayer,
And sup with an exhortation."

Still it must be admitted by all candid men that Quakerism has its estimable as well as its ridiculous side, and that a sect which can number among its followers such men as William Penn, Ellwood the friend of Milton, Barclay,

Clarkson, Reynolds the philanthropist, and Dalton the philosopher, deserves a treatment far different from that which it has received from Lord Macaulay. To assert, without one particle of evidence to support the statement, that the Quakers deliberately planned a judicial murder to conceal the fact that one of their body had committed suicide, is just as monstrous as to impute to the Tories that they were accomplices in the crime. This unscrupulous treatment of facts, and equally unscrupulous suggestion of motives, is one of the most dangerous weapons a combatant can wield: No instrument of attack is so easily turned against the party making use of it. If a historian could be found equally unscrupulous as Lord Macaulay, and as deeply imbued with opposite prejudices, nothing would be easier than to paraphrase his account of Spencer Cowper's trial almost in his own words, and with even less departure from the facts. The narrative would then assume something of the following form: "At Hertford resided a respectable Quaker family named Stout. One daughter, a beautiful girl of strong sensibility and lively imagination formed a deep attachment to Spencer Cowper. He trifled with her affections, took every advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and then cast her off and married another woman. Her almost frantic attachment still continued. She wrote letters to him breathing the deepest passion. He paraded them before his brother (who was a man of notoriously loose habits), and his other profligate associates. When he came to the Hertford spring assizes in 1699, he went direct to her mother's house. He dined and supped there; he spent the evening in affectionate conversation with the girl he had betrayed. His bed was prepared in the house, and the servant-girl was sent up to warm it. Spencer

Cowper and Sarah Stout were left together in the parlour—from that moment she was never seen alive. They left the house together at half-past ten at night, and in the morning her corpse was discovered in the mill-dam. It would perhaps be going too far to say that Cowper was certainly her murderer, but the case was one of the darkest suspicion. He was placed upon his trial for murder, but to anticipate a conviction would have been absurd. The law closed the mouth of the principal witness, the mother of the girl, for she was a Quaker, and could not take an oath. The judge, a friend of the Cowpers, indulged the prisoner in a degree of license in his defence which in the present day would not be tolerated. The Cowpers were powerful in Hertford, which was represented in Parliament by the father and the brother of the prisoner. Every artifice that could influence the minds of the jury against Quakers and Tories was resorted to. Every prejudice of religious or political fanaticism against an unpopular sect and an obnoxious party was appealed to. The consequence was that Cowper was acquitted. An attempt was made to place him on his trial a second time by means of an 'appeal of murder,' a proceeding which Lord Holt, in this very case, designated as 'a noble badge of the liberties of an Englishman.' But here again the influence of the powerful family of the Cowpers paralysed the arm of justice. The sheriff was tampered with and the writ destroyed. The sheriff paid the penalty of his misconduct by imprisonment and fine, and was subjected to a severe rebuke from Lord Holt. The Cowpers triumphed, but their exultation was short. Outraged humanity vindicated its rights. The press teemed with indignant pamphlets, and at the next election both the Cowpers were ignominiously ejected from the representation of their native town."*

* "It is hardly necessary to remind any student of English history, that Spencer

Such is the mode in which this subject may be treated, when, as in the old fable, the lion turns sculptor. It is a mode of treatment nearly as remote from truth as Lord Macaulay's own. To gratify his political and family aversions, Lord Macaulay has raked up the ashes of poor Sarah Stout, and has revived a not very creditable incident in the history of a very eminent family. He expresses surprise that none of the biographers of the poet Cowper should have alluded to this adventure of his grandfather. An old proverb might have told him that there are certain families amongst whom it is a breach of good manners to make any mention of "hemp." We think it was Quin who once introduced Foote to a company as "a gentleman whose father was hanged for murdering his uncle." Polite and pious biographers such as Hayley and Southey generally avoid all allusion to such disagreeable subjects. Lord Macaulay is puzzled by what appears to him unnecessary delicacy, and has made the whole scandalous story (for scandalous it must remain, even taking the most favourable view) as notorious as possible. Where one reader dives into the *State Trials*, a thousand will read Lord Macaulay's fifth volume; and all the world now has the advantage of knowing that the grandfather of "that excellent man, excellent poet," as Lord Macaulay justly calls William Cowper, behaved extremely ill to a pretty Quaker girl, and had a narrow escape of being hanged for murdering her.

THE FAREWELL OF THE SEAL.

[THERE is, or there was, a tradition in Shetland that seals come sometimes on shore, and, divesting themselves of their skins, dance upon the sands, after which they resume their covering and return to their natural element. It is said that on one occasion a female seal, who may be considered as a sort of mermaid, having mislaid her skin upon the land, and being thus unable to return to the sea, came into the possession of a Shetlander, with whom she lived for some years as his wife, and bore him several children. One of the children having accidentally found on the beach an old hide, brought it to his mother, when it proved to be the long-lost skin. With many tears and marks of agitation the mother put it on, and taking an affectionate leave of her children, plunged into the sea, and swam off in company with a large male seal who had often before been seen hovering on the coast.]

Husband, farewell ! for many a year
 I've proved a true obedient wife :
 Your hopes to crown, your hearth to cheer,
 Has been my aim for half a life.
 How poorly I have done my part
 I cannot now but feel and say ;
 But earlier wishes claimed my heart,
 And bore my fancy far away.

Cowper and Sarah Stout are the Mosco and Zara of *The New Atalantis*. See vol. i. pp. 168, 174, for a very full account of this unhappy transaction. Lord Macaulay, who has drawn largely upon the stores of this very valuable work in other instances, appears to have overlooked the fact that this narrative was to be found in the pages of a contemporary historian, whose character for accuracy is second only to his own."

This earth was not my native home,
And human love was all unfelt :
'Twas mine in other realms to roam,
With other sympathies to melt.
I longed to float on ocean's breast,
And dive beneath its swelling wave ;
To wander, or to be at rest
In sparry grot or marble cave.

There was the region of my birth ;
And there I dwelt a happy bride,
Ere yet I learned to walk the earth,
Or breathe beyond the salt-sea tide.
There with my bosom's genial lord,
My hours flew by with sunny glee :
How has he since my loss deplored,
And sought in vain to set me free !

But fortune has redressed the wrong
That bound me to the dreary land :
Again, in native vigour strong,
I haste to quit th' unkindly strand.
With him, my first and rightful mate,
I soon shall cleave the foaming brine ;
Yet mindful in my happier state
Of what I lose in thee and thine.

My children ! there indeed I feel
That parting is a bitter pain :
Tears, like a woman's, downward steal,
To think we ne'er must meet again.
O foster them with double care,
As of one parent thus bereft :
Tell them my bosom still they share,
And ever shall, while life is left.

From yonder rock, at evening hour,
When soft the mermaid's music rings,
As wandering near they feel its power,
Say 'tis for them their mother sings.
But, hark ! I'm summoned to the deep ;
I feel the surging waters swell ;
Some kind remembrance strive to keep
Of her you loved : farewell ! farewell !

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XVII.

CHAPTER LV.—IN WHICH SOME OF THE CHARACTERS ARE WITHDRAWN.

As I had anticipated, I did not find Mr. Osborne inexorable. Although he had deemed it his duty to administer a severe rebuke to his nephew, and was really provoked by the liberty which had been taken with his paper, he was by no means insensible to the merits of the joke. In fact, as we walked through the gardens, he chuckled over the narrative which I gave him, as nearly as possible in the language of Faunce, with a zest which convinced me that, in his younger days, he would have thought it anything but a sin to aid in mystifying the public. Drawing from the resources of his memory, he instanced many cases in which the press, though deviating from the truth, had aided the national cause; and as those revelations were not spiced by any sprinkling of censure, it was evident to me that my old friend and employer saw no great harm in stretching a point when party considerations rendered such elasticity advisable.

But though willing enough to receive Faunce once more into favour, I could see that he was still reluctant to give his consent to an immediate marriage. That was not, I apprehend, a feeling peculiar to himself, but one which influences more or less the conduct of all who find themselves in the like position. The marriage of a sole daughter, even though the match may be altogether unexceptionable, is a great trial to a fond father, partaking almost of the nature of a sacrifice. It involves the withdrawal from his care and presence of the one object upon whom his dearest affections are centred—the abstraction of the roseate light that makes the even-

ing of life so beautiful, and compensates for the loss of the more fervid glories and dazzling glare of its meridian. In regard to their domestic arrangements, old men are intensely conservative. Though aware that changes are inevitable, they are invariably desirous to postpone them to the last possible moment; and they never seem to suspect that, in doing so, they are far more influenced by selfish motives than by regard for the happiness of their children.

I had, however, an important advantage in pleading Attie's cause. Mr. Osborne had admitted that he now looked upon the marriage as a settled thing, having ascertained that the affections of his daughter were very deeply engaged; and that even had he been inclined personally to discourage Faunce's pretensions, he did not consider himself entitled to interpose a negative. The way being thus far cleared, I was able to insist with more effect upon the argument, that it really was injudicious, to say the least of it, to keep Faunce in a state of suspense, which, considering his want of occupation, might draw him into further irregularities.

"It is a maxim of your own, sir," I said, "that when a man has once made up his mind to do anything, the sooner he goes through with it the better. I am sure you cannot approve of long engagements, such as are often made by young people whose circumstances render immediate matrimony out of the question. I have known many instances of the kind, and I am sorry to say that, in most of them, the consequence has been that the men have continued to live as if no

engagement had taken place, denying themselves no indulgence, and submitting to no restraint. Such conduct deserves execration, but it is so common that we cannot overlook it as a fact; and society, judging in such matters according to the fantastic rule of its own code of morals, tolerates in men so situated a degree of licence which it does not accord to the husband. Nay, it even recognises a distinction between an engagement proper and an engagement indefinite, regarding the latter as more or less partaking of the character of a contingency."

"Nay, that's true enough," replied Mr. Osborne. "I am quite as much opposed to long engagements as you can be, Sinclair; and I see the drift of your argument perfectly. You may be sure that I have thought over the subject in all its bearings; and if I have not been able to make up my mind, it is because the future welfare of my own dear child is more precious to me than anything under heaven. Now don't say anything more about it. Tell Attie that he may come here as usual; on the condition, however, that he is to bridle his inventive faculties, avoid the company of exalted personages, and abstain from pilgrimages to Thames Ditton."

"I think I can answer for his abstinence," said I. "And now, Mr. Osborne, in relation to my own affairs—I have but to thank you most cordially for the uniform kindness you have shown to me throughout our brief connection."

"You are under no obligation to me, my dear lad!" replied Osborne. "I was on the look-out for a man to do a certain kind of work when accident threw you in my way. I believed you were capable of doing it, and that it would be a much better occupation for you—more creditable and more lucrative—than a desk in some public office, which is all you could have aspired to, had Sir George Smoothly really felt for you the interest he professed. But he is an arrant humbug! That conviction, I am glad

to know, is now entertained by his constituents; and at the next general election he will be bowled down like a nine-pin, and vanish from the political world. Mark my words—the reign of plausibility is wellnigh over! Hypocritical government is abhorrent to the downright English instinct that loathes and repudiates imposture."

"At least, sir, you deserve my thanks for having opened my eyes to the true character of the man."

"Oh, you would have made that discovery fast enough without any assistance from me! But I am really sorry to lose you, Sinclair. I feel very much as a Roman *lanista* might have done in parting with a pet gladiator."

"I trust that I bear my sword from the arena without dishonor."

"Unquestionably; though you have no scars to display as the tokens of your prowess. But you will pardon me for making one observation. When we last met, I understood you to say that, notwithstanding your accession of fortune, you had no thoughts of relinquishing your engagement. That seemed to me a very wise resolution; but it appears that you have since altered your mind. Now, I don't want to press you for your reasons—in fact, have no right to do so—but it would be a satisfaction to me to feel assured that in making the change you have maturely considered whether it is likely to prove conducive to your happiness. I say this, because if you entertain literary aspirations of a more ambitious kind, it may be in my power to offer you some assistance."

"Many thanks, Mr. Osborne. But, without pledging myself to perpetual abstinence, I have done with practical literature for the present. The truth is, that for some time past I have been so much engrossed by matters of a personal nature, that I cannot give that undivided attention to journalism which you have a right to require. It is my intention soon to return to Scotland; but more than this, under

existing circumstances, I cannot with propriety divulge."

"You have said quite enough, Sinclair, to satisfy me," replied Mr. Osborne. "Well, don't forget, at any rate, to send me cards. What!—blushing? Nay, nay, my good boy, you must forgive the old gentleman his joke, more especially as you have just been asking his indulgence for one of a more serious description! Quite right—marry and retire! It is amazing with what ardour a man returns to work after two years of a cottage and honey-suckles! But I hear the gong for lunch. Let us pledge each other—not, I hope, for the last time—in a glass of particular Madeira."

As I cannot lay claim to the privilege of the novelist or dramatic author, who usually preserve intact their staff of characters to the last, even though their function has been exhausted, in order that they may appear in the grand tableau with which the performance concludes, I shall now ask the reader to dispense with the further attendance of Mr. Osborne and of Attie Faunce. It is not my duty to chronicle the nuptials that took place some two months afterwards, Attie having by that time completely re-established himself in the favour of his uncle; still less to be communicative as to the particulars of his subsequent career. Attie Faunce is no figment, but a gentleman of real flesh and blood, though he must be sought for in the columns of the Directory under a different name; and heaven forbid that I should interfere with the publication of his autobiography, if he has the courage and perseverance to commit his memorabilia to paper!

But good, dear, kind Mr. Osborne—my early friend and patron—of him at least I may be permitted to say a final word. In the fulness of his years, but before the sturdy frame was bowed by decrepitude or the acute intellect impaired, he was taken to his rest; and though the phantom of Death is so familiar to us that the stroke of his dart,

when we see it fall, causes but a momentary shudder, and the affliction that we feel for the loss of our departed friends is softened into a gentle memory ere yet the first daisies have withered on their graves—their images, engraved on our hearts, are preserved from oblivion, until we likewise receive the summons to pass from time into eternity. And, indeed, Mr. Osborne was a man not likely to be forgotten by any who had passed even a single hour in his company; for he possessed, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of discerning motives, of separating the true from the factitious, and of detecting hypocrisy, no matter how artfully disguised. Yet this singular power did not, as might have been the case with an inferior nature, engender a suspicious habit. To the man in whom he had once reposed his trust, he was as open as day; but he trusted not on the strength of mere asseveration alone. Plausibility, especially of that kind which it seems to be the fashion for the modern race of statesmen to assume, he regarded with extreme abhorrence,—maintaining always that a breach of good faith, either with the public or with a political party, was the most serious crime that a Minister could commit, and certain in the long-run to lead to his degradation and disgrace. Applying the same principle to the transactions of private life, he deplored the mad precipitation with which mercantile affairs are now too commonly conducted, the rash speculations fostered by an inordinate desire for gain, and the consequent decay of that high feeling of integrity which was once the proud characteristic of the British merchant. Belonging, and proud to belong, to the middle class of society, he was almost nervously jealous lest the prevalent tone of its morals should become deteriorated or corrupted; for, though honouring the aristocracy as an institution, he was fully impressed with the conviction that the stability of the empire must for the future depend upon

the prudence, wisdom, and temperance of that mighty untitled order, the varied interests of which are represented in the House of Commons. Therefore he dreaded, more perhaps than anything else, the possible spread of democracy, which he ever maintained to be far more hostile and destructive to the wellbeing of a nation than the existence of feudal privileges, or the exercise of irresponsible power; and he held

that there could be no worse enemy to the commonwealth than the man who, for party considerations or for the sake of gratifying his own wretched ambition, tampered with the constitution of his country.

Farewell, old friend! Many there are around me, yet, whom I love, respect, and honour; but never have I known a kinder heart or a wiser head than thine!

CHAPTER LVI.—LUMLEY'S AMATORY EXPERIENCES.

After what had taken place, I felt embarrassed at the thought of meeting Lumley; for although no further explanations were now required, or indeed were likely to be made, we stood towards each other in rather an anomalous position. After giving due weight to all that Carlton had urged regarding the generosity and so forth that had been exhibited by our mutual friend, I could not account for his extreme facility in giving way, so soon as he ascertained that there was a rival in the field.

"Surely," thought I, "this man's love, if he really did entertain such a feeling, must have been of the weakest and most evanescent kind, else he never would have foregone the splendid advantages which his position and fortune secured to him, without at least hazarding a refusal!" and I began, in spite of myself, to entertain a suspicion that, throughout the whole affair, Lumley had been actuated rather by caprice than by any consistent motive.

I now know that I was wrong in thinking so, but lovers seldom reason calmly. I did not reflect that Lumley, by abstaining from paying his addresses to Mary Beaton while she was universally reputed to be an heiress, had in some measure lessened his right to advance a subsequent claim. At all events he had lost an opportunity; for a proposal now would have been construed by the malicious world into an act of chivalrous condescension,

creditable perhaps to the gentleman, but not very flattering to the lady. Then again I committed a serious error in estimating the nature of Lumley's attachment by the vehemence of my own. He was an older man than I was, had seen much more of the world, and had outlived the period when passion is at its highest flow. Advancing years generate a philosophic habit even where the affections are concerned. Pericles may love well and faithfully, but he loves not with the ardour of Alcibiades; for he has ceased to be a dreamer and an enthusiast, and he will not permit one sole engrossing thought to make a monopoly of his mind. I say not that the passion of Alcibiades is to be preferred to the constancy of Pericles. Far from it! But Pericles could resign without a struggle what Alcibiades would risk his life to obtain.

Heaven forbid that I should liken myself in any way to "the curled son of Clinias," who, with all his energy and accomplishments, was anything but a reputable character! Neither is it within the compass of ingenuity to construct even a tolerable parallelism between Lumley the *insouciant*, and Pericles the wise administrator. All I mean to say is, that the experienced senior feels, thinks, and acts differently from the more impulsive junior, and is capable of making sacrifices which to the other seem absolutely impossible.

But, whatever interpretation I might put upon his conduct, I could not evade the conviction that I was really under a deep obligation to Lumley; and I felt assured that, after another meeting, all traces of embarrassment would disappear. So, as I had for the present plenty of leisure—indeed, more than was altogether agreeable, considering the uncertainty that still hung over me—I thought it best to lose no time in effecting so desirable an object, and accordingly intimated to Carlton my wish that we should at once avail ourselves of Lumley's proffered hospitality. Carlton, who, I believe, was more annoyed than he liked to show by the reminiscence of his somewhat incautious revelations, caught eagerly at the proposal: and a day or so afterwards we repaired by appointment to Lumley's quarters in Park Street.

I make no doubt that it must be a delightful thing to be lodged in a palace surrounded by the appurtenances of state; but for comfort, elegance, and luxury combined, commend me to the house of a London bachelor of cultivated taste and ample fortune. There are not many such, I know, for the clubs have sadly lessened the number of those exquisite Apician domiciles; still, there do exist a few, and among these, Lumley's was acknowledged to be the most perfect of its kind. The study, with its small but costly library, and one or two masterpieces of Venetian art, was indeed liable to this objection, that it was far too seductively arranged to serve its ostensible purpose. At all events, I should have found it very difficult to pursue any sort of serious study, surrounded by so many objects of almost irresistible attraction. Our thoughts are apt enough at any time to wander, without being exposed to special temptation; and sure I am that, had John Bunyan been quartered in a palace instead of being shut up in Bedford jail, he never could have conceived or described the glories of the Heavenly City.

There was no company beyond ourselves; and we sat down to a dainty repast at a round table, in the centre of which was that admirable invention of a former age which modern stupidity has too generally discarded—a dumb waiter. Lumley was in high spirits, which gradually extended their influence to both Carlton and myself; so that, before the business of eating was over, the real object of the visit was accomplished, and we felt altogether at our ease. There never was a better Amphytrion than Lumley. His wit sparkled as brightly as the champagne, and the flavour of the *entrées* did not suffer from the additional zest of his anecdotes.

After the servants had withdrawn, the conversation flowed on unimpeded, through general topics at first, but presently we approached more familiar themes; and Lumley, somewhat to my surprise, made allusion, though in the most delicate manner, to our position as being both of us men engaged and committed to matrimony. I believe he did this from deliberation, with the view of satisfying me that, whatever his feelings might have been, he had entirely succeeded in mastering them; and certainly there was nothing of chagrin or disappointment in his tone.

"I regard you both," said he, "as fortunate fellows in being able to marry at a reasonably early period of life. If a man does not happen to hit the exact medium, marriage is rather a questionable step. Mere boys make the worst of husbands. They don't know their own minds, and they cannot control their tempers, or those of the unhappy girls they have chosen; and as years roll on, the indifference that succeeds to love often changes into positive aversion. On the other hand, if a man postpones the event too long, he is apt to become confirmed in his bachelor habits; and if that mode of life is not actually distasteful to him, he is reluctant to try the perilous experiment of a change."

"It is no wonder if you should feel some such reluctance," said Carlton. "The possession of such a snuggerly as this is a real impediment to marriage."

"Ah well!" said Lumley, "that is one view, certainly, and, generally speaking, there may be some truth in what you say. But I demur to the notion that a single man ought to practise asceticism. I am haunted by a taste; and as I have no lack of money, why should I hesitate to gratify it? I won't deny that I am fond of pictures, books, good living, wine, and luxury; and were it not for a confounded feeling of satiety that sometimes comes over me, I think I should be tolerably contented."

"An admission," said I, "which proves that you have stretched the tether of philosophy to the utmost; for when did you ever meet with the man who professed to be entirely contented?"

"I, at least, have never stumbled upon such a phenomenon," replied Lumley. "But do not let us run away from the subject. In any case I cannot plead bachelor habits as an excuse for remaining single. I am simply a veteran trout who has been so often pricked in the mouth that he will not rise to any lure."

"I wish you would favour us neophytes with some account of your experiences," said Carlton.

"*A quoi bon, mon cher?*" replied Lumley. "Long ago enlisted by that smart serjeant Cupid, you are about to join the honourable company of Hymen. Why should I trouble you with the history of my misadventures?"

"If for nothing else, at least to explain to us how it happens that the gay and gallant Lumley has never entered the service?"

"Nay, if you seriously wish to hear the narrative of my woes, I don't care if I inflict some part of my tediousness upon you. Observe, however, I hold myself in no way responsible if the effect of my discourse should be to throw both of you into a magnetic trance. So,

pray, fill your glasses; and let the dumb-waiter revolve whilst I give utterance to my sorrows.

"No joyful peal of bells, such as rings on the birth of an heir, greeted me when first I opened my eyes in this world. No steer was roasted, no barrels were tapped in honour of that auspicious event. Esau had preceded Jacob. My elder brother Percy had, some three years before, been exhibited to the admiring and thirsty tenantry as their future landlord.

"Although I am a stickler for the maintenance of the law of primogeniture, I must needs admit that the situation of a younger son in a wealthy family is a trying one. He is brought up in the midst of luxury, perhaps of splendour, and yet is told, as soon as he is capable of receiving distinct impressions, that the things which he is allowed in the mean time to taste and enjoy cannot permanently be his. He is desired to keep in mind that the day will arrive when he must go forth an exile from the halls of his fathers to conquer fortune for himself, carrying with him slight provision for the future beyond that share of energy and intellect with which he has been gifted, and which he is exhorted to improve. Under such circumstances, clearly the best thing that can be done for the lad is to quarter him out as early as possible, so that he may *feel* betimes that he has to work his own way, a lesson not easily acquired in the midst of every indulgence. My excellent father, however, had nothing of the Roman in him, and was far too fond of his children to banish them even for their good. So I was brought up as if I were to be a gentleman at large; was early trained to country sports, for which I had a peculiar aptitude; studied after a kind of fashion under the superintendence of a cultivated tutor, who was too much of a scholar to be a pedant; and when I was sent to the university, received an allowance that might have satisfied the heir to a peerage. The conse-

quence was that I became somewhat dissipated, ran into debt, and failed in materially advancing the classical reputation of my college.

"At length the time arrived when the grand question of a future career had to be settled in a family divan. I was assured of a good living if I would agree to take orders; but I was far too conscientious to practise such base hypocrisy. A commission in the Guards would have suited me exactly; but that arm of the service was deemed too expensive, and I recoiled from the prospect of country quarters and long years of colonial expatriation. The advantages of the legal profession were then elaborately discussed. I was desired to look forward to the woolsack looming in the distance; but my eyesight was weak, and I failed to obtain even a glimpse of that very comfortable Pisgah. Had I seen it ever so clearly, I do not believe that I could have mustered sufficient courage to force my way through the intervening desert, and face the gorgons and chimeras that haunt the Blackstonian Sahara. Would I go into Parliament? If so, in a year or two a seat would probably be vacant, which family influence might secure for me; and it was not unreasonable to expect that I might be able to extract a plum from the public pudding. With this latter proposal I closed, the rather because it afforded me a temporary respite; and I resolved in the meanwhile to observe life and study diplomacy at Paris and Vienna.

"While I was abroad I received the mournful intelligence of the death of the best of fathers; and also a communication from the family solicitors, apprising me that eight thousand pounds was all I had to depend on. Of that sum very nearly a third was forestalled by debts I had contracted, so that I had to solve the difficult problem of maintaining myself like a gentleman on an income of two hundred a-year. I had also the mortification to learn that the seat I expected to

occupy had been appropriated by a monster manufacturer, whose appetite for bacon was so enormous, that, for several days previous to the election, the price of a flitch was considerably above thirty guineas. So there was an end to my hopes of parliamentary distinction and office.

"My brother Percy and I were on tolerable fraternal terms, but we had not much community of sentiment. He was reserved, cautious, and calculating, with decided notions of thrift, bordering on the verge of avarice; whereas I was an outspoken, improvident fellow, partaking much more of the nature of the butterfly than of the bee. Since then, time has wrought a mighty alteration. I am now feelingly alive to the charm of a large balance at my banker's; and in a few years I expect to attain to the reputation of a screw.

"Percy, I make no doubt, would have cheerfully presented me, now and then, with a cheque for a hundred pounds, if I had asked him for such a favour; for he set much store on his dignity as head of the house, and was fond of delivering a lecture, for which there can be no better opportunity than a proposal for a pecuniary advance. But I did not choose to lay myself under any such obligation, and he was not generous enough, though he knew my straitened circumstances, to make a spontaneous offer of an annual allowance. So I had to live as I best could upon a mere pittance, and practise economy, in which I succeeded so far that I did not annually expend much more than twice the amount of my income.

"If I had been prudent, I should have gone into chambers and read; but I liked society, and determined to enjoy it so long as that was within my power. I possessed the art of making myself agreeable, and had the *entrée* to all the best houses. I was patronised by dowagers who had ceased to be shepherdesses of a flock; but mammas,

who were anxiously watching the matrimonial market with the view to disposal of their daughters, were by no means so affable or kind. In me they recognised that most equivocal of all characters, a detrimental—useful perhaps occasionally as a foil, but never to be encouraged beyond a certain point, and always to be regarded with suspicion. Regular fortune-hunters, who are pretty well known by head-mark, were not so obnoxious to those ladies as were young men of sense and acquirements. They considered that their undowered daughters were safe from the advances of the one class, but they dreaded lest their affections might be entangled by the assiduities of the other.

“Of the existence and extent of this prejudice I soon received a palpable proof. Lady Letitia Castleton, a woman of high birth and unblemished character, but of very contracted fortune, had an only daughter, Ida, who was acknowledged to be the *belle* of the season. A more fairy-like creature never flitted through the dance; and she was, I verily believe, as amiable as she was charming. Be that as it may, I fell desperately in love with Ida, and made no concealment of my passion. Wherever she went, there was I, constant as her shadow; and, of course, before long my attentions became the subject of remark.

“Lady Letitia, who was as clever a woman as ever brought an heir-apparent to book, was horribly annoyed by my behaviour, but she was far too experienced to exhibit in presence of the public any symptom of chagrin. On the contrary, her deportment towards me was ineffably seraphic, and you would have thought that she was fully prepared to bestow on me her maternal benediction. But one day I was summoned to her boudoir.

“‘Mr. Lumley,’ said her ladyship, ‘you are a very young man, and therefore privileged to be foolish; but you have no right to make your folly the cause of misery to

others. You are in love with Ida, and for that I do not blame you, because possibly you cannot help it; but I shall not allow you to ruin the prospects of my child. I shall not go through the ceremony of asking you what your intentions are, for I do not suppose you have any. Neither you nor Ida have any fortune, and therefore matrimony is wholly out of the question. Under these circumstances I shall perform a mother’s duty, and request you to discontinue your visits.’

“What could I say in reply? A romantic tirade about love and broken hearts would have been utterly thrown away upon that Spartan lady, who was clearly mistress of the situation; so there was nothing for it but to accept the rebuke, express contrition for my folly, and depart. So ended my first serious love-affair. Lady Letitia Castleton vindicated her reputation for diplomacy; for a few months afterwards Ida was decked with the orange wreath, and gave her hand to an Indian gentleman of enormous wealth and dingy complexion, the reputed offspring of a Begum.

“It would be tedious to continue the chronicle of my disappointments. I had an unfortunate propensity for falling in love, but never made what the world would have called a prudent or judicious selection; consequently I began to acquire notoriety as an adept in the art of flirting; and, to say the truth, I had worked rather hard for the character. The affections are not to be played with. If a man is forced to transfer them frequently—and I maintain that there may be such coercion without innate fickleness on his part—they lose their edge. Constancy once abandoned, he submits to change as a matter of imperative necessity, and ends by regarding it as something scarcely short of a positive gratification. That is my theory of flirting, which I hold to be the inevitable product of a highly artificial but unwholesome form of society. Wisdom is of

slow growth, but it will make its way, like the ivy which spreads over even the barest wall; and I at last began to feel thoroughly disgusted and ashamed at leading a life so absolutely useless and discreditable. Modern wiseacres are fond of sneering at the Crusades—upon my soul, I think that a new crusade, if we could manage to get up a respectable one, would be of infinite service, by clearing off some thousands of younger sons who can find no proper vent for their energies in this overstocked country of competition.

"All sorts of wild schemes floated across my brain. I would go to Canada and aid in the extermination of the primeval forests—I would devote myself to the exploration of the sources of the Nile or the Niger—I would take service with some native Indian prince, and become the founder of a new dynasty—I would set sail for Otaheite, and propose to Queen Pomarre! You laugh at this confession! Very good; but please remember that wiser fellows than I am have indulged in similar hallucinations.

"I was saved the trouble of carrying into execution any of these delectable designs. My brother Percy, who was too timorous to hunt, and who never trusted himself on the back of a thoroughbred, was thrown from a stumbling cob, and died of concussion of the brain. His thoughts had, for some time previously, been directed to the subject of matrimony; but as he was a tempting object for maternal pursuit, he was exceedingly wary, and departed this life without having found courage enough to throw the handkerchief. I succeeded to the family estates, and found myself a wealthy man.

"Believe me when I say that I felt no exultation at the change. I had become so used to a listless and indolent way of living that I felt it rather a nuisance than otherwise to be compelled to exert myself in attending to the management of my

estate, and the numerous business details that were constantly brought under my notice. The desire for action, which had taken possession of my mind, passed away with the motive; and it seemed to me a very hard thing that the succession to some ten thousand a-year should entail a vast deal of trouble without materially enhancing my enjoyment. It is my firm belief that a single man, with no debts and an income of five or six hundred, may lead a merrier life than the millionaire, and be ten times more independent. But a truce to such stale reflections! Though true, they are practically useless; for no one will refuse to carry the pack-saddle that *Plutus* places on his shoulders.

"My good-luck did not interfere with the friendships I had already formed, nor did it lead to any large addition to the circle; for I was a great deal too proud to encourage the advances of men whom I had known during the days of my poverty, but who had then exhibited *hauteur*. But it was astonishing to observe how vastly I had risen in the estimation of the fair sex! Jewelled matrons who, but a few months before, had bristled up at my approach, now greeted me with their softest smiles, or assailed me with bewitching banter. All at once it was discovered that I possessed a vein of wit—some even called it genius—quite unusual in an age of commonplace; that my manner was singularly fascinating; and that my judgment in matters of taste was infallible. All the former precautions were abandoned, all the barriers removed from my way; and I now had full license, nay encouragement, to make love to my heart's content, without any dread of interdiction. I hope I am not a coxcomb, though what I am about to say might justify such an imputation; but I could not help thinking that several well-tutored young ladies who had once been rather disdainful, would now have listened to me with some attention, even if I had passed the boundaries of or-

dinary compliment, and meandered into gallantry and courtship. But in succeeding to my poor brother's fortune, I had, somehow or other, acquired a share of his habitual circumspection and restraint; and, to my own astonishment, I did not feel myself inclined to indulge in my former practice of talking amatory nonsense. When a man becomes fully aware that the words which he may utter in jest are likely to be construed into solemn earnest, he needs not the exhortation of Solomon to bridle and control his tongue.

"There was no heartlessness in this, for I really had no attachment. Men fall in love readily enough when they have nothing else to think of, and when the act itself is one of gross imprudence: but when, by some unexpected turn of fortune, they find themselves able to marry, and are actually willing to do so, the chances are that they cannot get up an attachment. A poor fellow, who earns no more than a couple of pounds in the week, is as inflammable as tinder. Give him a few thousands, and he becomes insensible as asbestos. You seem to differ from that opinion—ah, well! I wish I could convince myself that I am in the wrong. But both of you are fortunate, because you have loved well and truly, from impulse and sympathy, without the dreary necessity to which I then was reduced, of having to force love if I wished to partake of its fruition. Happy rogues! You are exempted from attaining to the last grand lesson of philosophy, which is this—that the WILL of man has no power whatsoever over the affections, but is a tyrant against whose authority they rebel!

"Wearied with a London life, and being thoroughly convinced that what I sought for was not to be found in the whirl of ceaseless gaiety, I went abroad, taking with me neither courier nor valet. Here, you know, it is incumbent upon a man to maintain some sort of

establishment corresponding to his means; but on the Continent he is entitled to enjoy his freedom; and even at the present time it is my habit to recreate myself, for a month or so, precisely as I used to do when I was a younger brother, and found it necessary to calculate my bills. Paris, in early spring, is truly delectable; but after that is over, give me the sauntering kind of life that a man can lead on the Rhine, or in some of the funny minor capitals of Germany.

"Well, I took up my residence at Weimar; and there I made the acquaintance of an English lady, a Mrs. Lindsay, widow of a general officer, who was compelled for reasons of economy to reside abroad. She had one daughter, a very charming girl, who had been brought up, under her mother's eye, in the country, and whose mind was purity itself. I am not about to rhapsodise—indeed, it is almost painful to me now to recall the memory of the few happy weeks, probably the happiest of my life, that I spent at Weimar. I became very intimate with the Lindsays; read poetry and sketched with Eleanor; and, in short, almost before I knew it, fell seriously in love. That girl exercised over me an influence different from any that I had known before. I felt subdued, if not timid, in her presence. I could not have addressed her in the language of compliment or gallantry; for, like Una, she was so divinely fair, and so spiritually simple, that artifice was abhorrent to her nature, and to deviate from truth in her presence was little short of desecration.

"I shall cut my story short. Presumptuous fool that I was! I thought I had gained Miss Lindsay's affections—alas! I had only acquired her esteem! That I learned from her mother, whose sharper sight had detected my attachment, and whose kindly heart prompted her to make the disclosure in order to spare me the pangs

of disappointment. Eleanor was already engaged to a young clergyman, a relative of her own, who held a small curacy in the north of England, and whose straitened circumstances had hitherto delayed the marriage. Thank heaven! that obstacle was soon afterwards removed.

"That was my last serious matrimonial attempt. It seemed as if fate had predestined that, whether poor or rich, I should be denied the blessings of domestic happiness; so

I have striven to conform to what I believe to be my lot, and have almost made up my mind to be interred as the last of the Lumleys. But a pest upon this egotistical folly! Here have I, instead of playing the part of a courteous and entertaining host, been seduced into a long-winded confession of my failures and defeats, for which, your patience being exhausted, I have no title whatever to expect, as I certainly shall not crave, your sympathy."

CHAPTER LVII.—A POLITICAL CRISIS.

The professional sagacity of Mr. Poins had led him to a just conclusion. No sooner was Dobbigging apprehended and safely lodged in jail, than Speedwell intimated his readiness, on certain conditions, to bear testimony against his quondam confederate; and, through his information, the person who had engraved the plate which Flusher refused to execute, was traced out. This man at once acknowledged that he had received the commission from the secretary, and produced a draught in his handwriting; so that the evidence as to the forgery was complete, and Ewins was absolved from the severe ordeal of undergoing an examination in court.

I never saw a man more elated than was my Yankee acquaintance when I communicated the intelligence of his escape. His dread of exposure was less on account of the injury to his character as a man of probity and honour—qualities which, to do him justice, he did not profess to claim in any remarkable degree—than from a consciousness that he could not escape the imputation of having been thoroughly outwitted by the Jew. I have heard it said that, in a trial of dexterity between Jew and Jesuit, the former invariably has the worst: but Ewins, in the plenitude of his conceit, had regarded himself as more than a match for Ignatius Loyola, and, therefore, *a fortiori*, able to dis-

comfit the sharpest of the children of the captivity. It would have been a foul blot upon his scutcheon if the news of such a palpable "sell" had reached the jobbers of the Broadway.

"It's up stakes with me now, Squire," said Ewins. "Next month sees me on the other side of the Atlantic, and darn my old moccasins if I'll be in a hurry to cross the salt water again! The speculation ha'n't turned out just so good as I expected, but it might have been worse; anyhow, it's a comfort to walk off without a wrinkle-hawk in one's character for 'cuteness. I guess if I had been spotted here, they'd have thought me small potatoes in the States. Wall—it's a true saying, that a man is never too old to learn; for, since I came to London, I've had it punched into me that it's jest possible that the Columbian 'coon may be circumvented. So I'll steam back to the old location, make friends of the soft-shell hunkers, and mayhap get put up for President."

"Upon my word, Mr. Ewins," said I, "you quite awe me by the extent of your ambition."

"That's because you believe in the bunkum of a rotten aristocracy," replied Ewins. "What was Jefferson? what was Adams? I guess, by your own rule, *they* hadn't the blood of Macbeth within their veins; and though my father sold wooden nutmegs, and my grandfather was a

lumberer, I don't see why I shouldn't take post in the Almanac with any crowned head in this owdacious old Europe! Darn me, but I'd do my best to bring your confounded red-tape Foreign Office to its marrow-bones!"

"Allow me to remind you, my friend, that such anticipations are premature, and, indeed, rather indiscreet, considering that you have not yet received official intimation that your presence can be dispensed with at the trial."

"Drop your shooting-iron, Squire! You won't skear this bear by burning priming. I'm as safe now as if I was at the Salt Licks. There's no two ways about it; and I don't need a yellow cover to notify my dismissal. Rum-ti-iddity! I'm so awfully happy that I could cut didoes on a warning-pan! I say, Squire, let's go and liquor!"

I yielded to his instance, for I had a melancholy foreboding that this was to be my last interview with the representative of the Maormores of Clackmannan; and in effect he disappeared from London on the following morning, carrying with him such spoil as he could extract from the Egyptians of the Stock Exchange. How far he has since advanced in the path of political ambition, I know not; but, if true to himself, there seems no reason for supposing that he may not attain to the very highest dignity. If any reader should doubt the possibility of this, I beg to refer him to Mr. James Parton's *Life of the late President Andrew Jackson*.

Time was beginning to hang rather heavily on my hands, when I was startled by news that convulsed London, and threw the provinces into a ferment. **THE MINISTRY WAS DEFEATED!** A large section of the Conservative party, indignant at a change of policy, which they considered tantamount to a dereliction of principle, had cast off their allegiance to their former leader; and by uniting their strength to that of the Opposition upon a question of some importance, were

able to place Ministers in a minority. The defeat was so signal that resignation was the necessary consequence.

Tremendous was the excitement at the clubs, into which honourable members and political aspirants rushed frantically to possess themselves of the last morsel of intelligence, and to learn who had been sent for. Dolorous were the faces of the men who had to go out, and radiant and joyous the countenances of those who expected to come in. The Whigs, elated by their good-luck and the prospect of quarter-day, were as playful as kittens, and poked one another's ribs with shouts of jovial hilarity. The Radicals did not share in their mirth, but held aloof, making no sign—not because they objected to a change, but because they were resolved, before pledging their support, to drive an unconscionable bargain. Here and there might be observed a few patriotic martyrs, not looking, however, as if they greatly coveted the crown; and amongst these I described, to my infinite delight, Sir George Smoothly, whose aspect could not have been more lugubrious had he been under sentence to stand in the pillory. I hope I am not vindictive, but I must confess that I relished the spectacle intensely. A good man labouring under misfortune commands our sympathy and respect: we have no such genial feelings to expend on the baffled rogue and sycophant.

But there was one prospect which even the Whigs, who were most likely to benefit by the crisis, could not contemplate without a shudder, and that was a speedy dissolution of Parliament. I do not suppose that any class of men in the kingdom, beyond agents and publicans, regard a general election with favour. It unsettles the minds of all, dislocates trade, awakens slumbering animosities, and is peculiarly injurious to the working classes, because it tends to a cessation of steady labour. It is, while it lasts, like a fever, affecting the whole body

politic, and it is followed by the usual stages of lassitude and depression. But in especial to members of Parliament is a general election odious; for not only have they to endure the toil, trouble, fatigue, and anxiety which are the burdens common to all candidates for the public suffrage, but they must affect a generosity, even if they have it not, and reconcile themselves to that most distressing of all exigencies, a heavy drain upon the purse. Moreover, for them there is no such thing as a purely winning game, for they may chance to lose both their seats and their money; whereas, in the most favourable event, they will have to deplore a diminution of their balance with the bankers.

Poor little Popham, whose existence I have noticed more than once, went about almost crying. He had crept in by accident, as second member for a borough, under the wing of a generous colleague, who had defrayed the whole of the expense; and he was on the eve of obtaining a small appointment, suitable to his small capacity, when this horrid *bouleversement* occurred. He had little or no fortune—his patron could not be expected again to carry him into Parliament on his shoulders; and even could he procure re-admission, of what avail would be his life, if doomed to wither in the cold shade of opposition? Little Popham had some faults and many weaknesses; but he was an honest creature, and never would have sold himself, as some of his former coadjutors have done, to the highest political bidder.

When the question of a dissolution of Parliament has once been mooted, it becomes emphatically, in the now obsolete sense of the term, *the question*; for some six hundred and fifty-eight honourable gentlemen feel themselves extended on the rack until the definitive sentence is pronounced. In pity to the interesting sufferers, the sentence was not long delayed. There was to be a dissolution; and from

the moment the announcement was made, the existing House of Commons became a nullity. Nobody had leisure to attend to arrears of business. Scarcely was it possible to muster a House to pass the indispensable votes for the public service. The whips had lost their authority; and mandates, once esteemed imperative as *ukases*, were openly laughed to scorn. Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost—such is the senatorial sentiment, when it is known that the gates of St. Stephen's, unlike those of the temple of Janus, are about to be closed.

Down went the senators to their counties and boroughs to give explanations of their past conduct, and to promise largely for the future. Unremitting were the labours of the great central committees, sitting in the Reform and Carlton Clubs, whose function it was to find candidates for every available place, and to pull the strings that gave motion to a numerous horde of puppets. In the midst of this turmoil and confusion I received a note from the Earl of Windermere requesting to see me upon urgent business.

"Mr. Sinclair," said his Lordship, "I trust you will forgive the liberty I take in alluding to private matters; but I think—that is, I am informed that you are on terms of confidential communication with Mr. Richard Beaton?"

"Indeed, my Lord," I replied, "the person who gave you that information was egregiously mistaken. Mr. Beaton is a man very chary of his confidences, and towards me he has always maintained a marked reserve."

"You surprise me!" said Lord Windermere. "I understood—such is the general report—that you were about to be closely connected."

"Report," said I, "is always rather hasty in its conclusions, and in this instance it has been so especially; for, without affecting to misunderstand your Lordship's allusion, I can assure you that I .

have never yet addressed Mr. Beaton on the subject."

"Then I have no more to say," replied Lord Windermere. "Indeed I fear I have been already guilty of a breach of good manners, for which I can only plead as my excuse the prevalence of the report, and my belief that it was really a true one. But it seems you are less fortunate than I had supposed."

"Nay, my Lord, you must not understand me as having renounced a hope which I certainly long have cherished. I do not deny that I am attached to Miss Beaton; I merely wish to explain that I am not in her father's confidence."

"See now what a thing it is to trust to rumour!" said Lord Windermere. "Here have I unwittingly been playing the part of an inquisitor, and extorting a confession upon a subject of the utmost delicacy! Well—I trust most earnestly that I may be able to congratulate you hereafter. But to business. Perhaps you can inform me who is Mr. Beaton's confidential adviser?"

"Mr. Poins, the solicitor, has, I believe, a larger share of his confidence than any one else."

"Poins! O, I know him well by report. A most respectable man, and, I believe, a staunch Tory."

"I can vouch for his respectability," said I; "as to his political views I know nothing."

"Ah! but politics are everything at the present moment. I am almost certain that he is a Conservative, but I must also know the precise shade of his opinions."

"If I might venture a remark, my Lord, I would say that many persons would be rather perplexed if asked to name the party to which they properly belong."

"You say the truth, Mr. Sinclair; for the old landmarks have been beaten down, and the old watchwords have fallen into disuse. But this is a matter in which caution is requisite. The fact is, that my son, Ashford, does not intend to offer himself again for the representation of the county, a very excellent substitute being

provided in the person of a gentleman with whom you are acquainted, but has set his heart on contesting the borough of B—— in place of Mr. Beaton, who, it is presumed, will not enter Parliament again. Now I want to know whether, by any means, Mr. Beaton could be persuaded to use the influence he possesses in favour of Ashford, whose abilities, I venture to think, might recommend him to any constituency."

"I fear, my Lord, nay, I am certain, that such an attempt would be fruitless. Mr. Beaton has abandoned politics, and, you may depend upon it, will positively decline to interfere."

"I almost anticipated as much," said Lord Windermere, "but I do not like to give up the idea without a trial. Of course, nothing would be expected beyond such a recommendation as a gentleman might make with perfect propriety; and though I am well aware that Mr. Beaton was a supporter of the late Ministry, I am certain he would prefer Ashford to a declared Radical, who it seems is already in the field."

"Lord Windermere," I said, "Mr. Beaton, though broken in fortune, is yet as proud as he was in the days of his highest prosperity—too proud to solicit a favour from any one, lest he should be suspected of an interested motive. Besides, recent events must very much have lessened the influence which he once possessed; and he is far too shrewd, and, I may add, too sensitive, to provoke an insolent reflection."

"I see all that," replied Lord Windermere; "but we really cannot allow this seat to be lost without an effort. I speak as a party man. Ashford is determined to make a fight for it, and it is not for me to discourage him. I would to heaven Mr. Beaton was differently situated; still, while these malicious stories continue to be circulated, I agree with you that he cannot be expected to appear. By the way, I understand that you have made some important discoveries."

"I was fortunate enough, through accident, to trace the conspiracy that had such an injurious effect upon Mr. Beaton's character; and when the disclosure is made public, he will stand acquitted of all but rashness and imprudence in the eyes of honourable men. But, my Lord, I entreat you to think no more of urging him to take part in any political arrangements. Believe me, the attempt would be in vain; and it would only irritate a mind already lacerated, not so much by failure, as by unworthy and unmerited suspicion."

"You speak sensibly, Mr. Sinclair, as well as feelingly," said Lord Windermere; "and I respect and appreciate your motives. But there can be no harm in my having an interview with Mr. Poina, who, being a solicitor, may not object to be consulted on a subject which is so far professional that I may give him some occupation, if an election petition should be preferred; and I shall esteem it as a great favour if you will at once ask him to come here—that is, if you find him well disposed to the adventure. This is a strange way of paying debts," continued the Earl, with a smile; "but you make a bankrupt of me against my own inclination. Yet stay—my head has been so occupied with this freak of Ashford's that I can think of nothing else. You are now, I understand, independent in your means—your talents are indisputable—your political profession the same as ours. Why not enter Parliament, where you may look forward to a proud career? Say the word, and I pledge you my honour that you shall have a seat; or at all events, whether returned or not, that the election shall cost you nothing."

"I am deeply sensible of your Lordship's kindness," I replied, "and sincerely grateful for this high proof of your esteem and confidence; but I have contemplated parliamentary life from the humble yet elevated situation of the reporters' gallery; and I cannot aver with

truth that for me it has any fascination."

I then went to sound old Poina, but I presently perceived that there was no occasion for beating about the bush. He was a fierce politician of the highest caste of Conservatism, and keen as a ferret for the fray. He chuckled and rubbed his hands when he heard of Lord Ashford's intentions, and vowed that he would leave no stone unturned to insure his success.

"You were quite right, though," he said, "in discouraging the idea of making a direct application to Beaton. Nothing on earth, I am convinced, would induce him to meddle with the business, for he considers himself politically dead. Indeed he would have resigned his seat ere now, had I not persuaded him to delay taking that step, as it might have tended to aggravate the current rumours. It is fortunate that I did so, for Lord Ashford will have a better chance than any other candidate. So I shall instantly wait upon the Earl."

"You will, however, I presume, consider it due to Mr. Beaton to give him notice of what is going on, if Lord Ashford should resolve to stand."

"Certainly—certainly! Leave that to me. I shall manage so as not to give him the slightest cause for umbrage. And that reminds me to tell you—what I ought to have done before, but politics, when they once take hold of the mind, make us forget everything else—that Beaton is now ready to receive you. He did not say so expressly, but I could see from his manner that such was his wish. Therefore, go to him presently; and, harkye—as he is not a person with whom you are ever likely to become intimate, I advise you, if you have anything *particular* to say to him, not to lose this opportunity. I think he has a kind of impression that you are not quite so disinterested a person as you would have us believe. You comprehend me?"



"Pray, Mr. Poins, are you a wizard as well as a lawyer?"

"A little of both, perhaps. But, my good boy, it requires neither spell nor incantation to discover your thoughts. Go, therefore; but

remember you have to deal with a man who makes no allowance for sentiment, and is not to be won by fine speeches—so shape your course accordingly."

CHAPTER LVIII.—THE PROPOSAL.

There are certain visits which it is little short of torture to make. No one steps cheerfully into a dentist's parlour, or into the office of a money-lender if his business is to negotiate the renewal of a bill. An irritable old uncle, who knows that he can pester and bully you with impunity, because you are in some measure dependent on his will, or a cankered aunt, who thinks that for the expectancy of her hoarded sixpences you are bound to do her bidding with the meek submission of a slave, are not persons into whose presence you pass with feelings of unmingled joy. But of all visits, the most uncomfortable is that which you are compelled to pay to *paterfamilias*, when you have fairly made up your mind to propose.

I am given to understand, and consider it quite natural to the situation, that young gentlemen so circumstanced should prepare beforehand a neat little address, to be delivered with becoming modesty and seeming hesitation. It must not be too flowery, for parental instinct speedily reverts to the grand point of settlements; yet it must not be assimilated to the language which is used in cases of sale and barter, or other kinds of mundane trafficking. It is indeed a difficult style of speech to arrange; but fortunately the majority of mankind are not called upon frequently to practise that sort of composition.

How was I to open the subject to Mr. Beaton? That, of course, was my engrossing thought as I walked towards his house; and the more I pondered, the more confused did my ideas become. Nor do I wonder at this, even now, when I look back

through the vista of years to past events with that calmness which time engenders; for I stood in a somewhat strange and peculiar relation to the man. I knew that he did not like me personally, for I had once grievously offended him, and he was not of a forgiving nature. I had reason, however, to think that my recent services had, to some extent, softened his prejudices, and removed false impressions; still, I was sure that he could not like me, and, to confess the truth, I did not entertain for him sentiments of cordial affection. Our instinct is often stronger than our reason. There are men whom we may admire and respect, but whom we never can love; and, on the contrary, we sometimes feel ourselves irresistibly attracted towards people whose reputation does not stand high in the general estimation of their fellows. Let who will try to explain this phenomenon through the science—if it be one—of metaphysics. For my own part, I accept unhesitatingly the solution of Sir Kenelm Digby, and take refuge in the doctrine of innate sympathy and antipathy.

The result of my cogitations was absolutely *nil*—in fact, I might as well have been thinking about the last opera, or any other popular topic of the day; for when I reached Mr. Beaton's door, I had no more idea of what I ought to say, than if I had been called upon suddenly to preach a sermon in Ashantee. "Never mind!" thought I, "I shall get through it somehow or other—but, upon my soul, I believe I could walk with more equanimity into the lion's cage in a menagerie!"

My lion, however, was wonder-

fully calm and placable. He received me graciously, asked many questions as to the details of the affair at Tadcaster, but was parsimonious in his acknowledgements. Evidently he was gratified with the results, but he spoke of what I had done as if it had been the simple fulfilment of a duty. I could not help recalling his words—"look not for gratitude from me."

So long as he was disposed to lead the conversation, I allowed him to do so; but presently, without appearing to be the least fatigued, he ceased to speak, and regarded me steadfastly, as if he expected I should explain my motive for paying him a visit. I took the hint, which, indeed, I could not evade, and began.

"Mr. Beaton, you once asked me why I felt an interest in your fortunes,—may I make an explanation now?"

"If you please. But allow me to correct you. Your interest was in my *misfortunes*."

"True, sir. But under other circumstances you would hardly have admitted that claim."

"On the contrary, Mr. Sinclair, I did ask from you, upon one occasion when I really thought I had a right to do so, a favour which you peremptorily declined."

"Do you still blame me for that refusal, Mr. Beaton?"

I had lodged a home-thrust. His eye became unsettled, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"No!" said he, with a sort of effort. "No—I cannot blame you for it! It irritated me at the time—for, to be plain with you, I thought you were an arrogant upstart, and I had firm belief then in the immensity of my own resources. I have that belief still, and I would have prospered had not villany pulled me down, and if the idiotic mass, whom we call the public, had been sane enough to resist a panic. But, for your own interest, you acted right—perfectly right; and I rejoice that you took that course."

"Then, Mr. Beaton, I stand acquitted from the charge of misconduct?"

"Certainly; and it is my wish that our past differences should be forgotten."

"And so is it mine," I continued. "Mr. Beaton, my explanation may be comprised in a very few words. I am a suitor for the hand of your daughter."

"I respect your plainness, sir," replied Beaton. "You come to the point at once, and like a man. Mary, I presume, knows of this?"

"I have at least reason to hope that my attentions are not disagreeable to Miss Beaton."

"Hum!—a delicate way, I suppose, of intimating that you have her full consent! And pray, sir—if you admit my right to pry into these matters—how did your acquaintance originate?"

"We met at Wilbury Hall, sir—at Colonel Stanhope's."

"Ay—the Stanhopes—Mary was much with them. Well, no great harm in that—and since in London, I suppose? Pray, were you acquainted with my very polite and elegant sister, Mrs. Walton?"

"No, sir; I have not that honour."

"So much the better. It would be difficult to make me approve of anything which that woman had sanctioned. Are you aware that Mary has no fortune of her own—no expectations? What was mine, is scattered to the four winds of heaven."

"It is the knowledge of that which emboldens me to make this declaration."

"What! You would not have had courage enough to aspire to the hand of the heiress? Well, you show some courage, or at least candour, in admitting so much; and I may as well say frankly that you should not have had my consent. Could you have expected it? Why, sir, in that case I must have set you down as a needy fortune-hunter, far less entitled to consideration than some, even of the same class, who



were then hovering round my daughter."

"Then, Mr. Beaton, you would have greatly wronged me."

"So I believe, else I would not be conversing with you so calmly at the present hour. But I have not the faculty of looking into men's hearts, and such is the conclusion at which, most assuredly, I would have arrived."

"You would have considered me unworthy of her?"

"Yes—I should have done so then, but I am now convinced of your worth. That makes a very great difference; and as fortune is on your side rather than hers—why, if Mary consents to marry you, I shall place no obstacle in the way."

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Beaton! Rely upon it, the study of my life shall be to make your daughter happy."

"Sir, I do you the justice to believe that you speak quite sincerely. You are, so far as I have observed, not over-ambitious, therefore you are the more likely to cultivate the domestic qualities. You have shrewdness enough to keep your fortune, such as it is, without squandering it; and Poins speaks highly of your character. Take her therefore; for, in truth, I have no right to forbid the banns. Take her, and God be with you both!"

So saying, he extended to me his hand—coldly, indeed, but not unkindly—and such was the result of my wooing.

CHAPTER LIX.—NEW CANDIDATES IN THE FIELD.

The reader will suppose that I lost no time in hurrying to the Stanhopes to convey to Mary the intelligence that her father had given his consent. Let him also imagine the interview that ensued; for I swear by all that lovers hold most dear, nothing shall tempt me to deviate from my purpose of maintaining a rigid silence as regards such tender passages. Indeed, I have excellent reasons for doing so; for, though Mary is the best-tempered woman in the world, still—but I had better proceed.

I had thought that Colonel Stanhope's house might offer a safe refuge to a man who desired to get out of the vortex of political excitement; but in this I was grossly mistaken. Mary warned me that I must prepare myself for a surprise; and, on re-entering the drawing-room, I found Amy making up rosettes of ribbon as busily as any milliner's girl who has to work for her daily bread. Carlton, too, was pacing the room in a way which, with the example of Mrs. Malaprop before my eyes, I can only describe as incoherent.

"Pray, Miss Stanhope," said I,

"for what purpose are you constructing those elegant little badges? I observe they are not white, else I might have formed some conjecture as to their use."

"Pshaw—as if old engaged people such as George and I thought about such trifles! You, however, may be permitted, for a few days at least, to dream dreams, and to see visions. Yet I am not sure that we can allow you even so much time, for great things are in preparation. Know, Mr. Sinclair, that, like Flora MacIvor, I am making up favours for a grand public ceremony, in which George is to take a part."

"Out, equivocating girl!" cried Carlton. "Why perplexest thou the man? Have you lost the use of your eyes, Sinclair, that you do not recognise these for election cockades? Ay, and we shall wear them bravely even on the front of the hustings!"

"And for whom are they to be worn?"

"Why, for me, to be sure! I have made up my mind to come forward and contest our division of the county."

"What! In room of Lord Ashford?"

"No. It is true that Ashford, who is a fine indomitable fellow, will not come forward again. If he did, he would walk over the course to a certainty; but he has set his heart on wrenching a borough from the grasp of a gigantic cotton-spinner. You know that, by tacit compact, we have hitherto shared the representation of our division of the county with the Whigs. That is now at an end; and I go forward expressly to oppose Sir Godfrey Norton, who is presently Ashford's colleague."

"Will the other party put forward a second man?"

"Yes. They intend to start a pseudo-Conservative; but him we are determined to smite, and a first-rate man is ready to offer him battle."

"Indeed! Things are more advanced here than I could have believed; but I am delighted to find you animated by such a spirit. And who may be your fellow-champion?"

"A very good friend of yours, Sinclair; but I do not think you would ever light on his name, if I were to put you to the trouble of guessing. Lumley is the man!"

"Lumley! You do indeed amaze me! Why, it was part of his philosophy never to meddle with elections; and I have heard him maintain an argument that Pythagoras meant to inculcate that doctrine when he warned his disciples against beans."

"You must have interpreted his words too strictly, Sinclair. Pythagoras merely objected to vote by ballot, and Lumley is in that respect Pythagorean. But I wonder not that you are surprised. I declare I was almost thunder-struck when Lumley announced to me his intention."

"Do you mean to say that he comes forward of his own accord, and without urging?"

"Even so. The way of it was this: Ashford made up his mind

two days ago to stand for the borough, and came here to notify that to Colonel Stanhope, in order that no time might be lost in providing a substitute. The scheme appeared to the colonel and also to me rather a wild one, but Ashford was bent upon it, so we had to determine at once what was to be done. You have often heard me, Sinclair, bemoaning my idleness; and now it flashed across me that here was an opportunity, such as never might again occur, of making myself practically useful. Moreover, I could not reconcile myself to the thought of remaining inactive in a crisis like this, when all our young men were up in arms; and I suppose that something in my manner struck Ashford, for, after conversing for a minute about a candidate, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'Why look beyond this very room? Here stands the man we want.' The colonel was of course overjoyed, and I—put no objections in the way."

"Nothing," said I, "could have happened more opportunely. You are but fulfilling your destiny, and I am glad to see that Miss Stanhope does not quarrel with your choice."

"On the contrary," said Amy, "Miss Stanhope is but too well pleased to see her George take his proper place in the ranks of those gallant men who are resolute to preserve the constitution."

"Bravo!" cried I, "spoken like another Boadicea! You are dangerous company, ladies! If this goes on, I shall be esteemed a *faineant* if I do not take part in the contest too."

"Don't you think," said Mary, "that you might go down to Scotland, and——?"

"O, for heaven's sake, spare me a while! I am devoted to Scotland as my mother country; but just at this moment she is in one of her sullen hypochondriacal fits, and will not listen to reason. Bless her, she is always in extremes! One while she is frantically loyal—another

while she is savagely democratic. Frightful intemperance characterises one generation—total abstinence is insisted on by the next. The trained bands of Edinburgh that attended at the execution of Montrose, led Argyle to the scaffold. The grandsons of the men who died around their king at Flodden were foremost in their persecution of Queen Mary. Nevertheless, I would die sooner than see her wronged; but she is now labouring under the delusion that she is Jenny Geddes, and I do not relish the notion of having my skull fractured by what my friend Davie Osett would denominate a *creepie*!"

"Well," said Carlton, laughing, "I think, under the circumstances, we must let you off this time; but remember that such an excuse for evading duty will not always pass muster. And it gladdens me to observe that you are likely to have an active monitor. Nay, Mary—do not blush! Never had we more joyful tidings than what Norman has brought us to-day. But in these discussions, we are losing sight of Lumley."

"True, O.M.P. that is to be! Let us hark back to our friend."

"Ashford," continued Carlton, "was very strongly of opinion that we should start two men, averring, from his knowledge of the county, that it was quite on the cards that both of them might come in; and you will readily imagine that, having engaged myself to this enterprise, I was anxious to have the best possible man I could procure as my confederate. Not having an extensive acquaintance at the clubs, it occurred to me that Lumley was an excellent person to consult with. His landed estate is in our county, and though he is not a resident—because, being a bachelor, he does not deem it necessary to keep up a country establishment—he is, nevertheless, vastly popular. My only fear was that he might prove to be somewhat indifferent."

"I dashed at once into the history of the affair, and Lumley heard me

out with the gravity of an Indian sachem. When I had finished, he said, coolly—

"Then, Carlton, I understand that you come forward to oppose Sir Godfrey Norton—a case of Dares against Entellus, though probably with a different result?"

"Yes," I replied; "the Whig is my direct antagonist."

"And you want to find some one to oppose the political hermaphrodite?"

"Precisely so."

"Then, if you cannot discover a worthier candidate, why I don't care if I venture into the field!"

"What—you, Lumley? How delighted our friends will be! This is indeed an unexpected accession of strength."

"That may or may not be, but at all events we shall make the trial. You see, Carlton, I want excitement. My old feelings were in favour of absolute repose, but I am now satisfied that I was in error. I require some stimulus to keep my blood in circulation; and as I have a decided objection to distilled waters, it occurs to me that politics will have the desired effect. But confound this odious trick of talking loosely! No, Carlton—I have higher motives! I feel, as you do, that it is the duty of an English gentleman to shrink from no sacrifice in support of the principles which he professes. It was grand devotion to their cause, alike by Royalist and Parliamentarian, that makes us regard our old civil war, even now, with sentiments akin to admiration. It was a noble and elevating strife; for men fought on either side, not for plunder or revenge, but from a supreme conviction that they were called on to do battle for the truth. Such days as those let us pray that England may never see again; but Heaven forbid that our sloth and indolence should render us unworthy of our ancestry!"

"I wish," continued Carlton, "that you could have heard Lumley so deliver himself. He seemed absolutely to dilate as he spoke; and

there was an energy in his tone, and a fire in his eye, that I never witnessed before. Rely upon it, he will one day make a sensation in Parliament. Now, don't I deserve credit for having plucked this Theseus from his seat?"

"What!" said I, "soars your presumption so high already, that you dare to liken yourself to Hercules? What if I were to say, Beware of Dejanira?"

"Nay," said Carlton, "I'll warrant that there is no poison in these honest cockades. But let us apply ourselves to business, for I already feel as if I were a member of half-a-dozen committees. To-morrow sees us all *en route* for Wilbury. When I say all, I include Mary; because Amy here, though very valorous in London, has notions about brickbats, eggs, and sundry kinds of garbage which, she thinks, are the invariable concomitants of elections, and she would be miserable if left alone while I am prosecuting my canvass. Now I am commissioned by Colonel Stanhope to say that, if Mr. Norman Sinclair chooses to accompany us, our party will be much exhilarated there-

by. Nevertheless, if he prefers remaining in London——"

"Hush, George! When do you start?"

"At twelve precisely. But observe, my good fellow—though the Colonel imposes no conditions, I do, and shall insist peremptorily on their fulfilment. You shall be allowed, as reason is, two or three hours each day to make private speeches, with which I have nothing to do; but the remainder of your time—of course excluding reasonable intervals for sleep—is to be at my disposal; and whenever it is deemed necessary, either on my behalf or on that of Lumley, that a speech upon the general question should be delivered, we expect you to try your eloquence. On my honour I am serious. Were it only with a view to the future, you must be put into training."

"The conditions are rather hard, but I shall agree to them; being thoroughly assured that my first effort at stump oratory will procure me dispensation for the remainder of the period."

THE BOOK-HUNTER AGAIN.

HAVING endeavoured to draw attention to the diagnosis of the book-hunter's condition, or, in other words, to the different shapes which the phenomena peculiar to it assume, we now propose to offer some consolatory remarks on his place in the dispensations of Providence, with a view of showing that, as we truly believe, he is not altogether a mischiefous nor a merely useless maniac, but does in reality, however unconsciously to himself, minister in his own peculiar way to the service both of himself and others; and to be properly methodical, our discourse shall be divided and subdivided, inasmuch that, taking in the first place his services to himself, we shall subdivide that branch into the advantages which are purely material and those which are properly intellectual.

And first, of material advantages. Holding it to be the inevitable doom of fallen man to inherit some frailty or failing, it would be difficult, had he a Pandora's boxful to pick and choose among, to find one less dangerous or offensive. As the judicious physician informs the patient, suffering under some cutaneous, or other external torture, that the poison lay deep in his constitution—that it must have worked in some shape—and well it is that it has taken one so innocuous—so may even the book-hunter be congratulated on having taken the innate moral malady of all the race in a very gentle and salubrious form. To pass over gambling, tippling, and other practices which cannot be easily spoken of in good society, let us look to the other shapes in which man lets himself out—horse-racing, hunting, photography, shooting, fishing, cigars, dog-fancying, dog-fighting, the ring, the cock-pit, phrenology, revivalism, socialism—which of these contains so small a balance of evil, counting of course that the amount of pleasure conferred is equal—for it is only on

the datum that the book-hunter has as much satisfaction from his pursuit as the fox-hunter, the photographer, and so on, has in his—that a fair comparison can be struck? these pursuits, one and all, leave little or nothing that is valuable behind them, except, it may be, that some of them are conducive to health, by giving exercise to the body and a genial excitement to the mind; but every hobby gives the latter, and the former may be easily obtained in some other shape. They leave little or nothing behind—even the photographer's portfolio will bring scarcely anything under the hammer after the death of him whose solace and pursuit it had been, even if the positives remain visible, which may be doubted. And as to the other enumerated pursuits, some of them, as we all know, are notoriously costly, all unproductive as they are.

But the book-hunter may possibly leave a little fortune behind him. His hobby, in fact, merges into an investment. This is the light in which a celebrated Quaker collector of paintings put his conduct, when it was questioned by the brethren, in virtue of that right to admonish one another concerning the errors of their ways, which makes them so chary in employing domestic servants of their own persuasion. "What had the brother paid for that bauble, for instance?" "Well, £300." "Was not that then an awful wasting of his substance on vanities?" "No. He had been offered £900 for it. If any of the Friends could offer him a better investment of his money than one that could be realised at a profit of 200 per cent, he was ready to alter the existing disposal of his capital."

It is quite true that amateur purchasers do not, in the long-run, make a profit, though an occasional bargain may pass through their hands.

It is not maintained that, in the general case, the libraries of collectors would be sold for more than they cost, or even for nearly so much; but they are always worth something, which is more than can be said of the residue of other hobbies and pursuits. Nay, farther; the scholarly collector of books is not like the ordinary helpless amateur; for although, doubtless, nothing will rival the dealer's instinct for knowing the money-value of an article, though he may know nothing else about it, yet there is often a subtle depth in the collector's educated knowledge which the other cannot match, and bargains may be obtained off the counters of the most acute. A small sprinkling of these—even the chance of them—excites him, like the angler's bites and rises, and gives its zest to his pursuit. It is the reward of his patience, his exertion, and his skill, after the manner in which Monkbaron has so well spoken; and it is certain that, in many instances, a collector's library has sold for more than it cost him. No doubt, a man may ruin himself by purchasing costly books, as by indulgence in any other costly luxury, but the chances of calamity are comparatively small in this pursuit. A thousand pounds will go a great way in book-collecting, if the collector be true to the traditions of his pursuit, such as we shall herein expound them. There has been one instance, doubtless, in the records of bibliomania, of two thousand pounds having been given for one book. But how many instances far more flagrant could be found in picture-buying? Look around upon the world and see how many men are the victims of libraries, and compare them with those whom the stud, the kennel, and the preserve have brought to the *Gazette*. Find out, too, anywhere, if you can, the instances in which the money scattered in these forms comes back again, and brings with it a large profit, as the expenditure of the Duke of Roxburgh did when his library was sold.

But it is necessary to arrest this train of argument, lest its tenor might be misunderstood. The mercenary spirit must not be admitted to a share in the enjoyments of the book-hunter. If, after he has taken his last survey of his treasures, and spent his last hour in that quiet library, where he has ever found his chief solace against the wear and worry of the world, the book-hunter shall be taken to his final place of rest, and it is afterwards discovered that the circumstances of the family require his treasures to be dispersed—if then it be found that his pursuit has not been so ruinously costly after all—nay, that his expenditure has actually fructified—it is well. But if the book-hunter allow money-making—even for those he is to leave behind—to be combined with his pursuit, it loses its fresh relish, its exhilarating influence, and becomes the source of wretched cares and paltry anxieties. Where money is the object, let a man speculate or become a miser—a very enviable condition to him who has the saving grace to achieve it, if we hold, with Byron, that the accumulation of money is the only passion that never cloy. Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures. Let him not even have recourse to that practice called barter, which political philosophers tell us is the universal resource of mankind preparatory to the invention of money as a circulating medium and means of exchange. Let him confine all his transactions in the market to purchasing only. No good ever comes of gentlemen amateurs buying and selling. They will either be systematic losers, or they will acquire shabby questionable habits, from which the professional dealers—on whom, perhaps, they look down—are exempt. There are two trades renowned for the quackery and the imposition with which they are habitually stained—the trade in horses and the trade in pictures; and these have, we verily believe, earned their

evil reputation chiefly from this, that they are trades in which gentlemen of independent fortune and considerable position are in the habit of embarking.

The result is not so unaccountable as it might seem. The professional dealer, however smart he may be, takes a sounder estimate of any individual transaction than the amateur. It is his object, not so much to do any single stroke of trade very successfully, as to deal acceptably with the public, and make his money in the long-run. Hence he does not place an undue estimate on the special article he is to dispose of, but will let it go at a loss, if that is likely to prove the most beneficial course for his trade at large. He has no special attachment to any of the articles in which he deals, and no blindly exaggerated appreciation of their merits and value. They come and go in an equable stream, and the cargo of yesterday is sent abroad to the world with the same methodical indifference with which that of to-day is unshipped. It is otherwise with the amateur. He feels towards the article he is to part with all the prejudiced attachment, and all the consequent over-estimate of a possessor. Hence he and the market take incompatible views as to value, and he is apt to become unscrupulous in his efforts to do justice to himself. Let the single-minded and zealous collector then turn the natural propensity to over-estimate one's own into its proper and legitimate channel. Let him guard his treasures as things too sacred for commerce, and say, *Procul, o procul este profani*, to all who may attempt by bribery and corruption to drag them from their legitimate shelves. If, in any weak moment, he yield to mercenary temptation, he will be for ever mourning after the departed unit of his treasure—the lost sheep of his flock. If it seems to be in the decrees of fate that all his gatherings are to be dispersed abroad after he has gone to his rest, let him, at all events, retain the re-

liance that on them, as on other things beloved, he may have his last look; there will be many changes after that, and this will be among them. Nor, in his final reflections on his conduct to himself and to those he is to leave, will he be disturbed by the thought that the hobby which was his enjoyment, has been in any wise the more costly to him that he has not made it a means of mercenary money-getting.

Having so put in a plea for this pursuit, as about the least costly foible to which those who can afford to indulge in foibles can devote themselves, we might descant on certain auxiliary advantages, as that it is not apt to bring its votaries into low company; that it offends no one, and is not likely to foster actions of damages for nuisance, trespass, or assault, and the like. But rather let us turn attention to the intellectual advantages accompanying the pursuit, since the proper function of books is in the general case associated with intellectual culture and occupation. It would seem that, according to a received prejudice or opinion, there is one exception to this general connection, in the case of the possessors of libraries, who are under a vehement suspicion of not reading their books. Well, perhaps it is true in the sense in which those who utter the taunt understand the reading of a book. That one should possess no books beyond his power of perusal—that he should buy no faster than as he can read straight through what he has already bought, is a supposition alike preposterous and unreasonable. "Surely you have far more books than you can read," is sometimes the inane remark of the barbarian who gets his books, volume by volume, from some circulating library or reading club, and reads them all through, one after the other, with a dreary dutifulness that he may be sure he has got the value of his money.

It is true that there are some books—as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Milton, Shakespeare, and Scott—

which every man should read who has the opportunity—should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. To neglect the opportunity of becoming familiar with them is deliberately to sacrifice the position in the social scale which an ordinary education enables its possessor to reach. But are we next to read through the sixty and odd folio volumes of the Bolandist lives of the saints, and the new edition of the Byzantine historians, and the *State Trials*, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Moreri, and the Statutes at large, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* from the beginning, each separately, and in succession? Such a course of reading would certainly do a good deal towards weakening the mind, if it did not create absolute insanity. But in all these we have named, even in the statutes at large, and in thousands upon thousands of other books, there is precious honey to be gathered by the literary busy bee, who passes on from flower to flower. In fact, "a course of reading," as it is sometimes called, is a course of regimen for dwarfing the mind, like the drugs which dog-breeders give to King Charles spaniels to keep them small. Within the span of life allotted to man there is but a certain number of books that it is practicable to read through, and it is not possible to make a selection that will not, in a manner, wall in the mind from a free expansion over the republic of letters. The being chained, as it were, to one intellect in the perusal straight on of any large book is a sort of mental slavery superinducing imbecility. Even Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, luminous and comprehensive as its philosophy is, and rapid and brilliant the narrative, will become deleterious mental food if consumed straight through without variety. It will be well to relieve it occasionally with a little Boston's *Fourfold State*, or Hervey's *Meditations*, or Sturm's *Reflections for every day in the year*, or *Don Juan*, or Ward's *History of Stoke-upon-Trent*.

Now, while it is quite true that collectors do not in general read their books successively straight through, the practice of desultory reading, as it is sometimes termed, is a cognate failing with their habit of collecting. They are notoriously addicted to the practice of standing arrested on some round of a ladder, where, having mounted up for some certain book, they have by wayward chance fallen upon another, in which, at the first opening, has come up a passage which fascinates the finder as the eye of the Ancient Mariner fascinated the wedding guest, and compels him to stand there poised on his uneasy perch and reel. Peradventure the matter so perused suggests another passage in some other volume which it will be satisfactory and interesting to find, and so another and another search is made, while the hours pass by unnoticed, and the day seems all too short for the pursuit which is a luxury and an enjoyment, at the same time that it fills the mind with varied knowledge and wisdom.

The fact is that the book-hunter, if he be genuine, and have his heart in his pursuit, is also a reader and a scholar. Though he may be more or less peculiar, and even eccentric in his style of reading, there is a necessary intellectual thread of connection running through the objects of his search which predicates some acquaintance with the contents of the accumulating volumes. Even although he profess a devotion to mere external features—the style of binding, the cut or uncut leaves, the presence or the absence of the gilding—yet the department in literature holds more or less connection with this outward sign. He who has a passion for old editions of the classics in vellum bindings—Stephens's Aldines and Pannartz's—will not be put off with a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Ready Reckoner*, bound to match and range with the contents of his shelves. Those who so vehemently affect some external peculiarity are the eccentric exceptions; yet even

*they have some consideration for the contents of a book as well as for its coat.

The possession, or in some other shape the access to a far larger collection of books than can be read through in a lifetime, is in fact an absolute condition of intellectual culture and expansion. The library is the great intellectual stratification in which the literary investigator works—examining its external features, or perhaps driving a shaft through its various layers—passing over this stratum as not immediate to his purpose, examining that other with the minute attention of microscopic investigation. The geologist, the botanist, and the zoologist, are not content to receive one specimen after another into their homes, to be thoroughly and separately examined, each in succession, as novel-readers go through the volumes of a circulating library at twopence a-night—they have all the world of nature before them, and examine as their scientific instincts or their fancies suggest. For all inquirers, like pointers, have a sort of instinct, sharpened by training and practice, the power and acuteness of which astonish the unlearned. "Reading with the fingers," as Bayle called it—turning the pages rapidly over and alighting on the exact spot where the thing wanted is to be found—is far from a superficial faculty, as some deem it to be,—it is the thoroughtest test of active scholarship. It was what enabled Bayle himself to collect so many flowers of literature, all so interesting, and yet all found in corners so distant and obscure. No one can be an ardent follower of such a pursuit without having his own library. And yet it is probably among those whose stock is the largest that we shall find the most frequent visitors to the British Museum and the State Paper Office, perhaps for what cannot even be found there, to the Imperial Library at Paris, or the collections of some of the German universities.

Thus the collector and the scholar are so closely connected with each other that it is difficult to draw the line of separation between them. As dynamic philosophers say, they act and react on each other. The possession of certain books has made men acquainted with certain pieces of knowledge which they would not otherwise have acquired. It is, in fact, one of the amiable weaknesses of the set—one of the failings leaning to virtue's side—to take a luxurious glance at a new acquisition. It is an outcropping of what remains in the man, of the affection towards a new toy that flourished in the heart of the boy. Whether the right reverend or right honourable Thomas has ever taken his new-bought Baskerville to bed with him, as the Tommy that was has taken his humming-top, is a sort of case which has not actually come under observation in the course of our own clinical inquiries into the malady; but we are not prepared to state that it never occurred, and can attest many instances where the recent purchase has kept the owner from bed far on in the night. Thus is a general notion formed of the true object and tenor of a book, which is retained in the mind, stored for use, and capable of being refreshed and strengthened whenever it is wanted. In that brilliant affair, the sale of the Venice Decameron for upwards of two thousand pounds, it is satisfactory to find that the mighty purchaser, Lord Blandford, put the book in his pocket on the spot and walked home with it. Ere next morning he would know a good deal more of Boccaccio than he did before.

There are sometimes agreeable and sometimes disappointing surprises in encountering the interiors of books. The title-page is not always a distinct intimation of what is to follow. Whoever dips into the *Novellæ* of Leo, or the *Extravagantes*, as edited by Godefroi, will not find either of them to contain matter of a light, airy, and

amusing kind. Dire have been the disappointments incurred by the *Diversions of Purley*—one of the toughest books in existence. It has even cast a shade over one of our best story books, *The Diversions of Holtycot*, by the late Mrs. Johnston. *The History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, has sorely perplexed certain strong-minded women, who read nothing but genuine history. The book, which, in the English translation, goes by the name of Marmontel's *Moral Tales*, has been found to give disappointment to parents in search of the absolutely correct and improving; and Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls* has been counted money absolutely thrown away by eminent breeders. There is a sober-looking volume, generally bound in sheep, called *MacEwen on the Types*, a theological book, in fact, treating of the types of Christianity in the old law. Concerning it, a friend once told us that, at an auction, he had seen it vehemently competed for by an acute-looking citizen artisan and a burly farmer from the hills. The latter, the successful party, tossed the lot to the other, who might have it and he d—d to it, he "thought it was a bulk upo' the tups," a word which, it may be necessary to inform the unlearned reader, means rams: but the other competitor also declined the lot; he was a compositor or journeyman printer, and expected to find the book honestly devoted to those tools of his trade of which it professed to treat. Mr. Ruskin having formed the pleasant little original design of abolishing the difference between Popery and Protestantism, through the persuasive influence of his own special eloquence, set forth his views upon the matter in a book which he termed a treatise "on the construction of sheepfolds." We are informed that this work had a considerable run among the muirland farmers, whose reception of it was not fluttering; and, by the way, we have heard of some grumb-

lings from a friend more accustomed to the field than to the library, who, having before him the advertisement of our June number, so far misread it as to invest half-a-crown, under the impression that it contained an article called "The Buck-hunter."

Many readers will remember the pleasant little narrative appended to Croker's edition of Boswell, of Johnson's talk at Cambridge with that extensive book-hunter, Dr. Richard Farmer, who boasted of the possession of "plenty of all such reading as was never read," and scandalised his visitor by quoting from Markham's *Book of Armoirie* a passage applying the technicalities of heraldry and genealogy to the most sacred mystery of Christianity. Those who potter in libraries, especially if they have courage to meddle with big volumes, sometimes find curious things—for all gems are not collected in caskets. In searching through the solid pages of Hattell's *Precedents in Parliament* for something one doesn't find, it is some consolation to alight on such a precedent as the following, set forth as likely to throw light on the mysterious process called "naming a member." "A story used to be told of Mr. Onslow, which those who ridiculed his strict observance of forms were fond of repeating, that as he often, upon a member's not attending to him, but persisting in any disorder, threatened to name him—'Sir, sir, I must name you'—on being asked what would be the consequence of putting that threat in execution and naming a member, he answered, 'The Lord in heaven knows.'"

In the perusal of a very solid book on the progress of the ecclesiastical differences of Ireland, written by a native of that country, after a good deal of tedious and vexatious matter, the reader's complacency is restored by an artless statement how an eminent person "abandoned the errors of the Church of Rome and adopted those of the Church of England."

It is a remarkable thing that a man should have been imprisoned, and have his ears cut off, and be one of the chief causes of our great civil wars, and all along of an unfortunate word or two in the last page of a book containing more than a thousand. It was as far down in his very index as W that the great offence in Prynne's *Histrio Mastyz* was found under the head "Women actors." The words which follow are rather unquotable in this nineteenth century, but it was a very odd compliment to Queen Henrietta Maria to presume that these words must refer to her—something like Hugo's sarcasm that, when the Parisian police overhear any one use the terms "ruffian" and "scoundrel," they say, "You must be speaking of the Emperor." The *Histrio Mastyz* was, in fact, so big and so complex a thicket of confusion, that it had been licensed without examination by the licenser, who perhaps trusted that the world would have as little inclination to peruse it as he had. The calamitous discovery of the sting in the tail must surely have been made by a Hebrew or an Oriental student, who mechanically looked for the commencement of the *Histrio Mastyz* where he would have looked for that of a Hebrew Bible. Successive licensers had given the work a sort of go-by, but reversing the order of the sybilline books, it became always larger and larger, until it found a licenser who, with the notion that he "must put a stop to this," passed it without examination. It got a good deal of reading immediately afterwards, especially from Attorney-General Noy, who asked the Star-Chamber what it had to do with the immorality of stage-plays to exclaim that church-music is not the noise of men, but rather "a bleating of brute beasts—choristers bellow the tenor as it were oxen, bark a counterpoint as a kennel of dogs, roar out a treble like a set of bulls, grunt out a bass as it were a number of hogs." But Mr. Attorney took surely a more nice

distinction when he made a charge against the author in these terms: "All stage-players he terms them rogues: in this he doth falsify the very Act of Parliament; for *unless they go abroad*, they are not rogues."

This last quotation is from the *State Trials*, and the law of association carries us straight to law books, reports, and indices. We cannot lay hands at this moment on the index which refers to Mr. Justice Best—he was the man, as far as memory serves, but never mind. A searcher after something or other, running his eye down the index through letter B, arrived at the reference "Best—Mr. Justice—his great mind." Desiring to be better acquainted with the particulars of this assertion, he turned up the page referred to, and there found, to his great satisfaction, "Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for prevarication."

Menage wrote a book upon the amenities of the civil law, which does anything but fulfil its promise. There are many much better to be got in the most unlikely corners; as, where a great authority on copyright begins a narrative of a case in point by saying, "One Moore had written a book which he called *Irish Melodies*;" and again, in an action of trespass on the case, "The plaintiff stated in his declaration that he was the true and only proprietor of the copyright of a book of poems entitled *The Seasons*, by James Thomson."

We are not sure but, in the very mighty heart of all legal formality and technicality—the Statutes at large—some funny things might be found. The best that now occurs to the memory is not to be brought to book, and must be given as a tradition which bears that a bill which proposed, as the punishment of an offence, to levy a certain pecuniary penalty, one half thereof to go to her Majesty and the other half to the informer, was altered in committee, in so far that, when it appeared in the form of an act, the

punishment was changed to whipping and imprisonment, *the destination* being left unaltered.

It is wonderful that such mistakes are not of frequent occurrence when one remembers the hot hasty work often done by committees, and the complex entanglements of sentences on which they have to work. A great law reformer was at the trouble of counting the words in one sentence of an Act of Parliament, and found that, beginning with "Whereas" and ending with the word "repealed," it was precisely the length of an ordinary three-volume novel. To offer the reader that sentence on the present occasion would be rather a heavy joke, and as little reasonable as the revenge offered to a village schoolmaster who, having complained that the whole of his little treatise on the Differential Calculus was printed bodily in one of the earlier editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (not so profitable as the later), was told that he was welcome, in his turn, to incorporate the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the next edition of his little treatise.

In the supposition, however, that there are few readers who, like Lord King, can boast of having read the Statutes at large through, we venture to give a title of an Act—a title only, remember, of one of the bundle of acts passed in one session—as an instance of the comprehensiveness of English statute law, and the lively way in which it skips from one subject to another. It is called—

"An Act to continue several laws for the better regulating of pilots, for the conducting of ships and vessels from Dover, Deal, and the Isle of Thanet, up the River Thames and Medway; and for the permitting rum or spirits of the British sugar plantations to be landed before the duties of excise are paid thereon; and to continue and amend an Act for preventing fraud in the admeasurement of coals within the city and liberties of Westminster, and several parishes near thereunto; and to continue several laws for preventing exactions

of occupiers of lochs and weirs upon the River Thames westward; and for ascertaining the rates of water-carriage upon the said river; and for the better regulation and government of seamen in the merchant service; and also to amend so much of an Act made during the reign of King George I. as relates to the better pre-ervation of salmon in the River Ribble; and to regulate fees in trials and assizes at *nisi prius*," &c.

But this gets tiresome, and we are only half way through the title after all. If the reader wants the rest of it, as also the substantial act itself whereof it is the title, let him turn to the 23d of George II., chap. 26.

No wonder, if he anticipated this sort of thing, that Bacon should have commended "the excellent brevity of the old Scots acts." Here, for instance, is a specimen, an actual statute at large, such as they were in those pigmy days:—

"Item, it is a statute that gif onie of the King's lieges passes in England, and resides and remains there against the King's will, he shall be holden as Traitor to the King."

Here is another, very comprehensive, and worth a little volume of modern statute-books, if it was duly enforced;—

"Item, it is statute and ordained, that all our Sovereign lord's lieges being under his obeisance, and especially the Isles, be ruled by our Sovereign lord's own laws, and the common laws of the realm, and none other laws."

The Irish statute-book opens characteristically with "An act that the King's officers may travel *by sea* from one place to another within the land of Ireland." And further on we have a whole series of acts, with a conjunction of epithets in their titles which, at the present day, would be deemed anything but courteous, for the better suppressing "Robbers, Rapparees, and others, and for preventing robberies, burglaries, and other heinous crimes." The classes so associated having an unreasonable dislike of being killed, this puts difficulties in the way of those beneficially employed in killing

them, insomuch that they, "upon the killing of any one of their number, are thereby so alarmed and put upon their keeping, that it hath been found impracticable for such person or persons to discover and apprehend, or kill any more of them, whereby they are discouraged from discovering and apprehending or killing," and so forth. There is a strange and melancholy historical interest in these motley enactments, since they almost verbatim repeat the legislation about the Highland clans passed a century earlier by the Lowland parliament of Scotland.

But this sort of thing becomes endless; we have got on the round of the ladder, and must come down. Let us go back to the point whence we started—the disposition, and almost the necessity, which the true enthusiast in the pursuit feels to look into the soul, as it were, of his book, after he has got possession of the body. When he is not of the omnivorous kind, but one who desires to possess a particular book, and, having got it, dips into the contents before committing it to permanent obscurity on his loaded shelves, there is, as we have said before, a certain thread of intelligent association linking the items of his library to each other. The collector knows what he wants, and why he wants it, and that *why* does not entirely depend on exteriors, though he may have his whim as to that also. He is a totally different being from the animal who goes to all sales, and buys every book that is cheap. That is a painfully low and groveling type of the malady; and, fortunately for the honours of literature, those bargain-hunters who suffer under it are not in general special votaries of books, but buy all bargains that come their way—clocks, tables, forks, spoons, old uniforms, gas-meters, magic lanterns, galvanic batteries, violins (warranted real Cremonas, from their being smashed to pieces), classical busts (with the same testimony

to their genuineness), patent coffee-pots, crucibles, amputating knives, wheel-barrows, retorts, cork-screws, boot-jacks, smoke-jacks, melon frames, bath-chairs, and hurdy-gurdies. We have heard of an instance where a coffin, made too short for its tenant, being to be had an undoubted bargain, was bought by one of these cosmopolites, in the hope that, some day or other, it might prove of service in his family.

Neither are the rich men who purchase fine and dear books by deputy to be admitted within the category of the genuine book-hunter. He must hunt himself—must actually undergo the anxiety, the fatigue, and, so far as purse is concerned, the risks of the chase. Your rich man, known to the trade as a great orderer of books, is like the owner of the great game-preserve, where the sport is heavy butchery; there is none of the real zest of the hunter of the wilderness to be had within his gates. The old Duke of Roxburghe wisely sank his rank and his wealth, and wandered industriously and zealously from shop to stall over the world, just as he wandered over the moor stalking the deer. One element in the excitement of the poorer book-hunter he must have lacked—the feeling of committing something of extravagance—the consciousness of parting with that which will be missed. This is the sacrifice which assures the world, and satisfies the man's own heart, that he is zealous and earnest in the work he has set about. And it is decidedly this class who most read and use the books they possess. How genial a picture does Scott give of himself at the time of the Roxburghe sale—the creation of Abbotsford pulling him one way, on the other, his desire to accumulate a library round him in his Tusculum. Writing to his familiar Terry he says, "The worst of all is, that while my trees grow and my fountain fills, my purse, in an inverse ratio, sinks to zero. This last circumstance will, I fear, make me a very poor guest at the literary

entertainment your researches hold out for me. I should, however, like much to have the treatise on *Dreams* by the author of the *New Jerusalem*, which, as John Cuthbertson, the smith, said of the minister's sermon, must be neat work. The loyal poems by N. T. are probably by poor Nahum Tate, who was associated with Brady in versifying the Psalms, and more honourably with Dryden in the second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel.' I never saw them, however, but would give a guinea or thirty shillings for the collection."

One of the reasons why Dibdin's revellings among rare and valuable volumes are, after all, so devoid of interest, is, that he occupied himself in a great measure in catering for men with measureless purses. Hence there is throughout too exact an estimate of everything by what it is worth in sterling cash, with a contempt for small things, which has an unpleasant odour of plush and shoulder-knot about it. Compared with dear old Monkbarns and his prowlings among the stalls, the narratives of the Boccaccio of the book-trade are like the account of a journey that might be written from the rumble of the travelling chariot, when compared with the adventurous narrative of the pedestrian or of the wanderer in the far east. Everything is too comfortable, luxurious, and easy—russia, morocco, embossing, marbling, gilding—all crowding on one another, till one feels suffocated with riches. There is a feeling, at the same time, of the utter useless pomp of the whole thing. Books, in the condition in which he generally describes them, are no more fitted for use and consultation than white kids and silk stockings are for hard work. Books should be used decently and respectfully—reverently, if you will, but let there be no toleration for the doctrine that there are volumes too splendid for use, too fine almost to be looked at, as Brummel said of some of his Dresden china. That there should be little interest in the record of

rich men buying costly books which they know nothing about and never become acquainted with, is an illustration of a wholesome truth, pervading all human endeavours after happiness. It is this, that the active, racy, enjoyments of life—those enjoyments in which there is also exertion and achievement, and which depend on these for their proper relish—are not to be bought for hard cash. To have been to him the true elements of enjoyment, the book-hunter's treasures must not be his mere property, they must be his achievements—each one of them recalling the excitement of the chase and the happiness of success. Like Monkbarns with his *Elzevirs* and his bundle of peblar's ballads, he must have, like all hunters, a touch of the competitive in his nature, and be able to take the measure of a rival, as Monkbarns magnanimously takes that of Davie Wilson, "commonly called Snuffy Davie, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, who was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls, for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slow-bound, sir, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an *editio princeps* under the mask of a school Corderius."

So much, then, for the benefit which the class to whom these pages are devoted derive to themselves from their peculiar pursuit. Let us now turn to the far more remarkable phenomena, in which these separate and perhaps selfish pursuers of their own instincts and objects are found to concur in bringing out a great influence upon the intellectual destinies of mankind. It is said of Brindley, the great canal engineer, that, when a member of a committee, where he was under examination, a little provoked or amused by his entire devotion to canals, asked him if he thought there was any use for rivers, he promptly answered, "Yes, to feed navigable canals." So, if there be no

other respectable function in life fulfilled by the book-hunter, we shall stand up for the proposition that he is the feeder, provided by nature, for the preservation of literature from age to age, by the accumulation and preservation of libraries, public or private. It will require perhaps a little circumlocutory exposition to show this, but here it is.

It may be said of great libraries—as it has been of constitutions—that they are not made, they grow. You may buy books at any time with money, but you cannot make a library like one that has been a century or two a-growing, though you had the whole national debt to do it with. We remember once how an extensive publisher, speaking of the rapid strides which literature had made of late years, and referring to a certain old public library, celebrated for its affluence in the fathers, the civilians, and the mediæval chronicles, stated how he had himself freighted for exportation, within the past month, as many books as that whole library consisted of. It was very likely true, but the two collections were very different from each other. The cargoes of books were probably thousands of copies of some few popular selling works. They might be a powerful illustration of the diffusion of knowledge, but what they were compared with was its concentration. Had all the paper of which these cargoes consisted been banknotes, they would not have enabled their owner to create a duplicate of the old library, rich in the fathers, the civilians, and the mediæval chronicles.

This impossibility of improvising libraries is really an important and curious thing; and since it is apt to be overlooked, owing to the facility of buying books, in quantities generally far beyond the available means of any ordinary buyer, it seems worthy of some special consideration. A man who sets to form a library will go on swimmingly for a short way. He will easily get Tennyson's Poems—Macaulay's and Ali-

son's Histories—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—Buckle on *Civilisation*—all the books in print, as it is termed. Nay, he will find no difficulty in procuring copies of others which may not happen to be on the shelves of the publisher or the retailer of new books. Of Voltaire's works—a little library in itself—he will get a copy at his call in London, if he has not set his mind on some special edition. So of Scott's edition of Swift or Dryden, Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, and the like. We can scarcely suppose a juncture in which any of these cannot be found through the electric chain of communication established by the book trade. Of Gibbon's and Hume's Histories—Jeremy Taylor's works—Bossuet's *Universal History*, and the like, copies abound everywhere. Go back a little, and ask for Kennet's *Collection of the Historians*—Echard's *History*, Bayle, Moreri, or Father Daniel's *History of France*, you cannot be so certain of immediately obtaining your object, but you will get the book in the end—no doubt about that. Everything has its caprices, and there are some books which might be expected to be equally shy, but in reality, by some inexplicable fatality, are as plentiful as blackberries; such, for instance, are Famianus Strada's *History of the Dutch War of Independence*—one of the most brilliant works ever written, and in the very best Latin after Buchanan's. There is Buchanan's own history, very common even in the shape of the early Scotch edition of 1582, which is a highly favourable specimen of Arbuthnot's printing. Then there are Barclay's *Argenis*, and Raynal's *Philosophical History of the East and West Indies*, without which no book-stall is to be considered complete, and which seem to be possessed of a supernatural power of resistance to the elements, since, month after month, in fair weather or foul, they are to be seen at their posts dry or dripping.

So the collector goes on, till he perhaps collects some five thousand

volumes or so of select works. If he is miscellaneous in his taste, he may get on pretty comfortably to ten or fifteen thousand, and then his troubles will arise. He has easily got Baker's, and Froissart's, and Monstrelet's Chronicles, because there are modern reprints of them in the market. But if he want Cooper's Chronicle, he may have to wait for it, since its latest form is still the black letter. True, we did pick up a copy the other day, at Braidwood's, for half-a-guinea, but that was a catch—it might have caused the search of a lifetime. Still more hopeless it is when the collector's ambition extends to the *Ladder of Perfection* of Winkin de Worde, or to his *King Rycharde Cure de Lion*, whereof it is reported in the *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, that "an imperfect copy, wanting one leaf, was sold by auction at Mr. Evans's, in June, 1817, to Mr. Watson Taylor for £40, 19s." Such works as the *Knightly Tale of Galogras*, the *Temple of Glas*, *Lodge's Nettles for Nice Noses*, or the *Book of Fruits of Arms*, by Christene of Pisa; or Caxton's *Pilgrimage of the Soule*, or his *Myrrour of the Worlde*, will be long inquired after before they come to the market, thoroughly contradicting that fundamental principle of political economy that the supply is always equal to the demand. He, indeed, who sets his mind on the possession of any one of these rarities, may go to his grave a disappointed man. It will be in general the conclusion of the collector, however, that he is by no means the *homo unius libri*. There is always something or other turning up for him, so long as he keeps within moderate bounds. If he be rich and ravenous, however, there is nothing for it but duplicating—the most virulent form of book mania. We have seen that Heber, whose collection, made during his own lifetime, was on the scale of those public libraries which take generations to grow, had, with all his wealth, his liberality, and his persevering energy, to invest himself

with duplicates, triplicates—often several copies of the same book.

It is rare that the private collector runs himself absolutely into this quagmire, and has so far exhausted the market that no already unpossessed volume turns up in any part of the world to court his eager embraces. The limitation constitutes, however, a serious difficulty in the way of rapidly creating great public libraries. We would obtain the best testimony to this difficulty in America, were our brethren there in a condition to speak or think of so peaceful a pursuit as library-making. In the normal condition of society there—something like that of Holland in the seventeenth century—there are powerful elements for the promotion of art and letters, when wealth gives the means and civilisation the desire to promote them. The very absence of feudal institutions—the inability to found a baronial house—turns the thoughts of the rich and liberal to other foundations calculated to transmit their names and influence to posterity. And so we have such bequests as John Jacob Astor's, who left four hundred thousand dollars for a library, and the hundred and eighty thousand which were the nucleus of the Smithsonian Institution. Yes! Their efforts in this direction have fully earned for them their own peculiar form of laudation as "actually equal to cash." Hence, as the book trade and book buyers know very well, the "almighty dollar" has been hard at work, trying to rear up by its sheer force duplicates of the old European libraries, containing not only all the ordinary stock books in the market, but also the rarities, and those individualities—solitary remaining copies of impressions—which the initiated call uniques. It is clear, however, that when there is but one copy, it can only be in one place; and if it have been rooted for centuries in the Bodleian, or the University of Tubingen, it is not to be had for Harvard or the Astorian. Dr. Cog-

well, the first librarian of the Astorian, spent some time in Europe with his princely endowment in his pocket, and showed himself a judicious, active, and formidable sportsman in the book-hunting world. Whenever, from private collections, or the breaking-up of public institutions, rarities got abroad into the open market, the collectors of the old country found that they had a resolute competitor to deal with—almost, it might be said, a desperate one—since he was in a manner the representative of a nation using powerful efforts to get possession of a share of the literary treasures of the Old World. In the case of a book, for instance, of which half-a-dozen copies might be known to exist, the combatants before the auctioneer would be, on the one side, many an ambitious collector desiring to belong to the fortunate circle already in possession of such a treasure; but on the other side was one on whose exertions depended the question, whether the book should henceforth be part of the intellectual wealth of a great empire, and should be accessible for consultation by American scholars and authors without their requiring to cross the Atlantic. But how far money has enabled them to triumph may be known by a brief comparison. It is difficult to know exactly the numerical contents of a library, as some people count by volumes, and others by the separate works in a volume; and even if all should consent to count by volumes, the estimate would not be precise, for in some libraries bundles of tracts and other small works are massed in plethoric volumes for economy, while in affluent institutions every collection of leaves put under the command of a separate title-page is separately bound in cloth, calf, or morocco, according to its rank. The Imperial Library at Paris is computed to contain above eight hundred thousand volumes; the Astorian boasts of approaching a hundred thousand; the next libraries in size in Ame-

rica are the Harvard, with from eighty thousand to ninety thousand; the Library of Congress, which has from sixty thousand to seventy thousand; and the Boston Athenæum, which has about sixty thousand.

There are many of smaller size. In fact, there is probably no country so well stocked as the States with libraries of from ten thousand to twenty thousand volumes, the evidence that they have bought what was to be bought, and have done all that a new people can to participate in the long-hoarded treasures of literature which it is the privilege of the Old World to possess. We have heard that, especially in the instance of the Astorian Library, the selections of books have been made with great judgment, and that, after the boundaries of the common crowded market were passed, and individual rarities had to be stalked in distant hunting-grounds, innate literary value was still a superior object to mere abstract rarity, and, as the more worthy quality of the two, that on which the buying power available to the emissary was brought to bear. America had just one small old library, and the lamentation over the loss of this ewe-lamb is touching evidence of her poverty in such possessions. The Harvard Library dates from the year 1638. In 1764 the college buildings were burned, and though books are not easily consumed, yet the small collection of five thousand volumes was easily overwhelmed in the general ruin. So were destroyed many books from the early presses of the mother country, and many of the firstlings of the transatlantic printers; and though its bulk was but that of an ordinary country squire's collection, the loss has been always considered national and irreparable.

It is, after all, a rather serious consideration—which it never seems as yet to have occurred to any one to revolve—how entirely the new States of the West and the South seem to be cut off from the literary resources which the Old World pos-

sesses in her old libraries. Whatever light lies hidden beneath the bushel in these venerable institutions, seems for ever denied to the students and inquirers of the new empire rising in the antipodes, and consequently to the minds of the people at large who receive impressions from students and inquirers. Books can be reprinted, it is true, but where is the likelihood that seven hundred thousand old volumes will be reprinted to put the Astorian Library on a par with the Imperial? Well, perhaps some quick and cheap way will be found of righting it all when we have got a tunnel to Australia, and are shot through it by something only a shade less instantaneous than the electric telegraph.

In the mean time, what a lesson do these matters impress on us of the importance of preserving old books! Government and legislature have done little, if anything, in Britain, towards this object, beyond the separate help that may have been extended to individual public libraries, and the Copyright Act deposits. Of general measures we could point out some which have been injurious, by leading to the dispersal or destruction of books. The house and window duties have done this to a large extent. As this statement may not be quite self-evident, a word in explanation may be appropriate. The practice has been, when any furniture was left in an unoccupied house, to levy the duty—to exempt only houses entirely empty. It was a consequence of this that when, by minority, family decay, or otherwise, a mansion-house had to be shut up, there was an inducement entirely to gut it of its contents, including the library. The same cause, by the way, has been more destructive still to furniture, and may be said to have lost to our posterity the fashions of a generation or two. Tables, chairs, and cabinets first grow unfashionable, and then old; in neither stage have they any friends who will comfort or support

them—they are still worse off than books. But then comes an after-stage, in which they revive as antiquities, and become exceeding precious. As Pompeii, however, are rare in the world, the chief repositories of antique furniture have been mansions shut up for a generation or two, which, after a still larger number of fashions have passed away, are re-opened to the light of day either in consequence of the revival of their old possessors or of their total extinction and the entry of new owners. How the house and window duties disturbed this silent process by which antiques were created is easily perceived.

One service our Legislature has done for the preservation of books, in the copies which require to be deposited under the Copyright Act at Stationers' Hall for the privileged libraries. True, this has been effected somewhat in the shape of a burden upon authors, for the benefit of that posterity which has done no more for them specially than it has for others of the present generation. But in its present modified shape the burden should not be grudged, in consideration of the magnitude of the benefit to the people of the future—a benefit the full significance of which it probably requires a little consideration to estimate. The right of receiving a copy of every book from Stationers' Hall has generally been looked on as a benefit to the library receiving it. The benefit, however, was but lightly esteemed by some of these institutions, the directors of which represented that they were thus pretty well supplied with the unsaleable rubbish, while the valuable publications slipped past them; and, on the whole, they would sell their privilege for a very small annual sum, to enable them to go into the market and buy such books, old and new, as they might prefer. The view adopted by the law, however, was, that the depositing of these books created an obligation if it conferred a privilege, the institution receiving them having no right

to part with them, but being bound to preserve them as a record of the literature of the age.

If the rule come ever to be better enforced, it will then come to pass that of every book that is printed in Britain, good or bad, five copies shall be preserved in the shelves of so many public libraries, slumbering there in peace, or tossed about by impatient readers, as the case may be. For the latter there need not perhaps be much anxiety; it is for the sake of those addicted to slumbering in peaceful obscurity that this refuge is valuable. There is thus at least a remnant saved from the relentless trunk-maker. If the day of resuscitation from the long slumber should arrive, we know where to find the book—in a privileged library. It fell to our lot, for instance, to know a man of unquestionable character and scholarship, who wrote a suitable and intelligent book on an important subject, and at his own expense had it brought into the world by a distinguished publisher. Giving the work all due time to find its way, he called at the Row, exactly a year after the day of publication, to ascertain the result. He was presented with a perfectly succinct account of charge and discharge, in which he was credited with three copies sold. Now, he knew that his family had bought two copies, but he never could find out who it was that had bought the third. The one mind into which his thoughts had thus passed, remained ever mysteriously undiscoverable. Whether or not he consoled himself with the reflection that what might have been diffused over many was concentrated in one, it is consolatory to others to reflect that such a book stands on record in the privileged libraries, to come forth to the world if it be wanted. Nor is the resuscitation of a book unsuited to its own age, but suited to another, entirely unexampled. That beautiful poem called *Albania* was reprinted by Leyden, from a copy preserved somewhere: so utterly friendless had

it been in its obscurity, that the author's history, and even his name, were unknown; and though it at once excited the high admiration of Scott, no scrap of intelligence concerning it could be discovered in any quarter contemporary with its first publication. The Discourse on Trade by Roger North, the author of the amusing *Lives of Lord-Keeper Guildford* and his other two brothers, was lately reprinted from a copy in the British Museum, supposed to be the only one existing. Though neglected in its own day, it has been considered worthy of attention in this, as promulgating some of the principles of our existing philosophy of trade. On the same principle, some rare tracts on political economy and trade were lately reprinted by a munificent nobleman, who thought the doctrines contained in them worthy of preservation and promulgation. The *Spirit of Despotism*, by Vice-sinus Knox, was reprinted, at a time when its doctrines were popular, from a single remaining copy: the book is violent and declamatory, and it is supposed that its author discouraged or endeavoured to suppress its sale after it was printed. We happen to know an odd anecdote of this book. A traveller who had it in his luggage, passing the Austrian barrier, was, much to his astonishment, allowed to retain it. To his equal astonishment, the book beside it, being *Combe on the Constitution of Man*, was prohibited—the word "constitution" was sufficient to condemn this profound volume.

In the public duty of creating great libraries, and generally of preserving the literature of the world from being lost to it, the collector's services are great and varied. In the first place, many of the great public libraries have been absolute donations of the treasures to which some enthusiastic literary sportsman has devoted his life and fortune. Its gradual accumulation has been the great solace and enjoyment of his active days; he has

beheld it, in his old age, a splendid monument of enlightened exertion, and he resolves that, when he can no longer call it his own, it shall preserve the relics of past literature for ages yet to come, and form a centre whence scholarship and intellectual refinement shall diffuse itself around. We can see this influence in its most specific and material shape, perhaps, by looking round the reading-room of the British Museum—that great manufactory of intellectual produce, where so many heads are at work. The beginning of this great institution, as everybody knows, was in the fifty thousand volumes collected by Sir Hans Sloane—a wonderful achievement for a private gentleman at the beginning of the last century. When George II. gave it the libraries of the kings of England, it gained, as it were, a better start still by absorbing collections which had begun before Sloane was born—those of Crammer, Prince Henry, and Casaubon. The Ambrosian Library at Milan was the private collection of Cardinal Borromeo, bequeathed by him to the world. It reached forty thousand volumes ere he died, and these formed a library which had arisen in free, natural, and symmetrical growth, inasmuch as, having fed it during his whole life, it began with the young and economic efforts of youth and poverty, and went on accumulating in bulk and in the costliness of its contents as succeeding years brought wealth and honours to the great prelate. What those merchant princes, the Medici, did for the Laurentian Library at Florence is part of history. Old Cosmo, who had his mercantile and political correspondents in all lands, made them also his literary agents, who sent him goods too precious to be resold even at a profit. "He corresponded," says Gibbon, "at once with Cairo and London, and a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books were often imported by the same vessel." The Bodleian started with a collection which had cost

Sir Thomas Bodley £10,000, and it was augmented from time to time by the absorption of tributary influxes of the same kind.

The benefactors whose private collections have, by a generous act of endowment, been thus rendered at the same time permanent and public, could be counted by hundreds. It is now, however, our function to describe a more subtle, but no less powerful influence, which the book-hunter exercises in the preservation and promulgation of literature, through the mere exercise of that instinct or passion which makes him what we here call him. What we have already said must have suggested—if it was not seen before—how great a pull it gives to any public library, that it has had an early start; and how hard it is, with any amount of wealth and energy, to make up for lost time, and raise a later institution to the level of its senior. The Imperial Library of Paris, which has so marvellously lived through all the storms that have swept round its walls, was founded in the fourteenth century. It began, of course, with manuscripts; possessing, before the beginning of the fifteenth century, the then enormous number of a thousand volumes. The reason, however, of its present greatness, so far beyond the rivalry of later establishments, is, that it was in active operation at the birth of printing, and received the first-born of the press. There they have been sheltered and preserved, while their unprotected brethren, tossed about in the world outside, have long disappeared, and passed out of existence for ever.

It is a common notion, which has been floated off from time to time, inflated with every variety of rhetorical gas, that, since the age of printing, no book once put to press has ever died. The notion is quite inconsistent with fact. When we count by hundreds of thousands the books that are in the Paris Library, and not to be had for the British Museum, we see the number

of books which a chance refuge has caught up from the general destruction, and can readily see, in shadowy bulk, though we cannot estimate in numbers, the great mass which, having found no refuge, have disappeared out of separate existence, and been mingled up with the other elements of the earth's crust. We have many accounts of the marvellous preservation of books, after they have become rare—the snatching of them as brands from the burning; their hairbreadth 'scapes 'i the imminent deadly breach. It would be interesting, also, to have some account of the progress of destruction among books. A work dedicated apparently to this object, which we have been unable to find in the body, is mentioned under a very tantalising title. It is by a certain John Charles Conrad Oelrichs, author of several scraps of literary history, and is called a Dissertation concerning the Fates of Libraries and Books, and, in the first place, concerning the books that have been eaten—such we take to be the meaning of *Dissertatio de Bibliothecarum ac Librorum futis, imprimis libris comestis*. This is nearly as tantalising as the wooden-legged Britisher's explanation to the inquisitive Yankee, who solemnly engaged to ask not another question were he told how that leg was lost, and was accordingly told that "it was bitten off."

But, in fact, we can see the process going on around us, just as we see other things travelling towards decay. Look, for instance, at school-books, how rapidly and obviously they go to ruin. True, there are plenty of them, but save of those preserved in the privileged libraries, or of any that may be tossed aside among lumber in which they happen to remain until they become curiosities, what chance is there of any of them being in existence a century hence? Collectors know well the extreme rarity and value of ancient school-books. Nor is their value by any means fanciful. The dominie will tell us that they are old-fashioned, and the pedagogue who

keeps a school, "and ca's it a academy," will sneer at them as obsolete and incompatible with the enlightened adjuncts of modern tuition;" but if we are to consider the condition of the human intellect at any particular juncture worth studying, it is certainly of importance to know on what fool its infancy is fed. And so of children's play-books as well as their work-books; they are as ephemeral as their other toys. Retaining dear recollections of some that were the favourites, desiring to awaken from them old recollections of careless boyhood, or perhaps to try whether our own children inherit the paternal susceptibility to their beauties, we make application to the book-seller—but, behold, they have disappeared from existence as entirely as the rabbits we fed, and the terrier that followed us with his cheery clattering bark. Neither name nor description—not the announcement of the benevolent publishers, "Darton, Harvey, and Darton"—can recover the faintest traces of their vestiges. Old cookery-books, almanacs, books of prognostication, directories for agricultural operations, guides to handicrafts, and other works of a practical nature, are infinitely valuable when they refer to remote times, and also infinitely rare.

But of course the most interesting of all are the relics of pure literature, of poems and plays. Whence have arisen all the anxious searches and disappointments, and the bitter contests, and the rare triumphs, about the early editions of Shakespeare, separately or collectively, save from this, that they passed from one impatient hand to another, and were subjected to an unceasing greedy perusal, until they were at last used up and put out of existence. True it was to be with him—

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled
 ^{ore,}
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

But his tuneful companions who had less vital power have lain like

some ancient cemetery or buried city, in which antiquaries have been for a long age digging and searching for some fragment of intellectual treasure.

One book, and that the most read of all, was hedged by a sort of divinity which protected it, so far as that was practicable, from the dilapidating effects of use. The Bible seems to have been ever touched with reverent gentleness, and, when the sordid effects of long handling had become inevitably conspicuous, to have been generally removed out of sight, and, as it were, decently interred. Hence it is that, of the old editions of the Bible, the copies are so comparatively numerous and in such fine preservation. Look at those two folios from the block prints of Gutenberg and Fust, running so far back into the earliest stage of the art of printing, that of them is told the legend of a combination with the devil, which enabled one man to write so many copies identically the same. See how clean and spotless is the paper, and how black, glossy, and distinct the type, telling us how little progress printing has made since the days of its inventors, in anything save the greater rapidity with which, in consequence of the progress of machinery, it can now be executed.

The reason of the extreme rarity of the books printed by the early English printers is that, being very amusing, they were used up—thumbed out of existence. Such were Caxton's book of the *Ordre of Chyvalry*; his *Knyght of the Tower*; the *Myroure of the World*; and the *Golden Legend*; Croke Lorell's *Vote*, by De Worde; his *Kalender of Shepherdes*, and suchlike. If any one feels an interest in the process of exhaustion, by which such treasures were reduced to rarity, he may easily witness it in the debris of a circulating library; and perhaps he will find the phenomenon in still more vivid operation at any book-stall where lie heaps of school-books, odd volumes of novels, and a choice of Watts's Hymns and

Pilgrim's Progresses. Here, too, it is possible that the enlightened on-looker may catch sight of the book-hunter plying his vocation, much after the manner in which, in some ill-regulated town, he may have beheld the *chiffonniers*, at early dawn, rummaging among the cinder heaps for ejected treasures. A ragged morsel is perhaps carefully severed from the heap, wrapped in paper to keep its leaves together, and deposited in the finder's pocket. You would perhaps find it difficult to recognise the fragment, if you should see it, in the brilliancy of its resuscitation. A skilled and cautious workman has applied a bituminous solvent to its ragged edges, and literally incorporated by a sort of paper-making process, each mouldering page into a broad leaf of fine strong paper, in which the print, according to a simile used for such occasions, seems like a small rivulet in a wide meadow of margin. This is termed inlaying, and is a very lofty department in the art of binding. Then there is, besides, the grandeur of russia or morocco, with gilding, and tooling, and marbling, and perhaps a ribbon marker, dangling out with a decoration at its end—all tending, like stars, and garters, and official robes, to stamp the outer insignia of importance on the book, and to warn all the world to respect it, and save it from the risks to which the common herd of literature is liable.

We have recourse to our old friend Monkbarns again for a brilliant description of the bibliophile, as the French politely call him, in the performance of the function assigned to him in the dispensation of things,—renewing our old protest against the legitimacy of the commercial part of the transaction:—

“Snuffy Davie bought the *Game of Chess*, 1474, the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this

inimitable windfall to Dr. Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr. Askew's sale,' continued the old gentleman, kindling as he spoke, 'this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds! Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows,' he ejaculated, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands,—'Lord only knows what would be its ransom;—and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling. Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie!—and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!'

In such manner is it that books are saved from annihilation, and that their preservers become the feeders of the great collections in which, after their value is established, they find refuge; and herein it is that the class to whom our notice is devoted performs an inestimable service to literature. It is, as you will observe, the general ambition of the class to find value where there seems to be none, and this develops a certain skill and subtlety, enabling the operator, in the midst of a heap of rubbish, to put his finger on those things which have in them the latent capacity to become valuable and curious. The adept will at once intuitively separate from its friends the book that either is or will become curious. There must be something more than mere rarity to give it this value, although high authorities speak of the paucity of copies as being everything. David Clement, the illustrious French bibliographer, who seems to have anticipated the positive philosophy by an attempt to make bibliography, as the Germans have named it, one of the exact sciences, lays it down with authority, that "a book which it is difficult to find in the country where it is sought ought to be called simply *rare*; a book which it is difficult to find in any country may be called *very rare*; a book of which there are only fifty or sixty

copies existing, or which appears so seldom as if there never had been more at any time than that number of copies, ranks as *extremely rare*; and when the whole number of copies does not exceed ten, this constitutes *excessive rarity*, or rarity in the highest degree." This has been received as a settled doctrine in bibliography; but it is utter pedantry. Books may be rare enough in the real and objective sense of the term, but if they are not so in the nominal or subjective sense, by being an object of desire, their rarity goes for nothing. A volume may be unique—may stand quite alone in the world—but whether it is so, or one of a numerous family, is never known, for no one has ever desired to possess it, and no one ever will.

But it is a curious phenomena in the old-book trade, that rarities do not always remain rare; volumes seeming to multiply through some cryptogamic process, when we know perfectly that no additional copies are printed and thrown off. The fact is, that the rumour of scarcity, and value, and of a hunt after them, draws them from their hiding-places. If we may judge from the esteem in which they were once held, the Elzevirs must have been great rarities in this country; but they are now plentiful enough—the heavy prices in the British market having no doubt sucked them out of dingy repositories in Germany and Holland—so that, even in this department of commerce, the law of supply and demand is not entirely abrogated. He who dashes at all the books called rare, or even very rare, by Clement and his brethren, will be apt to suffer the keen disappointment of finding that there are many who participate with him in the possession of the same treasures. In fact, let a book but make its appearance in that author's *Bibliothèque Curieuse, Historique, et Critique, ou Catalogue Raisonné des Livres difficiles à trouver*, or in Graesse's *Tresor de Livres Rares et Précieux*—let it be mentioned as a

rarity in Eibert's *Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon*, or in De Burre, Clement, Omont, or the *Repertorium Bibliographicum*,—such proclamation is immediate notice to many fortunate possessors who were no more aware of the value of their dingy-looking volumes than Monsieur Jourdan knew himself to be in the habitual daily practice of talking prose.

So are we brought again back to the conclusion that the true book-hunter must not be a follower of any abstract external rules, but must have an inward sense and literary taste. It is not absolutely that a book is rare, or that it is run after, that must commend it to him, but something in the book itself. Hence the relics which he snatches from ruin will have some innate merits to recommend them. They will not be of that unhappy kind which nobody has desired to possess for their own sake, and nobody ever will. Something there will be of curious, odd, out of the way information, or of quaintness of imagination, or of characteristics pervading some class, whether a literary or a polemical,—something, in short, which people desirous of information will some day or other be anxious to read,—such are the volumes which it is desirable to save from annihilation, that they may find their place at last in some of the great magazines of the world's literary treasures.

And it will often be more fortunate for these great institutions if they obtain the services of the hunter himself, along with his spoils of the chase. The leaders in the German wars often found it an exceedingly sound policy to subsidise into their own service some captain of free lances, who might have been a curse to all around him. Your great game-preservers sometimes know the importance of taking the most notorious poacher in the district into pay as a keeper. So it is sometimes of the nature of the book-hunter, if he be of the genial sort, and free of some of the more vicious peculiari-

ties of his kind, to make an invaluable librarian. Such an arrangement will sometimes be found to be like mercy twice blessed,—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. The imprisoned spirit probably finds freedom at last, and those purchases and accumulations which, to the private purse, were profuse and culpable recklessness, may become veritable duty; while the wary outlook and the vigilant observation, which before were only leading a poor victim into temptation, may come forth as commendable attention and zealous activity. Sometimes mistakes have been made in selections on this principle, and a zeal has been embarked which has been found neither to tend to profit nor edification; for we have known, at the head of public libraries, men who loved the books so dearly, as to be unable to endure the handling of them by the vulgar herd of readers and searchers—even by those for whose special aid and service they are employed. Those who have this morbid terror of the profanation of the treasures committed to their charge suffer in themselves the direst torments—something like those of a cat beholding her kittens tossed by a dog—whenever their favourites are handled; and the excruciating extent of their agonies, when some ardent and careless student dashes right into the heart of some *editio princeps*, or tall copy, or, perhaps, lays it open with its face on the table while he snatches another edition that he may collate a passage, is not to be conceived. It is then the dog worrying the kittens. Such men will only give satisfaction in great private libraries little disturbed by their proprietors, or in monastic or other corporate institutions, where it is the worthy object of the patrons to keep their collection in fine condition, and, at the same time, to take order that it shall be of the least possible service to education or literature. Angelo Mai, the great librarian of the Vatican, who made so many valuable dis-

coveries himself, had the character of taking good care that no one else should make any within his own strictly preserved hunting grounds.

In the general case, however, a bibliophile at the head of a public library is genial and communicative, and has a pleasure in helping the investigator through the labyrinth of its stores. Such men feel their strength; and the immense value of the service which they may sometimes perform by a brief hint in the right direction which the inquiry should take, or by handing down a volume, or recommending the best directory to all the learning on the matter in hand, has laid many men of letters under great obligations to them. The most eminent type of this class of men was Magliabecchi, librarian to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, who could direct you to any book in any part of the world, with the precision with which the metropolitan policeman directs you to St. Paul's or Piccadilly. It is of him that the stories are told of answers to inquiries after books, in these terms:—"There is but one copy of that book in the world. It is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in." His faculties were, like those of all great men, self-born and self-trained. So little was the impoverished soil in which he passed his infancy congenial to his pursuits in after-life, that it was not within the parental intentions to teach him to read, and his earliest exertions were in the shop of a green-grocer. Had his genius run on natural science, he might have fed it here, but it was his felicity and his fortune to be transferred to the shop of a patronising bookseller. Here he drank in an education such as no academic forcing machinery could ever infuse. He devoured books, and the printed leaves became as necessary to his existence as the cabbage-leaves to the caterpillars which at times made their not welcome appearance in the abjured green-grocery. Like these

verdant reptiles, too, he became assimilated to the food he fed on, inso-much that he was in a manner hot-pressed, bound, marble-topped, lettered, and shelved. He could bear nothing but books around him, and would allow no space for aught else; his furniture, according to repute, being limited to two chairs, the second of which was admitted in order that the two together might serve as a bed.

Another enthusiast of the same kind was Adrien Baillet, the author, or, more properly speaking, the compiler, of the *Jugemens des Savans*, containing generally a portrait from which his calm scholarly countenance looks genially forth, with this appropriate motto, "*Dans une douce solitude, à l'abri du mensonge et de la vanité, j'adoptai la critique, et j'en fis mon étude pour découvrir la vérité.*" Him, struggling with poverty, aggravated with a thirst for books, did Lamoignon the elder place at the head of his library, thus at once pasturing him in clover. When the patron told his friend, Hermant, of his desire to find a librarian possessed of certain fabulous qualifications for the duty, his correspondent said, "I will bring the very man to you;" and Baillet, a poor, frail, attenuated, diseased scholar, was produced. His kind patron fed him up, so far as a man who could not tear himself from his books, unless when nature became entirely exhausted, could be fed up. The statesman and his librarian were the closest friends; and on the elder Lamoignon's death, the son, still more distinguished, looked up to Baillet as a father and instructor.

Men of this stamp are generally endowed with deep and solid learning. For any one, indeed, to take the command of a great public library, without large accomplishments, especially in the languages, is to put himself in precisely the position where ignorance, superficiality, and quackery are subjected to the most potent test, and are certain of detection. The number of librarians

who have united great learning to a love of books, is the best practical answer to all sneers about the two being incompatible. Nor, while we count among us such names as Pan-nizi, Laing, Birch, Halket, Bandelo, and Tol, is the race of learned librarians likely to decay.

It will be worth while for the patrons of public libraries, even in appointments to small offices, to have an eye on bookish men for filling them. One librarian differs greatly from another, and on this difference will often depend the entire utility of the institution, and the question whether it is worth keeping it open or closing its door. Of this class of workman it may be said quite as aptly as of the poet, *Nascitur, non fit*. The usual testimonies to qualification—steadiness, sobriety, civility, intelligence, &c.—may all be up to the mark that will constitute a first-rate book-keeper in the mercantile sense of the term, while they are united in a very dreary and hopeless keeper of books. Such a person ought to go to his task with something totally different from the impulses which induce a man to sort dry goods or make up invoices, and enable him to do so with perfect success. In short, your librarian would need to be in some way touched with the malady which has been the object of these desultory remarks.

Perhaps this may afford a hint to the Civil Service Commission. We are not aware that they have yet set forth the qualifications of the librarian with the same judicious and practical success with which they have pointed out the peculiar departments of learning suitable to the tide-waiter and the letter-carrier. They have nothing to do but to adopt the precedent they have so successfully followed in other cases—to find the most famous book connected with the department, and make a judicious selection from its index. Thus may the examination sheets, which are to

make perfectly capable public servants, be enriched by such terms as the following: Abridgement, A'coran, Aldus, Alexandrian Library, Annals, Back-title, Ballad, Basti-arium, Bibliography, Binding, Black-letter, Block-book, Boards, Breeches, Bible, British Museum, Broad-side, and so forth; nor omitting, in their proper order, calf, cut copy, gilt top, morocco, tooling, and Turkey. The technology—or, as the profane will perhaps insist in terming it, the slang or jargon—having been officially sketched, may be remitted to an adept to revise and report; and then the thing is completed, and a department of the public service is insured against incompetency, idleness, and dishonesty for all time to come.

Thus would the propensity which heretofore has been a laughingstock and a scorn be raised to the dignity of a qualification for public office. Should this fortunate result, however, not be achieved—should matters take, as they more probably will, the totally opposite direction, and the bibliomaniac book-fancier, book-hunter, bibliophile, or by whatever name you choose to call him, be subjected to the special attention of those wise men who so disinterestedly propose to take all their more erring brethren in charge, and subject them to the treatment suitable to their unhappy condition—then shall we put in these, our rambling remarks, as a plea for gentleness and leniency towards the special class of patients of which we have been discoursing, hoping that their rigid custodiers will at least admit that their malady is in itself comparatively harmless, and that, however improper it may be to permit any set of human beings to depart from the line which philosophy and physiology and other ologies have laid down, yet this particular kind of aberration has the palliative quality of being attended with beneficial results.

THE ORLEANS MANIFESTO.

THE observation is not quite new, that there is a wonderful power in print. We have called the Press the Fourth Estate of the Realm. But the power of print does not so much consist in the putting of written characters into type, as in the fact that when in that state they are capable of almost infinite multiplication or reproduction. So the power resides not in print, as such (for Mr. Weller senior could print, though he could not even write), but, in published print. Yet, further, publication is a term capable of misleading as to the power of published print; for, whereas it necessarily only denotes one process, it is often taken to imply two; and thus a power is unduly ascribed to all published print, which can only be applied to such print as is published under favourable conditions. The Germans, whose language, though more lengthy and clumsy, is more purely logical than ours, say that a book is "given out" (*herausgegeben*) by such and such a publisher; whereas "publication" implies not only the giving out on the part of the publisher, but taking in on the part of the public; and, as all publishers know, this second process does not always follow the first. So that, if we wish to be strictly correct, when referring to the power of published print, it must be understood that we imply that general public reception. In that case, a book is the real Proteus of our times, which, though a bold spirit may bind, none can entirely quell, since as soon as it is suppressed in one form or edition it slips away into others, until it wearies out the patience of the power that would imprison it. Proteus was conquered at last by Ulysses; but any man of modern times, endowed with half the wisdom of that wily Greek, would give up in despair the attempt to put down a book. The most patient man in the world wished that his enemy had written a book; in modern times he might wish his enemy to have the task of suppressing one, and learn by doing so the peculiar trials of patience. We are all familiar with the ways by which a book is forced on the public by its friends, but none is so effectual as to get some disguised friend or indiscreet enemy to endeavour to put it down. There is only one effectual way of putting a book down—that of proving, by extracts from itself, that it is unreadably dull. But let it be understood either that it is generally wicked or particularly mischievous, and it is sure to run through half-a-dozen editions at least, and, perhaps, be translated into as many languages. These observations may seem to involve superficial truism, and yet it is strange how persons in eminent position often act in violation of their principle. We recollect the solemn burning of a presumed heretical book in one of the halls at Oxford, and its consequence, that in a day or two every undergraduate had read it, the majority being greatly disappointed at finding it not half so bad as they expected. If the heretic had been caught and burned instead, there being no second copy of him, it would have been more to the purpose, and there would have been a certain grim satisfaction of justice. And, lately, the volume called *Essays and Reviews*, now so well known in the controversial world, has, we understand, been driven through eight or nine editions by the fulminating powder of episcopal denunciation; and, furthermore, the intended prosecution of one of the writers in the Court of Arches will

Lettre sur l'Histoire de France, par HENRI D'ORLEANS (Duc d'Aumale). Berlin, Julius Abelsdorff. 1861.

popularise effectually the matter of the book, and cause it to become the talk of every club, reading-room, and even pot-house parlour, in the kingdom. And we cannot think that Louis Napoleon's ministers—for we cannot suppose that so injudicious an order originated with himself—displayed their knowledge of the world in the condemnation of the printers and publishers of the Duc d'Aumale's letter, and by the infliction of an imprisonment which the good sense of the Emperor has thought fit to revoke, though the mischief has already been done as far as the advertisement of the offending pamphlet is concerned. Here it is in our hands in a Berlin reprint, and it exists also in a German translation. And yet it does not seem to us that there is much in it to force it on public attention, independently of the rank of its author and the attempt of the French Government to suppress it. We do not apprehend that the facts it states are new, or put before its readers in a new light. In one respect it is worthy of its author—namely, in its clear straightforwardness and its moderate and gentlemanly tone, considering the great provocations to bitterness which the Orleans family have received from the reigning dynasty of France. It is, however, suggestive of many thoughts in European politics, and reminds us that the younger branch of the Bourbons are not willing to retire as yet from the world's arena as practically obsolete, in imitation perhaps of the example of the elder. To talk and lecture and write, is considered one of the functions of a leading man of the nineteenth century, and it seems to be tacitly acknowledged by great men in general, that in whatever other way they may be before the public, they are not therefore excusable in wrapping their thoughts and actions in the cloak of taciturnity. Even Napoleon III. himself, by some accounted the William the Silent of this generation, has said

on a hundred occasions—and, some indeed add, unsaid also—what he has done and is going to do, and the reasons for which he adopts this and that line of policy; so that, after all, his attributed silence is only relative, as consisting in a contrast to the excessive talkativeness of other individuals. The elder branch of the Bourbons, in its unbending scorn of the age in which it lived, or in its incapacity to keep pace with it, seems to have disappeared for ever from the public eye, and to be quietly drifting to that limbo of oblivion prepared for Bourbons and Popes, and all such institutions of the past as are incapable of assuming a character which fit them to the present. But when a prince of the younger branch presides at literary dinners, and condescends to make use of the press as an instrument of attack against his political enemies, he evidently wishes to make it understood that the vitality of the hollow parent tree has departed into the sucker, and the sucker may have yet several generations of life before it. We cannot shut our eyes to the parallel of the Stuarts. The dynasty had become so tough that it would not yield to external change; but a collateral dynasty, partly sprung from the same root, is flourishing at present on the throne of England. The Royal Oak of England has perished at Boscobel, but there is a vigorous tree still in the prime of arborescent life, on which an inscription records that it sprang from one of the acorns of the original tree.

"Wherein the royal Charles abode
Until the paths were dim."

If the House of Orleans accept the omen, it would appear to throw a cheerful light on their future destinies. Like the elder branch of the Bourbons, they were expelled by a revolution; but the Revolution of 1848 differed from that of 1830 in this, that it was the expression of a sudden, unreasoning, and unreasonable gust of popular passion,

and not the mere outburst of the long-gathered elements of dissolution and destruction. Or was the Revolution of 1848 the mere completion of that of 1789? Democracy had endeavoured to listen to reason for eighteen years, and, knowing from experience what its own excesses had produced before, had stopped for that interval in mid career, until the removal of some slight check precipitated the consummation.

It would be doing but scant justice to the House of Orleans not to recognise the fact that, whatever their personal merits or demerits, they were driven from power by a most impertinent and purposeless revolution. Whether they observed the standard of political innocence that the Duc d'Anmale claims for them, must depend on the truth or falsehood of the allegation that Louis Philippe was, in some degree, implicated in a conspiracy which was the lever of the popular rising that drove Charles X. from his throne. Certainly, as far as subsequent events are concerned, they were, as the Duc d'Anmale observes, far more sinned against than sinning.

"While the chief of your dynasty (I borrow his own words) was expiating at Ham, by an imprisonment of six years, his reckless defiance of (*sa témérité contre*) the laws of his country, he made use without restriction of his civic rights, and freely criticised in the public prints the Government which he had begun attacking by open force. My situation is very different, and I do not lay claim to any such privileges. Banished from my country without having done violence to any law, without having deserved my lot by any fault, I am only known to France as having been educated under her standard, and having faithfully served her up to the day when I was violently separated from her. But has this exile caused me to forfeit the most natural and sacred right of all, that of defending my family when pub-

licly insulted, and with it the past of France? This injurious attack, which a power so strong, and which inspires in you so much confidence, has endorsed, propagated, placarded on all the walls, can my answer follow it, and produce itself in conformity to the laws, on the very soil of my country? I wish to make the experiment. If this does not succeed as I wish, and if, in contempt of the simplest notions of justice and honour, you stifle my voice in France, with so fair a cause to plead, it will at least have some echo in Europe, and reach the heart of honest people in every country."

Every reader will acknowledge in the tone of this exordium to the Orleans Manifesto either a studied moderation, as if it were written to conciliate Europe more than to excite France, or else an incapacity to put the case more strongly, which is a peculiarity of some minds and tempers, even when they have received the strongest provocation. Some men are capable of pleading any cause better than their own. If there is anything that stamps the house of Bonaparte with a character the reverse of chivalry and magnanimity, it is this very conduct of the reigning dynasty towards the Orleans family. The fault alleged by the revolution against that family, as the cause of their fall, was, that Louis Philippe was ill-advised in not suffering the Reform Banquet to take place in 1848—a cause perfectly puerile for so great a consequence. The remote cause of Louis Philippe's fall may have been the premature death of the Duc d'Orleans, who may have possessed more firmness of character than the rest of the family evinced; but it was more specially a general family incapacity to cope with the exigencies of their position, and to hold the reins of government with a sufficiently firm hand, considering the peculiar constitution of the French nation. Eliot Warburton, in his *Crescent and the Cross*, remarks, that in the East, mildness in taking an

affront is sure to be taken for weakness, and justifies himself for striking an Arab over the face with his whip who spilled his bowl of milk with his spear. It is so with the impulsive and superficial French nature. The nepotism of Louis Philippe in his later days—the Spanish marriages, in particular—and the general official corruption which he had allowed to steal over public life in France, caused him to become unpopular in England, and our people to forget the general fairness and moderation of his government—qualities which generally find ready sympathy in Great Britain. It may be presumed, as the Duc d'Angoulême complains, that the real faults of that government *vis-à-vis* of the French people, were those of a magnanimous or a pusillanimous weakness. The Orleans dynasty might have occupied the French throne now, if, in the first place, Louis Napoleon, instead of being confined in a place from which he could escape, had been summarily sent, when he was taken at Boulogne, to a bourne from which there is no return; and, in the second place, if the Orleans princes, instead of losing their spirits in the hour of trial, and running away from the helm, had ordered a few discharges of artillery on the sovereign people and the National Guard in 1848. The lesson had to be taught the French in 1851, by another and less scrupulous hand, that assaults on a government are not to be met as mildly as those on a private individual. It is only to be regretted that the fusillade of the Boulevards did not take place in defence of established order, instead of the aggression of the President on the so-called constitution of the Republic. The Duke hits the mark when he says: "As to his sons (those of Louis Philippe), you doubtless blame them for not having cannonaded the National Guard of Paris in 1848, or for not having endeavoured to bring back the army of Africa; for having, in a word, preferred exile to civil war, when they thought that France

might soon have need of the blood of all her children; and considered, besides, how far removed were minds used to the gentle movement of free government from the hard maxims and unmerciful proceedings which the corrupting spectacle of so many fortunate acts of violence has caused since that time to find their way into every heart!"

To Frenchmen of high Legitimist sentiments, it may seem almost like a divine retribution that the king who was set up by the Barricades should find himself awestruck and unable to act in the face of the same power when it chose to rear its head again; but if, as a believer in the principles of constitutional monarchy would assume, kings govern, not for their own good, but for the sake of the people, and embody in their persons, at all events, the divine right of the law, then it is inexcusable weakness for a monarch to abdicate at once, at the first summons from any rebellious power, however irregular, when one or two sharp blows struck at the right time would set all right again. And posterity, in judging those events, will be less severe on the old king than on the princes of the Orleans family, who, if they had it in their power, as we believe they had, to cannonade the National Guard, if not to bring back the Algerian army, were bound, not only by the duties of their position, but even by the voice of humanity to do so. Of course it is not a question of the physical courage of these princes; but there was certainly a failure, if not of moral courage, at least of that firmness of character which is indispensable to all command of others. Although it may be adopted as an extreme constitutional principle, that a ruler chosen by the people is to rule only during the pleasure of the people, yet, even putting the case so strongly, it would seem to be requisite that the people should find its expression in some organised constitutional body, such as a parliament of some sort or other, and not in the first posse of howling

ruffians which is able to collect itself into an explosive mass. It would almost seem as if the princes of the House of Orleans imagined, if they were not indeed panic-stricken by the suddenness of the event, that, as they owed their elevation to the mob, the same, or a similar mob had a perfect right to pull them down at any time; or, it may be that the manes of Charles X. rose before their consciences in that hour of trial, and commanded them to accept with resignation a similar fate. Certain it is, that their conduct on that occasion was the least conducive to the welfare of France that they could have adopted. The troops would probably have remained faithful when they had confidence in those who commanded them, and a few volleys of musketry and artillery would have settled the whole question for some time to come. In any case blood was sure to flow, and in still greater abundance. Witness the four days' war in Paris in the summer of 1848, which is said to have cost the Republic five general officers and five thousand men *hors de combat*, when the principle at issue was not a political one, but simply the rescue of the city from universal pillage and destruction.

Whatever the private and personal grievances of the Orleans family against Louis Napoleon may be, they have no right to throw in his teeth his treatment of France, since imperialism was the only seeming possible solution of the difficulties in which France was left by their abandonment of the helm. In all probability, by the *coup d'état*, Louis Napoleon did save France from anarchy; whether he was justified in using the *means* he did to do so is another question. As far as his own personal character is concerned, it would have been far better had he kept the oath that he made to the constitution, such as it was; as far as the welfare of France is concerned, it seems now almost equally clear that he acted for the best. It was high time that

the barricade nuisance should, once for all, be put down, and the fallacy exploded, that an armed mob in any city was able to make effectual head against regular forces, even if they were allowed to make use of all the military means at their disposal. No one can doubt now that France was, in many respects, much better off under the Orleans *régime*: the press, the *salon*, the tribune, were free; literature flourished without fear of the censorship; there was a confidence in social relations that has never been known since. But, on the other hand, as that *régime* was destined to be abolished, the present reign of bayonets is far better for France than the prospective reign of terror under the Republic of 1848. As France did not know when she was well off, it was the duty of the Orleans family, as patriots, to have taught her; but they preferred leaving her to her own devices. As to our own relations with France, we cannot help thinking that the state of things during the Empire will bear a favourable comparison with that which prevailed during the Monarchy of July. That which makes France really dangerous to surrounding nations—an enormous standing army, raised by the tyrannical conscription, and officered by men, the majority of whom depend on their swords for their livelihood—existed then as now; at all events, as the Duc d'Aumale observes, the "*cadres*" of the regiments existed, and might be filled in at any time. And the same vain, restless, Celtic spirit in the nation, which accounts personal liberty as nothing compared with the satisfaction of its vanity, and alone could account for the toleration of the conscription in a nation politically free, as it was in Louis Philippe's time, existed then in the same force as now. The peaceable and unaggressive nature of Louis Philippe's policy, calculated to lull the apprehensions of the neighbours of France, was perhaps more fraught with real danger than the warlike name of Napoleon, which had the

instant effect of rousing national watchfulness. During the reign of Louis Philippe causes of disagreement between England and France arose on more than one occasion, which produced a popular excitement that the French Government had the greatest difficulty in controlling; and we were, as every one knows, at that time in a state of utter unpreparedness to resist invasion. And supposing, for the sake of argument, that France simply used the English alliance for her own purposes in the Crimean war, what better can be said of the joint interference of France and England in the Belgian revolution, by which we helped to rob the King of Holland, an old ally, of the fairest part of his dominions? Suppose that Louis Napoleon, instead of allowing the steam of France's repressed warlike ardour to escape by the safety-valve of a Russian war, in conjunction with England, had yielded to the temptation which the unpreparedness of this country afforded, and made the first essay of arms against England? It was better that our military system should be taught its inherent defects and weaknesses on the shores of the Euxine than on the shores of the British Channel. Before the Crimean war we had no militia, no volunteers, no army in an organised shape, only a few dispersed regiments—even no navy, for the ships were without hands (and we know how hastily manned was the Baltic fleet); and the consequence of the Crimean war is the creation of a compact army, which, in proportion to its numbers, is second to none in the world, backed by volunteer and militia forces capable of indefinite extension; while the regimental combination, scarcely to be called an army, which went to the Crimea, covered itself with a glory in proportion to its sufferings, and forced our Government, for very shame, to give our magnificent soldiers the same military advantages which Continental armies have constantly possessed. We do not hesitate to

say, that Louis Napoleon has shown himself a true, though perhaps unconscious friend of the British soldier. Subsequent to the Crimean war, the British army has proved itself to possess an efficiency equal to that of the wonderful mass of veterans whom the great Duke led across the Pyrenees into France. To the Crimean lesson is undoubtedly due, in a great measure, the miraculous suppression of the Indian mutiny, and that brilliant and perfectly successful campaign in China, the difficulties of which are apt to be lost sight of by the public from the very perfection of the arrangements by which they were surmounted. In that campaign French soldiers again fought by the side of our own; and what they witnessed at that time must have taught them, that whatever England may have been once, she would be now a much more desirable friend than enemy. Nothing can be more likely to disabuse the French of the notion that England is only a naval and not a military power, than the present reformed state of the British army. Indeed, a crisis in our history seems to have come, when it is absolutely necessary, for the safety of our country, that we should reassert our military supremacy as emphatically as in the days of the Plantagenet kings, when the archers of England used to make excursions when and where they pleased, unprovided with passports, on the continent of Europe. The value of seamanship, which no doubt will never cease to exist, becomes far less than it was in days when the barometer can always insure a few hours of fine weather to an iron-plated steam fleet, and when a decisive naval battle—at least a naval battle in our own narrow seas—would be almost certainly an affair of artillery alone.

The Romans, it must be remembered, under Duilius, in the first Punic war, beat the sailor Carthaginians in the middle of the Mediterranean, by grappling their ships,

and fighting it out on the decks with heavy-armed infantry; and the nautical Athenians were beaten by the same manoeuvre, earlier in the history, in the harbour of Syracuse. Our seamanship will no doubt continue to secure an ascendancy on the ocean and in distant countries, but our safety must henceforth depend on our quasi-military strength, and our ability to supply deficiency of number, as compared with the armies of the Continent, by the perfect equipment and superior quality of our soldiery. The Channel will still give us a great advantage, by rendering it difficult or impossible for any invader to concentrate for offence a force so great, as by means of railroad, we can gather for defence on any given point of the coast. Before the time of Louis Napoleon, we lay at the mercy of France or any other Continental power which might take the trouble to invade us. The name of England alone may have kept them at bay if anywhere mischievously disposed, as Achilles, without his armour, once drove the Trojans from the ships; but what if the Trojans had turned on Achilles?

* Louis Napoleon and the French Empire are popularly looked upon in England, Germany, and elsewhere, as a standing menace to Europe. But the standing menace is more truly the standing army of France, and that standing barbaric element in the character of the else most civilised of nations which supports the standing army. France is the only nation of Europe, with the exception perhaps of Russia, confessedly still half barbarous, which has not exploded the notion that extensions of territory mean increase of internal prosperity and national happiness. France is the only adult nation over whose pillow juvenile dreams of conquest still continue to hover. If such notions have been communicated by her to Spain, it must be because Spain is in her dotage. Not that England is unambitious,

but her ambition is of a different kind. She finds herself happy under her own institutions, and wishes to see those institutions extended by fair means throughout the world. But without being possessed of sufficient brute force to resist the brute force of the enemies that all friends of their kind are sure to raise against themselves, she would be always liable to be bullied out of her legitimate influence. The antique Athene, the goddess of civilisation, was never seen without her shield and spear, and it is the duty of the modern Britannia to keep up the character which she professes on her coinage.

The Duc d'Anmale, one is not surprised to find, takes the popular view of the inconsistency of Louis Napoleon's promises and professions, and of course contrasts the facts of the Crimean and Lombard wars with the theory expressed in the dictum, "*L'Empire c'est la paix.*" Louis Napoleon is under the disadvantage of being nominally a despotic sovereign, whereas his power is limited, not by constitutional, but only unconstitutional powers in the background. No doubt he would have spoken more truly, if not more judiciously, had he been able to say, "The empire was war, but I mean to make it peace if I can." Having no prestige of legitimacy, but a prestige of arms, his dynasty must keep the military glory of France, and, if possible, extend her territory. The dead tell no tales, and therefore Count Cavour can no more confess the exact conditions on which the aid of France was promised to Sardinia against Austria; but we may be quite sure that a war for an idea could never have satisfied the aspirations of the French military. The Russian war was a war for an idea—a war for the balance of power; and Louis Napoleon saw that it had not satisfied France. But he made the Austrian war as safe and short as possible, patched up a peace at Villafranca, while Italy was not yet free from the Alps to the Adri-

atic, but secured for France what she wanted—an accession of territory in Savoy and Nice. The French Government is now almost in open conflict with the ultramontane clergy, whom it before found it politic to conciliate; the Emperor will no doubt throw the Pope over as soon as he can find it safe to do so, and acknowledge the kingdom of Italy, with Rome as its capital; but in doing so, he must of course mortally offend the ultramontanists in France, who are so strong among the parochial clergy, and through them among the ignorant peasantry of the departments. To afford to lose this class of his former supporters he must do something to keep up his popularity with another, and that something would naturally assume the shape of demanding a further cession of territory from Sardinia as the price of withdrawing his troops from Rome; perhaps the island of Sardinia or more probably—because that island would be in danger of becoming a hostage in the hands of the first maritime power—the town and territory of Genoa, the great gate of Italy; the effect of which cession would be to make the new-born kingdom a mere satellite of France; and on which subject England ought to say most emphatically that she will acknowledge no Italian unity unless Italian independence be guaranteed at the same time. We find that the Duc d'Aumale does, in a measure, see the Emperor's position, but he does not seem to us to give him sufficient credit for his personal intentions, as compared with the influences to which he is obliged to bow.

"I know that it is difficult to promise so much, and to always make such promises good; I am aware of the convenient part which is played in turn, according to the necessities of the situation; sometimes by the ancient parties, sometimes by the manifestations of different national wills, not to mention the policy of England," &c.

We are scarcely able to sympa-

thise with the Duke when he comes to speak of Napoleon I. as an exception to the general worthlessness of his family. To us it seems as if Louis, Joseph, Jerome, Lucien, and Murat, were angels of light in comparison with that meanest and most selfish of all scourges of mankind commonly called the Great Napoleon.

"When I think on the prodigious efforts which the genius of the Emperor made to *save France* in 1814, admiration and patriotism quench every other sentiment in my bosom; and when I contemplate the great misfortune of the captive of St. Helena, there is no place in my heart but for grief and sympathy."

These are, of course, words written for French readers, and it would have been better for the writer's character for sincerity had they been spared; for in what follows, his real conviction comes to light, although mildly expressed, that "he it was whose passions and faults inflicted on France a humiliation without parallel in our history." It may not be a pleasant consideration for Frenchmen, but it is nevertheless true, that that salvation of France in 1814 which Napoleon I. failed to accomplish, having, on the contrary, brought France to the lowest stage of misery and ruin, was in reality accomplished, under Providence, by a certain English general called Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who prevented the indignant Allies, by his personal influence alone, from taking condign vengeance on the country when it lay at their feet, and guarded, from domestic and external enemies, the development of the constitutional regime of Louis XVIII. Tested even by the false criterion of extension of territory, as the Duke observes, Louis XIV. was greater than Napoleon, for in the midst of all his disasters he left France enriched by several provinces, whereas Napoleon I. left nothing to France but a legacy of disgrace—the feelings of a disappointed burglar when taken in the act of burglary. That the Duc

d'Aumale should think it necessary to allude to the myriads of French lives that this enormous wretch sacrificed to his wanton ambition, only shows how necessary it is to repeat any commonplace reasonable statement, in order to diminish the insane veneration that France feels for his memory. As for St. Helena, the question naturally suggests itself to minds of the present day, how our fathers could have been so short-sighted as willingly to take upon themselves the invidious office of Napoleon's jailers, an office which, however mildly administered, was sure to be unpopular in France. If Napoleon surrendered at discretion, it would have been discreet in us to have handed over the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien to the tender mercies of a Prussian court-martial. One remark of the Duc d'Aumale we are glad to reproduce, as it is indicative of the entire absence of chivalry in the character of Napoleon I., as well as an answer by a Frenchman to the absurd notion, that at Waterloo the English were fairly beaten though they did not know it.

"You have always 1815 on your lips; but you cause us to remember that, on the return from Waterloo, the Emperor had only an insult to throw as a last adieu to that army which had just enacted such prodigies of valour: 'Une bataille terminée, une journée finie, de fausses mesures réparées, du plus grands succès assurés pour le lendemain, tout fut perdu par un moment de terreur panique.' Well, when your uncle wrote those lines, he was perfectly well aware that the victory had not been for a single instant—I do not say certain—but probable; he knew well that there was no panic, and that our soldiers fought still, when, so far from there being any chance of conquering, there was not even a chance of resistance." After all, we may well ask, On what is the prestige of the name of Napoleon I. founded? No doubt he was a skilful general; but what other general was ever possessed of his means? Given a nation of indomitable courage and peculiar restlessness of cha-

rafter, showing itself in a monomania for military glory, and a willingness to offer up any number of human lives to achieve it, and nothing is wanting but an utterly unscrupulous leader to enable that nation to terrorise all its neighbours for a while, before it was itself crushed; for this is the sum and substance of all the glories of the great conqueror whom France delights to honour, and even Europe apologetically admires. Louis Napoleon, it must always be remembered, had no other ladder to mount to his present elevation but the infatuated attachment of France to this disastrous memory; and, considering with how great prudence he has played the difficult game which he found in his hands, we cannot help thinking that he deserves the cognomen of Great more justly than his uncle. Bound as his hands are, he is doing all he can to promote the material prosperity of France; and he has encouraged, in spite of occasional bickerings, much more pleasant international relations with England than the boasted "entente cordiale" of the reign of Louis Philippe. If he could only live to modify the nature of the enormous standing army of France, so as to give it more the character of a localised militia, and deprive it of its aggressive character—a character which dates from the days of Louis XIV.—he would probably be the greatest benefactor of France, Europe, and mankind, that the nineteenth century has produced.

We see that the general liberalism of the Duke's letter is modified by a filial regard for the temporal power of the Pope, and an unqualified admiration for poor Lamoricière. These sentiments, as in the case of Montalembert, make us suspicious of the perfect sincerity of his praises of liberty and constitutionalism. Any power, however despotic, which is free from spiritual thralldom, may encourage human progress and civilization; no power, however constitutional in form, which is subject to it, can be anything but reactionary. The unfortunate Pope has the peculiar quality of bringing all his best

friends to grief. He has ruined the King of Naples as he ruined Charles X. and the elder branch of the Bourbons. It is a question now, whether the empire of Austria will save itself by throwing overboard the Concordat. The princes of the House of Orleans, if they expect any sympathy from the good sense of Europe, must make their connection as slight as may be with that Papacy whose weakness is only equalled by its wickedness, and which sends its begging-boxes through Catholic Europe, to enable it to keep brigands in pay, that its dying teeth may meet in the flesh of resuscitated Italy.

On simple constitutional grounds, we should naturally sympathise with the House of Orleans, deplore their ejection from power, and wish for their speedy return. Constitutional monarchy shows at the present time, more decidedly than ever, to greatest advantage as a form of government. Democracy has been often discredited as inherently liable to culminate in military despotism; it is now discredited by its apparent tendency, when in a federal form, to dissolution: for it seems almost a solecism for the American union to call that a rebellion, which is a rising against itself in

a State which has no head (since kingly prestige is denied to the president), and assumes rather the form of a dissolution of a commercial partnership without the leave of all the members of the firm; and to be able to give the name of rebellion to any rising against authority with truth and justice, is always a tower of strength to the executive government. So that a monarchy, where one man or woman represents the divine power of law, has the advantage, not possessed by a republic, of being able to stigmatise as rebels its disobedient subjects; and is, therefore, less liable to fall to pieces.

Granting, however, all that may be said in favour of constitutional monarchy in the abstract, the question arises whether a despotism may not possibly be a better form of government for a state that either has not come to years of discretion, or whose wise teeth, though it be old, have not, from some peculiarity of constitution, ever been cut at all. And then arises the peculiar application of this question to France. France had constitutional governors in the House of Orleans; she gave one wanton kick-up, and they lost their seat without a struggle.

THE BARBARISMS OF CIVILISATION.

It has always been held amongst the learned, who write histories and other kinds of hard reading, that the world was very much improved, on the whole, by the irruption of the barbarians upon the Roman Empire. It is true that, inasmuch as these learned writers themselves claim to be the legitimate descendants of the so-called barbarians, we are bound to take their evidence with some reserve; and it is very possible that, if our old classical friends had survived the storm, and beaten back Ostrogoth and Visigoth to their native wildernesses, and had been able to write their own history of the world from that time forth, they would have proved quite as clearly how much the cause of improvement, moral and social, was indebted to their successful resistance of the invaders. It is so much the fashion with modern political writers to compare our own civilisation with the Roman—to speculate upon the probable decadence of all nations in their turn, after reaching their culminating point of prosperity, asserting that states, like individuals, first “ripe, and ripe, and ripe,” and then, from generation to generation, “rot, and rot, and rot”—that really one has got to look upon the probable fate of England as merely a question of time, and to fancy one hears the tramp of the advancing hordes—from Central Africa, or elsewhere—already thundering in the distance.

And this raises a question in the minds of modest people like myself, who are unwilling to claim quite so large a share of perfection for ourselves, or the age we live in, as some do, as to the possible verdict of the future historian in our case, supposing this second barbarian conquest completed. Would he, too, speak of us as a degenerated stock, and describe all our modern arts and appliances as “an effete civilisation”? Would the

noble savages who came to lay London waste be hailed, in their turn, by the philosophical historian, as the regenerators of Europe?

I confess, putting myself into the very impossible case of a commentator on the last days of the English Empire, when it had been succeeded by the new blood of a ruder race—I can fancy quite as uncharitable remarks made upon us as we are fond of lavishing upon the Romans under Augustus. I could find it in my heart to admit of such a barbarian inundation, what Mr. Froude handsomely admits of the Reformation, that it might not be quite an unmixed evil; that it might possibly clear away some social rubbish, and give us a fillip into more healthy and vigorous life.

Not that I am prepared to deny that modern civilisation has been productive of some advantages to mankind. I am not going to argue in defence of savagedom as a whole. The days are long gone by in which, like other philosophers of eight years old, I longed to be a little savage, and “held the grey barbarian” happier “than the Christian child.” The terrible discipline of washings and scrubbing, and forcible hair-brushings, and putting on of clean collars and pinafores, and other penalties of small civilised life, are no longer so objectionable in my eyes as they then appeared. To wish one was a pig, because he could eat without being restricted by nursery etiquette as to the manual exercise of knife, fork, and spoon—could even put his foot into his plate if he found it convenient, much more his fingers, and was never subjected to the miseries of the small-tooth comb—to envy the sheep, because they carried all their clothes fast to their backs, were never undressed but once a-year, and were troubled with neither buttons nor boot-laces—to long for the life of the cows, who stood up

to their knees in the nice cool mud all through the hot summer day (seen through the window while I was declining *bonus* in the Eton Grammar)—these are visions which have long since faded, like other dreams of youth. I am not sure whether it is the development of my moral and aesthetic perceptions, or merely the force of habit, but I think I now do really prefer a silver fork to my fingers, and would rather go through *bonus* than the mud. Indeed, the march of improvement has reached even the lower animal life, which then seemed so enviable in its unfettered simplicity. Piggy is now (in our model farms) washed and scrubbed, and has his hair combed—though he is still, I believe, deficient in dinner-table observances; the sheep have little coats made to wear in cold weather after shearing; and the unhappy cow is tied up all day and stall-fed, and Miss Martineau (who has mesmerised cows, and is therefore acquainted with all their private feelings) declares that she likes it—and although *Once a Week*, in which the statement first appeared, is taken in I believe at all respectable dairies, no cow has hitherto ventured to come forward to contradict the assertion.

Nor is it a theory which finds much favour in my eyes, that the unsophisticated vices of the savage are more tolerable than the cultivated rascality of civilised communities. If one must be robbed and murdered, it is just as well to have it done civilly. A man may as well be poisoned to secure the insurance on his life, as be knocked on the head for the sake of a coveted tenpenny nail—unless, indeed, a very strong-minded philanthropist might take comfort from the thought that, in the latter case, his remains would probably be utilised—by being eaten. Nor is it really a harder case to lose your bank shares by the “unfortunate speculations” of a director (quite the gentleman), than to have all your next year’s income—even if it

be only in blubber and train-oil—appropriated by a hungry neighbour whose lawful fisheries have been less successful. It is possible that the loss, in the first case, may prevent you from sending your boys to Eton, as you had promised yourself, and as they had a right to expect; but it must be remembered that, on the latter hypothesis, those young gentlemen would be thrown altogether upon their own finding in a world in which there would be very little to be found, and where there would not be even a work-house or a Refuge for the Destitute, far less any chance of “smart young men” being always wanted for her Majesty’s Service.

No; I am quite willing, in all these important points, to accept civilisation as it stands, with its good and its evil largely developed, but let us hope with the good taking longer strides than the evil. It is not the immoralities of modern refinement, but its inconveniences, of which I complain; it is the hope of getting rid of some of these which alone could make the chances of a second barbarian conquest tolerable. There are a great many inventions amongst us of which necessity was never the mother, and which we should be a great deal more comfortable without. The obstructive principle which is happily so active in the human mind, and tends to the rejection of all novelties as abominations, is a much more valuable element of human society than is commonly admitted. There was great and sublime wisdom in the principle which the world acted upon in what we call its dark ages, of burning a very prominent inventor occasionally, as a manifest disciple of the evil one; not that such a proceeding is desirable in actual practice, but it rested upon a basis of truth. One understands how Jubal, and Jubal, and Tubal-Cain sprang from the loins of the first evil-doer. For after all, even in this estate of childhood, the world had sense enough to know its real friends. One class of in-

ventors and discoverers, who introduced the real arts of life, were deified instead of being persecuted. Bacchus, and Triptolemus, and Orpheus—or even, in another hemisphere, the mysterious Hiawatha—those who brought true divine gifts, corn, and wine, and song—were voted seats in the halls of the gods. The genius of man is so prone to invention, that some decisive check upon it is imperatively demanded, to prevent human life from being strangled in an ingenious system of helps and contrivances. We affect to smile at the shortsightedness of the parliamentary committee who laughed at Stephenson and his railways; but it would be very well for us all if parliamentary and other committees never did any more foolish things. They were like the Roman college who condemned Galileo—they were wrong in the point of fact; but every wise man sees they were right in principle. Things had gone on very well and regularly, on the whole, under the Ptolemaic system, while the earth was supposed to stand still; and the notion of its moving about under one was certainly very uncomfortable—not rashly to be admitted, by any means. So, really, life was very enjoyable during the reign of stage-coaches: twelve miles an hour including stoppages was very pretty travelling; and the public were not going to be tied to the tail of teakettles, and whisked about at the rate of a mile in two minutes, without a fair amount of decent resistance. And there was, and still is, much to be said on both sides even in the matter of railways. Locomotion has been very much facilitated, no doubt; and as a consequence, a home-keeping Englishman, or English-woman, is become a very scarce article. But travelling, in any proper sense of the word, has been almost extinguished. There can be no possible enjoyment, even in the loveliest weather, in flying along between cuttings and through tunnels, afraid to keep the windows open for the

black dust that chokes your nostrils and spoils your clothes, and afraid to shut them for fear of being stifled. The old exhilarating feeling of “the road” is gone. Even if you possessed enough of the good old principle to defy the rail and all its works, and stick to the turnpike, there are no longer any decent posters to draw you, or any decent inns to put up at; and the road itself is no longer the lively thoroughfare of old days: you will meet nothing in a run of ten miles better than a donkey-cart or a shabby railway omnibus. As to travelling by the rail itself, one may as well be a parcel for any pleasure that a rational being can find in that mode of conveyance. You are pretty safe to be delivered at your destination in due course, and that is the best that can be said of it. Indeed, it would be a great blessing to a good many bewildered passengers, male and female, and to the troubled officials who have to answer the same questions a thousand times a-day (and therefore not always in the politest manner), if they were treated as parcels in every respect, and not only booked but packed and directed—of course “With Care; this side upwards.”

However, since the great object of human life at present seems to be to get from Manchester to London, and from London to the Land’s End, in the shortest possible space of time, it must be conceded that the rail answers its purpose; and the private feelings of slow people like myself must be sacrificed under the wheels of the steam Juggernaut. The new Attila will come upon his march of regeneration no doubt by an express train. Nor let this feeble pen attempt any hopeless remonstrance against the atrocities of modern costume, though that alone cries aloud for an avenging Nemesis. Crinoline and pegtops shall here be sacred. In such matters, satire and sumptuary laws have always been found powerless alike. Not only decency and convenience, but even bodily danger, is bravely disregarded

in the march of fashion. A well-known wit, protesting against the locking-up of passengers in a railway carriage, declared that the practice would never be given up by the directors until some person of consequence—a bishop at the very least—had been burnt as a martyr to the custom. But judging from facts, it would seem that a holocaust of the female aristocracy would not persuade the survivors to reduce an inch of skirt. It would have no more effect than the awful example recorded by *Punch* in a case of the opposite sex—of a young gentleman who had his head cut off by his “all-rounder.”

Besides, it is not clear from what quarter one could hope for a purer taste in these matters to be imported into Europe. In such an immigration as I have been imagining, there would be some risk of the most desirable barbarians bringing with them private fancies of costume quite as inconvenient and indefensible. I confess—for I have every wish to deal with the subject fairly and honestly—that the most objectionable form of hat or bonnet ever worn is preferable, as a head-dressing, to the castor-oil which some “coloured” ladies consider the correct thing. So I could bear with a slight suspicion of rouge and pearl-powder, judiciously subdued, rather than with the remarkable ornament, universally worn in the first circles among the ladies of New Holland, of a large fish-bone through the cartilage of the nose, or a quarter-pound weight pendant from the lower lip. Even tattooing of the newest patterns seems to me a questionable addition to feminine attractions; unless, indeed, in cases of very remarkable ugliness, where it might perhaps be introduced with advantage. I had rather, as a matter of personal taste, that the lady I admire should pull her hair back from the roots in the most bold-faced *Imperatrice* fashion—if it was done every day—than that she should make it up once a-year into a solid mass with animal fat, and

consider it then in a state of full-dress for the season, or, as in the case of the Natal beauties, for the term of their natural lives. To something like this, however, we are fast coming in another direction; at this moment I see advertised, as “the ladies’ friend to all those who study economy” (and dirt), the “Sansplectum Skirt—the Indispensable Jupoon”—“can at all times be kept perfectly clean by the simple use of a wet sponge.” We know already there are to be “No more Wrinkles”—“No more Grey Hair”—but here is an advertisement which should have been headed—“No more Clean Linen!” A wet sponge, and a few of the new paper collars, will make our modern heroine quite independent of such luxuries, or even of Sir Charles Napier’s “bit of soap;” and she will accomplish her travels, like the ladies of old romance, not, perhaps, exactly “*simplex munditiis*,” but without troubling her cavalier on the disputed point of baggage. There is certainly one style of costume, formerly prevalent under distinguished patronage (if the statues of Venus and the Graces may be depended upon as authentic), which is open to no such objections on the score of taste, and which the Dinka and Shillook ladies, by Mr. Petterick’s account, are prepared to introduce among us, and which may be described as the *robe à l’innocence*. It would ruin the milliners, no doubt—but that is a consummation to which we might devoutly submit, especially since we are assured, by the best political economists, that class interests are not for a moment to be considered when they come into collision with the public good; but its adoption (even with the addition which the Dinka *elegantes* make to it, of a string of glass beads round the neck and waist) implies too severe and classical a taste to be generally popular, and would require a modification of our climate, as well as in our ideas of propriety, which it must take a few geological ages to effect.

There is evidently a natural tendency in the female mind (with these remarkable exceptions) to disfigure the person. It may possibly have been implanted there for wise precautionary purposes, like the thorns upon the rose; and at any rate it is useless to contend against it. The follies and inconveniences of dress are plainly inherent evils in all human society, civilised or barbarous; and it would be almost sinful to rebel against the dispensation. Let us only hope that the anathema of the old preacher may never come true—that if men would not be content to shape their clothes to their bodies, it might please Heaven to let their bodies grow to fit their misshapen clothes; which process of transformation, if it were to take place in our days, would add in a very unfair manner to the weight of the fairer sex in society.

But to deal merely with minor inventions which have from time to time been introduced to add to human discomfort. Supposing even that the exigencies of a locomotive age do compel even a quiet man to travel by railway, was it necessary to inflict upon him such a travelling companion as *Bradshaw*?—to insist upon a respectable father of a family, past his grand climacteric, going in for a new science at that time of life, or ignominiously having recourse to a “crib” in the person of a pert young station-clerk, to enable him to extract some sense from the text put into his hands? Was it necessary to run the trains of rival companies in such ingenious relation to each other, that he should reach the terminus of the one precisely in time to see the last train by which he can possibly reach his destination the same evening just starting from the other, distant not a hundred yards, but with a barrier between? Does it contribute to his comfort to have the hours of starting changed about every three months, apparently in order to keep up the sale of the company’s time-tables, and to drive to the station to meet the five o’clock express, with a good

five minutes to spare, on the first of April, to find that it has been put ten minutes earlier—an alteration which it was almost impossible to have ascertained beforehand? Must he have his nerves shaken at the important moment of starting, just as he has fought his way to the pigeon-hole where the tickets are given out, by having his attention drawn to a placard announcing “One Thousand Pounds in the event of DEATH or MUTILATION”—“ONE person in every TWELVE injured yearly by ACCIDENT,”—and being exhorted to ask for his insurance ticket at the time that he pays his fare? He is aware, of course, that accidents do happen even on the best regulated lines. But to have the truth thrust upon one in this cold-blooded formula—Death or Mutilation!—the warning voice of the slave in the victor’s chariot, even the skeleton of the Egyptian feasts—was a delicately-conveyed hint of mortality compared with this. And then, such an appraisal of one’s value—One Thousand Pounds supposed to be a handsome equivalent in the event of “Death,” and a few hundreds, probably, in a case of “Mutilation!” One Thousand Pounds! The Zoological Society give half the money for a desirable ape. Are my afflicted family to be consoled, to say nothing of the public loss sustained, by such an offer of compensation as that? And ought such torture to be permitted on a sensitive being at the moment of parting from his friends, as not only to hold before his eyes, in large capitals, the fate which probably awaits him upon his journey, but to prove to him at what a low figure they can afford to fill up the blank which he is about to leave in society?

And when an unfortunate passenger from the country, defying insurance companies, lands at last safe in the great metropolis, is it reasonable, in a land of civilisation, that he should be pelted, as he sits in his cab, by a man who is stationed for the purpose at the railway gates,

with small books, insisting that he shall immediately order a coat at £1, 10s., or the sixteen-shilling trousers? or that, if he prefer to walk, it is not enough for him to submit contentedly to the inevitable defilement of his boots, but that a little boy at every street-corner—a ragged regiment positively “brigaded” for that service—should be encouraged to point out the fact, which he would gladly ignore, to the ladies who have just recognised him from their well-appointed brongham, and to suggest that he should take his stand upon a pedestal erected for the purpose, and be cleaned down, like a horse, in public? True, the little boys in the Abyssinian villages gathered round Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, when he travelled there, and pointed to his legs, and even proceeded to feel them: but then it was not to make any disparaging remarks, but to express approbation of their condition; they cried “*Wah! wah!*” “Good, good!” Legs, to those innocent beings—especially white and well-to-do legs—were a highly-prized article of consumption; and they were perfectly justified in inspecting for themselves the condition of the meat-market. Can the weakest mind take it as a compliment to be addressed at every third doorway in a public thoroughfare, by a bankrupt-looking person, and invited to step up and have his likeness taken—and in *that* style? Is it because I have a benevolent face that, when I am going into the city on business which I hate, I should be additionally harassed by being requested, almost as if it were a duty which I owed to society, to purchase by the way, and carry with me, a globe full of gold fish, a shaking doll, and a Chinese spider? Do I look as if I wanted a Chinese spider?

If I stay in the country (I have a little place in the country) matters are just as bad; I am constantly having some little innocent pleasure or convenience done away with by the ruthless hand of civilisation. They have run a branch railway

line through that pretty little wood that used to be my favourite walk, and was as good to me as part of my own estate, though it did not belong to me—so that I have not even the melancholy satisfaction of handling the compensation-money. There is a station built just by the little waterfall, and it is called a great public convenience. It brings down, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, a band of choice spirits, male and female, from that manufacturing town whose smoky chimneys used to form an object in my landscape distance. The enchantment which distance lent is gone. Philanthropists tell us these people bring out their wives and children for a little fresh air. That’s all stuff; I am not a philanthropist, and I know better. They bring down their bull-dogs, and their game-cocks, and—there *are* women with them occasionally, and I daresay they are their wives, though they don’t look at all like the model mechanic’s wife in Cruickshank’s pictures. I see no children. I saw a notice that the “Sloggerton Infant” was expected down one evening, and his friends were specially requested to meet him; but, from what I can understand, those who went found a young man of seventeen, with preternatural bone and muscle, open to fight any man of his weight and age in England. They have built a mill on my pet trout-stream (I don’t know what they make there—very likely artificial trout); and poor little Jim, who used to lie all day on the bank watching my proceedings with intense delight, and rejoicing in the chance of wading in for a penny to release my fly from any embarrassment amongst the fringe of hazels, works there now, he tells me, from six to six, “yearning his living” as he calls it—I should say, selling his young life for pottage. I would rather have seen him take to poaching, so long as he kept out of my water. I used in former days to take pleasure in my garden, and had a tolerably honest fellow to take care

of it, who was intensely ignorant, but would do as he was told; he has now become a member of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society and left my cucumber-frames unclosed (one of those nice May evenings we had this year, with the thermometer down at anything) in order to attend an adjourned debate on the Feudal System. He has unhappily "improved" himself to that extent, that he makes the most dashing experiments, by the help of scientific horticultural publications, at my expense and that of my favourite fruits and flowers. I have a weakness for gooseberries; he has destroyed all my excellent old favourites, Hairy Bobs and Golden Farmers, and replaced them by improved varieties of enormous size, which I honestly believe are not gooseberries at all, which never ripen, and are too big to put into one's mouth if they did. I find all the peaches except three stripped off my best tree, and those three I dare not touch, as they are in training for a prize which I am happy to say they never get. I strongly suspect my groom (a member of the same society) of giving my horses arsenic to produce that fine polish on their coats which is properly obtained by honest rubbing and whistling; and have serious thoughts of testing him by making him eat a feed of oats: it could not hurt him, unless he has been medicating them; for we have taken to bruise them, in deference to Mrs. Mary Wedlake's repeated pathetic inquiries.

I have no children myself, but I can sincerely pity my friends who have. I don't mean because they have children—that may be all very well; but that they should be persuaded to pack them into perambulators and baby-jumpers, in order to enable the nurse-maids to do their crochet undisturbed. To see an unhappy infant—or a couple of them—wriggling their heads about in one of the former machines, instead of being properly carried, or

set down to do a little wholesome toddling, would have been a sight for Herod. Need parents wonder at pale faces and undeveloped muscles? We call it barbarous in the Indian mothers to pack their piccaninnies like mummies, and carry them about as if they were bags of old clothes; or in the women of Australia, who throw a child over their shoulder hanging by one leg; yet after all, for a lively specimen, the latter position is at least favourable for the kicking and sprawling which is the delight of all children, black or white.

I have already observed that the opinions of one's childhood, on certain points of social observance, undergo considerable modification. Although there is every reason to believe that fingers were made before forks, still it must be allowed that in most cases forks have proved a cleanly and convenient substitute for fingers. But modern ingenuity has not been content with giving nature merely this legitimate assistance. Having done something to make the road to the mouth easy, we have next proceeded in our wisdom to raise artificial difficulties; just as it was the fashion, a century ago, for gentlemen of taste to level all the natural inequalities in their pleasure-grounds and parks, and then proceed to throw up composition rock-work and construct formal slopes. A knife had been a very handy thing to cut butter with; it was resolved to improve upon it. An instrument was invented, in shape between a scoop and a small scimitar, whose peculiar properties are to take up a portion of butter, wildly uncertain in its dimensions, and generally ridiculously disproportioned to your requirements, and to retain it pertinaciously, owing to its peculiar form, against every attempt to deposit it upon the plate. The secret of doing this last successfully is to take a real knife, and to scrape the butter out again with this; but this is a process in which it is desirable to escape the eye of the lady who presides over the establishment,

with small boots, insisting that he shall immediately order a coat at £1, 10s., or the sixteen-shilling trousers? or that, if he prefer to walk, it is not enough for him to submit contentedly to the inevitable defilement of his boots, but that a little boy at every street-corner—a ragged regiment positively “brigaded” for that service—should be encouraged to point out the fact, which he would gladly ignore, to the ladies who have just recognised him from their well-appointed brongham, and to suggest that he should take his stand upon a pedestal erected for the purpose, and be cleaned down, like a horse, in public? True, the little boys in the Abyssinian villages gathered round Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, when he travelled there, and pointed to his legs, and even proceeded to feel them: but then it was not to make any disparaging remarks, but to express approbation of their condition: they cried “*Wah! wah!*!” “Good, good!” Legs, to those innocent beings—especially white and well-to-do legs—were a highly-prized article of consumption; and they were perfectly justified in inspecting for themselves the condition of the meat-market. Can the weakest mind take it as a compliment to be addressed at every third doorway in a public thoroughfare, by a bankrupt-looking person, and invited to step up and have his likeness taken—and in *that* style? Is it because I have a benevolent face that, when I am going into the city on business which I hate, I should be additionally harassed by being requested, almost as if it were a duty which I owed to society, to purchase by the way, and carry with me, a globe full of gold fish, a shaking doll, and a Chinese spider? Do I look as if I wanted a Chinese spider?

If I stay in the country (I have a little place in the country) matters are just as bad; I am constantly having some little innocent pleasure or convenience done away with by the ruthless hand of civilisation. They have run a branch railway

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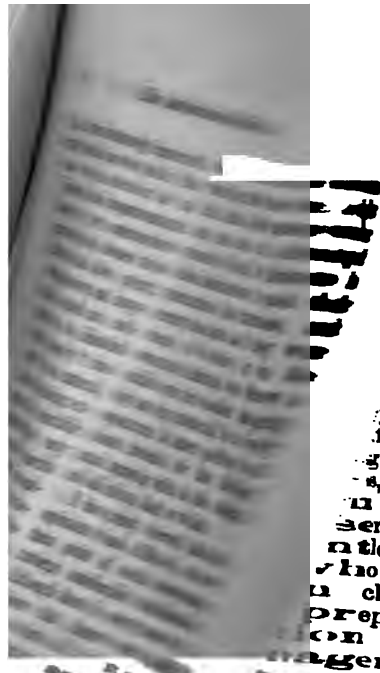
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every effort its rivals. The machine was bought and sent home; and in the pride of my new possession I invited a friend to breakfast. The coffee was to be made on the spot by the gentleman or lady requiring it; that is always the special advantage held out to tempt the purchasers of these new inventions; to make your own coffee seems supposed to be the ultimate end of human actions. Just as if new brooms were patented, the speciality of which consisted in the great fact that it would enable you to sweep out your own apartment. Well, my friend came, and found me in my dressing-gown, working away at my new apparatus, at really hard work it was, winding the windlass which I mentioned against a considerable power of suction produced by the air in some way below. It was very wholesome morning exercise, however, and calculated to increase the performance of the excellent beverage which was to follow. Twice I failed altogether; and once there was a sudden eruption which scalded my hand considerably; but I am quite willing to confess that this was rather my own fault than that of the machine; for although I thought I had pretty well mastered the theory of the science from the instruction of the fluent young gentleman who sold it, I found that I had reversed some of the processes in order of time, and thereby of course deranged the whole plan of operations. At last, with the printed instructions before me, I brought matters to successful termination, and had the pleasure of presenting my friend with a breakfast-cup full of a very dark and viscous fluid, and retaining about half the quantity for myself—coffee of my own making, and such as I trust never to drink again. There was good cream and sugar, and my friend, who was a few years younger than myself, and rather well-behaved person, with a vigorous morning appetite, was good enough to drink it without open remonstrance. My own share having been small, and highly unsatisfactory.

who is apt to have a prejudice against scratching her silver. Of course common sense would use the common knife to begin with; but the beautiful theory connected with the invention is that the steel disagrees with the butter; the fact that they get into much more intimate relations afterwards, when the butter is spread upon the toast by the ordinary implement, being conveniently ignored. Common-sense did indeed attempt a compromise, by introducing a silver butter-knife of plain shape; but society in general has stuck to its misshapen favourite. Another similar invention of the enemy, still to be found in orthodox establishments where innovations upon the old stock of family plate are sternly forborne, either from conservatism or convenience, is a weapon called a fish-slice, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Its shape is much like that of the butter-knife, only on a larger scale, and it has eccentric perforations of various patterns, whether for use or for ornament seems uncertain. Its real use, indeed, has never been discovered. If it was a secret ever known, it has long perished, like the learning of the Egyptians. To watch an unfortunate host manœuvring with it in the vain attempt to slice—say a crisp fried sole, for instance, in the days when soles came to table *au naturel*—was a very painful contemplation, especially if the guest were hungry. The desperation with which the knife was seized at last as the only master-key of such difficulties, and the other curious implement degraded into a mere shovel, and a very poor shift even for that, put one forcibly in mind of the Irishman who found the snuffers (quite a new invention to him) “mighty convenient” as a place of deposit for the snuff when he had performed the old operation upon the candle with his fingers. But even fashion could not stand the fish-slice for ever; the flat knife and small Neptune’s trident which have succeeded it do their duty better. If a specimen of the previous invention should escape

the crucible and turn up five hundred years hence, what discussions it will furnish for the archæologists who shall then be sitting! There is a third inconvenience still patronised by the dining public, or rather by their butlers and silversmiths, known and hated by all lovers of asparagus. It is called an asparagus-tongs. It takes up a very uncertain number of the heads—depending a good deal upon your luck—say it takes up nine, which is a very fair haul. It drops three out on one side and three on the other—into the dish, if you are tolerably expert—on the carpet or on the lady’s dress who sits next to you, if you are nervous and a bungler; and if you are very sharp, you get the remaining three on to your plate, and feel that it is scarcely worth while to trouble the man who follows with the melted butter. It is, in fact, an abominable implement, adapted for the suppression of asparagus altogether, and I always long to get hold of it, and treat it as the Oxford undergraduates of my day used to treat a freshman’s sugar-tongs, then considered too lady-like a luxury—twist it into any shape that will disqualify it from appearing as a tongs thereafter. Dr. Krapf, in his travels, tells us of an African chief to whom he made a present of a silver fork, and who immediately stuck it in his woolly head, and wore it there as a compliment to the doctor during the whole of his visit. I wish I could get some enterprising traveller to go the round of my friends’ tables with me, taking one of this black aristocracy with him as a lion, and giving him a private hint that such an appropriation of the asparagus-tongs would be felt by the company present as a very delicate attention.

Of all the mortifications which our patient age inflicts upon itself, none is more remarkable than the eagerness with which it adopts all inventions for spoiling its coffee. Good coffee is so easily made—that is, by any cook who will take the pains to learn the method and keep

to it afterwards—that every effort has been made by human ingenuity to complicate the process so as to avoid the proper result. Coffee, fit for the Sultan, may be made either by plain boiling, or the old “percolator.” A good article, plenty of it, and a careful hand, are the secrets. But go into any hardware shop, and you may see a counter covered with specimens of the most extraordinary machinery with classical names, all on different principles, and all professing to be the only true coffee-makers, and all—as you will find, if you are seduced into buying one—miserable failures. A fluent young gentleman is probably in attendance, who goes off at once into a lecture on chemistry and mechanics, and is prepared to give you every information and instruction as to their management; he will do everything but make you a sample cup of coffee—he knows better than that. I once bought, in my bachelor days, when I was not so well acquainted with the wicked ways of men (or of women either, for that matter), a patent article that to look at was a wonder in itself. It was the elaborate nature of the machinery that tempted me. It had, I remember, a small windlass, an air-pump, and tubes and pipes and screws innumerable. Make coffee! of course it could, I thought to myself; it looked as if it could make anything. I forget its name now; it was *Pan*-something. My own impression at this moment is that it *could* have made almost anything—except coffee. I am not much of a mechanician; but I have no doubt that very slight adaptations would have fitted it to serve as a very respectable electrifying machine, or a portable printing-press, or anything of that kind. I have a strong suspicion now that it was the work of some inventive genius, who had originally intended it for some other operation, and finding it a failure, had added it to the list of patent coffee-machines; feeling a justifiable confidence that, do what it would in that line, it could hardly do worse than some of

its rivals. The machine was bought and sent home; and in the pride of my new possession I invited a friend to breakfast. The coffee was to be made on the spot by the gentleman or lady requiring it; that is always the special advantage held out to tempt the purchasers of these new inventions; to make your own coffee seems supposed to be the ultimate end of human actions. Just as if a new broom were patented, the speciality of which consisted in the great fact that it would enable you to sweep out your own apartment. Well, my friend came, and found me in my dressing-gown, working away at my new apparatus, and really hard work it was, winding up the windlass which I mentioned, against a considerable power of suction produced by the air in some way below. It was very wholesome morning exercise, however, and calculated to increase the performer's enjoyment of the excellent beverage which was to follow. Twice I failed altogether; and once there was a sudden eruption which scalded my hand considerably; but I am quite willing to confess that this was rather my own fault than that of the machine; for although I thought I had pretty well mastered the theory of the science from the instructions of the fluent young gentleman who sold it, I found that I had reversed some of the processes in order of time, and thereby of course deranged the whole plan of operations. At last, with the printed instructions before me, I brought matters to a successful termination, and had the pleasure of presenting my friend with a breakfast-cup full of a very dark and viscous fluid, and retaining about half the quantity for myself—coffee of my own making, and such as I trust never to drink again. There was good cream and sugar: and my friend, who was a few years younger than myself, and rather a well-behaved person, with a vigorous morning appetite, was good enough to drink it without open remonstrance. My own share having been small, and highly unsatisfactory in

every respect, I proceeded to a second brew, hoping to retrieve the character of my breakfast equipage; when my guest, who was evidently imposed upon, like myself, by the elaborate "get up" of the thing, requested to be allowed to operate. He was rather given to athletics, and he worked at the windlass so energetically that the strap, which was like a small saddle-girth, gave way after a turn or two, and the whole contents of the infernal machine were divided between my friend and the tablecloth. It was my first and last attempt at fancy coffee-making.

It was even earlier in my novitiate that I was the victim of another diabolical invention. There are a good many people in these days who have come to the conclusion that scraping one's chin with a razor every morning is a very unnecessary loss of time and temper, and who would class the whole ceremony of shaving amongst the barbarisms of civilisation. This great question, like that of dress, I am content to leave untouched. But, as if the penalty of shaving were not in itself a sufficient daily mortification, there was actually an inventor, a few years ago (he has come to a bad end long since, no doubt, and therefore I forgive him), who proposed to give you a stone for a razor. He called it an *axurite*. It required no soap, no hot water, no strof, no apparatus of any kind; it was to do its work like a mowing-machine, smoothly and unfailingly, to be invaluable to tourists, and to keep its edge in all climates. It was a miserable weakness, no doubt, on my part; but, vexed by a succession of east winds and bad razors, I bought a patent axurite, and—as they say of other patent remedies—a single application was sufficient. It was a scarifier—nothing more or less. It took off small patches of the outer skin (and of course what beard was on them), and certainly put an end to all other shaving for a week. I don't approve, as I said before, of the old practice of burning all great discoverers; but I

should have liked to have put those two benefactors of the human race under treatment together for a month, and have had them both shaved every morning with the axurite, and then given them a dose of the machine-made coffee.

I am quite aware that it may be very fairly said, that if a man is green enough to be induced, by any representations of seller or advertiser, to make his coffee with a windlass and shave himself with a stone, the only verdict he can expect from an intelligent jury is, "served him right;" but look at another invention, under the tyranny of which we all groan more or less, but which very few have the strength of mind to resist. Has not the curse of steel pens swept over the land, until decent handwriting is almost unknown? Do not ninety-nine persons in a hundred use steel pens, and has more than one out of the ninety-nine the effrontery to say he can write with them? Lord Palmerston was quite right—the handwriting of this generation is abominable; and as new improvements in steel pens go on, that of the next will be worse. The fine Roman hand of the last century has died out; the steel can't do it. There is neither grace nor legibility in the angular scrawl that prevails now. Open any parish register of fifty years back, and see in what a fine legible hand, and scholar-like, too, in most cases, the parson of that day made his entries. Our present young parson, though he took a first class at Oxford, and wears a most correct waistcoat, doesn't do it, and couldn't do it, if his benefit of clergy depended on it. Even the overseers' account in the parish books, which you may find in the same iron chest, will show writing of a similar character. It was more difficult, perhaps, in those days to find an overseer who could write at all; but those who could write, wrote far better. The first downward step in the fall of pens was the introduction of a machine, now happily extinct, called

a pen-maker. Of course, it did not make pens; but you could convert the thing it did make into a tolerable pen by the ancient process afterwards, with a very little extra trouble, so that it was rather a success for a patent invention. Even writing-masters, from laziness, adopt the miserable substitute that comes to them ready-made in boxes; and the consequence is, that the art of quill-pen making—and quite an art it is—is dying out; and the old village schoolmaster, who could mend you a bundle of real pens in half-an-hour into such perfect instruments that it was a positive pleasure to write your name with them, has long been superseded by a certificated coxcomb, who impresses upon his scholars that *pen* is derived from *penna*, a feather, which is a highly interesting illustration of the little dirty implement they are holding in their hands; according to a modern system of instruction which goes on what is called the rational plan, and which, as the last Educational Report tells us, is fast driving reading and writing out of the field.

In those dark ages, when people wrote with good pens, they had also good ink and good paper. It is the hardest matter in the world to get either now. Old ink used to be made with galls—at least we remember that great authority, *Pinnock's Catechism*, taught so. What they make it of now is quite impossible to say; but it is a totally different and inferior article. Whether the little insects have taken to make their gall-nuts (for there were millions of them on the young oaks last season) by some patent machine, which, of course, would account at once for deterioration in quality, or whether the human ink-makers have hit upon some "valuable substitute," certain it is that the search for good ink is as hopeless as the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. So it is with paper, though in a less degree; they tell you that the reason is that good rags are scarce in the market; our linen has all become calico, and the substitute of which good paper

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is to be made, and which would be a real public blessing, is just what our modern inventors fail to find. For the curious fact is, not that in these cases you are tempted by a cheap article, and naturally find it bad, but that the good article appears to be driven out of the market altogether, and the old quality is not to be had even if you are willing to pay the old price.

It must not be rashly concluded, because I fell such an easy victim to some of these delusive contrivances, that in my maturer years I am still dragged along unresistingly with the march of invention. I am proud to say, for instance, that I still possess for my own use and that of my friends, a corkscrew—I mean a real corkscrew, that can draw corks; not one of those complicated engines with cog-wheels and levers, which merely pretend to draw corks, like the raven in *Barnaby Rudge*. But I have seen an instrument—the last patent invention—on a friend's sideboard, which was most ingeniously contrived to render the drawing of a cork impossible. It would break it, twist it, take out a quarter of it and leave the rest in, or *vice versa*—or come out itself altogether and leave the cork behind, according to the way in which you arranged it; but draw the cork fairly was what it would not do. The patentee declared that it could be used with facility by "ladies and children." What should ladies and children want to draw corks for? They could use it, no doubt, and with much the same effect as anybody else; in point of fact, my friend's children always did use it whenever they could get at it, thinking, very naturally, that it had been brought home for their special amusement, and were playing at drawing corks all day, which I consider was a very demoralising recreation. But what, in the name of the great Fiddle-faddle, does a man want with a system of wheels and levers for so simple, not to say delightful, an operation as drawing a cork? Did

you ever see a cork worth drawing that you couldn't draw, and wouldn't feel it a pleasure so to do, with the good old implement? or, at the very worst, can't we knock the head off the bottle? You may take it from me, as the judges say, that there are very few corks drawn in that house—if it be a lady's establishment it is quite proper it should be so—where the host proceeds by such a very circumcumbent route to the operation. A man must be uncommonly fond of his corks who is so delicate about extracting them. Nor did I ever invest in a patented convenience which some readers may remember, called a Reversible Coat, which was to be a portable wardrobe in itself; one side waterproof, to be worn when it rained, and the other of excellent broadcloth, in which the wearer was to make his appearance, upon his arrival at his journey's end, as spruce as if he had just walked out of his dressing-room. That garment did not meet with any large share of public patronage. It was understood that the only unfortunate individual who tried it, having reversed the wetted side, and sat through a very long morning call, looking perfectly dry and comfortable, has paid the penalty of that one false appearance as a rheumatic cripple ever since.

One class of inventors there is, unhappily fast increasing upon us, which would have justified any amount of persecution which could have been brought to bear upon them in the ages which we call barbarous, and which do seem to come direct from the fountain of evil. It is those which profess to give you all the good things under the sun without trouble, and at no expense worth mentioning—asking you to believe that certain clever impostors have reduced the essence of nature into powders, and can sell them, out of pure love to mankind, at a mere trifle per box. Does your linen wear out at a very unaccountable rate? Depend upon it, your

powder, which contains in itself, extracted and compressed (perhaps from the dust of departed washerwomen), all the virtues of good honest scrubbing at a tithe of the cost. Are you staying for a few days with some hospitable friend in the country, over whose farm you have been content to march with him, propitiated by the usual excellence of his butter; and do you find put upon your plate at breakfast, upon this last visit, something which at the first glance you take for some unknown foreign preparation? It is butter, nevertheless. You stumble on in great confusion with your usual panegyric upon the excellence of the dairy arrangements, which has hitherto burst from your lips in all honesty, and the recitation of which you had already begun; and the excellent lady who is making tea accepts the compliment, with the explanation, that the product which you are now hesitating how to dispose of with any decency, was "made in two minutes" that very morning: "you put a powder in the churn," &c., &c., and it is "such a saving of labour to the dairywoman." You don't like to quote Scripture loosely, yet it would seem to you scarcely irreverent to observe, that if the rule of the great economy was that man should "eat bread in the sweat of his brow," much more would it probably apply to butter; and that this simplification of nature's processes is likely, even from *a priori* reasoning, to prove a very questionable success; while you have a strong argument on the same side from facts in the nasty mess before you. Taking advantage of an unobserved moment, you offer a large lump on a bit of toast to Floss, who sits up begging at your side; but Floss, a spaniel of great taste and discernment, has given up butter since the patent manufacture was introduced; so there it lies on your plate all breakfast-time, in dreadful evidence of your hypocrisy. There is another of these miraculous powders, which, unless some timely

amendment is made in the Poisons Act, and a clause inserted to embrace it specially, threatens, if I may so express it—for indignation makes us poetical, says the Roman satirist—to turn the staff of life into a broken reed, piercing the hand (it should be the stomach, but that spoils the metaphor) that leans on it. To the adulterations of bread we are all pretty well accustomed. Heaven only knows, (though, in truth, such knowledge comes rather from the other quarter) what we eat, or what we do not eat, in the baker's loaf. To the unfortunate man who has just made a London breakfast, Dr. Hassall's revelations must almost serve as an emetic. Bones, beans, alum, plaster of Paris, with a miserable modicum of flour of wheat! Well may the London boys call the small new-made loaf a "twopenny buster." A sensitive person *would* burst sometimes if he knew what he was eating. But of all these, it may be said that they are in a certain sense *bonâ fide* adulterations. The perpetrators have the grace to deny them flatly; and no baker who has any sense of professional decency advertises alum as an attractive speciality of his establishment. But there is an invention called Baking Powder. It is to supersede yeast and remove all those difficulties complained of by inefficient housekeepers. It is a very painful subject, for it has destroyed my faith in home-made bread. I know ladies who boast of it, openly and shamelessly. In how many families it is used secretly I am afraid to think. It is impossible, in practice, to ask every mistress of a family on whom you depend for the time for wholesome food, in the searching formula of Mrs. Wedlake before named, "Do you use Baking Powder yet?" and it poisons all one's innocent enjoyment to fancy you detect it in the delusive hot rolls and buttered cakes of which you thought you knew the whole manufacture to be above suspicion. Fortunately it has an aroma which

is seldom mistaken. The same inventor has also a preparation which he declares is "Instantaneous Destruction to Insect Life." It is merely the Baking Powder, of course, under another name. *That* would kill *anything*, if they could be induced to take enough of it. There is another patent compound, also in powder, of which I would not even write the name (if I could remember it), lest I should contribute to spread the knowledge of such an abomination. Enough that every ounce of it professes to contain "the virtues of twelve eggs" (added). I have never eaten custard since I saw the advertisement. But it is sad to think that the hospitable matrons whom you have known so long, otherwise well-meaning women, should be thus at the mercy of improvements where everything was so good before. One lady drove me from her house long ago, to her eternal loss, by the use of gelatine; another by the patent brandy. When a woman even deliberates upon these things she is lost—so far as my society is concerned—irreclaimably.

These are some few of the reasons why it seems to me, there being no immediate prospect of a new infusion of the barbarian element into European society, that a "Society for the better prevention of Inventions and Discoveries" might put in a fair claim for public support. Even some of the greatest discoveries seem to have been strong in the elements of evil. What a world of unpleasantness would have been saved to us here in England if Columbus had never discovered America! It is a great question whether cotton (or even tobacco) had been anything like an equivalent. It is only very impatient people, like Alexander, who want new worlds. The worst of the inventive principle is, that it never knows when to stop. Archimedes, not satisfied with puzzling school-boys with his forty-seventh proposition, would have coolly pitched the whole creation into a vacuum (if

he could only have found a place to stand on, which fortunately he did not) just to show his power of leverage. Does any one wonder, after that, to find the world fighting very shy of natural philosophers? There is a great deal of good, as was before observed, in the instinct which shows itself originally in all nations, to consider such people as knowing more than they ought; and it deserves to be encouraged, in a modified form, in our own generation. I am not an advocate for any sudden reaction, but shall be content for the present with a pause in this mad race after inconveniences, confident that when society has a little time to think, it will come to the conclusion, that in our preparations to make this journey of life as easily and as pleasantly as we can, there are two ways in which it is possible to proceed — one is, to cram your portmanteaus and imperials with every article that can and cannot be wanted, and take with you as many useless servants as you can afford, and find yourself hampered by these aids to travelling at every stage; and the other, to shoulder your knapsack, packed on homœopathic principles, and go where you will, a free man.

THE DEMISE OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

AFTER long delay, doubtless very trying to the patience of all concerned, but not greater than any one knowing the magnitude of the work to be done and of the difficulties to be encountered might have reasonably anticipated, the orders for the "amalgamation" of the old local armies of India with the Line have been officially notified in the *Gazette*. And we have now before us, in those orders issued by the Governor-General of India, and in the correspondence of the Secretary of State for India in Council, sufficient information to guide us to a right understanding of the general scope and tendency of the measure. Some details of the scheme are, as we write, still subjects of reference between the two Governments; but even these reserved questions will probably have undergone final solution before this number of *Maga* is in the hands of our readers.

We make no premature announcement, therefore, when we say that the Indian army is now dead. It lives only in the traditions of the service and the history of the nation. A little while ago, when arguments and apologies were sought to justify the destruction of an institution but recently so lusty and full of life — so honourable, and so honoured — it was the fashion with speakers and writers of a certain class to traduce the character of the Indian army, and to declare that not only had the "faithful sepoy" become a rebel and a murderer, but that the European soldier had developed into a rioter and a mutineer, and that the European officers of the whole Indian army had shown themselves to be wanting in discipline and in the power of command. But this cry, having served its purpose, is now, it seems, permitted to die away into occasional indistinct mutterings not of a very complimentary character, but still not broadly condemnatory of the whole service. The justificatory plea has subsided into a vague expression of compassion, indicating that the old local army may have had its uses, and may have been not wholly without merit, but that its day had gone by, and that its death was only a necessary consequence of the extinction of the Government which had called it into existence. But it is not after this fashion that such an institution as the old local army of India ought to

be suffered to go out like a candle that has burnt down to the socket. We all deplore the great madness of 1857, than which so far as it went, nothing could have been worse. It was assuredly a terrible blot upon the fair fame of the Indian army; but, at worse, it was only the rebellion of a part of that army. It is common to write and to speak of the outbreak as if the whole army had violently thrown off its allegiance, and given itself up to the wild delights of rapine and murder. But considering the infectious character of this disease of mutiny—how the evil influence runs, as it were, like a fine electric fluid, from link to link of the great chain—it is subject of admiration that so large a portion of the Indian army remained, throughout all that troubled period, true to its alien masters. Nor should it be forgotten that even some of those rebellious regiments, which died at last in such fiery convulsions, had years and years, perhaps nearly a century, of good and faithful service written down to their credit in the military annals of our Indian empire. Let us not forget this. Dear old Jack Sepoy has become in men's minds only an accursed Pandy. But is this reproach to last for ever? In the history of many civilised nations there is to be found an exceptional period of delirium—a reign of terror—when the worst atrocities were committed under the influence of irrepressible excitement, and men for a time became brute beasts, delighting in the savage slaughter of their kind. But these excesses, which have not fallen short, in their cruelty and their wickedness, of the horrors with which the memory of the last days of the regular native army of India is burdened, have not stamped an abiding disgrace on the nations which perpetrated them. They have been regarded as brief paroxysms of insanity, entirely of an abnormal or exceptional kind; and the nation itself, returning to its former amenities, has been suffered to resume its old place among the recognised civilisations of the world. Is the sepoy, then, never to have absolution? Is his "previous good character" to go for nothing? Take him for all and all, he has been a good soldier and a faithful servant. The sepoy army of the East India Company won its laurels upon many a hard-fought field. Even in the days of its fidelity there were writers who declared that all our victories in India had been gained by the royal army; but we have not so read history. Not only are our old sepoy regiments ever to be found, in the annals of Eastern warfare, fighting side by side with our English troops, bearing like privations and encountering like dangers, but many great military exploits, which have contributed largely to the progress of our empire, have been achieved by the unaided gallantry of the Company's native troops. From the days of Arcot and Clive to those of Meeanee and Napier, they may be seen doing and suffering with and for their European comrades, dying with them as faithfully and as resolutely as if they had served a master of the same colour and the same creed. Wherever English troops have gone in India and the adjacent countries, they too have gone; and there are pages of history in which it is recorded that they have gone beyond them, and done what they could not do. Why, then, should we now revile them? Truly, they were good soldiers in their day. We may sneer at the faithful sepoy as at one of the delusions of the past. But it was not a delusion; Jack Sepoy was not an impostor. If there be any thing to be sneered at, it is the preposterous notion that he has been for a century or so veiling his hatred and biding his time; that he assumed a mask of fidelity only for the purpose of rendering the coming vengeance more terrible and more crushing; that

his only object was that we should "lay our sleeping lives up in his arms," and that we should perish thus naked and defenceless. We have somewhere seen the case of the sepoy likened to that of the young tiger, which, trained and disciplined and fed regularly on mild unexciting food, couched by the fireside of its English master, had licked the hand that cherished it as tamely as any domestic animal, until it chanced that the beast's rough tongue broke the tender skin, and then it growled as it had never growled before, and sprang upon the man, for it had tasted blood. There is much that is pertinent in this similitude, for it is as much the nature of the Indian army to mutiny, as it is the nature of a tiger to delight in blood. But the tiger was not an impostor. It kissed the hand that fed it in unfeigned gratitude and fidelity, for its natural propensities had for a time been kept in abeyance by gentle treatment, and by mild food given at regular intervals, so that the animal never knew hunger. And thus for a century we kept in abeyance the natural propensities of the Indian soldier by kindly treatment and regular pay, until in an unhappy moment he tasted blood, and then he fell upon his master. But every English officer who has served with the native sepoy knows right well that he had many good and noble traits of character, that he *was* faithful to his employers, that he *did*, when well treated, love his English captain; and there are few who do not believe that, if trusted again, he would be true again, and that the wickedness of the last few years was but a passing madness, which it may take another century to excite again into the same terrible activity. There are old sepoy officers, who, having left India before the mutiny with strong feelings of attachment towards their old followers, can scarcely believe that all this sad history is anything but a fearful dream.

But whilst we thus deprecate the practice of suffering the evil done by the sepoys to live after them, and of interring their good deeds with their bones, we admit that the events of 1857-58 clearly indicated the expediency of diminishing the native army's power for evil by the juxtaposition of a larger proportion of European troops. To hold India with European troops alone was not to be thought of, for, if feasible, the country would not have been worth holding upon such terms. But that there should be, after such a terrible warning, at all times in the country a larger permanent body of European troops, was only a necessary deduction from the great fact of the mutiny. The most obvious remedy, in such a case, was the extension of the local European army. The Company had maintained, in each of the Presidencies of India, some regiments of European infantry, and after the breaking-out of the mutiny, some regiments of European cavalry had been raised. A permanent addition to the strength of the force in India being needed, the most natural suggestion was that the local European army should be increased, not that more general-service regiments should be sent to India, to be recalled at the will and pleasure of the Imperial authorities. Indeed, it was owing to the pressing requirement of the Imperial Government that, in the early part of 1857, India was so denuded of European troops; and not the least pregnant lesson taught by the mutiny, was that which inculcated the danger of placing the military resources of India in any way, directly or indirectly, at the disposal of the Horse Guards and the War Office. But nothing is plainer now than that the local Indian army was doomed, from the very first, in high places, and that all inquiry was a mere pretence. At first we used to hear of the "Reorganisation" of the Indian army, then the word "Amalgamation" became one of general accept-

ance, and now we rather speak of the absorption or extinction of the Indian army than of anything more remote from the actual fact. Nothing, indeed, can have been more significant than the course which the so-called inquiry took. There was at first some show of an investigation with respect to the best means of reconstructing the old local army of India, but this soon shaded off into an examination of the question of amalgamation or no amalgamation; and that settled upon the most approved Horse Guards principle, the inquiry, after considerable loss of time, reached the point at which, with such foregone conclusions, it might have legitimately commenced, — namely, a consideration of the best means of absorbing the local army of India into the Line—of swallowing up the old establishment of the Company. Fortunately for the promoters of this great scheme of extinction, an event occurred, at an opportune moment, which greatly strengthened their hands. By the mismanagement of the authorities, on the transfer of the old Company's army to the Crown, just cause of offence was given to the European soldiery of the local regiments, and they stood for their rights with a tenacity which was considered more demonstrative of their resolution as men than of their discipline as soldiers. It is generally acknowledged nowadays that they had very much the best of the argument; and indeed it may be said that the justice of their claims has since been practically acknowledged by the course which has now been adopted on the extinction of the local army. But there is no doubt that this logical assertion of the rights of the old Company's Europeans hastened the downfall of the local army. Whatever the real feelings which were entertained, the real conclusions which were arrived at, there were many who were glad to cite what they called the European mutiny as an evidence of the necessity of maintaining only a single army, subject to one undivided authority. The tendency of the argument, as we demonstrated in a former paper, was altogether in an opposite direction. But there was something plausible in the pretext, and many who were in search of an excuse for shifting their ground, who had declared against the expediency of amalgamation, and subsequently found the inconvenience of the declaration, saw in this outbreak an apology for tergiversation, and rattled without remorse. From that time all doubt as to the fate of the local army was at an end. A bill was hurried through Parliament nominally for the suspension of enlistment; and a committee of officers was appointed to consider the best means of carrying out the scheme of amalgamation. Then the India Office took the matter in hand. The members of the Indian Council declared their views; and some at least are known to have drawn up protests, weighty in fact and solid in argument, against the extinction of the local character of the Indian army. But as far as practical results were concerned, they might as well have endeavoured to resuscitate the East India Company itself. The Secretary of State sent out his orders to the Governor-General of India, giving that authority certain powers of modification and adaptation; and the Governor-General, calling in the aid of a special committee of experienced officers with as little delay as could reasonably be expected, perfected and published the scheme.

Little as we can see to justify the measure as a whole, we cheerfully admit that all possible praise is due to those who have been charged with the duty of carrying out its details. People spoke at one time somewhat loosely of the "amalgamation scheme," as though the business were as easily accomplished as the amalgamation of water and whisky in a glass of toddy. But the ex-

perienced few knew well the difficulties of the task, and the result has shown that they have not been exaggerated. That those difficulties have been even partially surmounted is highly creditable to the executive. Indeed, there is a general disposition on all sides to admit that, the measure having been once decreed by the Imperial Parliament, the Indian authorities both in England and India did their best to carry it out in the manner most beneficial to the State, and least injurious to individual interests. But it was not possible to carry it out in such a manner as to give satisfaction to all persons interested in the scheme, and we are prepared to hear that many have been injuriously affected by its application to their particular circumstances and positions.

Indeed, as we proceed to sketch out a rough outline of the scheme, it will be apparent to every reader that this was almost a necessity. The question of the soldiers was disposed of with comparative ease. There was a large reduction of the native army, and the European soldiery of the local army were invited to volunteer into the line, bounty-money being paid to them as the price of the transfer. Of course, the greater number were only too glad to receive this bonus, and to live in a continual state of intoxication until it was all spent; the rest were content to take their discharge. It cannot be said, then, that any injustice was done to them. With respect to the native troops, the great bulk of them in the Bengal army provided for themselves, by mutinying. In Madras and Bombay the strength of the native armies has been considerably reduced; but as every regiment, as soon as enlistment is suspended, very rapidly reduces itself, and as pains have been taken in every case of disbandment to render it as little injurious as possible to the discharged sepoy, we may hope that the amount of injury inflicted upon

deserving men has been very small. But the case of the officers of the old local army of India is of a much more complicated character. To realise the idea of a body of effective officers, you must presuppose the existence of a sufficient number of regiments to provide commands of different degrees for them. But here the regiments were gone, and for a large number of the officers there was actually no employment. How, then, were they to be provided for? The great difficulty of "amalgamation" lay in the solution of that question.

With respect to the Artillery and the Engineer regiments of the three Presidencies, the course of procedure was comparatively easy. It was determined that they should become component parts of the Royal Artillery and Engineers, but that the existing establishments, although reorganised in accordance with the system of the royal army, should be maintained in their integrity, and that promotion should go on as heretofore in the several regiments — every officer attached to them under the old system retaining his status, but all future appointments being made to the general body of the Royal Artillery or Engineers. The old Indian corps will thus in course of time die out. Meanwhile the tendency of reorganisation on the European model, is to confer on officers of the old Indian Artillery and Engineer regiments some immediate benefits in the way of accelerated promotion; but to entail upon them, by the reduction of the number of higher commands, some deterioration of prospective advantages. On the whole, however, there is not much room for complaint. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that these regiments have volunteered almost bodily for the royal service; the more especially as we understand that, when ordered to serve out of India, the period of service in Europe or the colonies, or in whatsoever country they may be posted, will "count

for pension" just as if it had been spent in the Indian Presidency.

But with respect to the large body of officers originally attached to the old Company's infantry and cavalry regiments, the difficulty was of a very serious kind. Not only had a considerable number of their regiments been actually swept away, but those which remained were, for the most part, to be reconstructed on a system which contemplated the employment with them only of a much smaller body of officers than had been attached to the regular native corps under the old *régime*. The local European regiments were to be assimilated to the Line, and absorbed into the regular army of the Crown; but the remaining native regiments were to be fashioned on the Irregular system, and to each of them only six European officers were to be attached. The officering of the new Line regiments absorbed only a small number of field-officers, captains, and subalterns; and for the rest there remained nothing but the Staff or retirement. Now, with respect to the Staff, it is to be noticed that the new scheme of amalgamation contemplated the establishment of a gigantic Staff corps, the royal warrant for which was published some time in advance of the rest of the plan. The officers attached to the new Irregular native regiments were to be accounted as on the Staff—so that the means of absorbing the effective officers of the old Indian army were limited to the new Line regiments, and to the new Staff corps.

Such, in rough outline, is the scheme of what is called amalgamation. We may proceed now to render it more intelligible to the general reader by supplying a few details. Firstly, then, with respect to the new Staff corps; it is to be observed that it was at once the commonest and the loudest complaint against the old Indian army, that its regiments were drained of their officers to supply the numerous Staff appointments, one of which every regi-

mental officer was eager to obtain. Who would voluntarily continue to command a company of sepoys in some remote out-station, if he could be invested with almost regal power as political agent at some native court, or could reside in a good house and enjoy good society at Calcutta as a member of some well-salaried department? The desire to escape from regimental duty was so natural that no one can reasonably condemn it. But the result was not, on that account, the less injurious to the public service. Not that the regiments were thus left under-officered, for we are now about to attach a much smaller proportion of officers to our native corps, but because the Staff system drained the regiments of their best officers, and the remainder were continually hankering after detached employment, and taking little interest in their regimental duties. To obviate this state of things, as well as to provide for a large number of Indian officers, a Staff corps has been established, the members of which will not be borne on the strength of any other regiments, but will rise by length of service in the corps itself. Of this Staff corps the officers of the native regiments are to be members. They are to be selected, on account of especial qualifications, just as the officers of Irregular corps were selected under the old system. Regimental employment with native corps will thus become an object of ambition, and every regiment will henceforth, at all times, be officered up to its appointed strength. This is a manifest improvement upon the old system. Our native regiments did not want many, but they wanted *good*, officers—men who would take a pride in their corps, and never desire to leave it for other employment; and such men they will have, now that to be attached to a native regiment is to be a Staff officer, with all the honours and emoluments of the Staff.

Besides these, the Staff will in-

clude all the different departments heretofore known under that comprehensive title — as the Political Department, the Public Works Department, &c. — the corps being divided into three parts, entirely independent of each other, for Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. All present incumbents will have the benefit of such incumbency; and, so far, we have every reason to be satisfied. We believe that nothing could be much fairer than the general administration of patronage in India under the old system, and that the men who now hold offices on the Staff — who are in political or civil employment, or attached to Irregular corps — are men who have fairly earned the distinction by their high character and superior attainments. But we cannot say that we have the same confidence with respect to the future. Under the old system, the candidates for Staff employment in India were the protégés of the East India Company, from whom they received their first appointments, and it very rarely happened that the dispensers of patronage in India had any especial interest in them. They went to India to spend their lives in India; they went because an Indian career had been marked out for them — not to spend a few years in a lucrative appointment, and then to hurry home again. It was felt that men who bore the burden and heat of the day were those best entitled to share the special advantages of Indian service; and on this and other accounts, appointments on the general Staff, except in specified exceptional instances, were not given to officers of the royal service, who were in India merely as birds of passage.

But henceforth the Staff corps is to be open to the whole British army. The conditions of an appointment are, that the officer must have served three years with a regiment, two of which must have been in India; and that he must have passed the prescribed examination

in Hindoostani. The selection of officers for the Staff will rest with the Governments of India; but "no officer serving with any regiment" is to be detached without the permission of the Commander-in-Chief. The language of the general order announcing the formation of the Staff corps, leaves us in some doubt as to whether such appointments are to be restricted to officers whose regiments are in India at the time of appointment. If this be the intention, as it clearly ought to be, it is not set forth in the clauses (Nos. 79-80 *et seq.*) of the general order prescribing the conditions of appointment to the Staff corps. As far as we can see, there is nothing to prevent an officer who may have served two years in India at any former period of his career, and who has got up the necessary "cram" in Hindoostani, from slipping out of Aldershot or the Curragh into some responsible office in India. It is true that, in the first instance, his appointment to the Staff corps is only on "probation;" that he serves, as it were, experimentally, and that, if the experiment be not satisfactory to his employers, he may be remanded to his regiment, on the strength of which he is still to be borne during this year of probation. But we apprehend that it is only in cases of very signal incapacity or glaring misconduct that authority of this kind will be exercised by Government. And even if the officer from Aldershot or the Curragh should be a man of striking capacity, we should still look upon his appointment as highly objectionable; not merely because he would be wanting in local knowledge and experience, but because his nomination to the Staff would dishearten those who have been endeavouring to earn promotion of this kind by service on the spot. Under any circumstances, we are never likely to see again in India, men like the officers of the old Company's army — with no thought beyond India,

proud of their Indian service, and desiring no better inheritance for their children; men who laid their bones in the soil, or perhaps lived to welcome their grandsons to the scenes of their own triumphs. But there is hope still that, unless the army should become even a more aristocratic profession than it now is, there may grow up in time a class of working officers, whose ambition it will be to be attached to regiments serving in India, and who will endeavour to qualify themselves, by hard service on the spot, for employment on the Staff; and, having been once appointed to the Staff corps, will look upon their duties as the profession of their lives, and will not suffer any home-sickness to mar their utility as public servants. There is hope of this, we say, if the avenue to Staff employment in India be strictly guarded. But if officers not serving in India are eligible for such employment, because at some former period of their lives they may have served two years in India—if interest at home, in such a case, is ever permitted to do more for a man than service in India—we may be sure that all heart and hope will be crushed out of the working officers, and that they will never develop into an enduring class; indeed, that when the present stock has died out, there will never again be such a thing as a genuine Indian officer.

These remarks apply with equal force, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Indian Civil Service, which is fast following the army to the tomb. No injurious effects may result from throwing open all the civil and military appointments in the gift of the Indian Governments to the general community of the British Isles, if there be any substantial guarantee for the nomination to such appointments of persons possessing the required amount of local knowledge and experience. As this sheet is passing through the press, the means of imposing due limitations and restrictions upon the

future distribution of Indian civil patronage is being considered in the House of Commons; and inas-much as the area of selection is larger, and the general body of candidates likely to be of a hungrier order, the subject of such restrictions appears to us to be more important in its bearing upon the civil than upon the military patronage of the Indian Governments. We have seen what the limitations are in the latter case; but we must add that there is a further check upon the real administration of Indian patronage, that every appointment to the Staff corps is to be confirmed by the Secretary of State for India in Council, and that unless confirmed within a certain time, it is not to take effect. The intent of this is sufficiently good; but it is one of those checks which is more commendable in principle than effective in practice. We believe that it is quite sufficient to prevent any gross job, but not to secure the general efficiency of the Staff.

The Staff corps having absorbed a considerable number of Indian officers, the absorption by the new Line regiments is next to be considered. Three regiments of light dragoons are to be added to the British cavalry, and nine regiments of foot are to be added to the British infantry. These are, of course, to be general-service corps, officered from the old local army. The number of officers thus provided with regimental duty will be between 400 and 500. The strength of the Staff, including officers of the new native regiments, we do not exactly know; but when every post is filled, and the new European regiments provided for, there must still be a considerable residue of unemployed officers. Now, the hope is that a large proportion of these may be induced to retire. To strengthen the inducements previously existing, the home Government, some months ago, offered a bonus for prompt retirement. But they did not bid high enough. The offer was

limited to £50 a-year to officers of all grades. That many officers, disheartened and disgusted, were eager to retire, was certain; but it may be doubted whether the additional £50 pension would in many cases have stimulated men to retire, who would not have retired without it. It always appeared to us to be a mistake. To offer men of all ranks and ages the same annual addition to their pensions, seemed to indicate a misunderstanding of the business, for which it was not easy to account. The elder officers were those whose retirement was most desired, and yet to them the least additional inducement was held out. The premium should have taken the shape of a percentage upon the legitimate pension of each rank. To give an annuity of £50 to a man aged forty, is to give much more than the same annual amount to a man at sixty, looking at the matter both from the donor's and the recipient's point of view. It was patent, therefore, that a rateable addition to existing pensions should have been offered in the first instance. That it will eventually be offered we see little room to doubt. It has been recommended by the commission appointed in Calcutta to consider the practical details of "amalgamation," that, starting from a minimum addition of £100 a-year to retiring pensions, the rates of increase should rise from that point in proportion to the amount of legitimate pension claimable for different periods of service; and we believe that this recommendation has the concurrence of the Government of India. It now rests with the Secretary of State in Council to sanction or not to sanction it. We have no doubt that, if retirement of a large body of officers at the present time be a desideratum, this is the way to accomplish it. But it is not to be denied that, when we consider the principle on which such a scheme is based, there are very grave objections to it.

What it is proposed to do is, to offer a premium for the withdrawal of a large amount of knowledge and experience from the country, in order to make way for new and untried men. We are, in fact, endeavouring to detach men from the Indian service, just as they have come, or are becoming, valuable servants. Having paid for them in their crude or apprentice state, we are getting rid of them as skilled workmen, and entailing upon the revenues of India the cost of a greatly increased pension-list. But it is to be said, on the other hand, that these men, feeling themselves, as it were, swamped and absorbed, certain that they can never again occupy their old position, being mere burdens and excrescences upon the new system, can never again become good, earnest-minded, because hopeful, public servants. It is painful to contemplate such a state of things; but we fear that there is no help for it. And on the whole, perhaps, it is better that men should not remain in the service after they have lost all heart and hope—all energy in and affection for it. Let us provide for as many as we can, in such a manner as to render it unlikely that they will regret the change; and having done that, let us give the rest the option of retirement on liberal terms, the principle being that of compensation for loss of prospects. It appears to us that there is only a choice of evils, and that the greater evil of the two is the continuance on the strength of the Indian army (in what position we do not exactly see) of a number of discontented officers, chafing under a sense of injustice. We admit that the alternative is a melancholy one, but it is inherent in the scheme of "amalgamation;" and we cannot help thinking that, the extinction of the Indian army having been devised, the best thing that now can be done is to make our old Indian officers as comfortable in their retirement as the re-

venues of India can afford to make them.

"As the revenues of India can afford" — "Ay, there's the rub." Everybody knows that India's great difficulty, at the present time, is of a financial character. The mutiny cost an immense sum of money, by increasing expenditure on the one side, and diminishing revenue on the other; and the Government were obliged to borrow largely to make up the deficiency. There was no help for it. It was a matter of life and death; it was no time for grudging or stinting. The British army was hired freely for the suppression of the Indian mutiny. Nobody complained when India was called upon to pay for it. India, whatever may be her offences, has always paid freely and cheerfully. England has often thrown burdens upon her not properly her own, but has never been asked to bear her burdens. But although India, being in difficulties, consented to pay for extrication from them, there was no reason why she should pay all her life for the expensive remedies demanded only by a crisis — why the critical state should grow into the normal condition of affairs. But England having discovered the benefit, in time of peace, of employing a large portion of her military forces in India at the cost of the Indian revenues, will not willingly abandon an advantage of so palpable a kind. It being admitted that more European troops are required in India, England avails herself of the admission to lighten her own burdens. And why not? it may be said. If an arrangement can be made advantageous alike to the empire and the dependency, why grudge the former her share of the benefit!

The answer is, that if the arrangement were advantageous alike to India and to England, no one would grudge England her share of the advantage. But the arrangement is one which, however economical, seen from the English point of

view, is, so far as India is concerned, wasteful and extravagant in the highest degree. If India, requiring the aid and protection of so many thousands of fighting men, were called upon to pay for them when serving her, there might be little to say financially against the arrangement. But the complaint is, that she is called upon continually to pay for a large body of fighting men who are not serving her. It is the *waste of service* that she deplores and resists. The system of garrisoning India with troops of the Line involves the maintenance of a large body of unserviceable troops at sea, on their passage to and from India. This is wasteful and extravagant, but it may be said that, as they are on their way to and from Indian service, and England has no benefit from them, India ought to pay the charge. But over and above the number of men who will be drawing pay on the high seas, there will be another large body, comprising the *depôt* companies of regiments in India, in garrison at home, which, although essentially a part of the available resources of the empire, are made a charge upon the Indian revenues. This does not appear to be just; and the appearance of injustice is greatly aggravated by the fact, made known to us in recent official correspondence laid before Parliament, that the Secretary of State for India in Council has protested against the inordinate strength at which these *depôt* companies are now kept up in time of peace, but has not succeeded in turning aside from their purpose the authorities of the Horse Guards and the War Office. Their object, of course, is to make the army estimates as pleasant as possible, and to lubricate the path of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by making India contribute largely to the military defence of the British Isles. The authorities in India, no less than the Indian authorities at home, have remonstrated against this in-

justice. The Governor-General says truly, in a published despatch, that if the income of India is to be made to balance its expenditure, there must be the strictest economy in England as well as in India; and Mr. Laing has repeated this with emphatic reference to the case of the depôts, in his speech on the introduction of his budget. We hear by every mail of great reductions of military expenditure in India. We have always believed such reduction to be feasible without any diminution of the real strength of the empire. But it is disheartening to the Indian authorities, both abroad and at home, to know that all their efforts to bring the military expenditure of India within manageable compass are thwarted by the efforts of the Imperial authorities to throw upon India the burden of supporting as large a part of the British army as they can make any sort of pretence for casting upon the distant dependency. The struggle thus commenced between Imperial and Indian interests is no light matter. Hitherto, it must be acknowledged that those who have supported the former have been far more unscrupulous, and we may add more successful, than the Indian functionaries, who, somehow or other, always contrive to be beaten in these encounters. Indeed, when we come to think more of it, there is nothing surprising in this. The Indian Minister is but one against many, and what can he do against the combined influence of the whole Cabinet, backed by the Court?

We have alluded above to Mr. Laing's observations, in his budget speech, upon the depôt system, which enables the Imperial Government to misappropriate, in so unjust a manner, the revenues of India. We shall do well to quote his words. "It is perfectly manifest," said the speaker, "that the officers and men belonging to Indian regiments in depôt at home are as much a reserve for England as for India. In the event of any sudden and serious

danger threatening England, there is no doubt that these troops would be available there, and it is not fair that India should pay the full cost of the reserve establishments in England under such circumstances. The day is past when England can consider India as a sort of milch cow, on which to draw for a little here and a little there in order to round an English budget or ease an English estimate. Strict and impartial justice must be the rule in all money matters between England and India, if England wishes to get a return for her capital, which will soon amount to £100,000,000, invested in Indian securities and railways, and if she wishes to see India become every day more and more the best source of supply for her raw produce, and the best market in the world for her staple manufactures." "These be brave words"—let him stick to them. India could wish nothing better than that Mr. Laing should go home and become Chancellor of the Exchequer in place of Mr. Gladstone. But such just and honourable notions as these, we fear, would not long resist the contact of Downing Street. It is one thing to enunciate such truths in Calcutta, another to vaunt them in Westminster. An Indian journal, commenting on this passage in Mr. Laing's speech, says—"These are memorable words; and if Mr. Laing will persevere in the course he has marked out for himself, his mission to this country will be one of the happiest events that has ever befallen it. We honour him for the courage with which he has spoken upon this invidious subject. We do not forget that it is easy for the journalist to say that which it requires much moral courage in the statesman to avow. If Mr. Laing will really identify himself with us—and we hail the evidence his speech affords that he intends to do so—then will his mission to India be fruitful of more blessing to both lands than any appointment the mother country has yet made." But the difficulty does

not lie in saying such things as these—the courage is not demanded for such utterances—in Calcutta. The difficulty arises, the courage is demanded, when the speaker returns to England, and faces his old colleagues in Whitehall. That kind of language won't do at the Treasury. We really shall honour Mr. Laing very much if he makes such notes as these reverberate from Charing Cross to the Houses of Parliament, shaking the Horse Guards on their way. But if he returns among us rampant with such heterodoxy as this, will not some means of silencing him be quickly found? Will he be suffered to speak out authoritatively in such a strain? We think it extremely doubtful—so doubtful that, unless he be converted on his passage home, it seems not improbable that on his arrival he may be silenced by making him one of the custodians of the Indian House in the Council of India, or by some equally effectual means of reducing him to harmlessness and quietude, if any means so effectual could be found.

It is the fashion to write and to speak scornfully of what is called an *imperium in imperio*. But if the Old East India Company was correctly described by these words, we must say that an empire within the empire is sometimes a serviceable institution. As long as there is a separate purse, it seems to be not so very preposterous that there should be a separate power. There was something intelligible in Mr. Company's separate purse, and in his separate powers. We could attach some clear and distinct meaning to the words, "The Revenues of the East India Company." But now that the revenues have become the revenues of the Crown, and the *imperium in imperio* a department of her Majesty's Government, it appears to us that the anomalous state of things which it was said that the extinction of the Company would remedy has been intensified and perpetuated. The resistance of the

East India Company to unjust attempts upon the revenues which they administered was a reality. It was not always successful, because the adroitness of an English Cabinet might sometimes bring about an evasion of the spirit of the law, whilst maintaining its letter. Every one, for example, knows that the war in Afghanistan was undertaken mainly for Imperial purposes, and at the suggestion of the Crown Ministers. Every one knows, therefore, that the revenues of the empire ought to have borne the pecuniary burden in whole or in part. But the fifteen millions of money which those calamitous operations cost were paid out of the Indian treasury, because the war was undertaken from India, and under the immediate direction of the Governor-General. When at a later period the blunderings of some of the diplomatic servants of the Crown involved us in a war with Persia, the Company, warned by that great Afghan spoliation, put matters on a right footing before they lent their aid, and exacted an Imperial guarantee for the payment of half the expenses of the war. The Company had interests distinct from those of the Empire, and, what was of still more importance, distinct from those of the Government of the day. It mattered not to them whether Whigs or Conservatives were in office. If they made a stand against unjust encroachments, they stood for India, and for India only. They were not embarrassed and perplexed by any considerations of party. But now the home Government of India is a department of her Majesty's Government. The Secretary of State for India is a member of the Cabinet, and the Council of India is made up of fifteen lesser ministers of the Crown. The India Office is indeed only a part of the great machinery of Imperial Government, and we cannot expect from it the independent action which characterised the East India Company. There is some-

thing beyond and above India to be considered by such a body. The Council is ruled by the Secretary of State; the Secretary of State by the Cabinet; and the Cabinet is the slave of a parliamentary majority. And so India suffers that Whigs or Tories may keep their places.

We know that there is a constitutional fiction that the revenues of India are in the custody of the Council of India, and that the Secretary of State has no power to dispose of the public money. All money grants must, by Act of Parliament, be sanctioned by a majority of the Council. If the Secretary of State desires to bestow fifty pounds upon a deserving individual who has rendered some public service, he cannot do it without the sanction of the majority of his Council. It was intended that this should act as a salutary restraint upon the power and authority of the Minister. But however cogent it may be in small matters, involving direct money payments, it is wholly inoperative in respect of large appropriations of public money. It is the veriest fiction to say that the Council of India have the control of the public purse, so long as the Secretary of State can decree measures which may disturb all the finances of India, and plunge India into bankruptcy in a year. If the Indian Minister can decree that any number of regiments which Great Britain wishes to be relieved of for a time shall be maintained in India at the charge of the Indian revenues, it is very small consolation that he cannot order an immediate money payment of £5 without the consent of the Council.

The real evil of the so-called amalgamation scheme is, that its general tendency is to swamp India with a flood of Imperial selfishness. England is too strong for India. She will send to the dependency what it does not want, and take from it what it does want. We can see no security against unjust encroach-

ments of this kind. Henceforth it will be the policy of the Imperial Government, having the game in their own hands, to turn India to the best possible account; and this will be done by maintaining a separate purse without admitting any separate power. Whilst the cry is, "Perish India, rather than that the Empire should pay sixpence for her support!" the Empire is continually putting its hands into the Indian purse, and experimentalising upon its powers of endurance. There is nothing now between India and the Government of the day. The Secretary of State for India in Council is as much a part of her Majesty's Government, as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs or the First Lord of the Admiralty. Theoretically the Council may be intended to act as a check upon the Minister of the day, but practically it is not so. And, indeed, we cannot help admitting that it would be an unseemly spectacle if the Secretary of State and the Council were to be continually paraded before the public as antagonistic institutions—a department of her Majesty's Government divided against itself. The only good thing that we know of the exclusion of members of the Indian Council from Parliament is, that these internecine strifes cannot be carried on in the councils of the Empire. Whatever the Indian councillors may say or write, the outer world, save in exceptional cases, knows little or nothing about it. Practically, the result is that there is a continual succession of compromises—such compromises as generally take place between the strong and the weak; the Minister having it all his own way in cases in which Imperial politics are concerned. When it is known that the Cabinet is with him, and that the Court has a personal interest in the matter, what can a dozen or so of old Indians, however able and experienced, do to resist such influences? They must look for concessions in

other directions, where Imperial interests are not concerned; and there every sagacious Minister will be sure to make them, sometimes perhaps against his better judgment—and so everybody is kept in good humour, and India is milked for the sustenance of England. What Mr. Laing says about the day being passed “In which England can consider India as a milch cow, on which to draw for a little here and a little there in order to round an English budget, or to ease an English estimate,” looks very well in a printed speech. *Past*, indeed! It appears to us to have just begun. The Council of India, under the new military system, can never protect the revenues of India as the East India Company did under the old. It is not their fault. It is the tendency of the system to cause them to be overborne, and to swamp India, as we have said, with a flood of Imperial selfishness. Nothing can be more significant than this matter of the *depôts*. It is only part of the system that is, and is to be. In vain may Indian commissions report and recommend; in vain may Indian finance-ministers make speeches pregnant in fact and powerful in argument; in vain may Indian Governments, with the same force of logic and of rhetoric, write weighty despatches to the Secretary of State, pointing out the urgent necessity of economy in England as well as in India. So long as a Government, existing by the sufferance of a parliamentary majority, has the means of making things pleasant at home by imposing unjust burdens upon India, those burdens will be imposed, and the military expenditure of the Indian Government will never be brought within reasonable bounds.

Our time and space are both at an end. We wish that we could look hopefully into the future of the Indian service. We can no longer write of the Indian army; that we must regard as dead and buried. But work must still be done in India; and one great question is, Whether

the workmen will ever be what they were before? A great deal depends upon first appointments. People may condemn the so-called “nepotism” of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, but whether the youths whom they sent out were selected on public or on private grounds, they developed in time the right stuff, and might have done honour to any patrons in the world. This question of first appointments is now stated to be under the consideration of her Majesty’s Government. At present all appointments to the British army are, of course, made at the Horse Guards, and, we believe, only by purchase. We should conceive it to be a mere matter of course that this would continue to be the normal state of things, if it were not that something of a parliamentary pledge was given, when the East India Company was abolished, that a certain share of Indian patronage should be given to the children of Indian officers. Whether any provision has been made, or is likely to be made, for carrying out this promise under the new system, we do not at present know; but however statesmen of a certain class may sneer at Indian traditions, and desire to see them obliterated, we know nothing of more importance to the permanence of our rule in India than that they should be maintained. As long as they are maintained—as long as the men to whom we must trust to do our work in India have a hereditary and abiding interest in the country and in the people—it will be done well; but the accidents of party and place—the waifs and strays of ministerial or courtly patronage—are not likely to do it well. It is because we do not expect again to see upon the stage such men as our Lawrences, Outrams, and Nicholsons that we tremble for the future of India. Brave and excellent men may go out to India—as, in past times, some of our bravest and best have gone out,

“To shed a dozen drops of blood,
And straight rise up a lord”—

but they will go only as tourists

go, for a "ramble" or a "scamper," being kept up to the present point and stay if something turns up. of efficiency, and of the real, substantial work of India being well They will not, as the Company's officers did of old, take root in the done as in the old time. But will soil. It is not to be disguised that not the selfishness which makes India is not a desirable place of residence. India pay for English reserves, Life in India, especially make India pay also the wages of military life, is full of suffering, servants selected by the Imperial privation, and danger. Men are authorities?

reconciled to it only by the consideration that Indian service is their profession, and that, whether they like it or not, they must adhere to it, or be cast desolate and unprovided for upon the world. The recent mutiny in India has not rendered it a more desirable place than it was before; and we scarcely think that men drawn from the classes which at present recruit the commissioned ranks of the royal army will turn their thoughts from general service to a life of continual exile in the East. If any thing were done—and perhaps something *may* be done—to maintain the traditions of Indian service of which we have spoken above, we should still have some hope of the great Staff corps

These are the two great dangers, or rather the one great danger—Imperial Usurpation, which threatens the Future of India. Of course, it was to have been expected as a necessary result of the extermination of the East India Company. We do not think that we have exaggerated the evil, but we heartily hope that we have. We are not of the number of those who

"Would rather that the Dean should die,
Than their prediction prove a lie."

We cordially hope that he may live in undiminished vigour and prosperity for many a year, and many a long century, in spite of the forebodings which at present sit so heavily upon us.

THE EPIC OF THE BUDGET.

THE Budget has passed, and the session is practically at an end. We can sum up the result in a single sentence. As patriots, hardly anybody is satisfied; as partisans, nearly everybody is pleased. The finance and statesmanship of the session are disliked even by the supporters of the Ministry, and are not to be justified even if they should prove to be successful. On the other hand, the Tories may as heartily rejoice in their momentary defeat as the Whigs do in their unexpected victory.

Victory would have been embarrassing to the Tories. Although they form the strongest party in the state, and could sustain a government much stronger than the present one, still, if they desire permanence of power, it is their interest to wait until their forces are further increased, and until their opponents are further reduced. Their star is in the ascendant, and their future is certain. It is better not to precipitate an event which cannot be long delayed, and which must instal them in office with irresistible power. This policy is rendered particularly desirable by a variety of circumstances, of which we shall mention only two. The first is, that the Whigs, from a long enjoyment of the spoils of office, cannot bear to be deprived of what they regard as their perquisite, and conduct their opposition with unusual virulence. By foul means, if not by fair, by dodges, by calumnies, by unnatural coalitions, they will move heaven and earth to get back to their places. We know of few things more disgraceful than the manner in which the opposition to Lord Derby's first and second administrations was carried on. We do not blame the Whigs for it as if it were all owing to Whiggism—it is much more due to officialism. We dare say that the Tories, though they have never been so fond of

scandal as the Whigs, might, after having been long habituated to office under Lord Liverpool, have treated their rivals in somewhat of the same spirit at the period of the Reform Bill, if their ranks had not been effectually broken by the extension of the franchise. Unless the power of the Whigs is in like manner dispersed, the Tories on reaching the Treasury benches must face not a fair opposition, but a conspiring faction. That the Whig ranks have little cohesion, and must in the course of nature be so dispersed, cannot admit of a doubt. We anticipate a great triumph for our party, and much of it will be due to the shortsighted policy of the Whigs, which taught them to grasp too eagerly at office, and to grudge their rivals a fair trial. Their greed rendered them repulsive to the country, and it also deprived them of that healthy discipline of opposition in which they might have recruited their strength and closed their ranks. Their position now is such that they must speedily fall to pieces, and great will be their destruction. Any attempt to hasten that destruction will give them a rallying point in a sense of danger. The case cannot be better put than in an illustration suggested by one of the most sagacious of the Tory leaders. He is reported to have said that the Tory Opposition is now as it were the heir to a decrepid old grandfather, who must soon die and leave the heir in undisputed possession. But if, not content to wait, the young man should murder the old one, he would certainly not improve his prospects.

The other circumstance to which we referred is connected with the foregoing. Considering the tactics of the party who style themselves Liberal, it would not have been pleasant for the Tories to accept of office as the result of a victory which, however fairly won, the

vituperative genius of the Whigs would have stigmatised as mercenary. Lord John Russell's characteristic clap-trap declaring that it were better for ten Ministries to perish than for one to be guilty of a corrupt compact with Irish members, and Lord Palmerston's more polished insinuations against the integrity of the Opposition, clearly enough indicate what we should have to expect had the Government that night been in a minority. It is really curious to see with what facility the so-called Liberal party impute the most sordid motives, and the most immoral conduct, to their adversaries. They themselves are immaculate, they alone have honour, they alone have principles. Not wishing to judge them harshly, we may grant that they are not insincere in bringing false charges of corruption against Conservatives. They make the false charges merely in that blindness of self-conceit which to them, as a party, is the most fatal of delusions. They see that Toryism is winning, but they do not understand it; they are living in a fool's paradise of confidence in themselves, and, like old women who have not sense enough to account by natural causes for a given result, they fly to the hypothesis of witchcraft and devilry. The success of the Tories is due to Satanic influence; they have a compact with the Evil One; they have sold themselves for power. Mr. Disraeli especially is in constant communication with the Prince of Darkness. These ridiculous accusations, we repeat, are the sure signs of decrepitude and senility. But we must also repeat that they are most difficult to encounter, and that, like all superstitions, they have a wonderful tenacity. It would have been a godsend to the Whigs if they had been ejected from office through the exertions of Father Daly. How the penny papers would have wrung the changes upon Irish brass! How the hustings would have been edified with sermons on Tory corruption! It

would be demonstrated, if not in a very clear, yet in a very pungent manner, that the Tories should have ceased their opposition to the paper-duties the moment that they heard of the determination of the Irish members to support them. It was criminal enough in them to have so much sympathy with Ireland as to subsidise the Galway line of packets. It would be doubly criminal in them to reap the natural reward of their sympathy in the votes of Irish representatives. It is so difficult to deal with such calumnious charges, and the Whigs are so unscrupulous in their accusations, that it is a positive relief for us to know that our party is not encumbered with a victory which those who excel in slander could misrepresent.

These are party considerations, to which we refer chiefly because they explain much that may appear anomalous in the debates upon the Budget. For example, nothing can be more amusing than the contradictory statements of the Opposition as to the question, Whether there is or is not a surplus. In reality there is no surplus. It is only by a juggle of words that the figures which Mr. Gladstone read off at the end of his financial statement could be so denominated. Yet whereas the rank-and-file of the Tory party denied the existence of a surplus, the leaders chose to admit it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a great deal out of this contradiction, and pretended to discover that the Opposition were at loggerheads. The explanation of the mystery must be clear to all except those Whigs who, judging others by themselves, cannot imagine that any body of gentlemen should be so insane as not to desire office. For the reasons we have stated the Tory leaders were unfeignedly anxious to defer to next session their advent to power. They were content that the Government of Lord Palmerston should remain undisturbed, and desired only to see Mr. Gladstone out of it; or if that were too much, to have his Budget recti-

fied. But this being their object, it was impossible for them to deny the surplus, for such a denial would have implied a vote of no confidence, and involved a change of Ministry. The rank-and-file of the party might deny it, for they were supposed to be speaking each merely his individual sentiments. If the leaders denied it, they committed their party to a life-and-death struggle with the Ministry. To those who can look upon politics as a game, nothing can be more interesting than the situation. It is a fine intellectual study. The game was played on both sides with masterly skill. The Whigs carried the day in the House of Commons. But we believe that their success has been dearly bought, for they have lost ground in the country.

Although we may appear to waste time in slaying the slain, and showing for the thousandth time the fallacy of the surplus, yet, for the sake of what follows, we must in a few sentences remind our readers of the facts. Now the first objection to the surplus is that, be it what it may, it is produced by the simple process of adding to the National Debt. The deficit on last year was no less than £2,560,000. Mr. Gladstone met that enormous deficiency by reducing the balance in the Exchequer to £1,500,000, by absorbing to the extent of £600,000 the fund devoted to loans on public works, and by the issue of Exchequer bonds, amounting after certain deductions, to £460,000. Putting the two former items together, we may say roundly that he reduced the balances in the Exchequer £2,100,000, and that he added to the debt of the country £460,000. But he constructed his new Budget without any reference to this old one. He had a surplus the year before last, and he carried that surplus to the credit of last year. With all his contrivances he had a deficit last year, and instead of carrying it to the debit of the present year, he charged it to the permanent debt of the country. Well might Mr. Hub-

bard say, that such conduct is characteristic of a spendthrift, who, whenever he has a surplus, spends it, and whenever he has a deficit pays it out of capital. Mr. Gladstone's defence is that he only did what was usual. That is an odd defence for a man to make who professes to be the great reformer of finance. He will spend his surplus and he will pay his deficit out of capital because it is the custom. We deny, however, that there is any fair precedent for the course which he has adopted. There is no instance of a Chancellor of the Exchequer postponing a debt created by his own tampering with the revenue, and postponing it for the purpose of making further reductions in the revenue. The only case in point which Mr. Gladstone could fix upon was that of Sir George Lewis, who at the conclusion of the Russian war manipulated the Budget of 1857, proposing in it a large reduction of taxation, without reference to the considerable deficit of the previous year. It is not a case in point, however. That was a deficit produced, not by a failure of revenue, but by an extraordinary war expenditure. All our National Debt is made up of war expenses. But the principle is new to us that a deficit in the *revenue* of one year is to be added to the National Debt at the time when the revenue of the following year is equal to the discharge of it.

Nor is it only on this ground that the reduction of the paper-duties was to be regarded as an act of financial profligacy. Mr. Gladstone counts upon receiving £750,000 as part of the Chinese indemnity. He also counts upon *not* having to pay another £750,000, being that part of the Chinese vote of last year, which has not yet been called for, and being a sum quite separate from the £1,000,000, voted in the present year for the Chinese war. In point of fact, that £750,000 voted, but not expended, last year, does not show at all in the estimates of the current session. Here, then, in

connection with China alone, is £1,500,000 which is doubtful. One half of it we may never receive, the other half we may have to pay in the course of the year. Over and above this, not only is trade dull throughout the world, and therefore our Customs revenue endangered, but we must insist upon it that the state of America ought to inspire every prudent financier with caution. It was but the other day that the Government sent out three thousand men to garrison Canada; our cruisers are on the alert; our ships on the American waters have been multiplied; and the tone of feeling towards this country expressed in the Northern States is as bad as it can be. It is even stated that probably the best mode of preserving the Union would be to pick a quarrel with the Britishers. Surely the precautions which it is necessary to take in order to guard against any such eventuality, must considerably add to our expenses. Nor is this all. We conjure up no mere bugbear when we say that the cotton crop is in danger, and that the failure of it would be calamitous to this country. The correspondence on this head from the other side of the Atlantic is very ominous. We are told that, notwithstanding the confidence of the Southern gentlemen, the slaves, upon whose exertions the cotton crop depends, are not to be trusted. We are also told that the word is passed from mouth to mouth, "The war depends upon supplies; we are short of supplies hitherto obtained from the Northern and Western States; let every patriot see to it that he cultivates less cotton and more corn." Now we do not say that all these evil forebodings will come true, that we may not get cotton from another quarter of the globe, nor that, if our commerce with America be stopped, there may not be some compensation in the advantages which our carrying trade will obtain all over the world. But we do say that there is ample reason why we should have paused before cutting

the throat of a large and increasing revenue. When our Customs are endangered by the failure of trade, is this the time to throw away our Excise? When Lancashire is menaced with the failure of the cotton crop, and with the famine which must be the consequence of a short supply, is this the time to insist upon a reduction of the paper-duties, and to refuse a reduction of those tea-duties which weigh upon the chief luxury of the working classes?

The fallacy of the surplus is so palpable, and the doubtfulness of the chances to which the finance minister trusts are so evident, that everybody saw how invincible would be any attack upon the Budget which would give it a direct contradiction. This would have raised the real question—ay or no, is there a surplus? The case is so clear, that had that question been authoritatively proposed to the House of Commons by a party ready to take their stand upon it, only one answer could have been vouchsafed. It did not, however, suit the plans of the Tory leaders to fight this real question. The consequence was, that they had to play what is always the most difficult game in politics—to raise an issue upon a secondary question, and to make a show of giving up the primary one. They give up the point of principle in order to contest a point of detail. In one word, they finessed. The result showed that the chances of this line of policy being successful were so great, that they were justified in adopting it, if we consider the importance, from a party point of view, of keeping Lord Palmerston in office for some little time longer. Whatever be his merits as a statesman, there can be no doubt that he is an admirable warming-pan. The total result of the battle on the Budget is, that the Opposition have succeeded in discrediting, but not in defeating, the Ministry. And one of the most striking lessons which it teaches is the difficulty of managing a parliamentary side-wind, together with

the immense advantage acquired by every man who is ready to make sacrifices for his opinions. Mr. Gladstone was ready to sacrifice his office rather than forego the repeal of the paper-duties, and he forced that measure upon most unwilling colleagues. The Tories tried to defeat the most obnoxious clause of his Budget, while they were avowedly indisposed to make the sacrifice of accepting office. They proclaimed aloud their unwillingness to displace Lord Palmerston. Mr. Disraeli almost entreated the noble Premier not to resign if he should happen to get a fall. The consequence was, that though the tactics of the party were all but successful, they wanted momentum enough to be completely so. The last division showed a majority for the Government of no more than fifteen. To understand the worth of that small victory, it must be remembered that no less than twenty-four members of the Tory party absented themselves from the division.

The least satisfactory result of the Budget campaign is not that the Opposition has failed, for that we hold to be a positive gain to the Tory party; nor is it that the paper-duties have been repealed, for though we are convinced that their abolition is in the present state of the revenue an act of supreme folly, yet it is not unattended with certain advantages, and considering what has already passed in the House of Commons, it must sooner or later have been conceded; but it is that a man like Mr. Gladstone, who is bidding for the lead of the Whig party, should have the prestige of carrying out a second time, against the convictions of the House of Commons, a most profligate system of finance. It is a great triumph to him. Political motives are soon forgotten, and the results only remain. It will be forgotten that Mr. Gladstone owes his triumph to the complications of party. It will be remembered only that he fought a great battle and won the victory. The Red Indian of debate has one more feather on

his head, and one more scalp in his belt. In spite of diminished majorities and the altered feeling of the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone by such a success is likely to be hardened in his vices; and his admirers, of whom he has not a few, will learn to have confidence in his most extravagant proposals, and in his power of sustained fighting. He certainly fought his battle with great courage, with marked ingenuity, and with inexhaustible eloquence. Only on one occasion did he seem to despond. It was on that last night when the repeal of the paper-duties was finally decreed by the slender majority of fifteen. By the time he rose in the House it was pretty generally understood that the Government were to win. Whispers of the calculated numbers were passed from side to side. But the tone of the Chancellor cast a doubt on all these calculations. He ceased to attack, and was reduced to apology. It is part of his system of oratorical defence to pursue the enemy and to turn defence into attack. A rapid speaker who never gives his hearers time to think can make a tremendous effect by such a system of rejoinder. On this occasion, however, the Chancellor abstained from retort, and was simply apologetic. Then, for a wonder, his manner was confused, and his speech rambling. He caught at straws; he was irritated by interruptions; he went off from these interruptions into endless digressions; he spoke as if he were to be beaten; and he craved the indulgence of the House for the length of his speech, seeing that, however the vote of the night might affect others, for him it could have but one construction—that is to say, it would compel him to resign. On most other occasions he showed indomitable spirit, and sometimes that passion which is not without influence on the most cool-headed body of men in the kingdom. The paroxysm of passion to which he gave way on the night after Lord Derby's great speech at

the Mansion House—the night when the Budget obtained its first majority of eighteen—was one of the most remarkable displays ever witnessed in the House of Commons. He actually swore at the Opposition. He said he would not swear. He said he could not be guilty of breathing the very uncivil wish contained in the imprecation which he suggested. But as everybody is aware, this declining to use a certain phrase is only a delicate way of using it. Mr. Gladstone, in fact, adopted the meaning, if not the words, of the exclamation—

“Lay on, Macduff!
And damned be he that first cries ‘Hold!
enough!’”

It is remarkable that these are the words of a desperate man who was about to lose his head. They were, in like manner, suggested at the commencement of the evening by Mr. Gladstone, in the full consciousness that he was on his last legs, and that nothing could save him but a show of the most audacious front.

He has never indeed been rivalled for audacity—we might even say, unscrupulous audacity—of argument, and there is no man like him for making the worse appear the better cause. He sticks at nothing. Just as last year he showed that the increase of the spirit-duties was demanded by a regard to morality, so this year he would have it that though the repeal of the paper-duties would not benefit the ultimate consumers, but only the penny journals and tradesmen, still that was nothing against it, for the object of reducing duties was not to benefit the consumer, but to stimulate trade! In like manner, his objection to the reduction of the tea-duties was not only an illustration of this newly discovered principle; it was in flagrant and violent contradiction of his own fiery invectives in a previous year against Sir George Lewis, who refused to reduce them. When Sir George Lewis retained the war duties on tea, it

was the violation of a pledge—a deed of darkness which showed that the Government did not understand the true interests of the people—a gross dereliction of principle which Mr. Gladstone for one could not sanction, no, not for a moment. Could anything be more slippery? We will give one more example of slippery statement which is worth recording, because, although the point in dispute is small in itself, it is exceedingly characteristic of the Chancellor. We refer to his statement as to the difference of revenue in the years 1859–60 and 1860–61. He said that the year 1860–61 was for every practical purpose shorter by three days than the year 1859–60. “It was shorter in this way: 1859–60 was a leap year, which accounts for one day, and 1860–61 was in the predicament—most happy with reference to our other interests, but not favourable to the interests of the revenue—of both commencing and ending with a Sunday. By means of this extra Sunday there was a loss of a clear day’s pay; and the third is accounted for by the circumstance that in the course of the year 1860–61, there fell two Good Fridays. After saying, however, that two Good Fridays fell to our lot in the year 1860–61, I may mention to the committee that in the present year 1861–62, there is no Good Friday at all.” And then he went on to say, that the deduction of these three days’ revenue represented a sum of £300,000. Nothing can be plainer than this statement. It is impossible to misunderstand it. An extra Sunday, an extra Good Friday, and the want of an extra day in February, made the difference of £300,000 between the year 1860–61 and the previous year. The statement was received with titters, was ridiculed everywhere as indicating the straw-splitting character of the man, and in particular was pooh-poohed by Mr. Thomas Baring. Mr. Gladstone in reply made a most astounding explanation. He said, “The honourable member for Huntingdon

was facetious on the subject of the remarks I had made about Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He said that people eat on Good Fridays and Sundays as well as on other days, but the honourable gentleman entirely misunderstood my statement. It was that the last three days of the financial year had been days on which business was suspended, and that the consequence had been, not that there was nothing ready for consumption upon those days, but that what was brought into the country upon those days could not be cleared, and the revenue arising from it fell upon the first days of the present year." This statement may pass on its own merits, but it cannot for an instant be accepted as an explanation of the previous statement to which it stands in irreconcilable contrariety. In this latter statement the Chancellor says that the three days from which the revenue suffered were Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and the Saturday intervening—the last three days of the financial year, the Customs revenue accruing from which could not be collected till the first days of the current year. But in that case, what has leap-year to do with the calculation? Or what was the use of referring to two Good Fridays and two Easter Sundays? One Good Friday and one Easter Sunday are enough, if only they fall with the intervening Saturday on the last three days of the year. The fact is, that it was not Mr. Baring who misunderstood Mr. Gladstone, but Mr. Gladstone who had misunderstood the heads of his departments; and the contradiction between his first statement and his second is chiefly interesting as an illustration of his extreme slipperiness in argument. It is impossible to fix his own words upon him. He denies them. He eats them. He has always a little bottle of some mucilaginous compound on the table before him, which he tosses off in the midst of his speaking, sometimes in the middle of a sentence, as a coachman tosses off his dram.

It lubricates not only the speaker's throat, but also his words, which are the oiliest and slipperiest ever heard in the House of Commons.

If it be far from satisfactory to know that so wild a financier and so reckless an orator has succeeded by his arts in carrying through the House of Commons an unsafe Budget, and has thus acquired a prestige to which he is not entitled, there was one discovery made in the Budget debates which may serve as an antidote to this bane. If Mr. Gladstone was gathering his laurels, there was another financier, trained in the same school of statesmanship, who proved for the first time his ability to give him a fall. The position taken by Sir Stafford Northcote, on the one side of the House, is as remarkable as the position permitted to Mr. Gladstone on the other. Sir Stafford has little of the Chancellor's passion; and, though he speaks well, is not to be compared with Mr. Gladstone as an orator. But as a financier his superiority is indubitable. His financial expositions are as clear, though not so flowery, as Mr. Gladstone's; his mastery of details is complete; he is extremely ready in reply; and it is enough to say that the Opposition correctly estimated his powers when they pitted him against Gladstone himself. On him fell the chief burden of dealing with the arithmetic of the Budget, while Mr. Disraeli confined himself chiefly to the political questions involved in it. What was perhaps most conspicuous in Sir Stafford Northcote's speeches were the accuracy of his statement, the candour of his sentiment, and the solidity of his views. All this showed in most favourable contrast to Mr. Gladstone, and took with the House of Commons. We really cannot remember the name of any statesman who has made in a single session so great an advance as the late Secretary of the Treasury. Previously he was allowed but a secondary position in debate, and in that position he was known as an able but dull speaker, whose speeches it would be more profit-

able to read than pleasant to hear. Assigned the post of honour in the financial debates, he shone; the House of Commons never thinned when he rose, but rather filled; and he never once spoke without giving the Budget and the Chancellor fatal thrusts. The authority thus acquired by a sound financier is, we say, some recompense for the temporary triumph of Mr. Gladstone. Sir Stafford Northcote will prove to be a most valuable auxiliary; and in spite of Mr. Gladstone's declaration that there can be no more ambitious or comprehensive budgets, from which we might infer that finance will henceforth move on smoothly, it is likely that his assistance will be much needed. When Mr. Gladstone made the sweeping assertion that there can be no more ambitious budgets, we can only remember that he has hundreds of times made equally sweeping assertions which have proved to be false, and which he has seen fit to repudiate. For the future, when he makes a sweeping assertion, we shall begin to think that the opposite must be true. In the present case, however, he gave a reason for his statement. He said, in that apology for himself, delivered on the occasion of the last debate on the Budget, that the repeal of the paper-duties was the last sacrifice to the freedom of trade. It was the closing of the chapter. There were no more restrictions to be removed. Protection was all gone. Finance, therefore, was perfected, and there could be no more grand and comprehensive budgets. The reason refutes itself. It is not the case that all restrictions are removed. There are duties on tea, on sugar, on malt, on spirits, on tobacco, even on corn, which the ambitious Chancellor may choose to remove. There are not many articles on which he can remove the duties, but he can raise the broad question as to the incidence of taxation, how far it should fall on the rich, and how far on the poor, how far it should be direct, how far indirect. We cannot help thinking

that if Mr. Bright, who propounded some peculiar doctrines as to the imposition of a tax to the extent of 8s. per cent on all realised property, were Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would project a very comprehensive Budget. So would any of the financial reformers of Liverpool, at the head of whom stands a namesake of our Chancellor, Mr. Robertson Gladstone. While such men exist, while they have a chance of coming into office, and while we see that Mr. Gladstone is gradually approximating to their views, it is nonsense to tell us that ambitious budgets are impossible, for protection is no more. Ambitious budgets we expect, as long as there are ambitious Chancellors; and we rejoice to know that there are men rising in the House of Commons able to deal with these budgets as they deserve.

On one strong point in these discussions we have not yet said a word. We refer to the settlement of the feud between the two Houses of Parliament as to their respective rights and privileges in financial legislation. The sting of Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech was in the tail of it, and was exhibited in one small sentence. He had for three hours amused the House of Commons with a florid exposition of our financial necessities, and when everybody fancied that he had little more to say and was about to sit down amid the shower of roses with which he usually strews his perorations, he announced in the quietest manner the order in which he intended to lay his plans before the House. He would first propose a series of resolutions, and then he would work all these resolutions into a single bill. He made no reference to the House of Lords, and there were few persons who at the moment saw that, by the instrument of a single bill, the wily Chancellor intended to flout the Upper House. His proposition was indeed strictly legitimate, and whether the conduct of the House of Lords last year were "a gigantic innovation," or were, as we believe,

according to rule, Mr. Gladstone's bill could not affect the precedent, but only steered clear of it. The precedent is there established for ever; the gigantic innovation is unredressed; and the House of Commons has done no more to assert its rights than the little boy who, on being told that he must not say naughty words, silently moves his lips as if the naughty words were there. The triumph which the supporters of Mr. Gladstone have thus secured, is one of the smallest that can be conceived. If it satisfies the wounded vanity of the House of Commons, we are glad to hear it, and have some cause to congratulate ourselves on the moderation of our public men. It would have been but graceful if the Government, since they chose to reap the benefit of the wise legislation of the House of Lords in last session, had refrained from asking the Peers to repeal the paper-duties in a manner which exhibited irritation rather than gratitude for the benefit conferred. But it is the misfortune of a weak Government that it cannot afford to be magnanimous. It is a sign of weakness that it should be irritable.

Nothing is more true than the Scripture—"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken that which he seemeth to have." It is the fate of a weak Government to grow in weakness, and of a strong Opposition to grow in strength. We do not know whether in the records of any session of Parliament a Government was known to have sustained so many and so humiliating defeats as the present one. Their support of any measure has almost always been disastrous. And it was not

merely on questions which perhaps never came before the Government collectively, and upon which some individual minister may on the spur of the moment have indicated the opinion of himself and his colleagues, that they suffered defeat; they were defeated on Cabinet questions. The decision on the Galway Contract was not that of a particular minister, it was a decision reviewed and confirmed by the Cabinet. They adopted it in all its force. Yet a few nights after the repeal of the paper-duties had been decreed by the House of Commons, the Government were forced to eat their leek, and to accede to the motion of Mr. Gregory that a select committee should be appointed to inquire into the wisdom of the decision at which Ministers had arrived. Mr. Disraeli did not miss the opportunity, but distinctly pointed out that here was a question of confidence, and yet the Government meekly consented to let a select committee question its decision and override its policy. It was a just retribution and a symptom of inevitable decay. It was the former, for it amounted to a confession that, after all their calumnies,* there was a case for inquiry; that the Tories might not have been so very far wrong, nor the Whigs so rigidly correct, as had been imagined. Indeed, after the statement of Lord Eglinton in the House of Lords, when the question of the Galway Contract came on for discussion there, it would be impossible for any but interested place-hunters to cast a reflection upon the conduct of the Tory Government, which is responsible for the subsidy. The best and most popular viceroy that Ireland has ever

* Mr. Disraeli showed with great force that slander has been one of the chief weapons used by the Whigs against the Tory party for the last ten years. The Liberal newspapers were silly enough to reply that Mr. Disraeli was the last man who ought to have brought that accusation against the Whigs, for he himself owed his first success in politics to his satirical genius displayed in the celebrated attacks against Peel. But that reply only proves the truth of Mr. Disraeli's accusation, for it proves that the Liberals do not understand the difference between invective and slander, sarcasm and defamation. The Whigs have a right to calumniate because a Tory excels in satire!

had, Lord Eglinton, "had no hesitation in saying, that he approved the Galway Contract from the first, and that he was mainly answerable for it." He then described, in his own frank way, the various steps by which he, as Lord-Lieutenant, was led to recommend the Galway line of packets to the Treasury; and his speech is so able, that we could wish he contributed more frequently to the debates in Parliament—so conclusive, that it leaves little to be said on either side of the question. We would hope that by this time the calumnies of the Whigs, in reference to the Galway Contract, have been not only scotched, but killed, and have lost their interest. If it is not so, however, we are content to refer the disputant to Lord Eglinton's short speech, which will be found in the *Times* of June 4th.

The consent of the Government to Mr. Gregory's motion was not only a just retribution for their slanders; it was, we have said, a symptom of inevitable decay. The humiliation of conceding the committee was so great, that nothing but an overwhelming Opposition could have induced them to yield. The Opposition has indeed become overwhelming, partly through the gain of the Tories in recent elections, partly through the dissensions of the Whigs in the House of Commons, and the imbecility of their policy. Their financial policy has disgusted all prudent men; their party management has driven their Irish

friends into open rebellion. Last of all, the division on the bill for the abolition of church-rates shows triumphantly how the current of principle has set. The triumph, indeed, of the Tory party, in that division, is much greater than appears at first sight from the numbers. It is doubtless a great thing that, after the successes attained in session after session by the enemies of the Church, they should now be driven back so effectually that they cannot get their bill passed through the House of Commons. But there is more to be said of the Tory victory, and the Speaker of the House of Commons said it. He stated that he gave his vote with the Noes, because he had observed that, though the numbers in the division list were equal, a majority of the members were in favour of a settlement of the question different from that of Sir John Trelawney's bill. Virtually, therefore, the opposition to the views of the Liberation Society was greater than appeared. It is an immense triumph, which shows most forcibly that the country is with the Opposition, and that the Tory reaction is becoming stronger and stronger. It has astounded the Whigs, who, perhaps, will now learn humility, and begin to believe that the success of the Tories has some little foundation in principle. It will incite our political friends to renewed efforts, and prelude the way to still more signal victories.

THE DISRUPTION OF THE UNION.

WE are doubtful whether the indignation of the American Unionists at our imputed want of sympathy is simulated or real. It is possible that they expect to find a cry so popular as abuse of England is sure to be very convenient at the present juncture. But we are assured by journals and correspondents that the feeling of injury is universal, and that no subsequent policy which we may adopt, and which may be more in harmony with their sense of what is due to them from us, will avail to restore us to their favour. And prepared as we are to allow for the inevitable supremacy of passion over reason in a time of national agitation, and in a country where the impulses of the many swamp the logic of the few, we think the present outcry unreasonable beyond all precedent. For in what cause are our sympathy and co-operation demanded? Not in the cause of the happiness or welfare of the American people: for these our friendly feelings might have been reasonably invoked; but it has never been shown that these are threatened by secession. It is demanded of us that we should be as anxious as Americans themselves are for the stability of their political institutions. And, even in this case, we are not called on to sympathise with the American people, but with one section of the people against another section equally entitled to our regard, which declares that a continuance of the Union is contrary to its interests and happiness. Thus the only way in which we could meet the requirements of the North would be by aiding nineteen millions to maintain a confederacy from which nine millions are anxious to withdraw. Before such claims can be recognised, it must be shown that secession is contrary either to the interests of the American people, to our own interests, or to some great principle of right; and, until this is done, they would, in any case, be unreasonable, but in the present case especially so. For the Union was framed on the ruins of British authority; and, to judge from the language used by Americans ever since, they consider the establishment of their independence as the issue from a gloomy and grinding tyranny into perfect freedom. If the jubilant outcries which, from that time to the present, have resounded, in and out of season, through the States, without any risk of producing satiety, at least at home, are to be accepted as evidence of the facts, it would appear that England's rule of her colonies was an oppressive and barbarous despotism, and that freedom existed there only in the breasts of a suffering people till the happy moment, when, flinging off the yoke, the new nation sprang forward on its unrivalled career, leaving its ancient oppressors immeasurably behind in all that constitutes the greatness and happiness of a people. This is what American oratory, parliamentary stump, or post-prandial—what American newspapers, American histories, and American demeanour generally—have meant in their incessant and innumerable references to their condition as a colony, and as an independent nation. In these sentiments England has good-naturedly acquiesced; at least, she has not set herself in any way to contradict them. Yet, while granting that the extent and importance of the transatlantic colonies were such as to entitle them to an independent existence, that they have grown great and prosperous in independence, and that the separation is to be lamented neither by them nor by us, yet it cannot be supposed that we have heard with particular pleasure the vaunts, the glorifications of themselves, and the depreciation of European in-

stitutions, that always accompany those never-ending declarations of independence which Americans of every degree imagine themselves entitled to fling in the face of the universe, and especially in the face of England. No Englishman believes that George III. was a reckless and cruel tyrant who wished to reduce his colonies to slavery. Nobody who is not an American believes that the Republic shows at all points a resplendent superiority to the English monarchy. People may even be found, on both sides of the Atlantic, who doubt whether the States of America ever enjoyed such true freedom and happiness as under British rule, and who, judging from the course of American history and English history since the establishment of independence, see in that event no special cause for congratulation. It is precisely because we do not share the admiration of America for her own institutions and political tendencies that we do not now see in the impending change an event altogether to be deplored. In those institutions and tendencies we saw what our own might be if the most dangerous elements of our Constitution should become dominant. We saw democracy rampant, with no restriction on its caprices. We saw a policy which received its impulses always from below. We saw the wisdom and moderation of the nation tossed like weeds upon the popular surges. It is sufficient that we listened without anger to the boastings, which perhaps may have been considered by the more sensible and reflective of those who uttered them as conducive to the sentiment of nationality, and so far politic, if not true; and that we have sought to meet the aggressive and arbitrary acts of American diplomacy in a conciliatory spirit. But we can feel no special interest in the maintenance of a union whose origin was in the violent overthrow of British supremacy, nor need we affect particularly to lament the

exhibition of the weak point of a Constitution that has always been systematically placed in disparaging comparison with our own, and the disruption of which leaves entirely untouched the laws and usages which America owes to England, and which have contributed so powerfully to her prosperity.

Within the memory of living men, the thirteen independent States of America agreed to a union, as a remedy for the evils which followed the recognition of their separate sovereignties. It was intended to substitute concerted action and the supremacy of general law, for disorganisation, confusion, and conflicting legislation. The preamble to the Articles of the Constitution is as follows:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Nothing can be clearer than that this union, as well as the confederation which it superseded, was formed from motives of pure and simple expediency. States that had always been independent of each other, found that they had common interests which union would foster, and common difficulties and defects which union would remove. They had proved that separate existence, even in the modified form of a league or alliance, was full of inconvenience. They were not numerous or extensive enough to render more than one confederacy desirable, and they took refuge in the alternative of union. No great principle was involved in this measure, nor did the Convention claim to be guided by any loftier impulse than the desire to escape from what Mr. Motley, in his recent valuable pamphlet, calls the darkest period of their history. And granting, of course, that this motive for union was excellent

and sufficient, we would ask the most enthusiastic Unionist whether he sees in it anything especially sacred or holy. There are constitutions whose origin must for ever be interesting and admirable to mankind. In the re-union of a forcibly dismembered and once glorious nation—in the confederacy of kindred states against a common and formidable oppressor—in the sudden rise of a crushed people from debasement to self-direction and self-control, we see causes for respect and sympathy. But years had passed since the American States had achieved their independence. Their liberties were not threatened—they had never been united except by the temporary tie of a common revolt—and their bond, necessary and judicious, was as prosaic as the establishment of a mercantile firm. Yet we are now called on to mourn as if some celestial light were about to vanish from earth with the American Constitution, and to look on those who have sundered it as enemies to humanity.

It was natural that a people whose chief boast was the unanimity and promptitude with which they had revolted from the shadow of oppression, should, in framing their Constitution, provide against the possible supremacy of any power of the state. They accordingly took such pains to guard against this contingency, that the weakness of the executive power strikes at once the most superficial inquirer into the nature of the Constitution. The President has the command of the army—but that army is raised and supported by Congress, and is too insignificant in force either to threaten liberty or to support the state. Relying only on the popular pleasure for re-election, the President is little more than a weather-cock to indicate the direction of the popular will, and he holds office for too short a period to hope greatly to extend his personal influence. The sovereignty of the people being the basis of the Constitution, popular impulse is the great motive

power, and occasionally assumes even the direction of the administration of the laws; while, in other cases, territory has extended so far beyond the grasp of the executive power, that it has been found expedient to supply the absence of law with the rude and summary justice of self-elected judges and executioners. Men accustomed to live under such conditions bring back with them into civilised life a certain lawlessness, with which they leaven society; and in no great country is life so insecure, violence so common, and the right of private quarrel and revenge so undisputed, as in America.

Yet, notwithstanding the inefficiency of the executive and the turbulence of the population, it is not to be wondered at that for a time the Constitution answered its purpose. The machinery of each state worked better than before, because there were no longer serious points of collision, and it worked to a common instead of a divergent end. The credit of the Union was established abroad, while no causes of internal danger were apparent. The lower classes had already all the political power they could desire—in a system of universal equality they saw nothing above them to excite their envy—and the most dangerous elements of the population found safe vent in the vast fields of enterprise open in the prairies and backwoods. Thus intestine troubles were obviated, and the Government were secure against foreign foes; for, though the power of the President would probably have been insufficient to obtain from the people materials for a long and sustained aggressive war with a great power, yet, for all purposes of defence, the spirit of the population, the nature of the country, and its geographical position which rendered an attack by an overwhelming European army almost impossible, were sufficient assurances. But there was one defect to which a confederation of this kind was especially liable. Formed from mo-

tives of common interest, and held together by the precarious band of mutual consent, divergent interests might at any time dissolve it. Against the contingency of a formidable secession no provision was intrusted to the chief magistrate. External pressure on the arch of the Constitution would only unite it more firmly, but a blow from within would loosen the entire fabric. Accordingly, we have seen that, for a time, the nation went on expanding—respectable in the eyes of the world, and admirable in the sight of itself. No convulsions shook it, no danger from without menaced it; its commerce increased enormously, its territory grew to vastness, and, in proportion, its voice was raised in bluster, aggression, and self-glorification. But a shrewd glance might perceive that the Constitution, framed with a view to common interests and to existing necessities, no longer fulfilled its purpose. The interests of the original consenting parties had ceased to be common—had even become hostile; and the necessities which the Union had been intended to provide for, had long ceased to be felt. New states, with different climates and different products, had been joined to the original framework; but while dominion increased, and with it the difficulty of reconciling contending interests, the power of the Government remained as before. It was clear that the Confederate States had outgrown the institutions which united them, and out of the territory sufficient for half-a-dozen kingdoms, it was now sought to form a separate dominion. In so natural a desire, it is impossible for any but an enthusiastic admirer of the Union to find anything to condemn. It is not difficult for a true friend of the American people to find in it much to approve.

The grudge between North and South is of old standing. Nearly thirty years ago, South Carolina sought to secede, but was forcibly retained in the Union. Amidst the

mutual bitter feeling that has constantly increased, North and South vied with each other in lauding the star-spangled banner that typified their fraternity. Their praises of it had become so habitual, the truth of them was so unquestioned, that to consider the Union as the perfection, of human wisdom, was the first article of the national creed; and the strange spectacle was exhibited of the two great territorial divisions of the Republic expressing for each other the most bitter hatred, yet exalting to the skies the Constitution that united them. And now we behold the still stranger spectacle of the North exchanging with the South virulent defiance, yet preparing by force to retain it in the bonds of brotherhood. Jonathan entertains the worst possible opinion of the recusant David, yet in the most opprobrious and exasperating terms, persists, sword in hand, in recalling him to his embrace. This position of affairs has something puzzling to a disinterested spectator. We can all understand why frowning Austria should wish to retain her hold on scowling Venetia—why Naples should have desired to coerce revolted Sicily; but it is by no means so self-evident why the North should press this thorn so fervently to her bosom. There was indeed a time when it might be thought a duty of the Government to take immediate steps to stop secession. It was when South Carolina stood alone—when it was believed that the revolt had originated in a faction that could not claim to represent the real opinion of the South, or of the single state, and that the majority of South Carolinians, surprised into temporary acquiescence, were only awaiting deliverance to declare for the Union. It was believed, too, that the real cause for secession was the intolerable assumption by the South that, unless an advocate of Southern views should always be elected to the Presidency, she would withdraw and declare herself independent. But it is evident that the election

of Mr. Lincoln only precipitated a long-concerted plan, and that the South is at least as unanimous for secession as the North is for coercion.

We said that no attempt has been made to prove that secession menaces in any way the true interests of the American people. Let us suppose that a separation has been peaceably effected, and a rival independent government established. It cannot be pretended that the commerce of either will be on a worse footing than at present. Cultivation, manufactures, exchange of commodities, will go on as before — the traffic with foreigners will continue to increase. Each will be formidable for defence against a foreign enemy; and though the Union will certainly be vitiated by secession, whether violent or peaceable, yet a new confederation may be formed not less binding than the former, of extent more commensurate with the federal power, and with better promise of stability. The influence of the States thus partitioned will certainly be diminished. They will no more retain their former importance than the halves of a split diamond will bear its original value. But in the lament of the Federalists for their lost prestige we cannot join. We shall feel as we do towards a friend whose loss of importance is to him a real gain in the beneficial influence which it exerts on his character, and whom we may well congratulate on exchanging a pernicious elevation for a more safe and suitable position. The main source of the less pleasing points of American character has been their undisputed supremacy on that great continent. Amongst the great powers of Europe courtesy and forbearance have become essential attributes of their constant intercourse. The necessity for defence against formidable neighbours has armed governments with the power to assert law and order in their own territories. The web of foreign politics and diplomacy that is created by their rivalries, jealousies, and common inter-

ests, gives full employment to the men among them of the best intellect and the highest honour. Thus, those who are the rightful leaders of opinion find full scope for their energies, the character of statesmanship is raised, and with it that of the nations who look to these leaders for guidance. But in America the best minds are not employed in the service of the State. The sovereignty of the people, always the dominant element in the Constitution, has gone on increasing. The country being exposed to none of the vicissitudes and contests that keep the kingdoms of Europe on their guard, the class that engrosses political power has never felt the need of the guidance of superior minds, but contents itself with the service of those who are most ready blindly to do its will. No one who knows America can be ignorant that her upper classes contain as large a proportion of excellent, high-principled, well-informed, sagacious men as are to be found in any country; but neither can any one who knows America be ignorant that these have but an inadequate and insignificant share in the direction of her affairs. Men who will not stoop to cajole a mob, or to scuffle for a place, naturally stand aloof from an arena where Ulysses counts for no more than Thersites — where Achilles, sprung from the gods, is lost in the crowd of the Myrmidons. Their opinions respecting the institutions of America would scarcely be more indulgent than our own, because it is the working of these institutions which has robbed the men of whom we speak of their just influence in the State; and we should lament no change that brought these men into their proper position, and rescued American politics and statesmanship from the tumultuous control of the populace. And, with a rival government on the frontier, with vital interests to be guarded, with great principles to be not vapoured about but put to the proof, we should probably see

the natural aristocracy rise from the dead level of the Republic, raising the national character with its own elevation; and the great men that America still owes to the world would appear in number and degree commensurate with her natural advantages, and with the reputation of the race from whom her people sprung.

While we believe, then, that a rival dominion on the continent would be thus wholesome for America, without diminishing her material prosperity, we are no less confident that her relations with foreign states will be infinitely more agreeable than before. The salutary check of a neighbour who may become an enemy, will produce there, as in Europe, a courteous and considerate diplomacy. We shall no more have forced on us the unpleasant alternative of admitting arrogant pretensions or engaging in a senseless quarrel. Urged by the dominant class, which cannot be expected to appreciate or to practice courtesy or moderation, American statesmen are generally ready to enforce their diplomacy with the threat of war. It is to no purpose to remember that we have nothing to fear in a war with a nation whose warlike powers are so insignificant compared with our own. Though we should never doubt the issue of such a contest, yet victory would bring us no benefit, not even glory, and the loss of commerce and expenditure would be incurred for a barren result. Thus America is always secure of the forbearance which prudent strength must accord to recklessness in matters not of vital importance. But these relations are not good for either nation; and diplomacy will gain immensely by a change which promises to reduce such statesmen as Seward, and such officers as Harney, to their proper level.

Seeing, then, in secession, no menace to the best interests of America, and to ourselves only advantage, we have only to consider whether it contravenes any great

principle of right. A great principle was involved in the late struggle in Naples. A great principle is involved on each side of the question whether Italy or Austria should hold Venetia. But the only element of general interest in the present quarrel is the question of Slavery. It has been insinuated that in not siding with the North we are false to our own principles, and are, in fact, supporting that institution which we have professed ourselves so anxious to abolish. But, to make this charge good, it must be shown that slavery is the actual ground of quarrel, that the continued existence of the Union would have suppressed or discouraged it, and that Secession will foster and extend it. Not only is all this without proof, but it is contrary to evidence. We will quote on this point the testimony of the *New York Times* which calls the southern men conspirators, and their secession "a great crime against humanity." Enlarging on the absence of provocation for the separation, and on the benefits which the Union has conferred on the South, it says,—

"In no solitary instance have their rights been infringed, their liberties abridged, or their interests invaded by the Government of the United States. On the contrary, they have known that Government only by the blessings it has conferred upon them. It has fought their battles, enlarged their area, paid for their postal service, augmented their power and consideration abroad, and shielded their peculiar institution from the hatred and hostility of the civilised world. But for the Union, and the protection which it has afforded them, they would long since have sunk under the weight of their own evils, or been crushed by the enmity of hostile powers. During the whole period of their connection with the Union they cannot point to a single instance of hostile or unfriendly action on the part of the United States. Not a single law has ever been passed interfering with slavery

in the slightest degree, *while scores have been passed and enforced for its protection.* Their fugitive slaves have been remanded in almost every instance where they have been claimed, and more than once the army and navy of the Federal Government have been used for that purpose. But the States which have commenced this horrid rebellion have lost scarcely any fugitive slaves, while those States which have a right to complain of losses on this score are still loyal to the Union and the Constitution. The John Brown invasion, the only instance of aggressive action from the North upon slavery during the whole history of the Government, was the act of a band of fanatics, for which no considerable portion of the community was in the least responsible, and was suppressed by the Government of the United States itself. In no solitary instance have the rebel States had the slightest reason to complain of oppression or injustice at the hands of the Federal Government."

It is true that at the time of the establishment of the Constitution slavery was regarded as an evil to be abolished, if possible. But the constant tendency of legislation ever since has been to favour the institution. The Slave States have ever since controlled the Federal Government; and even now, but for the absolute refusal of the South to return on any terms to the Union, we should have witnessed another compromise to slavery. On the other hand, secession, far from securing property in slaves, directly endangers it; for a fugitive negro, once across the frontiers which formerly would not have protected him, is now lost to his owner for ever. It is, therefore, not manifest that the evil of slavery will be increased by secession; and to those who hint that the exigencies of the cotton trade will oblige us to connive at the resumption by the South of the importation of negroes from Africa, we reply that our ruined West Indies and our African squadron,

heavy prices that our sincerity has cost us, ought to be our guarantees against such an imputation. As to abolition, we suppose that no intelligent Englishman, nor any intelligent Northern American, would seriously wish to see the four million of negroes in the Slave States at once emancipated. We know by experience that the result to the slaves themselves would not be an advantage—we know that a vast number of proprietors would be ruined, that the cotton trade would be destroyed, and a large part of our own population plunged into misery. Remembering the condition of the African tribes in their own country, as described by so many recent travellers, we cannot believe that even slavery is a bad exchange for such a life of unmitigated savagery. We side neither with those who consider slavery as a paternal and beneficial institution, nor with those who describe it as one succession of horrors. That the white man cannot labour on the southern plantations—that the negro will not unless compelled—that the powers necessary for compulsion are often, when committed to coarse unfeeling men, used for barbarous purposes—that many great moral evils inevitably attend the institution—are so many incontrovertible facts which we must lament without knowing how to remedy. Until time shall render possible some amelioration in the condition of the negro, we believe most men who have examined the subject in another than sentimental spirit would be satisfied with an amount of legislation which would secure him from the exercise of capricious or mercenary barbarity. Meanwhile, we shall consider slavery as a matter to be left out of the question of Secession.

There has been a good deal of argument between the advocates of Union and Secession respecting the spirit of the articles of the Constitution of 1787. On the one hand it is asserted that the Constitution made the States not a confederacy but a

commonwealth; that its framers were delegated, not by the States, but by the people; that as the States had no voice in acceding to the Constitution, so they have no title to withdraw from it. On the other hand it is said that secession is not forbidden in any article of the Constitution; that therefore it may be presumed to be in certain cases legal and consistent with the Constitution; that the States could not be deprived of their inherent sovereignty, howsoever they might consent to surrender some of their privileges to the Federal Government for the common convenience.

If the case were being temperately argued in Congress, subject to the decision of a controlling power open to conviction, and able to enforce its decrees, these arguments might be important; but with the disputants separated, armed, and ready to rush together, there is something ludicrous in this grave reference to the terms of a document. It is as if some well-meaning Cockney justice of the peace, on a tour in the Tyrol, had descended from the hills two years ago to read the Riot Act on the plain of Solferino. And, independent of present circumstances, there is something highly inconsistent in the idea of the leaders of a successful rebellion against a parent state meeting to frame a constitution which was to be binding on all posterity. Only a few years had elapsed since some of these very men had, in a still more celebrated document, commenced by asserting the right of revolution; and in the interval, they had framed another confederation, which they had decreed should be perpetual. It is plain that all governments must finally rest on one of two bases—on moral influence, or on material power. A government that is both weak and bad may continue to exist, because the people may, like the French under Louis XV., be too supine, too docile from habit, or too incapable of organisation, to combine to overthrow it. Or a government that is both weak and bad

may continue to exist by appealing to the imagination of the people, either through the personal qualities of the ruler, the associations connected with his dynasty, or in some other way that draws the multitude from the contemplation of their strength and their wrongs. But where the continuance of authority is not thus precarious and accidental, it rests on one of two facts—either that the people see no prospective advantages in revolution sufficient to compensate for its evils, or that the governing power is strong enough to suppress revolt. To base the power of a government on the terms of a document would in any case be absurd, but especially so in the case of the United States, where each State possesses already the machinery for separate existence in full operation, and can superadd in a moment the powers necessary for the full exercise of sovereignty, and has thus a temptation to resort to revolution on far slighter than ordinary provocation. Imagine Hungary in full possession of her diet, her judicature, and her internal government, and the Austrian army reduced to a few brigades; can it be supposed that the fact of the Emperor of Austria being also King of Hungary would for a moment retain her in allegiance? A constitution is to be appealed to, not to enforce, but to define, the functions of government, and its power of self-assertion is not increased by the fact that it emanated from the people. The French Emperor derives his authority from the same source as the American Union; but, if he trusted to the fact of his election alone for the continuance of his power, we imagine that the most enthusiastic Federalist would despair of the Imperial dynasty.

It would be more consistent and more sensible if the contending parties were to place their quarrel on its true grounds, which are amply sufficient to sustain it. The South would then plead that her feelings, her manners, her interests, her aspirations, all are at variance

with those of the North. She would plead her discontent with the operation of the Union — her confidence in the advantages she would derive from independence — her power of launching herself, by the mere act of secession, fully organised on her desired career. And, admitting that formerly a number of single States might have experienced severely the evils of disunion, yet she would deny that the precedent could be quoted against the independence of such a powerful confederation as she now proposed to form.

Nor would the North be without a strong rejoinder. She would argue that the seceding States would withdraw from the Federation not merely themselves, but important public works, constructed with Federal treasure, for the benefit not of a State but of the Union; that great material interests of the North were inextricably bound up in the South; that the settlement of a frontier would involve many questions difficult of solution, and would be always a fertile subject of dispute; that separation would diminish the strength and influence of the States which might still desire to adhere to the Union, destroy their coherence, and falsify their most cherished creed. And it is one of those interwoven and balanced cases where appeals to precedents are vain, where neither party can assert a positive and unqualified right, and which arbitration of some kind, with mutual concessions, must settle; and, at first sight, the readiest and most natural arbitrament would appear to be that of arms. It is impossible to blame the South for preparing to maintain its secession, or the North for attempting to retain its privileges. The hostile attitude of the South is a necessity; but, setting the dictates of natural feeling aside, and speaking only of policy, the attitude of the North is judicious only in one of two cases. She may justly prefer to be armed while she treats for the rights which

she will stipulate for, in case she concedes secession; or she may believe that secession is the work of an organised faction, contrary to the desire of the general population of the South, whom, by military successes, she may set free to return to the Union. But though this had been frequently and confidently asserted, yet the evidence thus far is in favour of the unanimity of the South.

But if, setting these cases aside, the Federalists propose to enter upon a career of absolute conquest, there is a consideration which ought to present itself to them, beyond the expectation of the most complete success. The contest cannot be settled at once. Neither the generals nor the troops on either side have the experience necessary to perform great operations of war — swift and continued marches of great masses of men, ready to engage in full force on the point of collision. A decisive advantage by land can only be the result of a protracted contest, during which armies will be disciplined, and generals will emerge from the crowd. And even when the conflict terminates, an army of occupation will be necessary to retain the disaffected States in submission. The troops thus accustomed to arms will exchange the habits and feelings of the citizen for those of the soldier. They will have new interests and new ambitions. They will be unwilling to hide the glory they may have won in the obscurity of private life at the command of the State. It is not difficult to predict the fate of a republic whose principle is equality, and whose executive is weak, in the presence of such an army, led by an ambitious, able, and popular chief. The sagacious and philosophical De Tocqueville, writing of their constitution, says: "When the citizens are all nearly on an equality it becomes difficult for them to defend their independence against the aggressions of power. None of them being powerful enough to re-

sist alone. it is only a combination of the strength of all that can secure liberty. But such a combination never takes place."

Such, then, are the dangers which war brings to America. The Union may ultimately triumph, but it may be with the sacrifice of its liberty. It is true that the military power which is so likely to become dominant may rest in the hands of another Washington — of a man popular, wise, and just, one who would maintain liberty while suppressing licence, and would give the nation institutions more suitable to the development of its better qualities; but such a contingency cannot be calculated on. It is equally likely that a Harney.

a Twiggs, or a Walker might control absolutely the destinies of the nation. We hope, then, that the North, remaining armed to give weight to her demands, will concede secession. In return she will probably demand the free navigation of the southern rivers, and compensation for the public property in the South, to which no offset may exist in public property in the North to which the Southern States have contributed. This the South ought in honesty to agree to. But, however the dispute may be settled, we trust sincerely that the career of both may be so prosperous as to leave them no reason to regret the disruption of the Union.

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JOSEPH WOLFF.

THERE is nothing more usual than to say that the one thing wanting to the present age is that distinctness and originality of individual character which gives half of its charm to the past. Yet in spite of this general sentence of mediocrity, everywhere acknowledged, here has, within the last two years, a book slid quietly into print and out of it, without much notice taken of the matter, which no publication of the last two centuries, overflowing as they are with personal story and piquant character, has surpassed. There is, perhaps, scarcely a district in the country where the name of Joseph Wolff does not wake smiles and recollections, sometimes ludicrous and sometimes affectionate. For a man who has written next to nothing, and done not very much, in this country at least, the universal acquaintance in which the land of his adoption holds him is remarkable enough; but the book which friendly persuasion and help has drawn out of the old man, in his old age and leisure, is something still more remarkable. It is the story not only of certain *Travels and Adventures*, but of all the haps and mishaps, mistakes, successes, virtues, and follies of as odd and characteristic a figure as has ever appeared within the English horizon. Pepys himself, the prince of autobiographers, has not disclosed more naively his vanities and frights and compunctions; and among the world of books which everybody nowadays knows by head-mark, and can classify without trouble, a book which is not a book but a personal narrative, is a prize which we seize upon with no small joy and self-congratulation. The reader of these volumes will find it possible to forget that he is not a *listener*; he will break upon the course of the tale, into applauses of laughter and admiration; he will discover himself gradually growing into acquaintance with the outlandish hero, who stands clear and full in the foreground, relating his own achievements with innocent relish and gusto, until at last, when the curtain drops and the story-teller is seen to sink into that bosom of domestic tranquill-

Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D., Vicar of He-Brewers, near Taunton, and late Missionary to the Jews and Mohammedans in Persia, &c. Saunders, Otley & Co. 1860.

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lity, a Devonshire vicarage—most strange, incongruous, desirable resting-place, after such a course—few, we predict, of those who have accompanied him to this climax of his days will part otherwise than as a friend from the Jew-traveller, the Eastern missionary, the English vicar, who has thus disclosed himself to their familiar regards.

We seize upon the book with all the natural delight experienced by a wayfarer making dull progress upon the beaten and dusty tracks of literature, who suddenly finds himself face to face with the unexpected apparition of a living human creature; not an abstract folio or quarto upon stilts, nor any light-limbed sprite of romance, but a solid—very solid—personation of flesh and blood, as real and visible a man as ever made his appearance upon any platform. There he stands in all friendliness, afraid of none of us—facing the shafts of criticism bravely—an obese but dauntless Sebastian. Any fledgling marksman who has the heart is free to aim his arrows at this unguarded and unsuspecting hero. He had clearly no such chance in his mind when he told, amid tears and laughter, the story here written down, by kind domestic scribes, of the long and various romance of his life. Not ours be that ungenial task. Few men have such a story to tell; few men have those qualities for telling it which alike make the narrative fresh, lively, and delightful, and lay the writer open to the ridicule of the cold-hearted critic. The two things are almost synonymous. A man who has no weaknesses is a poor autobiographer; even the most skilful of historians makes indifferent work of a piece of perfection. To our shame be it confessed, do not we all prefer Lancelot to the blameless King? and to descend to homelier matters, does not everybody know that all the virtues of the father or mother do not go to the hearts of their children, like those dear every-day foibles, familiar as their habitual dress and looks, which

wake up the very best of all home recollections? A man who writes his own life does not need to be a very profound or elevated character; but he needs to be a frank, honest, unsuspicious one—either unaware of his own faults, or possessed of human vanity enough to make him suppose everybody else as much interested in the explanation and excusal of his conduct as himself. Such a man is Dr. Wolff. He assumes the interest of all his readers with such cordial heartiness that who would refuse to be interested? Behind the sympathetic domestic circle the good man sees only a sea of sympathetic faces repeating the expression there. He disarms the coldest spectators by his cheerful confidence. Such a story is not to be regarded as subject to formal examination, and amenable to conventional rules. It is, on the contrary, an altogether exceptional production. It is one of those tales for which we all yearn, children and grown people alike; a story which is true, and as simple as true, where the hero acts upon no rule, but does exactly as the spirit moves him—sometimes wisely, sometimes foolishly; where little events hold rank just as high, or by chance higher, than great ones; and where hosts of varied groups come and go without any serious bearing upon the tale, or necessity for a second appearance. For perfect reality and *vraisemblance*—for entire and simple-minded disclosure of character—for primitive interest and novelty, the very soul of story-telling,—we know no book of recent times which is fit to be compared with the Adventures of Joseph Wolff.

There are differences in autobiography as in everything else. Joseph Wolff, still living, and displaying by the most distinct of all evidences (according to the newspapers) his intention to live, prints his innocent free-spoken memorials, frankly naming a world of people, and nobody is the worse for it. Another personal history which has attained greater notice in the world

than that of the venerable Joseph, the Life of the Inveresk Carlyle, comes to us, after a long lapse of years, carefully bottled up until everybody was dead who could be affected by it. This fact sets forth the difference between the two types of self-revelation. After everybody has read his Autobiography, the world knows about just as much and as little of Dr. Carlyle as his ordinary acquaintances must have known, and as it was his will and pleasure to reveal; but with all the clearness of a photograph sees into his contemporary world, learns what other people were about, what manner of men they were, what were their claims upon the recollections of posterity, and what the failures to be recorded against them. It is not himself but his society that brightens upon the canvass—one sees the Edinburgh streets and closes, the Dumfriesshire roads and hospitable manse, the venerable precincts of Glasgow College, with a handsome figure passing out and in with handsome ruffles and an unexceptionable toilette. What the heart and soul of him are about meanwhile, Carlyle keeps to himself; and in the brightness of the reproduced scene, where the colours are all fresh as a Reynolds portrait, or as the Scotch Martin's transcript of the writer's own handsome face, we forget that it is other people we see, and not the autobiographer. Altogether different is the treatment adopted by Dr. Wolff. It is he himself who stands in the front of his picture; other people come in as accessories, as assistants in the conduct of the scene, as the audience who surround and listen to and applaud the principal actor. All that has to be told concerns "Wolff." He has no skill in stripping the interest from himself to some notable person about him, and so escaping unrevealed. On the contrary, the good man fully acknowledges himself the most interesting person present, knows that he can tell more about "Wolff" than about all the other people put together; and, feel-

ing at home in that description, opens out into the full tide of narrative without ever flagging or growing weary of his subject. The remarkable people he encounters are only visible so far as they cross his own varying ever-active path; they never withdraw the interest into other channels, or break upon the unity of the picture. Here nobody will learn what was the aspect even of that limited and peculiar society into which the young Jewish missionary was received when he came to England. No sketches of his patrons or teachers are to be found in these lively characteristic pages. They come and go, but Wolff remains. He is in possession of the ground, and sees no reason to transfer his place to any other. The consequence is, that while the light falls only in momentary occasional glimpses upon those angles of other people which have come in contact with the hero, the principal figure stands out with all the breadth and fulness of life, round, distinct, and individual. The idea of posing his contemporaries in graceful groups, or throwing light upon the history of his time, never seems to have occurred to the ingenuous story-teller. Simeon, the leader of modern Low-Church evangelicalism, a notable man, and one in whom any *genre* painter would delight, appears in Wolff's narrative in ludicrous simplicity only as attempting the vain task of teaching that Oriental to *shave*—an attempt which has never been successful, though renewed upon various occasions; and the other secondary figures in the story appear in a like innocent *abandon*, neglectful of all their own individual claims to interest, solely at those points upon which they touch Wolff, and contribute to the progress of his full existence. Here the perfect prose of innocent fact has hit upon the highest art of the painter, or even of the tragic poet. Instead of the broken radiance of a gallery of pictures, one is presented to us, all sunny and smiling, with every accessory kept in the most artful simple-minded

subordination to the main action of the piece. The effect is inimitable. Your brilliant groups, dashed in with a flowing historic pencil, are on the whole, except at the first glance, not much more satisfactory than those blank pictures of a committee, or conference, or general council, where every face is a portrait, and where literal truth proves itself so false to nature, that no body, save an adoring partisan, can look with any patience at the broad surface flecked with many faces, where neither unity nor grace can be. In each group of portraits the temptation to be concise and antithetical, to balance one character with another, and to make angles and circles of a regularity unknown to nature, is always apparent. But no such danger surrounds the single portrait. Here he stands, not requiring to balance himself against any other—not obliged to describe or set forth his own qualities in due bound and limit—beaming forth, large, round, and at his ease—certainly not a perfect, as certainly a most genuine, individual. It is very common to say that the sayings and doings of any man, honestly set down day by day, would make the most interesting of books. Never was there a greater fallacy. Not one man in a thousand has the art of showing himself through the envelope of his daily doings. The perpetual disguise in which most of us live, concealed even from ourselves, would make the record of our proceedings a most dry and lifeless skeleton of humanity. It is the rarity of the faculty which gives it so great a charm.

Here, however, is the one individual in a thousand—or say in a million, which may be nearer the truth, and a few ciphers more or less matter little—who can tell his own story. It is time to inquire what kind of a story that is which he has to tell. It is the story of a Jew, a native of Franconia, son of a German rabbi, who, stumbling into a perception of Christianity in his childhood, pursued the faint and doubtful light

which had led him through years of youthful virtuous vagabondage, very amusing and curious to read of, living and learning somehow without any apparent means of doing either, among professed Protestants and genuine Catholics, among philosophers and infidels, and rabbis, not without the aid of the greatest personages of the day, till at length the lad found himself in Rome in the Prætorian Palace, the idea of becoming a missionary having seized upon his youthful imagination. Out of the Prætorian Palace he stumbled again towards Protestantism and England; went to Cambridge, where he learned many things, but not how to shave his head; and terminated this romantic extraordinary youth by marrying the daughter of an English earl—a climax as romantic and unusual as the preliminary life. With this introduction to the good offices of society, and apparently with hosts of admirers attracted by his own genial simplicity, vanity, and honest qualities, he set out upon twenty years of missionary wandering amid the picturesque unknown races of the East, into deserts and dangers and troubles of all kinds, and sometimes to the very brink of death—out of which wonderful career the fortunate adventurer has subsided in his old age into an English vicarage, the longest unlooked-for termination of a life so various; from the quiet retirement of which he now sends forth this moving and eventful tale. By means of some missionary books of an odd and unusual description, by speeches and lectures, but, more than all, by that subtle influence of reputation which carries the name of one man to the end of the world, while it refuses to bear the fame of any other, not less noteworthy beyond the place where he was born, the name of Joseph Wolff has become a household word to many people, in every quarter of this country which crowned his young adventurous life with such unusual features. Such reputation is not to be ascribed to any one for no-

thing; and in the book now before us Wolff has justified his fame.

Popular opinion nowadays is as much divided in respect to the Jewish race as it has been in all generations. To some they are still the chosen people affectionately longed after, prayed for, and fruitlessly preached to; to others the meanest and least hopeful of people, remarkable only for that instinct of merchandise and money-making which has been the curse and the support of their race. Sidonia on the one hand, and the keeper of the sponging-house on the other, are only variations in the view. Christendom has resolved to observe no medium in her sentiments regarding this wonderful tenacious family. It is apparent that the popular judgment has but indifferent means of discriminating the highest character of these scattered Hebrews. We have ourselves heard a Spanish Jewess lamenting bitterly that it was a common error among the English to ignore the fact of any aristocracy among her people, and to believe that the Levys, the Mosses, and Cohens, and such usurious brotherhoods, were true representatives of a race which still retained patricians of further and purer descent than any Norman noble. This is doubtless a matter worth the consideration of Jew-despisers; but no vague conclusions on this subject will be half so effective as is a single glimpse into the home of the simple German rabbi, the minister of the little synagogue in the Bavarian village, where devout people gather in little groups to speak of that restoration to their own land which they are not sufficiently enlightened to doubt of—where the picturesque traditions of Jewish learning are the portion of the children, and where the pious regulations of life are such as these: "Say the blessing over everything you eat; don't eat with uncovered head; go every day to the synagogue; never lie down without having said, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God.'" In such a

house "young Wolff daily listened with the highest interest to the conversation of his father, when the Jews assembled in his house in the evening-time, and he spoke to them about the future glory of their nation at the coming of Messiah, and also about the zeal of many rabbis who had travelled to Jerusalem and Babylon as preachers to the Jewish nation." The rabbi then diverges into miraculous tales of the great Mymonides, of the holy Judah-Haseed, and finally of Jesus of Nazareth, about whose merciful and brotherly inclinations towards the Jews a curious Talmudical tradition is recorded. "This history made a deep impression upon young Wolff, so that he asked his father who this Jesus was. And his father answered that he was a Jew of the greatest talent; but as he pretended to be the Messiah, the Jewish tribunal sentenced him to death. Young Wolff then asked his father, 'Why is Jerusalem destroyed, and why are we in captivity?' His father replied, 'Alas, alas! because the Jews murdered the prophets.' Young Wolff reflected in his mind for some time, and the thought struck him, 'Perhaps Jesus was also a prophet, and the Jews killed him when he was innocent!'—an idea which took such possession of him, that whenever he passed a Christian church he would stand outside and listen to the preaching, until his mind became filled with the thought of being a great preacher like Mymonides and Judah-Haseed."

While these cogitations were revolving in the child's mind, he was accustomed to make daily visits to the house of a neighbour, the village barber-chirurgian, where he naturally repeated his Talmud stories, and blew his childish trumpet about the coming triumph of the chosen nation. While the little Jew made his simple brag of all that was to ensue upon the coming of the Messiah, the other children laughed and listened; "but one day," continues the narrative, "old Spiess, with his

stern look, said to little Wolff, 'Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was: he was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors have crucified, as they did the prophets of old. Go home and read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' These words entered like a flash of lightning into Wolff's heart; and he can sincerely say that he believed, and was struck dumb. No word came out of his mouth, but he went home to his father's house, and read the 53d chapter of Isaiah in Hebrew with the Jewish-German translation, and then said to his father, 'Dear father, tell me, of whom does the prophet speak here?' His father stared at him and gave no reply; and Wolff dared not to ask him a second time, but went into another room and wept. And then he heard his father say to his mother, who was also weeping, 'God have mercy upon us! our son will not remain a Jew—he is continually walking about and thinking, which is not natural!'"

The young proselyte, of whom this remarkable account was given, was then seven years old!

At eleven, the young hero, tired of the little progress he made, set off for Bamberg to seek his fortune. "What will you become?" asked his father. He replied, "A physician and a preacher like Mymonides." The old Jews who were present stroked their hands over their beards and said, "Woe, woe, woe! Your son will not remain a Jew; he will be mixed with the Gentiles, and go the way of all the Gentiles." With the extraordinary self-reliant adventurous instinct of his race, little Wolff set out thus, not to return again to the paternal roof. He took farewell of the home, which he seems never to have entered again, with a simplicity which shows such a premature entry into the world to be no such wonder among that peculiar people, and set out upon the battle of his life. A more wonderful example of the child-adventurer has seldom been recorded. He v

but eleven, helpless and penniless. He was leaving not only his father's house, but his father's faith, and all he had been brought up to reverence; and he was in search of, not the scanty living which contents the little Savoyard, the only corresponding type we know, but learning, and a career more lofty than his father's. The boy did not stay long in Bamberg. He was sent out thence with a curse from the house of the relation to whose protection he had betaken himself, when his inclinations and purposes became manifest, and so wandered forth forlorn, a little pilgrim of learning and faith. Worthy this idyllic tale is the following beautiful episode:—

"Wolff left Bamberg without saying one word, and without a single farthing in his pocket, and travelled towards Wurtzburg. On his way, in a field he found a shepherd, who was a Roman Catholic, and he asked him if he might stay in his house for the night? The shepherd replied, 'Yes, my friend,' and brought him to his cottage. He then asked Wolff if he was a Roman Catholic? Wolff replied by giving him an account of his history; and after they had partaken of a frugal meal, the amiable shepherd knelt down with his family to pray the rosary; but previous to their commencing the prayer, the shepherd said, 'Let us pray five Ave Marias and one Paternoster for the good of the soul of this poor Jew, that the Lord may guide him to His fold.' They prayed five Ave Marias and one Paternoster, and in the morning, before Wolff left, the shepherd said to him, 'Friend, you are in distress; allow me to share with you what I have got. I will give you two florins, which will carry you well to Frankfort.'"

Thus Providence and tender charity helped the wandering child. He taught Hebrew for a short time in Frankfort, and then in Halle; and ever many other adventures, passing amidst infidel Jews and rationalist Protestants, and through W , where he came under the of God's and his brilliant Christian world

at Vienna, of which he gives an interesting account.

Out of the domestic heart of Judaism he leads us into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, not to gaze outside upon that wonderful hierarchy, as most Protestants do, but to behold its internal factions and divisions, and the thoughtful mind working out under its conditions, as under those of every other Christian corporation, the great problems of religion and life.

The world is full of observers whose capacity enables them to comprehend differences: it is a common gift with superficial persons of all kinds, and in every field of inquiry. To perceive the perennial never-failing agreements and accordances is an altogether different matter. When the Protestant foreigner suddenly finds himself in the incense-laden atmosphere of Rome—when he sees the twinkling altar-lights interposing between him and the day, and perceives the gleam of mystical vestments and crosses through the darkened air—it is not wonderful that he takes up with that general notion, and, hurriedly retreating from the scarlet presence, concludes in his startled mind that here is still the one tremendous unity, against which free thought and private judgment made the most memorable outbreak that has happened in the history of man. It is difficult to contemplate the Church of Rome under any other than this aspect of unity. To know that people dare think there—that parties rise there as readily as in other communities—that fierce polemics, fierce as if the disputants were in the fullest exercise of private judgment, flourish within that all-enclosing silent wall of separation, with its pretences of infallibility—strangely disturbs our preconceived notions. We all know, but do not remember, what half-revealed convulsions were of old within the bosom of the universal mother; and to find perennial Protestantism and Evangelism swelling within that obdurate old breast,

holding ground from generation to generation, descending by the ordinary laws of spiritual inheritance in irregular but never-failing lines of succession, maintaining a perpetual protest, never silenced, and rarely interrupted, for the fundamental truths of Christianity, in opposition to all errors and innovations, is very startling and wonderful to the ordinary Protestant reader. That such is the case, nevertheless, all students must be aware. The history of the Protest within the Church of Rome—of those Christians of the Creed who, by some extraordinary capacity of human nature, which is among its deepest mysteries, say their Ave Marias without a suspicion of idolatry, and worship amid a multitude of saints the one Mediator only—would be one of the most remarkable of histories. Popular inclinations at present turn to the other side of the question, and Giant Hope has not lost his terrors for the English imagination at least. But it is confounding to those good orthodox notions of antichrist, in which most of us have been brought up, to recognise that indisputable element of Christian and Protestant life, which keeps its ground perpetually in the very bosom of the Church of Rome.

When Wolff went to Vienna, all wistful, young, and open-eyed, happily without any prejudices to one or the other side of the great army of Christendom, it was his fortune to fall between the two always struggling and contending divisions of the Church. He found there, as he might have found in the English capital, a High-Church party, a Neologist party, a Protestant, and a Popular. The leaders of the Catholic Protestants were "Johannes Michael Sailer, the Fenelon of Germany, and the great Frederick Leopold, Count of Stolberg. These united strict orthodoxy and attachment to the Papal power with admiration for antiquity and the Fathers, firm adherence to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and

belief in the miracles of that Church, with rejection of what is called 'pious opinion.' As, for instance, they rejected not only the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, but denied the necessity of asking the intercession of the Virgin or of saints, and their minds revolted at the notion of *worship* being addressed to any but the Most High." The Popular party was there, as everywhere, the romantic-fervid, the passionate-devout, moved as everywhere by a popular preacher of striking character, profound piety, and primitive life; but characteristically distinct so far from the English model of a popular preacher, that the Redemptorist leader added to the love of God that almost secular warmth of devotion towards the Blessed Mary, which has formed a singular compromise between earthly and spiritual love in many a monkish bosom. These antagonist elements confronted, combated, and modified each other in the German capital. Hoffbauer, the Popular leader, medieval and ultramontane, mingled the gospel with the most devout and absurd of traditions, and scorned the very philosophers who admired and followed him: and Stolberg, the enlightened Protestant Catholic, when a sermon was read to him in which the faithful were adjured to pray to the Lord Jesus and to Mary, thundered out, "Blasphemy! this is not the teaching of the Church." Such a voice out of the very bosom of Popery is startling. The two parties were at active warfare, as if they had been parties in the English or any other Church; both of them enjoying equal liberty and advantages, even in a capital where concordats had reigned, and were again to reign; and neither the Inquisition nor any milder form of persecution seems to have threatened the leaders of this division of the Church, who were all devout Catholics, and maintained their doctrine to be no reform, but the veritable creed. Among such people the Jew-boy

became anything but a Papist. He records his own youthful *gaucheries* and levities with the raciest *nonchalance*. The avowal of his nation sent a whole town into hysterics on one occasion; and the perfect frankness with which he professed, or claims to have professed, his sentiments on all subjects, seems to have had a piquancy and relish which delighted rather than horrified his strangely diverse entertainers. For everybody delighted in the charming young man. From the innocent vagabondage of his student life, the friendless and moneyless lad came aloft with a spring into the best society. To set and to embrace him were almost the same thing throughout his all-fascinating career. Without any visible interval he comes from the Hebrew teaching, by which he kept life and learning in him, to the intimate friendship of Friedrich Schlegel, of Count Stolberg, and of half the great people of Vienna. Everybody furthered and forwarded his aims; most people took him into their confidence; he received support and encouragement while he stayed, and, when he went away, sheafs of introductory letters, which made his path familiar ground. Making allowances for that vanity which our hero confesses, this is less unbelievable than might be supposed at the first glance. The young Jew was no shy genius, sensitive on the subject of his own claims to regard, but a most straightforward, light-hearted, self-confident mortal, aware of his own agreeabilities, and happily incredulous that anybody could resist them. His manner of conciliating the affections of Pope Pius VII., when introduced to him, is amusingly characteristic, and explanatory of his social progress. When the old Pope and the young student had both done all that was proper, and the Pontiff had even expressed gracious intentions towards the wandering Hebrew, our hero suffered his affectionate feelings to get the better of him. He was charmed with the mild counte-

nance and soft voice of the reverend old man. "Wolff gently and caressingly patted his Holiness on the shoulder, saying, 'I love your Holiness! give me your blessing.'" Who could resist such an appeal to his affections? Certainly not a good-hearted old ecclesiastic, to whom the love of the young was the only permissible enjoyment of earthly love. Wolff got the Pope's blessing and his special favour. He was installed in the Collegio Romano, and afterwards in the Propaganda, and his amusing heresies winked and smiled at as long as that was possible; and when Roman decorum and safety permitted no more toleration, the rash convert was smuggled off safely out of the Papal dominions, and came to no harm. Altogether a picture of priestly indulgence not common in any locality, and doubly uncommon, according to all record, in the very court of Rome.

At the same time it must be admitted that these good priests had their patience tried with the unmanageable young Hebrew, whose tongue would not be stopped. During a lecture in which the bulls of the popes were cited as the ultimate authority, "Wolff at once took fire, and said before them all, 'Do you believe in the infallibility of the Pope?' The professor said, 'Yes.' Wolff said, 'I do not.' He was at once surrounded by the whole college. Bonelli was especially indignant, and exclaimed, 'Bad and impious people seldom do believe the infallibility of the Pope; but if you want to stay at Rome, drive away these iniquitous thoughts, *scacciate questi pensieri cattivi!*'"

The ingenuous narrative proceeds: "Wolff became furious, but has since confessed that he did not show the real spirit of Christianity in the opposition which he offered. Nay, he owns that it argued a great deal of vanity in him, as a young man, to attempt to be a reformer. He ran to Cardinal Litta, and told him the dispute he had had, and that he did not believe the infallibility of

the Pope. Litta's conduct was most delightful. He showed the meekness of an angel, merely saying, 'My son, do not dispute, I beseech you, with these hotheaded young men, for if you dispute I cannot protect you: and you will be persuaded of the Pope's infallibility when you hear the reasons.'"

This mildness, however, was without effect upon the incorrigible youth. He kept his protectors in perpetual hot water, though at the same time overflowing now and then in splendid religious projects, which procured him renewed affectionate messages from the amused but gracious Pope. He disputed right and left with youthful pugnacity, and, to the annoyance of his Protestant as well as Catholic friends, let nothing escape him which he could make an exception to. Amid the alarm of his friends, however, he himself seems to have enjoyed the whole matter mightily, and found the Propaganda a most agreeable dwelling-place, made only more piquant and exciting by the continual warfare which he maintained, and the turning out, or worse, which inevitably awaited him. The yearly display of learning at the great missionary college was a scene entirely after his own heart. "Wolff spoke in five languages, and chanted so that the hall rang," says the delighted autobiographer, warmed with the very recollection of his early achievements, "and all the auditors were in raptures, and applauded him; and the Italian collegians of the different colleges present kept saying, 'Look at him; what tremendous eyes he makes! *Guardateli, Guardateli, gli occhi che fa!*' After the whole was over, the servants of the cardinals, together with their masters, slapped his back and said, '*Per Bacco! che voce! che occhi!*'"

But in the mean time his bold heresies grew worse and worse. It was not, alas! out of pure regard for the truth that the rash young knight-errant rushed into the field so often. "Wolff confesses frankly," proceeds

the candid tale, "that his grand enemies, all though life, have been vanity and ambition, cherished and encouraged alike by injudicious friends and covert foes." He owns that, during his life in Rome, his vanity made him believe that he knew everything better than those by whom he was surrounded, and as people told him he was like Luther in personal appearance, he resolved, if possible, to be a Luther also in his stormy and wild career; while at the same time his insatiable ambition made him wish and aim at becoming pope, as he once openly avowed in the College." He had gone so far as to choose the name by which he was to be distinguished during his pontificate, and to confide it to his fellow-pupils, who doubtless received the confidence with screams of laughter. The young Jew was to be Hildebrand II., to abolish celibacy and the worship of saints! No wonder they found him rather a dangerous inmate of the polyglot community in the Piazza di Spagna. He rushed into correspondence with heretics at the same time, wrote letters to the distinguished English Traveller, sworn friend of all eccentric beliefs and persecuted souls, the late Henry Drummond—to Ransen, and other dangerous individuals; a correspondence none the less delightful, doubtless, that it ran risks of being intercepted, and was so in reality. When affairs had come to a crisis, a solemn secret visitation of a tailor, shoemaker, and hatter, was paid to Wolff in the seclusion of his own room. It was the seal of his sentence. Clad in the mysterious lay garments thus mysteriously conveyed, he was set out of Rome under an escort of Carabini, and in charge of a messenger of the Inquisition, but only to be safely deposited in Vienna unharmed, and not much discouraged. The whole story is whimsically simple and amusing. The pious boy had clearly overtalked and overworked himself, and his kind yetality prosecutors, to whom it must have been a blessed relief,

dance, let him off with a few days' fright. How the provoking young disputant came out of Rome, and from the hands of an inquisitor, with any life left in him, would have been a standing marvel to Exeter Hall, had the young adventurer lighted in that locality. Let us recommend this story to the careful consideration of all theological paladins of twenty. One can imagine a Scotch student in similar circumstances, without the ingratiating vanities and oddities of the Jew, making himself profoundly detestable, and procuring a more summary and less easy expulsion; and who is there who has not encountered somewhere a delightful undergraduate, whom it would be but too great a happiness to introduce to "that member of the Inquisition," to the darkling tailor and mysterious shoemaker, who shuffled this intolerable lad out of his Propaganda gown—and into a new region as far distant as possible from the alarmed well-wishers, who could bear no more of him?

After this notable event the young Jew took to wandering once more, quite unaware what to do with himself, but apparently not much oppressed in his mind on the subject. He fell into a course of monasteries, among which he found, here a community of Benedictine friars, Protestant and Neological, there a learned Orientalist, lost in study of the Apocalypse, and coming to just such conclusions as Wolff himself afterwards came to amid the Protestant sages at Alburg. Unexpected meetings and sudden appearances of the very, most necessary, and desirable person at the most appropriate moment, have been discarded from fiction as unpermissible, and branded with all sorts of ugly names. But the fact is, as everybody knows, that in real life such things do happen like many other things which nobody dare hint at in imaginary conversations. When Wolff was about as he was now, and making no progress, he encountered a friend of his friend Henry Drummond's, and was

forthwith conveyed to England—to the guardianship of that singular and distinguished man.

Here his readers might have been well pleased had the autobiographer paused to tell us something of one of the most remarkable men of his generation. Henry Drummond has not, otherwise than in his speeches—those speeches which people of all politics and ideas read with equal interest and amused regard, not for the subject of them, but for the speaker—left any worthy record of himself to the world in which he played so notable a part. A long, busy, useful, and virtuous life has come to a termination, and the figure of a man lately holding so characteristic and separate a place in the home landscape—one of the country's independent advisers, certain to take his own view, and no other man's, and to give his counsel strenuously on every matter of national importance—already detaches itself in historic completeness from the phantasmagoria of facts and politics. Henry Drummond entered life with a rare portion of all the gifts of Providence. He was rich, he was of good family, with talents much above the ordinary proportion; a clear head, a warm and not too wise imagination, a liberal heart. All these gifts, while still a young man, he was led to devote to the service of that Master who had endowed him so plentifully. In the history of religion everywhere for the last fifty years his name is constantly appearing. Wherever faith was stirring among the dead Continental churches—wherever Christian enterprises were setting forth—wherever serviceable men were to be had for these labours, or devout ones sheltered from persecution or poverty,—the sound of his name is like the apparition of the Eastern potentate in a tale of the *Arabian Nights*. Prompt, unhesitating, *rich*—holding that talisman of wealth which becomes in such hands a most enviable and magical possession, and is travestied entirely out of the vulgar thing it so often is, the rapid and

bold energy of his individual hand has already revealed itself in many a book and many a history of lesser men than himself. Minds so one-sided, and yet so many-sided, are of the rarest. He embraced, with all the force of a single pursuit, the peculiar religious life which he and others finally consolidated into that which they themselves would not have permitted to be called a new sect, but which common phraseology knows no other name for; but while rapt in a mystic atmosphere of revelations and communications from heaven, and even himself, in all his acute intelligence and high-minded honesty, the medium of such, never lost for a moment his firm footing on the outside earth, his keen observation of mundane matters, his humour, his temper, his shrewd sense, and notable individuality. A man more utterly contemptuous of humbug perhaps never existed. If, by some strange chance, he was in some respects the victim of it, the marvel is one of the least explainable in nature. We remember his aspect in his later years with an equal degree of astonishment and admiration—the vigorous unclouded age which belongs to good British blood, and that noble patrician training in which no country in the world can equal England—the cool, clear, caustic understanding, sharp and vivid—the faith, a world beyond all reach of reason, profound, unquestioning, not to be shaken even by absurdity—a junction impossible, but apparent—a harmonious man blended out of the two elements to common vision most inharmonious and contradictory. Such as Henry Drummond was, no poor man could have been. His wealth was a part of his character. It gave him the promptitude, the readiness to do, while others talked—the inclination towards the impossible which was apparent in him. Nothing was difficult to such a man. By the extreme range of his own powers beyond the grasp of most of his fellows, his very opinions must have been influenced, and miracle itself

appeared a less violation of nature. Impatient of delays and doubts, he bids Wolff no longer mind the Missionary Society. "I will send you out," said the arbitrary splendid rich man. The speech was characteristic. He appears with all the swiftness of an individual irresponsible agent wherever he makes a public appearance. In Parliament always delivering Henry Drummond's views, and no party's or clique's, and listened to as Henry Drummond with a closer interest than any mere political leader; and in all the other manifold paths by which a life so proudly silent as to its own doings, crossed the less reticent paths of other men, always the same independent self-responsible potentate: among the men of his time one of the most remarkable, whose name, in all probability, is to be left in the keeping of tradition, but whom immediate posterity, at least, is not likely to forget.

In the hands of this independent prince in the religious world, the young man was soon under-weight, and fully started upon his career. The life he had chosen from his earliest days, the life of a wandering preacher and missionary, had now begun, and the remainder of the book is taken up with a minute yet always fascinating narrative of his travels, his arguments, his sermons, his successes—all the daily drawbacks and furtherances that happened to him in his various journeys, occupying some twenty years of his life. To follow him in detail through this unexampled course—into all the wastes and all the civilisations of the East—among tribes whose very name is unknown to most readers, and through all the ever-changing crowds, picturesque, curious, and warm with primitive wonder, who throng round him wherever he goes—would be impracticable, and is not necessary. But it is impossible not to feel that the whole question of missionary enterprise is opened up in a new light by such a story as this. Nothing can be more utterly distinct

from the ordinary forms of missionary labour than this mission of the fervid Jew. He goes out in apostolical freedom, as he tells us the missionaries of the Propaganda are sent, *cum omnibus facultatibus apostolicis*, without any *tether* by which the "Parent Society" may haul the truant in, should he exceed his prescribed course. He goes, remaining nowhere long, like a brisk wind among the dead apathies of Jew and Mahomedan; he passes on, a disturbing influence, rapid and all-enduring, from city to city and over the burning wastes. What he has to say must be said soon, for there is little time to lose, and the very arrival of the extraordinary wanderer wakes up the community he seeks, and prepares it for the brief but hot conflict—the burning, sudden message of the wayfaring man. Rumour, that surest of primitive messengers, blows trumpets before him which echo deep into savage wastes, far beyond the reach even of his courageous steps. He goes like an ambassador, an office comprehensible to all, propounding his message everywhere, and leaving that royal proclamation he carries to work its own way into the hearts of men. Certainly such a mission must commend itself to many who cannot fully enter into the ordinary fashion of missionary labours. The good preacher who toils his way to one spot in the wilderness—who carries with him the women and children of his household, trusting them, with a faith which, whether wise or not, is full of homely sublimity, to the protection of God—deserves the respect of all Christian people. But when our hearts are torn by sad tales of the disastrous, tragic conclusion of such an expedition here and there, the question will arise, whether it is after such a fashion that the gospel can be most fitly carried through the world. Not many years ago the religious world was thrilled by the dreadful tale of a little brotherhood of martyrs who perished miserably on the savage

Patagonian coast, subdued by the terrific climate, the want of necessary helps to existence, the fear of the disgusting savages around them, and if not the neglect, certainly the most apathetic delay of the Society which had sent them forth. Though they had all the consolations of martyrdom in their own pious spirits, and left behind them the most touching records of the love that is stronger than death, it is impossible to use any other words. As men they perished miserably, without any price for their lives—shed their blood for nought—and *wasted*, though with the sublimest tragic prodigality, that zeal and those services for which the Church has so much need. Another domestic tragedy, involving women and innocent children, has just happened under very similar circumstances in Africa. We are aware that such calamities have invariably the effect of stirring other devoted minds to rush into the same dangers on the same spot; but that does not affect the real question. There is scarcely a preacher in Christendom who finds it easy to deliver a reckoning of what he has done in his charge, or to show to visible earthly eyes what results have followed his ministry; but a preacher who calls together, day after day, his wondering congregation of indifferent savages—who has to watch their curiosity die out, and no other sentiment take its place—who has to convince minds that do not know what conviction means, and to awake affections which do not exist;—with, all the while, amid all the anxieties of a family to be kept alive and out of danger, a report to make to his Society, and visible tokens of progress to provide for their satisfaction,—is he the modern model of that ambassador for Christ who shall evangelise the world? Certainly Paul's labours were of a different fashion. The question is one of profound interest and importance. There are few people nowadays who can content themselves with believing that it is no

kindness to bring the heathen world under the responsibilities of the gospel; and at the same time there are many who, in spite of the most serious sense of the value of missionary labours, find it impossible to satisfy their minds with those anxious records of the work that is doing in a hundred far-separated corners—those long details of here and there some individual man or woman of whom the harassed missionary is hopeful, or that scanty tale of conversions, which, in strange contradiction to the modesty of nature, are reported as so much value for their money to the subscribing home-community. A troubled half-guilty sense that there is something wrong in this system pervades many pious minds, who are in many cases driven to conclude that the wrong must lie in their own want of spiritual appreciation. To such the very possibility of an apostolic wandering must be consolatory; and we are much disposed to believe that the sudden visit of an evangelist, who must be gone suddenly again to bear that same message further—who is visibly come for no other cause—whose message so burns within him that he passes from place to place to deliver it, as a matter too momentous and precious to be confined to one quarter, and who, having left that seed, of all other seeds the most fruitful and undying, departs under the imperative call of that necessity which every savage can understand, of bearing the tidings of life and death to another and another place, till power and capability fail him—is of all other the means most likely to come at the primitive heart. By such means the early disciples made their way over the little world then known to man, and every picture of the wide heathen wilderness which surrounds Christendom seems to point out more and more clearly the value of such a knight-errantry for the work of the Christian Church.

The aspect altogether of the primitive mind, which knows little, which retains all it comprehends,

and which is accustomed to transmit such corners of truth and knowledge as it has obtained through a hundred subtle channels of personal communication, which we, all boastful of our press and print, have lost the gift of, is but slowly comprehended by the mind of civilisation, penetrated, sodden as it is with perpetual instruction. Amid all the compensations of nature none is more remarkable than this wonderful power of transmitting, which in actual truth does not leave us so very much to boast of in telegraphs and universal bookdom. "It is a remarkable fact," says the narrative before us, "that when Wolff returned to Mount Sinai, fifteen years afterwards, the very children who were not born at his first visit knew not only Joseph Wolff's name, but the names of his companions; and also that one of the ladies (*i.e.*, a woman in a Bedouin tent) had taken his neckerchief. They knew, too, that Wolff had a servant called Franz Six, and that his companion Cann had a servant called Michael: also that whilst Wolff was always afraid that his servant was starving himself to death, the rascal, in fact, was drunk from morning to night. From this we see how these sons of the desert hand down the slightest events from father to son." The same peculiarity is found in respect to much more important matters. Wolff himself and other travellers light here and there in the most unexpected wilds upon some solitary man or woman hugging to their solitary hearts a bit of gospel they have found or heard by some chance means, and leavening with the half-known truth a secret corner of the desert; and "broken lights" from such imperfect centres gleam over all that mysterious East which still throbs with sacred tradition. Then, in those far distant unexplored regions, the Christian adventurer here and there falls upon a tract in which he can recognise the footsteps of a Christian and civilised man, and the trail of doubtful light still lingers on the way. The con-

clusion may easily be drawn that, while it is impossible to put the entire world under such close training as might be given by permanent missionary residents maintained everywhere, nothing can transcend the uses of the Christian adventurer, the wandering evangelist. He who but pauses on the wing to say what is in him, all urgent and in haste; he who possibly may never be seen again—the man who, for an hour or day's speech of the wondering community, has crossed hills and seas—he whose errand must be attended to at once or lost for ever—has all the liveliest faculties of human nature enlisted in his favour; and of all mental phenomena there is nothing so remarkable as the tenacious life of truth when left to itself, even in the most unhelpful locality. Unnursed and unfostered, incomplete and fragmentary, that divine thing lives and shines out in glimmers among the darkness. In those far Eastern lands, so dark to a cursory vision, such gleams are trembling about many an unsuspected centre; and it is no small testimony to the services of this autobiographer to say that he has shown under that heathen gloom a tremulous illumination of tiny lamps, imperfect but genuine. Infinitely better comfort than that which lies in the anxious schemes of visionary men to make out that we are but threatened a little in this existence to be all saved somehow at the last, lies in the sight of such unthought of approaches to the God who sees better than we do over all the dim earth.

It was on such a mission that Wolff penetrated into the mysterious East. With dauntless simplicity he sought out his own people wherever they were to be found. From the merchant Jews of Malta and Gibraltar to the mystic and bemused rabbis of Jerusalem, he hesitated nowhere. With the one he maintains lively controversies ending in nothing, and with the other descends into the obscure lore of the Talmud, always fighting

bravely, sometimes triumphant in argument, sometimes worsted, yet always persuading his antagonist of that one fact more potent than any argument, that *he believes*. It is said that this, of all others, is the question of which Jews are sceptical, and the missionary is again and again assailed by confidential invitations to disclose the hypocrisy of his Christianity, and winks and smiles of intelligence, for which an Englishman would certainly have knocked down the rogues who made them. Wolff refrains from all such personal demonstrations, but he does what is more, knowing his sacred office—he declares his faith with unvarying insistence, which at last brings tears into the eyes of his questioners. More than once, at the most perilous crisis of his fate, he is entreated to permit himself to be called a Mohammedan, but at absolute peril of his life nobly refuses, and declares his trust in Christ sufficient to support him through all dangers. At the same time he neither is nor pretends to be brave. He will venture to mount no animal above the condition of a donkey or broken-down horse, screams with fright when he crosses a river, and makes ridiculous exhibitions of panic when he is in the hands of sufficient protectors, all which he relates with great glee and perfect simplicity. But when the Eastern wanderer has to fight his way through an Arab tribe, or out of the hands of a dangerous unmanageable chief, the scene changes entirely. The coolness with which he prepares for that doubtful combat, the calm confidence with which he plies the quips of Oriental trickery to mystify his opponents, the lightheartedness with which he picks himself up, and with feet bleeding from the bastinado, or in stark nakedness, escaped with nothing but his life, sets his face still forward, though at a snail's pace, shames even English courage. One of these escapes, and the manner in which the clever Jew overcame the danger which threatened him, is well worth quoting. He was travelling from Bokhara to Cabul,

and had to pass through the dominions of the Governor of Moyam, who had already murdered some English travellers, and against whom he had been repeatedly warned.

"Wolff therefore proceeded towards Moyam, which is about eight miles' distance from Balkh, and as he crossed over a bridge he met a fine-looking tall Osbeck on horseback, who was a haji and a moolah, and was well acquainted with Arabic. Wolff conversed with him in Arabic, and he invited Wolff to be his guest for the night with his whole party, which offer they accepted; and in token of friendship, Wolff and the Osbeck placed the palms of both their hands together, and stroked their respective beards. 'There,' said Wolff, 'are we brothers now?' The Osbeck replied, 'Yes, praise be to God.' Then Wolff said, 'I will not deceive a brother. I tell you, therefore, who I am. I am an Englishman. Will you protect me?' The Osbeck clasped his hands above his head in despair, and exclaimed, 'As long as you are in my house none can touch you; but the moment you leave it, the Governor, who is my cousin, will send after you, and put you to death. Therefore you must promise to do what I tell you. You speak Arabic, so I will introduce you as an inhabitant of Mecca, and tell my cousin when he comes that you were once my host in Mecca, and then he will ask your blessing and depart.' Wolff answered, 'I shall do no such thing. All I order you,' and he added, turning round to his followers, 'and you also, is not to say one single word about me when he comes; but refer him to me, and I shall answer all his questions to his entire satisfaction, not hiding anything from him.' With this understanding the Osbeck took Wolff to his house. In the evening came the Governor, as the Osbeck had said; and seeing Wolff, he came straight up to him, and asked him—'Where do you come from?'"

"Wolff.—'From Malta.'"

"Governor.—'What town is Malta?'"

"Wolff.—'Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Ham had again a son whose name was Canaan. Malta was peopled by the descendants of Canaan, (because they are descendants of the Phenicians.)'"

"Governor.—'Whereabouts is Malta?'"

"Wolff.—'The contrivances of man and their inventions for their conveniences are wonderful; but every nation

has its own ways. Here you have boats made of skins. At Malta are boats called *steamboats* (Wolff gave him the English name, for of course the Governor could not tell whether it was English or Chinese), 'and these are dragged on by smoke, which makes a whirring noise' (here Wolff imitated the noise), 'and, entering such a boat, one reaches Stamboul from Malta in four days.'

"Governor.—'Who rules in Malta?'

"Wolff.—'The name of the governor is Ponsonby Khan, son of Besborough Khan, and his wife's name is Amelee Khatoon' (i. e. Emily the lady), 'daughter of Bathurst Khan.' It is to be remarked that Wolff pronounced these names in a broad Eastern way, and with a powerful voice.

"Governor.—'Where were you born?'

"Wolff.—'Here we must go to the Holy Book, the history of the world.'

"But here the Governor became almost impatient, and exclaimed, 'This man is too learned for me!' and he seemed inclined to depart. But he came back, and Wolff began to read from the 10th chapter of Genesis, 2d verse. . . . 'I was born in the land of Ashkenaz,' which is the Hebrew name for Germany, which, however, Wolff did not explain to the Governor. The Governor was perfectly satisfied with the whole of this information, and said, 'Verily thou art full of truth, and there are no lies in thee.'

This successful hoax, however, though it rid him of one dangerous adversary, did not bring him to his journey's end in safety. After a few days' further course, the unfortunate traveller fell into the hands of a fierce tribe of sectaries, known by the name of Kharyn, or "seceders from all the rest," who chose to object in the extremest way to the title of *Hajee*, by which his servants addressed him, and would let him off with nothing less than abjuration. His rational proposal that they should withhold the title from him had no effect upon those optimists. Only Mohammedans were entitled to use it, and a Mohammedan he must declare himself.

"You must either say," they declared, "'There is God, and nothing but God, and Mohammed the prophet of God," or we will sew you up in a dead donkey, burn you alive, and make sausages of you.' 'Wolff said, 'There is God,

and nothing but God, and Jesus the Son of God.' They at once now gave a sign, and all their moolahs assembled in a large cave, hewn out of the rock. The Affghans who accompanied Wolff, as well as his three servants, trembled with anguish, and said to him, 'Say the Creed, and the moment you are on your journey again, you may just be what you were before.' Wolff replied, 'Leave me, and let me alone. I will manage them. All you have to do is to disperse, and leave me only with my three servants. Some of you go towards Kondoy, but don't go far.' Wolff then ordered his servants to bring him his writing-desk. They did so, and he wrote the following words:

"To Lord and Lady William Bentinck.

"MY DEAR LORD AND LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK,—The moment that you read this letter, you must be aware that I am no longer in the land of the living; that I have been put to death. Give to my servants some hundred rupees for their journey, and write the whole account to my wife, Lady Georgiana.—Your affectionate

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

"Wolff gave this paper into the hands of his servants, and said, 'Now I will make one more attempt to save my life. If I succeed, well; if not, go on as far as Loodhiana, and the first red coat you see, give it to him, and he will bring you to the Governor-General, and you will be rewarded. Now, bring me my firmans from the Sultan of Constantinople.' They did so; and Wolff, with the firmans in his hand, entered the cave where the moolahs were seated, with the Koran open before them, declaring that he must be put to death. Wolff said, 'What humbug is this! You cannot dare to put me to death. You will be putting a guest to death.' They replied, 'The Koran decides it so.' Wolff said, 'It is a lie! The Koran says, on the contrary, that a guest should be respected, even if he is an infidel; and here, see the great firman which I have from the Schalif of the whole Mohammedan religion from Stamboul! You have no power to put me to death. You must send me to Mohammed Moorad Beyh at Kondoy. Have you not seen how little afraid I am of you? I have told the Affghans already that they should disperse, and probably some of them have already gone to Kondoy.' When they heard the name of Mohammed Moorad Beyh they actually began to tremble, and asked Wolff, 'Do you know him?' As Wolff could not say that he knew him, he replied, 'This

you will have to find out.' They said, 'Then you must purchase your blood with all you have.' Wolff answered, 'This will I do; for I am a dervish, and do not mind either money, clothing, or anything.' And thus Wolff had to surrender everything. Oh, if his friends in England could have seen him then, they would have stared at him. Naked, like Adam and Eve, and without even an apron of leaves to dress himself with, he continued his journey; and as soon as he was out of sight of the Hazara, he witnessed a sight which he never thought to have seen among Mohammedans. All his Afghan companions knelt down, and one of them, holding the palm of his hand upwards to him, offered up the following extempore prayer:—

"O God! O God!
Thanks be to thy name!
That thou hast saved this stranger
Out of the lion's den.
Thanks, thanks, thanks
Be to thy holy name;
Bring him safely back
Unto his country,
Unto his family.
Amen."

Such startling incidents did not discourage the bold missionary. He went on through all those savage extremities, indemnifying himself by the flatteries and kindnesses of every little nucleus of Europeans he lighted on, and recording, with the kindest, warm-hearted, bare-faced vanity, the laughing adulations addressed to him. "Wolff, your amiable conduct will carry you through the world," says one of his early friends; and though the candid story-teller confesses frankly that public opinion was divided as to his eloquence in refined Calcutta—the *Bengal Hurkara* describing him "as an amiable enthusiast, but not eloquent;" another Anglo-Indian journal praising only his "zeal and good-humour;" while "the paper called the *Englishman* cut Wolff up in a most tremendous and very clever manner"—yet the invariable observation of the Persians on hearing him was this, "It is astonishing how, and with what precision, Wolff conveys his ideas on religious subjects; for

though he pronounces the Persian with a foreign accent, yet he rivets the attention of every one of us." In propounding his millennial opinions, "Wolff did it with such modesty that he gained the affection of all," and expounded the eleventh chapter of the Romans to a poor old man, who had sunk into unbelief, in such a manner that "Botta confessed cordially that Wolff had beautifully shown him that the great apostle had combined in himself in a most prominent manner the philosopher, the religious man, and the divinely-inspired apostle. Botta thanked Wolff most cordially for his masterly exposition; and wherever Wolff has expounded that chapter, whether to a philosopher or a religious man, a like observation has been made to him." Whenever he reached civilised ground, all the alleviations which kind women and friendly men could render him were lavished upon the well-pleased missionary, who comforts and excuses himself for all the amusing stories and records of his own social powers, which are interpolated into the narrative, by remembering that Francis Xavier also was "the life of the company" whenever he made his appearance in the secular world. His social qualities, however, never interfere with his work; and if the good man looms large through a mist of laughter, in many cases with an aspect more amusing than refined, he is as picturesque a figure as could be desired when he goes with the mournful Jews at Jerusalem to chant at the ruined wall of the Temple that pathetic song of woe and anticipation which the Christian Hebrew can still enter into with all his heart; or sits at the gate of the Eastern city, in the very face of Islam, and chants aloud the psalms of prophecy—a proceeding the temerity of which strikes his English friends, who have seen him "shake in his shoes" for the slightest gale, with utter astonishment. The fashion of his courage was different

from the ordinary development of that quality, and was not inconsistent with arrant cowardice, according to his own confession—yet was notwithstanding, when necessity urged, a most sustaining and veritable valour.

The last great act of his life was the singular chivalrous enterprise, undertaken in a forlorn hope of saving two victims of Eastern ignorance and cruelty, Stoddard and Conolly. With a characteristic touch of superstitious friendliness, Wolff recalls to his mind that in all his disasters he has been delivered by *British officers*, and, inspired with the recollection, full of pity, vanity, affectionate regard, and confidence perhaps excessive, but entirely just, in a knowledge of Eastern ways which few living persons could equal, set out to Bokhara on the forlorn hope of delivering those captives. Trusting to his quick wit and old experience, and to the effect which his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat, and the title of "Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the whole of Europe and America," which he meant to assume, would have upon the ignorant and brutal court of Bokhara, the good man went forth in full canonicals, with a Bible, English and Hebrew, open in his hand, into the jaws of the lion. A most notable, vain, generous, and noble enterprise, which did not save the already murdered victims, but which must commend Wolff to every man who has anything of the Quixote in his veins—as most men have whose good opinion is worth asking. Though he escaped by the merest hairbreadth himself, he overawed the savage potentate into an inquiry whether he had power to raise the dead?—a striking confession of remorseful fright and compunction. The Grand Dervish, however, found it difficult enough to accomplish his own escape, and all but testified his "gratitude to British officers" with his blood. By diligent use of all

the devices common to captives, and by firmness and self-possession, he did at last manage to get away from Bokhara, and, coming home by a devious course, enlivened by many of his old experiences, came finally to England, and received from some confiding patron the living of Ile Brewers, in Devonshire. He had held a Yorkshire curacy before setting out upon his journey, touching which Mr. Drummond wrote him with all the frankness of friendship, "Your call is to be an evangelist for all the nations of the earth, and for this you are fit; but, to use your own simile, 'you are as fit for a parish priest as I am for a dancing-master.'" Most people, we presume, on *a priori* evidence, and judging from the nature of things, would be disposed to agree with Mr. Drummond. A parish priest, however, the Grand Dervish has been for fifteen years, and in that position has built a church, parsonage, and school-house, increased his acquaintance to a large extent, and evidently, by the testimony of the preface and execution of this very book, won the love of his neighbours, whatever his parishioners may have to say. In this calm refuge reposes still the most notable of wandering Jews. How he confines his restless activity, his adventurous spirit, his love of frolic and commotion, into the restricted life and narrow limits of the vicarage, we will not undertake to say. The cage into which he has thus cooped himself, however, has evidently not broken his spirit. He seems to have retravelled all his various adventures with the highest relish and enjoyment; and we know no book of recent times that will stand comparison with this original record. The story overflows with character, humour, acuteness, sense, and folly—the most *naïve* and unreserved self-disclosure. If Dr. Wolff was a romantic hero, or the brightest type of a wandering apostle, we might indeed object to many matters which hold a place in his narrative. But he is neither one nor

the other; and what he does not consider beneath his dignity, we, the well-pleased recipients of his confidence, are not called upon to consider in such a light. All the vague reputation in which his name has been wafted abroad, will be vindicated by his own honest outspoken tale. He is not a heroic personage, but he is the most light-hearted and dauntless of adventurers—the most amusing of companions. Dipping at random into his stores, it is quite uncertain whether you may light upon a broad modern joke or a quaint Oriental legend of primeval antiquity. His peals of comfortable, complacent laughter—the laughter of a man fully satisfied with himself, and enjoying his own jeets—are interrupted by wild chants of the desert, and pathetic Hebrew lamentations, pealed forth in a voice that has made itself heard among the clamours of savage tribes, and caused the halls of the Propaganda to ring again. Altogether the book, which is not free from vulgarities,

or even a suspicion of tediousness, in the latter part especially, has a fascination quite irresistible. We know neither priest nor traveller of modern times worthy to compare with this son of Levi and the desert—this wandering cross-bearer—this Grand Dervish of Christendom. It would be hard to light upon another Wolff;—to look for such exceptional irregular personages would be foolish, and to find them undesirable. Nevertheless, there is in his mission a precedent which we would gladly see followed. A man of higher strain might make that sublime which Wolff has made interesting and exciting; and we cannot doubt that the flash of this passing visitor through regions of obscurity will throw farther reflections than anybody dreams of—reflections in all probability more original, and therefore more lasting, than those which are likely to arise round the permanent glimmer of some single stationary taper planted alone in the wilderness.

ON MANNERS.

THE moralists of the last century were in the habit of giving a prominence and importance to the subject of manners, which we do not meet with now. Manners must, indeed, be an interesting and momentous question at all times; but we do not find the duty of good manners, and the practical value of attractive ones, pressed upon us now in the same way—or, at least, not by the same class of teachers. If we want to see what writers have said on the subject we naturally look back; indeed, the numerous biographies and collections of letters of worthies of the last century, recently published, and all of which turn our minds to this topic, necessarily lead us to do so. Our novelists, it is true, give illustrations of what manners should and should not be; our satirists devote their wit and powers to detect and expose what is faulty and vulgar in the manners of our own day; but for a grave treatise, a clear, apt, and full discussion, on what constitutes good manners, from what source and causes they spring, we turn to the measured, graceful, sonorous sentences, wherein our literary fathers expressed their opinions and conclusions on society. It is now, perhaps, more completely taken for granted that people know how to behave themselves; we are seldom disturbed by the solecisms and breaches of the social code which once obtruded themselves into every circle; nor have we affectation in at all the same degree. We have probably made some way in general refinement. A fine manner cannot now set itself off by contrast, nor need people become affected (that is, assume a manner) to escape being vulgar. Before they had settled into a certain uniform propriety, manners were unquestionably more in men's minds. The terms "fine gentleman," "elegant manners," "genteel," even "gentlemanly," if

applied not to mind but to external polish, we all reject as old-fashioned, as belonging to the past, to a different, and, as we think, less advanced stage than our own. If people want to express the same ideas now, they take refuge in slang, and are unwilling to treat them as grave questions involving a moral, or as though their own manners were influenced by direct thought, and were not the happy result of merit or fortunate circumstances. But, a hundred or a hundred and years ago, manners were an acknowledged topic, with a fitting vocabulary; they were made an avowed point in education, with strict rules, and were an admitted part in the case of each individual. We suspect that a good deal of that period would appear to us extremely artificial, and of the performance, the result of conscious care, seeming to invite observation, and therefore a fit subject for criticism, praise, and censure. We still know it to be important; but no moral authority as to the ladies of our own day we venture, with Mrs. Delany, to look a good manner next to religion and morality. Assuming good manners to follow naturally on a good education, there would be a naturalness and simplicity to offer by pressing them on the individual as an accomplishment in itself; but this fear was never present at the time of which we speak when a fastidious taste was constantly offended by a pressing coarseness, and graceful and a polished address were required from contrast, and very much to be put forward for example and imitation. Thus, Addison, after giving various pictures of incivility and awkwardness, writes: "A man fully instructed in this art (of good manners) may assume a thousand smiles and please in all; he may do as he pleases, and that shall

become none other but himself; —not that the things themselves are different, but the way of doing them." And Johnson, sixty years later, describes, with a sort of envy which does not obscure his admiration, a manner of perfect address. It has a touch of patronage and condescension which would not be acceptable to our ideas, but we believe it a truthful picture of a good manner, when manner was treated as one of the fine arts. "I remarked with what justice of distribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what address he offered to every man an occasion of indulging some favourite topic, or displaying some particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his inquiries after the absent; and . . . I soon discovered that he possessed some science of graciousness and attraction which books had not taught; . . . that he had the power of obliging those whom he did not benefit; that he diffused upon his cursory behaviour and most trifling actions, a gloss of softness and delicacy by which every one was dazzled; and that by some occult method of captivation, he animated the timorous, softened the supercilious, and opened the reserved. I could not but repine at the inelegance of my own manners, which left me no hopes but not to offend, and at the inefficacy of rustic benevolence, which gained no friends but by real service."

One distinction suggested by this portrait lies at the very portal of our subject: there is all the difference between good manners and what the writer means to describe as a good manner. Good manners are, in homely phrase, the art of always knowing how to behave ourselves. A good manner sets its possessor off, on all occasions, to the best advantage. The one is a habit, the other a power; the one is decorum, the other grace; the one secures us from committing ourselves, the other confers distinction; by the one we escape giving

pain, the other imparts positive pleasure; the one guarantees us from censure and contempt, the other excites respect and admiration; by the one we pass muster in any company, the other enables its possessor to take the lead in it; the one can be taught and acquired, the other is a gift of nature, fostered by favouring circumstances; the one is simply a reflection of cultivated society, and has no individuality, the other is the object of conscious imitation, and has its disciples and followers. It is a mere duty to aim at good manners; it is the folly and sin of affectation to strive after a good manner, when, not content with simple propriety, it sets itself by false assumptions to attract and to engross attention. Thus simple good manners bring no risk or danger with them, but a good manner is too often a snare and a temptation. While drawing these broad distinctions, we are quite aware that in very few instances can they be seen in their full separateness. The emphatically good manner we would be understood to mean, is a very rare accomplishment; while all well-mannered persons have an individuality, which distinguishes their demeanour, in things indifferent, from that of the other well-mannered persons about them. Everybody in a certain sense has a manner of his own; but it is not patent, not a power, not recognised or influential in society, like what we would point at, or that suggested by our quotation from Dr. Johnson.

No doubt good manners develop and slide into a good manner, under fortunate auspices; for it needs, and, indeed, must have, a sphere. The woman, for instance, has good manners while she is one of many in her father's house; transplanted into a sphere of her own, with room to expand, her most insignificant action assumes a certain personality; her manners develop into a manner of her own, distinctive, amiable, "full of numberless nameless graces;" and henceforth she takes

a place, and acts a part in society, for which no one before had guessed her capabilities. A person must in fact be of importance in his own set, and thus have a sort of field, to have a right to that distinction we are endeavouring to define. We doubt whether any one seeking, in his own circle or experience, for a manner as a term of commendation, will apply it to any one except in a position of independence and relative consequence—a position in which favours may be conferred, and the person has reason to know himself in a condition to be sought after, and to oblige others. It only comes naturally to such a one; and when there is not this root and source to justify and warrant it, it is sure to be affected, and offensive as such. But perhaps such reflections ought to make us tolerant of affectation, when it results from a desire to take a place, to be *something*. There are many people who have aspirations which they have no legitimate means of satisfying; and to have a place, a field in which a man may air and show himself, and work out his ideal, is one of these, and a very frequent one. Our aspirant has not strength of mind to bide his time, or to give up altogether; and so he puts on a sickly growth of airs, peculiarities, eccentricities, which nothing leads up to or accounts for. His ideal collapses for want of external nourishment and credit, and in sole return for his pains he is brought into injurious comparisons with the real thing; and the world contrasts him with this or that great man, to the manner born, so unaffected, so natural, whose grand air, or ease, or condescension, or self-reliance, or graciousness, sits with such careless grace upon him.

It must be owned that credit for manners in rich and great people, like that for merit and good works, is earned often at a mighty small cost. Very few people distinguished for rank and position are affected, because they have what others aim to possess: an affected king, or

queen, or poet, any kind, would be a monster; whereas ordinary good-nature, with the self-respect which their position almost necessarily inspires, joined to the atmosphere of good-breeding by which rank and station are surrounded, give them every facility for a certain grand or graceful form of manner. We would say, that for a man whom fortune favours, of gentle blood, pulled down by no inferior and low connections, well-bred himself, and living amongst well-bred people, and in a position to be sought after rather than to seek; who has nothing to ask from the world but respect and esteem, in his friends but love,—to a man good manners are inevitable, unless there is some lurking coarseness, weakness, or baseness, to counteract all these natural tendencies to civility and refinement; and that if he is equal to his position, he will have a deportment distinguishing him from others by its dignity and graciousness. And much more may this be said of a woman equally favoured by fortune, who has never known the temptations of sensitiveness to be ashamed of associates and connections; who has never endured the society of the ill-nurtured and the awkward, whether rustic, cockney, or simply vulgar; or who has, in good time, found herself emancipated from these depressing causes; who can choose her friends; who is queen in her drawing-room, and can carry out her own ideas of society—arrange, direct, organise, be an authority in her own congenial circle; whose notice is favour; whose conversation is valued; whose taste is deferred to; who can bestow a hundred slight favours; whose smile is watched for and remembered; whose frown is serious, and carries a weight of disapproval;—round such a woman, if she is of a genial temperament, and cares to be loved, will naturally gather an *entourage* of nameless charms to set her off. Whatever is peculiar her must

surely, almost necessarily, round itself into a distinctive grace, so that her actions should be all pleasingly characteristic. Not tempted by the disturbances which distract others, not depressed by the subduing causes which keep down so many, she will have the courage to be herself, and the harmony which results from sweetness and force—that force which confidence in herself creates, and without which there can be no kind of real grace. But there are not many persons so exalted by fortune, and who, logically speaking, cannot help having a good manner—and very happy, no doubt, it is that there are not, for the position we have endeavoured to picture is a temptation to whoever holds it, and somewhat too complacent a height for fallen humanity. Exemption from the minor cares and crosses of life, if any such could be found, would, in no real and Christian sense, be a blessing.

We would protest against the too common charge of insincerity brought against a charming manner, which has first flattered and delighted, and, in the result and upon reflection, has been pronounced hollow and meaning nothing. A charming manner means to please, and has no ulterior end in view. It is expecting too much to require people, because they are pleasant while we are with them, to think of us and act towards us in absence with more consistent consideration and regard than our less attractive acquaintance; especially as this very charm and pleasantness necessarily implies a mind present to each passing scene, and able to occupy itself with every new claim to its attention. Let us remember that we ourselves should not have been so agreeably entertained had our attractive acquaintance suffered his thoughts, while in our company, to run on absent friends—the habit of some conscientious minds, deficient in tact and sympathy, through which they contrive to give to each friend, by turns, the notion that

others are preferred to himself. A little reflection will induce more modest and reasonable expectations. He has been acting on the Premier's golden rule, that in society every one should endeavour to make himself as agreeable as possible; and the true art of doing so, we are told on high authority, is "to appear well-pleased with those you are engaged with." After all, it is a great thing that those with whom we are thrown should wish to please us, even by the little unconscious, instinctive *ruse* of seeming to be pleased. For that all these arts, where they delight us, are unconscious, we fully believe, and yet they cannot be otherwise described; as, where our authority speaks of the *true art* of being agreeable in company, and then corrects himself in a parenthesis—"and yet there can be no such thing as art in it"—so quick, subtle, and undefinable, are the influences which direct thought and expression, and which yet must be traced up to the direct agency of the will at last.

We have said that there are not many who are compelled by circumstances to have a good manner: let us consider what condition of mind best supplies the place of external advantages, and goes farthest to secure a good manner, and the respect and consideration that arises from it. We believe it will be found that people will be valued a good deal at the rate they set on themselves—we do not mean what persons aim at, desire for themselves; but what their actions show they rate themselves at. Many people will take infinite pains to win from others a favourable judgment, which they do not show themselves to share in. They have a craving for a high stand in their fellow-creatures' estimation, and yet cannot bring themselves to prove by their actions that they believe it their due. They hope to win the respect of others, and yet betray a want of *self-respect*. They let it be seen that their standard is the opinion of others, not self-approval.

Thus they will treat themselves ill when nobody is by; they will descend when it can be done on the sly; they will cut a figure to the world, and be pitiful in private; they will have a fine outside, and let things be shabby and out of keeping underneath; not from parsimony, but from a feeling that anything will do for themselves so long as nobody else is the wiser. That is, there is a constant little secret—the world is not to know the small shifts self is put to, which do not seem to matter while nobody knows. Now, this secret will always betray itself some way or another, and entirely stand in the way of the calm, easy, grand manner. The consciousness that everything about us will stand inspection; that the outside is an index of what is within, imparts ease, grace, and self-possession; while some touch—however faint, all but imperceptible—of sneaking or bluster will tinge the manner, conscious of something wrong out of sight;—though we admit that naturally sensitive minds will be afflicted with this consciousness, much sooner than others. Miss Austin's "Emma" maintained that she could always tell by what conveyance Mr. Knightly had come to a dinner party, on the argument that there is always a look of consciousness or bustle when people come in a way that they know to be beneath them. She detected an effort to strike the balance with himself for having done what was beneath his fortune and figure in the world.

We are not blaming persons who cheat themselves (not as religious self-denial, but) thereby to make a better appearance in the eyes of others. People of small means are constantly so placed as to make this almost a matter of necessity. A thorough harmony, a pervading correctness, would, in a great many people, cost more time and thought than with their peculiar temperament they have leisure and patience for; but all must see the enormous advantage persons of fortune and station possess in the particular of

manner, who have by appointment in absolute order, who have no makeshifts—nothing loose, incomplete, or shabby—about them, who can stand a thorough inspection, who can never be taken by surprise or caught unawares, over others who associate with them perhaps, and assume so far to be of their standing, but who must throw all their expense on what catches the eye of others, and endure the pinch of all shortcomings in their proper person; who never like to be caught, and who would not be seen without preparation. And most people must be able to recall some pleasant contrast to all this, some little *menage* where these disturbing causes are counteracted by a vigilant self-respect,—some modest home of exact, unflinching neatness, and pure trim propriety, where nothing is sacrificed to externals, where there are no concealments, and in which the inmates are willing to let the world see them all day long, and follow them in their busiest employments. And here we believe they will have also admired the self-possessed dignity and repose of manner in the ruling spirit of this fair scene of order. We grant that in case of limited means this result cannot be obtained without a considerable outlay of time and thought—what many would consider waste of time. Hand and eye must be habituated to see defects before others see them, and to be beforehand with decay. A certain fastidiousness of neatness and taste must be encouraged, and the law of order allowed to take a first place, to have its first turn, so to say, in the business of life. Of course all these are essentially feminine arts—we have necessarily a woman in our eye—but the benefits of her system do not rest with her. The man with such a wife acquires a reliance in his home, which gives security and ease to his deportment; while the woman—confident in her surroundings—whose delicate cultivated sense of propriety has brought all things into harmony about her,

transformation in our presence, might be supposed flattering to our vanity. Yet, so far from a compliment being inferred, the irritation belonging to a sense of personal insult lies somewhere at the bottom of the hostility; we feel towards affectation that sensation which made Hotspur "mad" at sight of the lord who "smiled and talked," and used holiday and lady terms on the battle-field. Whether it is that our manhood is sensible of an affront, or that we feel our discernment set at nought and our taste disparaged in being assumed unable to distinguish the false from the true, certain it is that a man's affectation excites in impatient tempers a strong and active repugnance. We can tolerate it better in women; there it may awake a tender and amused compassion rather than anger. Indeed, some of the best writing in our language is spent on defining and illustrating with indulgent humour the prettinesses of feminine affectation. Men cannot be very hard on airs put on purely to attract themselves: but this tolerance is purchased by the pretty triflers at the price of an acknowledged inferiority; their affectation is treated as one of the chosen trappings of folly. Dr. Johnson, who, body and soul, recoiled from affectation, at any rate in men, says, analysing his own sensations, "It is not folly, but pride—not error, but deceit—which the world means to persecute when it raises the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation"—going on to define it as "the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence safely be without." But we are used to both pride and deceit under other forms, without such personal animosity being excited. This does not seem to get to the bottom of our feelings. We rather prefer that other solution which he finds in Cicero, who ascribes our antipathy to the wound inflicted, not on our individual self-love, but on the more generous instinct of respect for humanity, implanted in us all. Every man, he says, has

two characters—one which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is distinguished from brute animals; another which discriminates him from the rest of his own species, and impresses on him a manner and temper peculiar to himself. This particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his business to cultivate and preserve. There is something pitiful, to be sure, in a man deserting himself so far as to assume a mask; and he contemptibly betrays a trust who, instead of cultivating what is distinctive in himself, seeks to overlay and tinsel it with unnatural, uncongenial, and varying fopperies; who adapts his manner to a fashion, and changes it with the cut of his coat. Addison adopts and extends the same line of thought, attributing the main part of the absurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for. "It is," he says, "to this we owe the whole race of coxcombs"—finely adding, "Nature, in her whole drama, never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than nature designed; who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so."

And here, we think, is to be found the only legitimate distinction between affectation and self-consciousness. We do not, after all, think affectation a very common vice of this day. As each age has its own physical diseases, which in their turn give way to others, so, we think, it is with moral blemishes. Affectation is not so common, nor is there the same temptation to it, as in Addison's time; but many people are called affected who are only, as we say, self-conscious—who are so constituted that they cannot quite forget themselves—who, under no circumstances whatever, could be thoroughly oblivious of how and

why they act, in little as well as great things. Now, in all this they are not acting against nature, for nature has made them thus, and they are not solicitous to look like something or somebody else, they only wish not to misrepresent and do themselves injustice. It is no merit in some people to be simple and easy; it is no fault in others to be sensitive, and forced into ill-timed speculations as to words and movements. The first have it in comfort and general favour, but they do not necessarily have it in morality. The one may be as single-minded, as little bent on pretence or display, as the other. All his care may be not to commit himself, not to produce an unfavourable impression; to do justice to good intentions. There is no harm, indeed, in a direct endeavour to do well. Nay, we can hardly withhold praise from this sort of study on particular occasions. It has added greatness to the great occasions of great men's lives; and Cæsar, wrapping his robe about him as he fell, vigilant even in that supreme moment to do nothing unbecoming, invests the whole scene with a noble decorum, which constitutes the last movement, the last folding of the hands, an adequate consummation of a heroic career. Jeremy Taylor somewhere tells of a Spanish noble who, on his way to the scaffold, incurred the rebuke of his confessor for the care with which he disposed the folds of his cloak so as not to interfere with the dignity of his ascent to the last fatal elevation. We may be sure that our bishop vindicates the action and the motive on principles of which the dull confessor could not see the weight. But it is to be assumed that men who took such pains to do themselves credit in their death, must have lived in a certain habit of intention and design—with an ideal of chivalrous grace, dignity, and refinement—with a care to do nothing unbecoming, pretty constantly before them. There may be in every society manners of this order—never, we trust, to be tested by the

poniard or the scaffold—which, without affectation, may, from the same causes, be cast in a mould distinct from the ordinary and more natural one; and which may be valuable as keeping up the general standard, and preventing ease from degenerating into carelessness and want of consideration for the claims of others. Apart from characteristic graces, we should say that he must have the best manner who has the most perfect and impartial perception on this one point—his own claims and the claims of others; and if an obtrusive and formal politeness errs on the one side, modern negligence may very well betray us into an opposite extreme. In youth, especially, we would observe that too much ease is, in all cases, a bar to excellence. Is it that ease should follow, not precede, any acquirement, and that an easy style in boyhood of writing, talking, and acting, results from not seeing the real difficulties that stand in the way of doing anything well? or that timidity and a certain backwardness are essential stages of moral immaturity, which must go before a ripe completeness? We find the authority we have before quoted, Mrs. Delany, who was by common consent mistress of the art of good manners in her own time, greatly prefer for her young niece any amount of awkwardness arising from timidity, to a "too forward and pert genteelness." On the same principle, we should not augur ill for the future elegance of that young lady, whose nervous tremors, as she sat by Sydney Smith at dinner, he, with characteristic good-nature, endeavoured to allay: "I observe you crumble your bread; when I dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury I crumble my bread with both hands."

Not that real awkwardness is tolerable long, but here women have a permanent advantage over men. Not only does timidity in them naturally find more graceful expression, but they can generally find something legitimate to do with their hands—some little occu-

pation with the needle, the shuttle, or the fan—to mitigate the pains of embarrassment from which men's hands have no safer refuge than the pocket: most other expedients proving a worse, and often mischievous alternative. And if hands are a difficulty to the shy man, what can we say of legs, which, we presume, women need never think of, as an encumbrance, at all? Where is he to put them—how is he to keep them in order, so that they shall not betray the perplexity of his soul? What an infinite variety of bad tricks, with these particular members, does not the demon of sheepishness suggest to its victim in the hour of trial! What postures! what oscillations! Who does not remember that curate immortalised in Shirley, who, in the critical moment of courtship, contrived with his own hands to tie his legs so firmly together with his pocket-handkerchief, that he could not set himself at liberty when retreat from the scene of discomfiture became essential?

But this is too painful a subject to be more than touched upon; for what sensitive mind is not haunted by the fear of now and then committing himself in the same kind, though not in the same degree? while on our part it is only common courtesy to our readers to assume them quite free and exempt from such extreme cases of ill-manners. There are other tricks, however, which, we suspect, in a measure pervade all society. One that especially belongs to natural, transparent characters, we will mention, as proving the advantage of a more systematic watchfulness than such persons commonly bestow, or than is thought as essential as it used to be. We mean the habit of interruption. It will be acknowledged to be a breach of good manners to interrupt others while they are speaking, but it is often by an effort that we abstain from doing so—an effort which, if we are conscious of sometimes, it is probable we none of us always make. No doubt it is a funda-

mental rule of politeness not to break in upon another's discourse. While conversation flags, and is kept up with difficulty, we take it so much as a matter of course, that comment and advice on the subject seem superfluous, and perhaps impertinent. But let us each consider how often we begin a sentence which we are not allowed to finish, and then reflect, not on our own ill-usage, but on what we possibly inflict on others. There are some people who never interrupt, who, in the full warmth of interesting discussion, will allow the sentence they are waiting to dispute or to confirm to come fairly to an end, without permitting lip or eye or motion to betray impatience; and we know that they are rare, from being sensible of a new and unusual labour in their presence—that of finishing our sentence grammatically and with point; a task seldom imposed on a party of eager disputants, discussing a topic on which all are interested. And what a sense of courtesy and repose it brings! what a good influence does one of these patient listeners infuse around—elaborately refining and giving point to conversation! Each talker by turn receives the unusual forbearance as a personal tribute: we do not think him courteous, we believe him interested, but are not the less put on our mettle, to deserve and to reciprocate the agreeable civility. We are not speaking of those barbarous invaders, those social burglars, who rudely break into a good story, or a quiet statement of opinion, with something wholly irrelevant and trivial of their own, bearing no relation to the question; though, perhaps, each of us knows some instance to the purpose: but of those who are too much occupied with the interest of the subject to forbear the appointed time, from expressing their own view—who cut short what others have to say, without knowing it at the time or reflecting upon it after. It has been asserted that this habit *must* be on the increase, or the great talkers of

past generations could never have existed. All the "conversationalists" of fifty or a hundred years ago must have been nipped in the bud under the blighting influence of perpetual interruption; and no doubt, when good manners were more formal things, implying more self-sacrifice, any speciality people had, had a better chance of a fair field; though whether modern habits will regard this as a loss, and not rather as a gain, to society—a deliverance from a tyranny and an incubus—is a question. Even now a genius of this order may have some chance if nature has befriended him with the gift of a voice of considerable volume—a powerful organ. Nobody, as society is now constituted, can command the attention of a mixed company for three minutes (possibly at no time, for, after all, human nature is always the same) without this ally. It need not be a loud voice, but it must be one which, having got hold of the ear, can keep hold of it by that sort of body and continuous sound which so remarkably distinguish some voices from others. We know more than one ready thinker, with apt and felicitous words at his command, silenced for life by thinness and feebleness of organ; permanently oppressed and set down by the general habit of interruption. A man must be very determined to persist in saying what he has to say under so enormous a disadvantage. Some take to writing their thoughts in despair, whose natural sociability would have made them talkers if their friends had been no better gifted with lungs than themselves, or of a temper and urbanity of manners to forbear using their superior strength ungenerously. The silenced intelligence resigns himself without knowing it, gives up the struggle, becomes reflective, *thinks* while others talk, and retires at length into his study, which so far resembles the grave, that there all personal differences are at an end.

Another fault of thoughtlessness, closely allied to the last, and which

being in the concerned with our subject, is the habit of connecting the thoughts and facts of every sentence with redundant clauses, which simply serve to keep a stream of sound, and so to enable the speaker to hold his ground until his mind finds fresh supplies. If people were sure of attention they perhaps would not repeat "you know," "do you see," "and so," or again, the name of the person addressed, with such wearying persistence. We should like to put one of these eager, untidy talkers in constant communication with an impatient listener, just to try an experiment whether a sense of leisure would not subdue this hurry and the tongue learn to restrain itself into keeping pace with the thinking faculty; and thus all that is senseless and distracting in his sentences—or may we say *here*, the fault is a frequent feminine—be gradually eliminated. It is to give the masculine habit to interpose oaths merely as stop-words to give continuity and force to the commonplace; and we read of a conversation carried on in this way, which was taken down by a shorthand writer behind the screen, and which, being afterwards read in cold blood, was admitted by the speakers themselves to sound rather like a conference of fiends than the small-talk of human beings. Manners have changed for the better in some important points since then; there is nothing diabolical, we are happy to think, in the waste and superfluities of modern discourse, but the same result as to proportion might be found in some instances, as where ten sheets full of "abominable interpolations" were reduced to two of rational conversation.

It has been our object to regard manners, on their external side, as an accomplishment—as a key to social respect and favour; but good manners, to be worth anything—indeed to exist as we would have them—must proceed from an inner fountain of honour by the possession

of the educated classes; rather common in exact proportion to all classes, and necessarily showing themselves in happy and appropriate action. But each class has its tests and laws of conduct and right behaviour. We can only enter into that of which we have some real insight; and the social life of the mechanic and labouring classes is only familiar, in all its details, to themselves. We have already called new and exceptional positions the severest test of manners. The mixture of classes offers this ordeal—using mixture as implying real contact of mind and feeling. When men mix with their social superiors, so as to work and act with them in a temporary equality, the difficulty lies with the inferior. It is comparatively easy to be condescending with propriety and grace; it is hard to hit the right mean between subservience and forwardness—to blend in a right degree self-respect with deference. But how admirably, and with what tact, some men carry themselves under these circumstances! with what a nice appreciation of the claims of either side! It is one of the uses of athletic sports that they bring classes together on a common ground of strength and skill, and create a field for real intercourse, free from the restraints which render play of mind and feeling impossible at other times. In these scenes we know that it is not always the truest gentleman in feeling, and even in manner, who is the gentleman in common parlance; and learn, from what passes there, to respect an innate delicacy of taste and feeling, a fine perception of propriety, which makes itself felt and valued in face of all the odds of fortune.

But the subject grows with the treatment of it. There is more to be said at the end of these pages than we supposed there was at the beginning. No statement can be advanced but a hundred necessary reservations step in. Thus, while we seem to advocate some intention and design in manner, we

are quite alive to the fatal effect of these being apparent, or in any full meaning conscious. Polish, as it is called, is constantly a mere artificial glaze, obscuring rather than setting off the natural good qualities; and even caution not to offend may result in a measured tame propriety, which might well be exchanged for a few chance slips and occasional want of taste. Nature has her favourites in this point, and the careless blunders of the graceful and the lively may please beyond all the efforts, perhaps conscientious efforts, of the most thoughtful discretion. Nothing is more certain than that a good manner should represent the character, not hide it, as the manners of the great and the observed are so often designed to do. It should leave play to natural and easy action, and should seem, and, through habit, be, spontaneous. For the rest, every reader's definition will probably take up points we have neglected, and may even start altogether on another groundwork; while the infinite variety of faults in manner, the various shades of error—such as the preoccupied, the vain, the exacting, the languid, the negligent, the busy, the fussy, the dawdling, the condescending, all proceeding from habits of mind, but showing themselves in distinct and definite actions opposed to politeness and good-breeding, and all characteristic, not of individuals but of classes—might furnish each a separate disquisition. But into these we do not desire to enter; a few general principles are good for us all to keep in mind. Our young readers may be sure that their friends will not value their thinking qualities less for their making themselves more agreeable to general acquaintances. Nor have we feared, in our easy, independent, self-indulgent, and self-amusing days, seeming to advocate some expense of care and thought in acquiring an agreeable manner, when success cannot be gained but through imparting pleasure, ease, and comfort to those with whom we associate or in any way have to do.

• VAUGHAN'S REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

This is a second instalment of a work which we took an early opportunity of commending to the perusal of our readers. We may remind them that Dr. Vaughan surveys the history of England in order especially to answer the question, "Why England *is* England?" Why this people have grown to be what they are? In other words, his object is to select from English history whatever has had a permanent influence upon the nation. In carrying out this philosophical design, he will differ from other historians in the limits which he imposes on himself. All historians worthy of the name seek to show through what process, by what great events or great thoughts, a nation has advanced to eminence; but if they are faithful to their character of annalist, they must necessarily admit into their pages much that has had no such permanent influence. It is not for the complete historian to decide for all others what may or may not have left an enduring trace in the character or destinies of a people. Whatever has greatly interested mankind, he is bound to perpetuate the record of. He will form and state his own opinion of its importance; but he will know that others may arrive at a quite different conclusion to his own, and will not take upon himself the responsibility of expunging from the record what, to another reasoner, may appear an event of great moment or full of political significance. He has the twofold duty imposed upon him of faithful annalist and philosophical historian. But it does not follow that a writer who aspires to no such completeness may not limit himself to one of these duties: he may content himself with being a full and exact chronicler; or, foregoing the claim for his work of a complete history,

he may select and arrange his events according to his conception of their importance in the national development. It is this last, we presume, which our author proposes to himself. Whether he always keeps in mind this principle of selection, we are not prepared to say.

In his first volume, Dr. Vaughan described that admixture of *racés* to which we are generally supposed to be so much indebted. In the present volume, he deals with those phases of the Christian religion which, appearing either synchronously or successively, have wrought so potently on the moral character of the people. And most assuredly, if we are justified in saying that a variety of races has been conducive to a good *breed* of men in these islands, we may still more safely assert that the moral character of the people has received a fortunate influence from the various forms of Christianity which have struggled for pre-eminence amongst them. We, for our own part, feel ourselves on surer ground when we speculate on the influence of a creed or church on the national character, than when we theorise on the effect produced by the admixture of Celt and Saxon and Norman. The difference of race is marked enough when you have an aboriginal Australian on the one hand and the English emigrant on the other; and whether these are two different species of men, or their difference is to be accounted for by the prolonged influence of climate and culture, the distinction is equally marked; and an admixture of the two would probably result in a *tertium quid* of no very pleasing nature. But when we come down to races that so nearly resemble each other as Celt and Saxon, we seem to be remitted almost entirely to the great causes of climate, food, geo-

graphical position, government, and religion, for the diversities between nations. What part is there in European civilisation which a Celt and a Saxon have not equally well fulfilled? What religious faith is it that they have not held, individually at least, with equal tenacity? What art is it that they have not practised with equal success? The sea makes them sailors alike; a favourable position converts them both into merchants. One does not see why it was necessary that these islands should have been peopled by a variety of races. The admixture of Celtic and Saxon blood may, or may not, have been essential to the present Englishman; we do not pretend to decide on such a question; but, at all events, it is much more certain that the admixture of Catholic and Puritan modes of thinking was necessary to form the present national character of England.

"Revolutions in Religion!" The title itself suggests endless trains of thought. It is a topic which might tempt one to wander, with speculative gaze, over the whole history of mankind. But we must limit ourselves to the few revolutions in that period of English history which is here brought under our view. It is a period of history which, to English readers, seems to be of inexhaustible interest. Historian follows historian over the same ground—from the Reformation, commenced under Henry VIII., to the final settlement of our affairs, political and religious, at the Revolution of 1688—and all apparently find readers. All, or almost all, will doubtless be found to have contributed something to our clearer knowledge of this important period in our annals. Some are discoverers: on the faith of documents they have brought to light, they present the old familiar characters and events in a novel aspect; such, for instance, in our own times, is Mr. Froude. Others, following these, and having the advantage of their researches, without the bias which invariably attends upon the first discovery, are

enabled to give us a more just and candid outline of the whole history than had before been possible. To this class our present author belongs. Availing himself of the labours of his contemporaries, and correcting them by his own conscientious reading, we believe he has produced as fair a statement of our ecclesiastical transactions during this eventful period as could be expected from any one pen. For, of course, our author has his religious convictions, which must be allowed, in some degree, to colour his narrative.

But with strong religious conviction he unites a liberal and philosophic spirit. We quote with pleasure a few of the opening sentences on the progressive development of religion, which merit attention from two classes of writers: from those who are loud and uncompromising in their censures of the past, and those who refuse to us any hope of religious progress in the future. It is often, indeed, the very same writer who most vehemently denounces the persecuting spirit of the past, and also most resolutely resists every progressive movement in the present.

"We never fail to find religion in some form wherever we find humanity. The wants of our nature, in regard to social life and religious life, have the same spontaneous origin, and develop themselves according to the same laws. When a people once come under influences favourable to progress, it is natural that they should go on from bad to better, and from better to better still. It is so with religion—even with revealed religion. There are social influences by which even that may be deteriorated, and others by which it may be purified and elevated. Motives coming from our physical and moral nature contribute alike to make intelligence progressive; and the growth of intelligence tends, in its turn, to insure a growth of cultivated feeling. So men come by degrees to have new convictions in regard to the just in social life, and to the true and pure in religious life, and are prepared to endure much, and to dare much, in defence of such convictions.

"It is a narrow philosophy—a philosophy falsely so called—which contents

itself with holding up the ignorance, the prejudice, and the intolerance too often found in religious men, as demonstrating that everything belonging to the history of religion must be contemptible or vicious. The folly and crime which belong to the history of civil government do not demonstrate that government itself is a folly and a crime. The evils of bad government may be great, but the evils of no government would be greater. Horrors have been perpetrated in the name of religion; and what horrors have not been perpetrated in the name of order and liberty? The susceptibilities of religious thought and feeling in man which have made errors connected with religion possible are from the Creator: kings and priests do not create them, could not eradicate them."—P. 2.

All this is most true, and worthy of our reflection. Not only does the general advance of intelligence have its legitimate influence on religious convictions, but it should be understood that the errors and intolerance of past ages, which it is our business to hold up to view as things to be altogether avoided for the future, may often be regarded, *historically*, as having their necessary place in the development of human society. The analogy which the author suggests to us between a cruel military despotism and a persecuting priestly religion, is a very fair analogy, and worth pondering on. No one wants an absolute and capricious despot—no one hesitates a moment in denouncing such a government; and yet there was a time in the annals of mankind when the military tyrant, by uniting great multitudes of men under one common rule, was really advancing the cause of peace and of jurisprudence, and when his tyranny was really the best possible government. In like manner, the writer of the century cannot be better employed than in denouncing persecution and the tyranny of priesthoods; yet here also it is clear that tyrannical priesthoods have in times past provided for the mass of the people the best religion they were capable of receiving. A free and honest people has no rational objection, and

can have none, on such a subject as religion. In some way or other it must be led. Any power that is able to secure a wide conformity of opinion, and establish a faith conducive to morality, may be considered, in certain ages, as acting beneficently. "The susceptibilities," as our author says, "that lead us into error and intolerance are from the Creator: kings and priests do not create, could not eradicate them."

Even after a nation has passed through its stages of barbarism, there is a certain blind instinctive effort, so to speak, to organize itself under some uniform faith, which deserves our respect. It is by its universality that a faith becomes strong. Men are conscious of this; they feel that their own sense of certainty is shaken by the contradictions of others. They dimly feel that, if not truth, there will be peace and sense of certainty for all, if all will but think alike.

This general observation of Dr. Vaughan's, which teaches us tolerance for the intolerance of the past, soon receives an application. The first revolution which he is called upon to notice is that *nationalism*, as he designates it, which was inaugurated by Henry VIII. Here we assuredly find a very harsh exercise of power, leading to what has been generally recognised, both by English politicians and English theologians, as a good result. For this nationalism not only separated the Anglican from the Universal or Catholic Church, and thus led the way to the Reformation, but it also stamped the character of the Reformation in after years. Nationalism came first, and a national and scholastic Protestantism afterwards.

But though Henry VIII. and a small party in the legislature may have been desirous of constructing a national church which should have differed from the Catholic only in its ecclesiastical organisation, it is plain that they could not have succeeded, even in the first step of disruption, if they had not been supported by a large party amongst the

people who were bent on a change in the doctrines themselves of the Catholic Church. It was this contemporary religious movement that enabled Henry to sever England from the great European hierarchy, and surmount his crown by some semblance of a tiara. It was the hope of finally shaking off altogether the yoke of Catholic doctrine which made serious and religious men view with complacency the transfer of a spiritual power to the monarch. There was always, indeed, a class of civilians and jurists who looked with jealousy on the "Italian priest," who resented the interference of the foreigner and the encroachment of the ecclesiastics. These would follow with pleasure the nationalising policy of Henry. But no faithful and religious Catholic could have been otherwise than scandalised and outraged by it. And it was the widespread defection amongst religiously disposed people that alone accounts for the almost passive acquiescence of a nation still bearing the name of Catholic in a measure so directly repugnant to all Catholic sentiment. Nationalism and Protestantism went on side by side; and at first nationalism, which triumphed by the secret aid of Protestantism, seemed to triumph also over its modest ally. Afterwards their relative positions were somewhat changed. But the history of these two movements ending in the compromise of our present Church of England, constitutes the history of our Reformation.

What *was* essentially the Reformation? It was the revival of the Scriptures, and the exalting them into a position they never apparently had occupied before, as sole teachers of the religious faith of mankind. The enthusiastic men who received these oracles, giving their exclusive and unlimited faith to them—whether they are called Lutherans or Calvinists—form the real religious and aggressive element of the Reformation. In England this party was preceded by a

political movement which opened a way for it, but which modified its action, and under the protection of which it was compelled to come to some compromise even with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But there was always a party amongst the Protestants who would not submit to any such compromise: These bear the name of Puritans. The power which the Tudors assumed over the religious worship, and even the religious faith or professions, of the people, was in itself as grievous and tyrannical as that power of the Pope it displaced. Nay, it was something still more formidable, for it lay close at hand, and could send its victim most expeditiously to the stake, or the block, or the prison. But, on the other hand, it probably relieved the nation from a new priestly tyranny that might otherwise spring out of the Reformation itself. If our Reformation had proceeded entirely from the people, as led by their favourite pastors—if it had been exclusively a religious movement—the Reformed Church, according to the strong tendency of the times, would have sought, not freedom only, but predominance over the State. All churches, all religious bodies, resemble each other in one respect: they naturally develop for themselves an organisation based exclusively on religious ideas, and they quite as naturally regard this organisation as having a supremacy over all merely mundane or temporal institutions. The Catholic and Puritan would perfectly agree in this, that no civil power ought to interfere with spiritual affairs; and, moreover, that wherever the spiritual power has a word to say on temporal affairs, that word should be of supreme authority, and find, in the civil magistrate, a faithful servant and administrator. The strong hand of Henry VIII. placed the political power of King and Parliament above the priesthood or the clergy. It may be said that the diversity of sects that would have spontaneously arisen under the Re-

formation (if the civil power had exercised no control over the formation of opinion) would have prevented any one sect from obtaining a predominance in the state. But carrying our minds back to the intellectual condition of the people under the Tudors, we can hardly wish that there had been *at that time* a perfect freedom for sectarian development. The action of the State, in labouring for some uniformity of creed amongst the people, appears to us upon the whole to have been beneficent, although we certainly cannot always trace a very benevolent spirit in the actors themselves.

Nothing could be more weak or shallow, as Dr. Vaughan justly observes, than to attribute the Reformation in England to the angry passions of Henry VIII. On the other hand, it would be equally absurd to attribute to Henry VIII. any desire to reform our religion at all. His rupture with the Court of Rome was with him a quite personal affair: he found himself the sport of Pope and Emperor, and resolved at last, like a bold monarch as he was, to do without a Pope. The state of public opinion at the time enabled him to have his will; and we, looking back, are well content that he should have seized for himself, and for succeeding governments in England, a legislative and administrative supremacy over the affairs of the Church. But we cannot admire for a moment the conduct of the man. It was cruel, unreasonable, tyrannical. We have no wish to represent this monarch as altogether divested of princely virtues. In the earlier period of his life he won the golden opinions of the world, and he appears to have entered on his kingly office with some sense of kingly duty: he was then a conscientious man; but his natural temper was not benign. Fretted by the Pope, spoilt by the people, unhappy in his matrimonial relations, soured and hardened (as most men are who enter them) by theological controversies, he grew to be a coarse, dogmatic, brutal

tyrant. Mr. Froude has opened a discussion on the character of this monarch. We think that the problem, such as it is, had been already solved by Sharon Turner, who, in his history of this reign, draws attention to the marked difference between the earlier and later portions of it—between the younger and the older king—between the Henry who had Wolsey for his minister, and the Henry who sent Sir Thomas More to the scaffold. Having once broken with the Pope, and resolved to be Pope in his own dominions, no man ever trod more ruthlessly on the religious convictions of others. And, because his own design was one essentially of political ambition, he persisted in declaring that the conscientious and religious opposition he met with was essentially treason and rebellion. What had the poor Carthusians, for instance, to do with treason and rebellion, who desired only to proceed with their prayers in peace, and were dragged from their retirement merely to make a declaration that violated one of their most rooted convictions and strongest of religious sentiments? It may be worth while to recal this characteristic incident as recorded by Dr. Vaughan:—

“Haughton and his monks appear to have been pious, conscientious, and simple-minded men. They had hesitated to take the Succession Oath, and the prior had been sent to the Tower on that ground. But, after a painful struggle, he had conformed, and the brotherhood under him had followed his example. The Oath of Supremacy, however, was, to consciences already somewhat ill at ease, a still greater difficulty. The conclusion of the inmates of the Charter House was, that they could not take it. Being thus resolved, they confessed themselves one to another, partook of the Eucharist together, and awaited their fate as men already condemned.

“When examined, they declined to take the prescribed oath. Reasonings, persuasions, terror, produced no impression on those men. So their fate was sealed; and Haughton then stated plainly in behalf of himself and his brethren, the

ground of their refusal. It was, that they could not, without peril to their souls, cede that authority to the King in religious matters which they believed to be due only to the Pope. The three priors, and a monk of great reputation for piety named Reynolds, were sentenced to die the death of traitors. They all suffered at Tyburn, and, to add to the startling effect of subjecting such men to so barbarous a death, they were all sent to the place of execution in the habit of their order. Haughton suffered first, and his companions were urged in succession to avoid the same dreadful end by submission, but in vain. Six weeks later, three monks from the Charter House suffered at the same place for the same offence."

The most learned man of England took his stand with the Carthusian friars. Sir Thomas More, with lawyer-like precision, defined the duty he owed to the monarch and the state, and was willing to perform it. An oath of fidelity to the King and the successors to the throne he and the Parliament should appoint, he was prepared to take. But why was he singled out to pronounce, in the most solemn manner, an opinion on the headship of the Church? He refused to perjure himself by expressing an opinion in palpable contradiction to his Catholic faith. One is tempted, at first, to regret the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, as if it were a life lost for no good purpose—the cause he suffered for wins so little of our sympathy. He does not come before us as an enthusiastic devotee; he seems to die for a theory: it looks so cold a martyrdom. Perhaps he was more of the pietist than is generally thought: he bequeaths to his daughter "his hair shirt and the whip he scourged himself with;" but however that may be, if he were not so great an enthusiast in religion as martyrs generally are, he is still entitled to all the honours of a martyrdom for truth-speaking. His very coolness of temperament and self-possession should give him a peculiar title to our respect. What had this learned civilian, this jest-loving lawyer, you say, to do with martyrdom?

What indeed? He sought it not. But you want him publicly to affirm a proposition he dissents from, and he closes his lips: he will not utter the lie; you may carry him to the block first.

The trial accorded to Sir Thomas More was a mere mockery. The true cause of his death was his refusal to take the oath, but he was condemned and executed on the charge of having spoken treasonable words. And these words were proved by the evidence of one witness, Rich, who in this transaction can be regarded in no other light than the spy and agent of the Government. The King had grown headstrong and bloodthirsty. He was preparing himself by such cruelties for the most disgraceful act that English history has to record of any of our kings. This head of the Church and head of the chivalry of England, after being married to Anne Boleyn for three years, sees another woman whom he finds more captivating: he charges his wife with adultery; he decapitates her; he does it with a brutal joy; he dresses himself on the very day of her execution ostentatiously in white, and makes the Tower gun, which tells that his wife's head has been severed from her body, the signal for himself and for his hounds to begin the hunt! Was she guilty, this poor Anne Boleyn? We think not. We confidently assert that her guilt is "not proven;" we have no evidence against her that stands examination; we have nothing but the sentence of her judges, which we are surprised that Mr. Froude should lay much stress upon, since it was evident that he who found her innocent must calculate on drawing the King's wrath down upon himself. The King was, in fact, both accuser and judge; and every one was at his service, from the spy upon her unguarded moments to the confessor, who probably put that last speech into her mouth with which she went to the block. Not guilty, we say, judging according to the evidence ad-

duced. But say she was guilty—the man who *thus* destroyed his wife should have his spurs of knight-hood hacked from his heels: he has sunk to the vindictiveness of a savage.

But we had no intention to diverge upon the personal character of Henry VIII. We had to take notice of the *nationalism* which was peculiarly his work, and to observe that this determination which he and his successors manifested to usurp the government of religion, was, notwithstanding the tyrannous violence and persecution that accompanied it, a fortunate event in the history of England. The great and genuine Protestant movement, which was already stirring the people, was thereby restrained and modified in its future development. A compromise between the old and the new religions was rendered possible under the arbitration of the civil power; and the extreme influence or domination of a Protestant clergy was never put forth upon Protestant England.

Henry dies, head of a national church still boastful of pure Catholic doctrine. The *six articles* passed to confirm such of these doctrines as were most exposed to attack were the law of the land at the time of his death. Then comes upon the stage the young Edward, and the spiritual reign of Cranmer, under whom the real Reformation makes its well-known progress. English literature has been lately enriched by two very opposite portraiture of the Archbishop of Canterbury, from two most able pens. Macaulay, in one of his admirable reviews, has not only denied to him the honours of martyrdom, but has stamped him with duplicity and subserviency, and found in him a courtier's ambition as well as the timidity of a scholar. With his bold and powerful pencil, he has sketched in a portrait from which every grace is banished; Froude, on the contrary, has quietly reinstated him on the canvass, a grave and saintly figure, with the English Prayer-Book, his beloved task-work, in his hand. Perhaps, by the study

of the two, a fair appreciation of our most active and influential, if not our greatest reformer, might be arrived at. We can hardly place him in the rank of martyrs. He would, and he did recant to save his life; and it was only when he discovered that, whether he recanted or not, his enemies were resolved upon his death, that he assumed the attitude of the martyr. He shared—as who did not?—the persecuting spirit of the times; from his very position, he was a courtier as well as a priest; and the very cause which, as a theologian, his heart was set upon, he had to promote by subserviency to men in power. But let this be said in his praise, his heart *was* set upon the great cause of a reformation in religion. Whatever personal ambition he may have had, this was still the main object of his life. If he could not willingly die for it, he lived and worked for it. He who has a great object of this kind in constant view, and works for it, is a far more serviceable man than one who can only die for it. And throughout a long life Cranmer did work for his great object zealously and effectively, though not always in that high heroic mood in which one wishes to see a great cause advanced. He was not a man of the heroic type; and all that can be said is, that if he had been such a man, he must soon have vanished from the scene. He had to thread his way through dark and winding paths before he could emerge upon us with the English Prayer-Book in his hand.

Dr. Vaughan, we think, gives a very fair summary of the life and character of Cranmer; and as it is right that he should be heard, and not ourselves, on this occasion, we will proceed to quote some portion of it. If it is necessary to classify every historian as one who either attacks or defends a celebrated character of this description, we must reckon our present author amongst those who have written in the vindication of Cranmer. We have here a not unfair yet indul-

gent statement—a moderate, graceful, and not ineloquent defence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“Henry VIII. was a shrewd judge of character, and in his estimation the Archbishop was a man much too guileless and confiding to keep his own, as opposed to the policy and craft of the bad men who were often uppermost during this period in our history. It was the lot of the primate to witness the fall of several eminent persons to whom he felt bound by grateful attachment. His was the only voice raised in behalf of Anne Boleyn and of Cromwell, when their adversity came upon them. His influence was exerted no less honourably in favour of Somerset when the Duke came into his first trouble; and in the after trouble, he hazarded the displeasure of Northumberland by ‘showing his conscience secretly,’ as one not satisfied with the proceedings of that nobleman against his rival. He no doubt concurred in what was done in the case of Joan Backer, and in the case of Van Paris. This was a gross fault in his life. The enemies of the Reformation were eager to accuse it of giving license to all kinds of heresy; and the primate, with his characteristic caution and timidity, had persuaded himself that it became him to guard the sacred cause against a charge so injurious. The reserved protest under which he accepted the sanction of the Papacy to his consecration as primate, does not admit of vindication. Concerning the part taken by him in relation to Lady Jane Grey, little need be said. Writers who may be disposed to censure him on that ground, and on the ground of his confession and reconfession, as made, at last, in the hope of saving his life, would probably be found to look more considerably on those incidents were they to be themselves exposed for a season to a similar trial of their firmness. Compared with the men of his time, Cranmer was tolerant and humane, and incurred the reproach of the zealots on that ground. His spirit in his last moments was the true martyr-spirit, such as became the man who, in an age of church-robbing, retained clear hands in that matter; who, while others were venting their selfish nature in intrigue and conspiracy, avoided all such practices, kept to his retreat at Lambeth, and there prosecuted his quiet labour in issuing Bibles, homilies, articles, and other helps, to meet the religious wants of the

people; and laboured especially in translating those ancient prayers, which, as set forth in the book to be used in our churches, were to come, from their simplicity, pathos, and beauty, as the breathing of a new life and hope into the hearts of myriads through the next three centuries. All that is most precious in the English Church may be traced to the mind of Cranmer more than to any other mind—to that admixture of reverence for the past, and sympathy with the freer thought of the present, which qualified him to adjudicate between the old and the new with a high order of wisdom. His learning and piety and moderation place him before us as reflecting one of the best phases of the English mind in his time—that which was to survive in the future English Church, and to be its strength and beauty.”—P. 275.

We pass over the reactionary period of Queen Mary's reign, and the persecutions that so painfully distinguish it. We will make only this simple observation, that the royal power here violently used, and, as we naturally think, on quite the wrong side, is the same power and prerogative which Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth claimed and exercised. The headship of the Church was not intended to be a vain title. Partly with and partly without the aid of a subservient parliament, our Tudor sovereigns exercised a very distinct personal authority over the religion of the country. Indeed, the government of England under the Tudors is altogether a curious spectacle. There was a combination of arbitrary power in the crown, and of a spirit of freedom in the people, which seems at first inexplicable. We see in some cases a quite Asiatic tyranny—nobles are sent to the block by a subservient assembly of nobles—a jealous queen who has become superfluous, or a refractory chancellor, is disposed of with scarcely the decent forms of justice. On the other hand, you touch the people in their taxes, or you try them too much by some innovation in their religious customs, and you have surly resistance and a northern insurrection. There is a House of Commons in existence, and yet

nobility and commons are both loyal to a sovereign who has no military force to coerce them, and who claims a large amount of arbitrary power. The perplexity is to be explained, we believe, by the effect still left on the public mind by feudal institutions. The people looked upon themselves *as a class*; they were free; they boasted of their liberties; but they had the most *limited* notions of their liberties. What peculiarly affected the common people as a class, they considered themselves entitled to a voice in; but there was a wide range of government in which they hardly thought themselves concerned. Tax them severely or irregularly, and they resisted. They felt they had a right there to an opinion. But what the sovereign did with his nobles—whether he put them to death justly or unjustly—was no immediate concern of theirs. They assisted at the spectacle of a public execution as men sit at a theatre, weeping or applauding, but without the least idea, either by themselves or their representatives, of interfering. High matters of statecraft, which did not immediately affect them, were left to kings and councils. They were only a class; they had not learned to think for the whole society. During this era of religious persecutions, people looked on, astonished or displeased, but without the idea that any remedy whatever lay in their own hands. A curious incident is mentioned by Froude. When the first little group of martyrs were led out to suffer, in the Marian persecution, there was a fear in the spectators that they would prove craven, and recant; but when it was found that they went to the stake bravely and steadfastly, and proclaimed their faith in the presence of the flame and faggots prepared to consume them, there was a shout of applause! It seemed to the crowd quite natural that these poor men and women should be burned, since the Queen and her council had pronounced them to be heretics. All they had to do was to see that the champions of a

heresy they had more or less sympathy with behaved themselves stoutly, and, like the spectators at a theatre, they applauded the display of courage.

When we enter on the reign of Elizabeth, we encounter those controversies in which the name of Puritan stands forward. But, as we have said, Puritanism only represents that Protestantism which refused in England to make any compromise, either with the State or the Catholic faith. Between this section of Protestants and those less rigid in their views, or more pliable to State influence, the controversy opens on the subject of clerical vestments, the use of the cross in baptism, and other rites and ceremonies. The controversy had, indeed, been commenced in the reign of Edward VI.; it was, of course, suspended during the succeeding reign, and was revived with much acrimony in that of Elizabeth.

"The seeds of Puritanism among us," writes our author, "are no doubt as old as the time of Wycliffe, but they are not developed in our history so as to become characteristic of a party before the time of Edward VI. It is to be remembered, too, that what was at that time Puritanism in England was simply Protestantism on the Continent. This difference must be traced to the fact, that while in the other countries of Europe the Reformation began with the people and was greatly moulded by them, in England the movement was more dependent on the will of the State, and was determined in its course and results mainly by that will."

The party of Protestants, who had no intention that their faith or worship should be determined by that will, and who refused to enter into those compromises with the old religion which the State desirous of embracing all its subjects under one church, was inclined to effect, were our Puritans. No other definition will embrace the variety of men who pass in religious controversy by this name. Hooper, refusing to be inducted into the bishopric of Gloucester in Popish vestments, bears the same title as the fierce party who, at a later time, put down

all bishoprics whatever. Puritanism is our ultra-Protestantism, itself undergoing change, but at every phase of our history antagonistic and uncompromising, and permitting no authority, temporal or priestly, to interpose between the individual soul and the Scriptures of God. Against the tradition of the Church, or an *Act of Uniformity*, they were alike disposed to rebel. Milton was a Puritan as well as *Praise-God Barebones*. It may have been a term of ridicule when applied to men who had made themselves ridiculous. Applied historically to the movement party in the period of our Reformation, it has anything but a ridiculous meaning: it means force, enthusiasm, and the power of a simple, unlimited faith in the authority of Scripture.

The Puritans were almost universally Calvinists, but their Calvinism did not constitute a distinction from the Church of England till the time of Laud. Cranmer and those who framed the Articles of the Church of England, we need hardly say, were Calvinists. Laud, by bringing Arminianism into the high places of the Church, made the Calvinism of the Puritans still more conspicuous and still more aggressive. Under the Stuarts they became the party who, having to oppose the power of the Crown in religious matters, were necessarily led to oppose arbitrary power in the State also, and Puritanism became for a season almost synonymous with Republicanism.

For a long time it is the losing side. The favours of the Government, the preferments of the Church, are of course bestowed on the opponents of the Puritan; for him poverty, imprisonment, banishment. He is sometimes a scholar who forfeits all his fair expectations of wealth and honour. Cartwright and Whitgift start together from the university, where they have been fellow-students. Whitgift chooses the winning side: he is Dean of Lincoln, Bishop of Worcester, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cartwright, his Puritan opponent, let him win what bitter laurels he may in the controversy, is driven from his fellowship and readership, is driven twice abroad to wander about in beggary, and returns to his country to be captured and imprisoned like a felon. Whole families of Puritans were induced to exile themselves. Bancroft, who loftily proclaimed that Prelacy was a divine institution, suspended the hapless minister who disputed what indeed was then a novel dogma in the Anglican Church. He imprisoned laymen as well as the clergy. It was the common jail that determined the controversy. Long would be the record of the sufferings or the contempt inflicted upon the Puritans. But the hour came when they at length triumphed. They triumphed over King, and Church, and Parliament. Thank heaven! their triumph was but short; but shall we be accused of optimism if we say that many reasons might be given, bearing upon the religious as well as political development of England, which may reconcile us to the fact that such a triumph has been and passed away?

The Puritanism of England, when it could no longer aim at moulding the Church, or wielding the power of the legislature, naturally developed itself into what is now called Congregationalism. The disappointed or the seceding Puritan became the Independent. The uncompromising or ultra-Protestantism of the country adopted the Voluntary principle. We believe we are correct in our statistics when we add, that at this present moment about one half of that population of England and Wales which habitually attends on any public worship may be distributed between the Independents, Baptists, and Wesleyans. What proportion of them really adopt the Voluntary principle—that is, hold it as a settled conviction that religion should be entirely free from the interference of the State—it would

be impossible to say. Perhaps it is but a small minority who have come to any settled convictions upon the subject. To support their chapels and their ministers by voluntary contributions is a matter of necessity, not of choice. It is quite another thing to have arrived at the conclusion that the State should forego all direct action whatever on the religion of the community—even that of simply providing the best class of teachers that under existing circumstances can be obtained. Still we may safely assert that *Congregationalism* is that form of the religious institution which, since the Revolution of '88, has been slowly developing amongst us. We see it, in fact, developing within the Church as well as without. Churches and chapels are built to be sustained by the pew-rents; their pulpits are filled by those who can attract to the sittings; and the service is somewhat modified according to the prevailing taste of the congregation. For that class of people which is sufficiently educated for *self-government*, such a republican institution, as we may term it, may suit well enough. This simple organisation may be adapted to the wants and the capabilities of a future age. It was not possible in the past. It would be quite idle for its greatest admirer to regret that it was not established at the Reformation. Men did not think in this strain; and if the leading men of the time had arrived at a voluntary system, it would have broken down from a want of aptitude in the people, by whom eventually such a system must be worked out.

But we find that we are advancing further down the stream of time than our present author conducts us. The triumph of the Puritan and his development into the Independent has been reserved for a subsequent volume. We return, and with pleasure, to some observations he has made on the struggle between the Anglican Church and the Puritans, as it was carried on in

the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He details distinctly, without any spirit of exaggeration or tendency to concealment, the harsh and tyrannical measures adopted in that reign to secure a uniformity throughout England in doctrine and worship. No one can read any fair account of this period of our history without a feeling of indignation at the arbitrary power exercised over the consciences of men. Yet such were the times—such the prevailing modes of thought—that if Queen Elizabeth and the Anglican Church had not been acting this tyrannical part, we cannot doubt that some other party, the Catholic or the Puritan, would have been enacting it, and with greater violence. How the Catholic performs such a part we know, and we know too how ready and desirous the Puritan was to subordinate the whole powers of civil government to the service of his religion. Of the three parties struggling for predominance, we surely fell into the hands of that power which was likely to exercise it with the greatest moderation. Its religious faith was of a less exclusive character. And we may console ourselves with this further reflection, that the times in which struggles for religious predominance occur, are also the times in which some state religion is all but necessary. You may leave theology to be taught by theologians, as you leave science to be taught by men of science, in that day when the theologian shall find in the people a calm and intelligent audience.

Meanwhile, to the living Puritan under Queen Elizabeth who could not possibly feel himself responsible for the undeveloped tendencies of his own sect, how harsh must the government of that Queen have appeared! Remember that his religion was to him an enthusiasm—a new and vital enthusiasm which he was burning fully to enjoy; and then think that he could not meet in the most private manner with other like-minded Christians, to blend their prayers together, with-

out risk of the common jail! In the case of some Separatists there was downright hanging. And not only must he not worship in his own way, but, under pains and penalties, he must present himself in the parish church, to hear distasteful doctrine preached, and himself anathematised. To him Dr. Vaughan's enlightened consolation comes too late, that if there had not been an *Act of Uniformity* by Elizabeth and her ministers, there would have been one still more stringent from his own Puritanical party.

What inextricable confusion was at this epoch occasioned by the opposite views of religious parties is well described in the following passage:—

“According to the conscience of the Romanist, it was the command of God that the Pontiff and not the Queen should be head of the Church. According to the conscience of the Puritan and of the Separatist, it was the command of God that his faith and practice should be determined by the light of his own judgment, and not by injunctions coming to him from a worldly potentate. So far, in the case of Romanist and Protestant, there was a principle of divided allegiance. With both there were things to be given to Cæsar, and things to be given only to God. Elizabeth might affirm, in the most emphatic terms, that to resist her will was not only sedition, but impiety. But her opponents were not less skilled than herself in pressing arguments in that form. They never ceased to reiterate, that to oppose their doctrine was to oppose, not man, but God. This virtual assumption of infallibility, and this inveterate dogmatism as the consequence, belonged more or less to all

parties. The Queen was sure that she had a commission to command, and there were those among her people who were not less sure that they had a commission to resist. These people did not scruple to assert that the right to interpret the divine will, and to act upon such interpretation, pertained to the subject as much as to the sovereign. There were moments when the Queen would gladly have coerced those parties so as to have made them utterly powerless. But to have crushed her Catholic subjects on the one hand, and her Puritan subjects on the other, would have been to go far towards leaving herself without subjects of any sort.”—P. 612.

Nevertheless, the Act of Uniformity did its work gradually and imperfectly, and a national church has been formed, which, through several centuries, has been a great and effective organ of the religious education of the people. Comprehensive as it is, in comparison with some other kindred institutions, there have been struggles made from time to time to render it still more comprehensive. At the very moment we write, we hear the rising murmur of a new controversy on this very subject. Shall the Church repel, and stigmatise, and drive from out her tabernacle certain teachers who have modified their views of Christian doctrine, or shall she extend her cords and embrace them in her sacred circuit?

But we must not, on this occasion, enter into discussions of the future policy or future development of the Church. And as we find this tendency to *look ahead* quite unrestrainable, we shall be wise to break off here. We commend the pages of Dr. Vaughan to the patient student of the past.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER LX.—ANOTHER VISIT TO WILBURY.

It was, I confess, rather an annoyance to me to find Wilbury Hall, which I had hitherto known as the sanctuary of elegance and domestic quiet, transformed into the headquarters of a grand electioneering movement. Colonel Stanhope, though much esteemed by his neighbours and greatly beloved by his tenantry, was, I believe, regarded as a somewhat fastidious man, methodical in his arrangements, orderly in his mode of living, and with just so much of the martinet about him as kept people from presuming in the slightest degree to trespass upon his affability and good-nature. No one, therefore, expected that his mansion would be made an open house to all comers, even although his future son-in-law had taken so prominent a part in the contest; but the Colonel emphatically declared that, if he could not otherwise assist in the furtherance of the good cause, Wilbury Hall must be recognised as the centre for political communication, and that the credit of the house for old English hospitality should be most amply maintained. As a natural consequence, every person who had election business to transact, or who could frame a plausible pretext for presenting himself in the character of a well-wisher or a partisan, came thither; and if popular devotion could be estimated in a ratio corresponding to the consumption of beef and beer, there was no ground whatever for attributing lukewarmness or indifference to our supporters. I suspect that the estimable old butler, though frantically zealous for the success of Master George, whom he said he could remember before he was

breeched, was inwardly sorely aggrieved by the wassail and profusion which made the usually well-ordered servants'-hall resemble the taproom of a tavern. As for the agents and men of respectable status, who would have been affronted if on such an occasion they had been treated otherwise than as parlour guests, it was the Colonel's express desire that the choicest wines which his cellar contained should be set before them—a mandate which the old man durst not disobey, though it went to his heart to give out rich Burgundy and first-growth claret for the refectation of some score of individuals who would have gulped down with equal zest the fieriest port and sherry that ever came direct from the vaults of a wholesale and unscrupulous adulterator.

Such a scene might not have been altogether unamusing at another time; but, situated as I was, the ceaseless bustle and turmoil somewhat jarred on my nerves. I could not bring myself to listen with anything like interest to the numerous bulletins that reached us about declared auxiliaries, hesitating compromisers, and voters who were impressed with the notion that their suffrages were as marketable as green-pease. In short, I wanted quiet; but that inestimable boon was denied me. I was dragged into the vortex, *volens volens*, as the fisher's boat is caught by the swirl of the absorbing maelstrom. Politics, like champagne, had got into the heads of every one, and had slightly affected their reason. Carlton was hardly recognisable. He had been taken possession of by the whole seven demons of oratory, and expended more breath in

one day than might have maintained the lungs of an apostle of Wesley for a week. Frank Stanhope, who had come express from Oxford for the election, and who acted as George's adjutant, was thoroughly in his element, galloping through the country from morning to night under the vain delusion that he was canvassing, a function which he thought was best performed by kissing the prettiest girls he encountered. Little Dr. Wayles was so ardent in the cause, that he would with the most hearty goodwill have excommunicated any recusant parishioner who demurred to be pastorally driven; and nothing but a solemn sense of duty restrained him from enlivening his pulpit discourses with pungent political allusions. Of Lumley we saw little: he was fighting his own battle elsewhere, as we were assured, most vigorously, and with every prospect of success.

That was no lover's *Élysium*, such as I had hoped to find; for now that every obstacle was removed, and disheartening doubts no longer clouded the horizon, I yearned to indulge in that sweet sympathetic intercourse, the rapture of which is beyond the power of poetry to express—in those visions of the future, so brightly tinted and so fair that they far surpass in vividness and delight our dreams of the early Eden. Already we had spoken of the past—of our fears and trials—of our secret thoughts and half-unconscious aspirations—as those who have voyaged together discourse, when safely arrived in haven, of the perils and dangers of the deep. These, however, were but remembrances, surely never to be forgotten, yet not altogether free from that sombre tinge which is the invariable attribute of the past. For amidst the triumph which we cannot but feel at the retrospection of difficulties overcome, of doubts resolved, and of enmities met and vanquished, there still lingers a sense of the sharp pain we have endured, and the sorrow that preyed on our

souls; for where woe has been, there will its traces remain, as no subsequent growth of verdure can efface the track of the winter torrent. But it is our noble privilege and sublime inheritance that we may regard the future as our own; not alloying it by any base element of dread, or marring its fair expectation by evoking phantoms of dismay. Bright and clear before us lies the sunny landscape—over earth and sea broods a holy calm, and no speck is in the limitless ether; wherefore, then, disturb the enjoyment of the hour by anticipations of storm and tempest?

I too had been a day-dreamer, and had linned a picture which, I fondly hoped, Mary would contemplate with an enthusiasm similar to my own. It was, to be sure, only extant as yet in my own imagination, and perhaps the details were not very carefully finished; but I had a vision of a Highland home embosomed in woods, musical with the warbling of the thrush and the plaintive call of the cushat—of a waterfall hard by, half-hidden by the boughs of the graceful birch—of a broad blue lake, starred by an islet, wherein, surrounded by a group of venerable firs, stand the ruins of an ancient monastery, its buttresses entwined by ivy—of a range of purple hills beyond, overtopped by the storm-beaten crest of a giant mountain, the first of all the alpine brethren to reddens in the glories of the dawn. I wanted to describe the scene to Mary as I saw it, or fancied that I saw it, and expatiate upon the delights that awaited us there, far away from the throng of the crowded city, the devouring cares and the paltry ambitions that make men prematurely old, stain their souls with avarice and envy, and blunt the better feelings of their nature. I was not a poet, but I knew that on such a theme I could descant delightedly; and in itself it seemed so fresh and fair as to demand no embellishment from art. Eloquence could not heighten its charm, nor could

language enhance its beauty. Word-painting cannot pretend to do more than shadow forth an imperfect image—enough if it can create a desire to behold and enjoy the original.

But alas for day-dreams when they are opposed to stern realities! Not more surely does the descent of a stone shatter the clear mirror of the pool and make havoc of the reflected landscape, than do mundane thoughts disperse the fairy pictures of the imagination. No bower at Wilbury now was sacred to lovers' vows—neither garden nor conservatory afforded an inviolable place of refuge. That wretch, Carlton, under the influence of politics, had become a monster of cruelty; and never was unfortunate Huguenot more hotly persecuted by familiar of the Inquisition, than was I by the remorseless friend in whom I had been weak enough to repose my trust. Often, in the midst of our most delicious communings, did I hear him shout forth my name; and if I responded not directly to the call, the savage appeared in person, and with a chuckle of infernal glee dragged me forth to do his bidding. One while I had to ride out on a canvassing expedition; at another I was desired to make myself useful by concocting or revising an address. In spite of my most earnest remonstrances, I was installed as chairman of the placard committee; the pyrotechnic department also was confided to my charge, in virtue of which appointment I was expected to furnish an unlimited supply of squibs; and lastly, at farmers' dinners, I was compelled to hold forth upon the state of the nation, agricultural depression, the probable effect of foreign importations, and the prices of wheat at Rostock and Riga; all which I did with becoming gravity and unction, and with quite as much practical knowledge of the subjects as was possessed by the most noted economists of the day. Indeed, I was in the fair way of attaining reputation as a first-rate statistical authority; and I make

no manner of doubt that, if I had chosen to prosecute such studies, or, without encumbering myself at all with study, persevere in strenuous assertion, I should by this time have become famous as the founder of a new school of politico-economical doctrine, have utterly eclipsed the feeble star of Bastiat, and perhaps have been ranked as a luminary alongside of Adam Smith, whose intellectual achievements have shed such a rare lustre on the respectable burgh of Kirkcaldy.

One day, however, I determined to snatch from business, and to consider entirely as my own; so, resisting the entreaties of Carlton, who wished to despatch me on some profitless errand, I wandered forth with Mary into the chase. It was one of those delightful summer days in which the fair glades of England seem more than usually beautiful; the air was warm and fragrant, and the hum of insect life was loud in the pleasant umbrage of the lime-trees. Couched amidst the fern lay the dappled deer, and ever and anon the gorgeous pheasant would run across our path, too secure from danger in that protected spot to rise on the wing, and perhaps not unwilling through vanity—a passion which some of the inferior creatures share in common with ourselves—to display the splendour of his plumage. Strolling onwards through a wilderness of Portugal laurels and exotic evergreens, we came to an artificial lake, where the pike were basking and the dragon-flies darting among the reeds; and there, seated on the soft elastic moss beneath a venerable oak, which had long ceased to be a sapling when King Charles took shelter among the boughs of one of its kindred, we renewed our vows of pure and undying love.

Sacred and blissful moments, when heart speaks to heart without disguise, and no word of hypocrisy impedes the frank utterance of the soul! O ye who, reared under the influence of a false and perverted system, regard love but as a passing weakness, or at best but an episode

in existence—ye who think of marriage, not as a union of souls which even death cannot entirely sever, but as a thing of barter and arrangement—know this, that of all estimable blessings you are despising the purest and the best, and that you are blindly forfeiting your chance of regaining all of paradise that yet lingers upon earth, the foretaste of the beatitude of heaven!

Lovers take no count of time; but we could not thus have been long occupied, when a stentorian shout broke upon my ear, and a familiar voice in Doric accents made the woods vocal with the name of Sinclair.

"Hark, Norman!" said Mary, "some one calls you."

"Yes!" I replied; "and he bawls loud enough to startle Rip van Winkle from his trance. Don't disturb yourself! It is, if I may trust my ears, no less a person than my foster-brother Davie Osett; though what brings him here at such a time is more than I can possibly conjecture. There again! I must absolutely stop his bellowing, else he will frighten all the deer in the chase. Hallo—Davie! Davie Osett!"

And bursting from the evergreens, appeared the stalwart figure of the surveyor.

"Welcome, dear Davie!" said I, "though, to be sure, you are pretty well acquainted with the woods of Wilbury already. Last time, I remember, you were suspected of being a poacher; pray, in what capacity do you now repeat your visit?"

"Ah, Mr. Norman! you might let that flee stick to the wad. But I owe you an apology for breaking in where I maybe was na just expected, mair by token that there is a lady in the case." And Davie, with natural courtesy, performed a profound salaam.

"The lady," said Mary, "does not regard Mr. Osett as a stranger, though she never has met with him before. Mr. Sinclair has told me how much he owes to your courage and fidelity."

"Houts, mem!" quoth Davie, "I've warrant he's been making a sang about naething ava! But it's just like Mr. Norman. You see, simple as I am, he and I are foster-brithers, and that's maist as good as though we counted kith and kin. Might I be sae bauld as to speer if you are not Miss Beaton?"

"Certainly, Mr. Osett; that is my name."

"And a bonny ane it is, but no bonnier than her to whom it belongs! You maun excuse my country breeding, Miss, but it does my heart good to see your winsome face, and to think that Mr. Norman——"

"Come, come, Davie!" said I, "none of your glamour here! I can assure you, Mary, this foster-brother of mine is a very dangerous fellow. He has somehow or other got possession of the spells that Johnie Fua and the gypsies used to fascinate the Countess of Cassilis; and he is by no means particular as to their employment. For instance, I am given to understand that there is a certain Jean Leslie——"

"Fie for shame, Mr. Norman! Wad ye betray confidences? Dinna believe him, Miss; he was aye fond of joking!"

"Not the less on that account," said I, "have the Fates decreed that in due course of time Jean Leslie shall become Mrs. Osett. What! did I not hear you singing about her in your sleep? But, seriously, what brings you here, Davie? I suspect it must be some important errand."

"'Deed it's that, Mr. Norman. You are wanted in London immediately. It was auld Mr. Pains that found me out, and bade me come down and warn you."

"O Norman!" cried Mary, turning very pale. "Can it be that some new misfortune has overtaken my father? If so, never would I forgive myself for being away from him!"

"Be calm, dearest Mary! My life for it, there is no ground for apprehension, else Osett would not have

spoken so lightly. Heard you anything of Mr. Beaton, Davie?"

"O, he's weel enough, I believe," said the surveyor. "Nae doubt, sair cast down, puir gentleman! but ilka ane has his sorrows to thole. Na—there's naething the matter wi' him, but Mr. Poins wants to see you about that awful blackguard the Jew."

"Speedwell?" said I. "What of him?"

"I'll tell you mair about that presently. Meanwhile, I think I'll just be stepping back to the house, and bide your coming. It's grand quarters there; for that auld respectable man, the butler, wadna hear of my coming out to seek for you till I had tasted both meat and drink; and, my certie, but the claret's running there as fast as it used to do langsyne frae the cross fountain at Linlithgow, when Scotland had a king o' her ain! But dinna be over lang, for Mr. Poins will not be easy till he sees you."

"I dread very much," said Mary, after Osett had taken his departure, "that he brings some distressing intelligence. God grant it may not be of a kind to add to the afflictions of my dear father! O Norman! is it not selfish in me to feel so happy amidst so much domestic distress?"

"No, Mary," said I, "for without distress we never should have known happiness. And you need not take alarm at Osett's affectation of mystery. He is a most excellent fellow, but, in common with my countrymen of the class to which he belongs, he dearly loves a bit of mystery, and will not be coerced into revealing it until it suits his own convenience. Besides, Speedwell has already made an ample confession, which it would be wholly impossible for him to retract."

"Yet I cannot help trembling, Norman! Why should they have sent for you in such haste? Surely you have done enough to be spared from further trouble in these wretched affairs!"

"You forget, dearest, that I have

now a right to be considered as one of the family. I had no greater boon to ask than that which your father has freely granted; and by that act he has bound me to him for ever. Do not be afraid. I shall not be long absent; and were it not that I must forego your dear company for a time, London would be as pleasant as Wilbury, which, in its present condition—I say that with all respect for our kind and hospitable friends—is a sort of political Pandemonium."

On arriving at the house I had a private interview with Osett.

"I didna like, Mr. Norman," he said, "to come out wi' all I had to say before the young lady, for the news I bring is of a fearsome kind. That wretched creature, Speedwell——"

"What!" cried I. "Can he have escaped from prison?"

"Na—he's in prison still; but it is a prison the door of which will be steekit till the great day of judgment. Escaped? That has he, if it be an escape for a reckless sinner to pass from the dowiest dungeon on earth to the place of fire and brimstone! Speedwell has gone to his account; and the Lord keep ony Christian man from running up sic an awful reckoning!"

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"E'en sae," replied Davie. "The wicked man has been taken in his ain net, and has fallen into the snare that he set for others. Little thought the cruel wretch, yon time down-by at Tadcaster, when he was ettling to take the life o' the puir feckless lad, whose warst crime was keeping company wi' sic a circumceesed apostate, that in less than a month he himsel' wad be girning in the deadthraus, wi' the poison seething in his bowels, and the thick foam glueing up the lips that never had uttered a prayer!"

"Terrible, indeed!" said I. "Did he die by his own hand?"

"That passes my knowledge," replied Davie. "I ken naething beyond this, that he is dead, and that he died by poison. But auld Mr.

Poins is in an unco taking about it, and he bade me tell you to come to London without any delay; for, as he said, this event might prove of serious consequence to Mr. Beaton."

"Nay, then," said I, "there is no time to be lost. Hold yourself in readiness, Osett, to start in a quarter of an hour."

"That will I," quoth Davie, "though to leave a house like this wad be a sair trial for a hungry man. It's clean beyond my notion of the flesh-pots of Egypt. But, O Mr. Norman, ye hae the luck on

your side! Never shone the sun on a more buirdly lady—nane of your slim, sma', delicate bits o' things that can stand neither wind nor weet, and are as helpless as young linties in the nest—but a stately queen-like creature, with an e'e as full and bright, and a voice as sweet as that o' the mavis, the bloom o' the damask rose on her cheek, and a smile sae winsome that the dour-est man alive wad be fain to do her bidding! Nae wonder that you were keen for her sake to serve the grim auld Laban of a father!"

CHAPTER LXI.—RETRIBUTION.

I was much relieved, on arriving in town, to find that Mr. Poins had, in so far as Mr. Beaton's interests were concerned, attached more consequence than was due to the sudden death of Speedwell. There was yet, it appeared, sufficient evidence to convict Dobgging of the crime of forgery; and Speedwell's deposition, which had been taken before a magistrate, was now available at the trial. But the most important and really gratifying circumstance was this, that Dobgging, finding his chances of escape to be desperate, had resolved to make a full confession; and, sending for Mr. Poins, had given him such information as to justify a reasonable hope that much of the lost money might be recovered, and that Mr. Beaton might be enabled to pay his creditors in full, though without the prospect of a reversion.

"If that be so," said Poins, "my old friend has got a new lease of life. I know him well. So long as he remained in debt, he would have pined and fretted himself away; but once let him be a clear man, and with that boundless ingenuity of his he will commence the structure of another fortune. Perhaps, Mr. Sinclair, you may hereafter find the connection you are about to make more advantageous than it now appears."

"I should despise myself, Mr.

Poins, if any such thought had ever crossed my mind."

"No one can suspect that, Mr. Sinclair. The desperate state of Beaton's affairs, at the time when you came forward with your proposal, is sufficiently notorious; and even now, no merely prudent man would court such an alliance. You have obtained all that you sought for, and no doubt are content; but you will not quarrel, I am sure, with fortune, should it be her whim to give you more. But this is idle talk. I have brought you here perhaps needlessly; but my anxiety about these affairs of Beaton must be my excuse."

"Nay, Mr. Poins, I thank you for having done so—indeed, the intelligence of Speedwell's death would have brought me to London without any summons. Was it a case of suicide?"

"So it would appear. He was found in his cell in strong convulsions, past the reach of medical assistance, and there can be no doubt that he died of the effects of poison. His motive for the desperate act is as yet a profound mystery."

It was indeed a mystery, and so it long remained. The investigation, which was immediately instituted, led to nothing. The officials of the prison could not account for Speedwell's possession of the drug which had terminated his wretched

existence, and which proved to have been a most deadly essence, contained in a small phial, which was found broken in his cell. It was so small that it was quite possible it might have escaped notice even on the strictest search; but it was equally possible, to say the least, that it might have been conveyed to him while in prison; and one fact, which was clearly ascertained, seemed to favour the latter hypothesis. On the forenoon of the day on which Speedwell died, a stranger was admitted to see him, under the usual precautions. He was a tall swarthy man, who described himself as an agent retained to conduct the defence; but he was known to none of the turnkeys, and the name he gave was apparently an assumed one, for he could not afterwards be traced. He remained some time with Speedwell, under *surveillance*, it was said, but there was reason to doubt that. The agency of gold is powerful even in prisons; and it was more than suspected that the warder, whose duty it was to be on the watch, had been bribed by the stranger. The confused manner in which he answered the interrogatories put to him regarding the demeanour of the man during their conversation, gave rise to that suspicion, and his general character for probity was not such that he could appeal to it for exoneration. Still, there was nothing to lead to the conclusion that the poison had been forced upon Speedwell; and, despite some ugly rumours which were whispered about, his motive for suicide was unexplained. The verdict of the coroner's inquest, therefore, was *felo de se*; and in a very short time the memory of Speedwell, and of his attempted villainies, faded from the public mind.

But it did not fade from mine. Recalling all I knew or had heard of the savage nature of the man, I could not bring myself to believe that he was accessible to feelings of remorse. Men there are who, though they do not shrink from the com-

mission of crime, which with them has become habitual, are yet morbidly sensitive to the shame of detection, and actually experience as much agony from exposure as an innocent person might feel if made the subject of a false accusation. The penitence of criminals is not always feigned. Though it may not be of such a kind as to give reasonable assurance of reform—for it is rarely based on anything that can be called a religious feeling—it is nevertheless something more than hypocrisy. Virtue may be dead, but shame survives. Careless of offending their Maker, they cannot abide the loathing and contempt of their fellow-mortals. Alas! true it is that many who are no criminals in the eyes of the world, habitually shape their conduct upon no higher or holier principle.

But Speedwell was one of those hardened wretches to whom the opinion of mankind was matter of absolute indifference. Not only were right and wrong terms which for him had no significance, but he was utterly impermeable to shame, and steeled against exposure—a most hardened and brutal villain! How then account for his suicide? I could discover no rational or satisfactory explanation; and no wonder, for a long time elapsed before I became cognisant of the hideous discoveries which immediately preceded the catastrophe. Will the reader bear with me if I relate these somewhat in detail?

About two years after the period which I propose to make the limit for my personal story, accident threw me in the way of a gentleman, Mr. Hartley, who held the official situation of manager of one of the largest of the English life-assurance companies. Some casual allusion which I made with regard to that quaint pattern of detectives, Mr. Pockock, of whose services the gentleman had frequently availed himself, led to a conversation about the frauds which were sometimes committed; and on my instancing the case of Littlewoo, I found, to my

surprise, that he was quite aware of all that had taken place, even down to the minutest particular. When I informed him that I was the person who had planned Speedwell's apprehension, Mr. Hartley became very communicative; and his narrative, of which I took a jotting at the time, was nearly in the following terms:—

"Although the charge upon which Speedwell was apprehended did not concern the office for which I have the honour to act, nor the other assurance companies, all of which have in some respects a community of interest, yet the fact that he had been arrested on the ground of fraud would of itself have caused us to institute a close inquiry into certain transactions to which he had previously been a party. It might be supposed that our regulations, carefully devised and fenced by every possible precaution, would be a sufficient safeguard against imposture; but our experience in such matters leads us to a very different conclusion. Bad lives are continually proffered to us for assurance as good ones—internal maladies, of the most serious kind and of long standing, are often concealed from and escape medical observation—and facts which, if known to the office, would have necessitated the declinature of the proposal, are in numerous instances studiously suppressed. These are minor frauds, with which every office must lay its account; and sometimes, either from motives of policy, or for lack of sufficient evidence, they are allowed to pass unchallenged. But the facilities for life assurance, arising from the great competition that exists, have, I grieve to say, led to the commission of far more serious crimes. Not only have dying men been insured, but persons in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of the soundest health, have been placed on our books through the agency of villains who intended to become their murderers.

"That statement, I am well aware, would be received by many

with incredulity, but it will not startle you, who are already cognisant of the attempt made by Speedwell upon the life of that Scotch lad—an attempt which you successfully defeated. Now it so happened that certain circumstances which had transpired, led us to entertain a strong suspicion that one person at least, if not more, whose policy had been transferred to Speedwell, had met with foul play; and it was our evident duty, as well as our interest, to employ every means in our power to insure his detection. When, therefore, we were informed by Pocock that the Jew had been arrested at Tadcaster in the very act of attempting to administer poison, we set our agents vigorously to work; and having procured a Secretary of State's warrant, we succeeded in discovering this much, that two men, in consequence of whose death considerable sums of money had been paid to Speedwell, had died of the effects of poison; or, to speak more correctly, that poison had been administered to or swallowed by them immediately before their decease. That was the clear and uncontrovertible result of an examination conducted by the most expert chemists of the day.

"Prosecuting the investigation further, we ascertained that on one of these men Speedwell had been in close attendance during his last illness—that he had access to his bed-chamber—and that he had given him mixtures with his own hand, after taking which the patient had complained of symptoms precisely similar to those which would have been produced by poison. Finally, by an unexpected chance, we made the discovery, that on the day immediately preceding the illness, a man, answering in all respects to the description of Speedwell, had, by means of a forged order, procured a considerable quantity of that kind of poison which the chemists had detected in the dead body, from the shop of a neighbouring apothecary. In short, the evidence against him seemed complete

in every part, and it was determined that he should be brought to trial on a charge of murder.

"Our investigations, though made with the utmost possible secrecy, did not escape notice; and we afterwards found out that they had been watched with extreme solicitude by certain Jews who were of Speedwell's kindred. I should tell you that the man was both respectably and influentially connected, and might have filled a creditable place in society, had he not early manifested a dissolute, stubborn, and irreclaimable spirit. Jews have, or are said to have, many characteristic faults, but they have also some virtues by which they are peculiarly distinguished, and the most notable of these is their strong family affection. This feeling, which is almost part of their religion, was utterly despised by Speedwell, who, from his boyhood, consorted only with the worst and most abandoned characters, and was consequently regarded by his own relatives as an almost hopeless outcast. Still, he was of their blood, and whatever disgrace his misdeeds might bring upon him must extend also to them, and seriously taint their reputation. We Christians are not strangers to this feeling, though it does not operate upon us with the same intensity as on the Jews.

"You are doubtless aware that Speedwell had been committed to prison on the charge of being concerned in an extensive forgery of railway scrip. In order to save himself, he offered to become Queen's evidence against the principal delinquent, who had been the secretary of the company; but there were also two subordinate sharers in the crime, whom his confession gravely compromised—in fact, made them liable to the penalties of transportation. Both of them were Jews, and both were of his own kindred.

"These young men, who, I verily believe, had been instigated to the commission of the crime by Speedwell, were of course in a state of the utmost consternation and terror;

and not being able to devise any scheme for securing their own safety, they determined to lay their case before a member of the family, a man well up in years, respected for his learning and wisdom, and who, moreover, exercised over the rest an almost patriarchal control. In their own homes, the habits of the British Jews do not materially differ from those of their brethren in Palestine. Although the Oriental style of expression is now generally disused, some of the older members of the persuasion still adhere to the peculiar phraseology of their forefathers; regarding it, I doubt not, as a valuable sign and symbol of the most ancient nationality of the world.

"Doubtless you will wonder how I chanced to become acquainted with particulars which could only be known to a few, and which were of such a nature as to render it exceedingly improbable that they would ever be divulged. The fact is, I purchased these secrets, and that at a price which, though heavy, was not grudged by the Company. We were determined to unravel the mystery that hung over Speedwell's fate; and at length, after a most interesting and exhaustive search, we found on the Continent the man who could give us the information. Sure am I that rack and pincers would never have extorted from him the secret, which he yielded at last to the gentler instigation of our gold.

"The purport of his story was this: No sooner had the young men disclosed the perilous situation in which they were placed, than a family council was summoned, and the elder, to whom I have already referred, stated with minute precision the various charges against Speedwell, the crimes which he had committed or of which he was accused, and the consequences that must follow his judicial confession.

"*'Friends and brethren,'* said the old man, *'I have not called you together for the sake of him whose name henceforth must be as bitter*

ashes in our mouths, and a reproach to us in the sight of the Gentiles. Were he mine own son, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone—yea, had I even loved him as Jacob loved Benjamin—I would not stretch forth one finger to save him from the doom he has deserved. Let him die, therefore; and thou, Miriam my sister, mourn not for him, for it is better that one guilty man should perish than that infamy should light upon our race!

"The woman he accosted was the mother of Speedwell. She made no reply beyond an inclination of the head, but another ancient Hebrew took up the word.

"'Brother Joshua,' he said, 'assuredly thou art the wisest of our people, and thy understanding is as that of the son of Sirach; yet do I not clearly comprehend thy words. How meanest thou that by his death our race shall escape reproach? If he dies by the cord, surely then all of us will be put to shame.'

"'True, my brother,' replied Joshua, 'yet bethink thee how this matter standeth. Seest thou not that the son of perdition will give testimony before a court of justice, whereby it must fall that these youths, who, though they have sinned somewhat, have yet repented, shall be banished forth of the land? And seest thou not that such witness will avail him nothing, since the avenger of blood is behind him, and he cannot escape from the doom?'

"'All this I see, my brother; yet either thou speakest darkly, or my wit hath departed from me.'

"'O dull of thought!' said Joshua; 'must I speak unto thee as to one of the Gentiles, who are slow to perceive, as the ox is to go forth to his labour. If it is appointed unto this man to die, surely it were better that he were taken off ere he is brought before the judge, since, according to the law of the land in which we sojourn, against the dead there is no condemnation.'

"A dead silence ensued when the stern old Hebrew had spoken. At length a stout, burly, middle-aged man, who had gained a high reputation as a successful merchant, and whose probity was undoubted, rose up and said—

"'I am not an elder, and I cannot speak after the fashion of our fathers; but this I know, that there are two kinds of law, both of which we are all of us bound to obey. The lesser is the law of this realm of England, and by it all men are forbidden to execute judgment at their own hands. The greater is the law of God, written on the tables of stone, and held sacred alike by Jew and Gentile. Hath not He commanded, "Thou shalt do no murder?"'

"'Son Levi,' replied Joshua, 'according to thine own lights, and the simplicity and uprightness of thy heart, thou hast spoken well. It is indeed written, "Thou shalt do no murder;" and he that slayeth his adversary secretly, for his own gain and profit, or because his heart is hot with hatred within him, the same is a murderer. But our father Moses did no murder when, to succour one of his brethren, he smote the Egyptian, and hid his body in the sand. Nor was Phineas a murderer when, in his zeal to take away the reproach from his people, he thrust his sword into the side of a Prince of the Congregation. Beware, my son, how thou takest upon thee to interpret the things of the law, for that pertaineth unto the elders, to whom God hath given light which is wisdom, in the room of strength which is foolishness.'

"'Verily,' said the other old Hebrew, 'thou hast spoken truth in this, brother Joshua; else why did our fathers appoint cities of refuge, unto which they who had shed blood unwittingly might flee, and be safe from the avenger?'

"'I cannot argue with you on such points,' replied Levi, sturdily; 'but I know what is the law of this country, and I advise you not to incur its penalties.'

"And is it thus that a child of Israel should speak?" replied Joshua. "Woe is me for the degeneracy of our people, for the faintness of heart that weighs them down, as a millstone around the neck sinks the swimmer to the bottom of the sea! What wonder that we should be a broken remnant, scattered among the heathen and persecuted, when we walk not according to the light of God's law, but by that of the statutes of the Gentiles? Hath the power of judgment departed from the house of David? Is there no longer a judge, or a prophet, or a priest among us, that we cannot take counsel together in a matter that toucheth our own reputation—yea, and deal with an offending brother according as it shall seem good in our sight? Hast thou forgotten, son Levi, how that holy Daniel preferred to be cast into the den of lions rather than submit to the commandment of the Persian king? And is it not written that the priesthood shall be perpetual, and that the sceptre never shall depart out of the house of Judah? Wherefore, then, talkest thou of the laws and the usages of the Gentiles?"

"I talk of them," said Levi, "because I live under them and enjoy their protection, and because, if I break them, I must lay my account with suffering for it in person or in goods. I have no mind, I tell you frankly, to place my neck in jeopardy; nor will I do so for the bidding of all the rabbis that ever sat in the synagogue."

"Two or three of the younger Hebrews—though none were present but men of middle age—deriving courage from the undaunted example of Levi, signified their concurrence in his views; and one of them suggested that, so far as the safety of the two young men who might be implicated by Speedwell's confession was concerned, that might be secured by shipping them off without delay to the Continent, or to some Eastern country, where pursuit and arrest were impossible. If

there was a lack of funds, that could readily be supplied—for the Jews, though proverbially hard in their dealings with Christians, are most liberal in ministering to the necessities of their own people. As for the charge of murder, it was their decided opinion that Speedwell should be left to the operation of the law.

"Thus there were two parties in the little Jewish senate—the ecclesiastical and the secular—the former being, as is invariably the case, the fiercer and more uncompromising of the two. At length old Joshua, though visibly galled by an opposition that threatened to destroy his supremacy, made a last appeal.

"Hear me," he said, "yet a moment. Ye are like children fighting with shadows, for ye know not yet what it is that I propose. What have I said more than this—that if Speedwell hath done that for which the law will condemn him to die, better it were that he should be cut off before his infamy is bruited abroad, and the burden of the reproach cast, as it will be, upon our unhappy people? Ye talk of English justice—what justice has the English people, what justice has any Gentile nation ever extended to the Jews? Know ye not that, since the days of that King Richard who went to Palestine, and who would have forced his way into the Holy City, but that the Angel of the Lord stood in his path, as he stood in that of offending Balaam, no crime, real or fancied, was ever charged against a Jew, that was not cast in the teeth of all the race of Israel? Long ago, in the town of Lincoln, it was said that a Christian child had died by the hand of a Jewess, and straightway there was a general massacre of our people, and their goods were taken for a spoil. Ye will say that these were the deeds of a rude and barbarous age, and that no such consequences now could follow. Ye say right; but is open violence all that we have to dread? If an Englishman

should commit a crime, horrid and hideous, such as humanity shudders to think of, do not his countrymen call him a monster, and thank God, in the same breath, that in all England there is but one such villain to be found? Yet let a Jew commit the same crime, and the cry will be that he comes of a cruel and accursed race, wanton in mischief, pitiless as the hungry lion, and bloodthirsty as the gaunt tiger of the wilderness! Thousands of the rabble will gather around the scaffold to gloat upon the dying agonies of the Jew; and not upon his children alone will his sins be visited, but his infamy will light upon the whole of his race and generation. Therefore I say that if Speedwell is condemned by the law to perish for a crime, the bare thought of which is full of horror, you, and I, and all of our blood, must submit to bear a portion of the shame.'

"'Nay,' said Levi, 'that is true enough. I remember that, on the morning when Hyams the orange-boy, who had smashed the skull of his fancy-girl, was hanged, the mob broke all my windows; and but that the bars were of the best, would no doubt have gutted the premises.'

"'And I,' said another, 'was very nearly taken to the pump only a week ago, merely for having stopped to inquire what the matter was, seeing a crowd hustling a man who, it seems, had been helping himself to a watch. "That's another of them scoundrelly Jews!" roared a ruffian. "Twig his hooked beak!" And I had enough to do to make my escape with the loss of both my coat-trails and a pocket-book of protested bills!'

"'Therefore, according to your own testimony,' said Joshua, 'I have uttered no more than the truth. Now, I ask you, and I adjure you to ask yourselves, whether it would not be matter of rejoicing—yea, of thanksgiving—if this Speedwell were to die before the full extent of his infamy is made known, and blazoned throughout

the length and breadth of the land? For that which he hath done might make the very stones of the street cry out against him; and shall his iniquity be added to the burden which Jacob has yet to bear?'

"'So long as you put it in that way,' said Levi, 'I am heartily with you. I would rather hear that Speedwell had been found dead in his cell, than that my heaviest speculation had succeeded. But there is a vast difference between that and conspiring to make away with him!'

"'Son Levi!' replied Joshua, 'the world reputes thee wise, and such, I doubt not, thou art in thine own matters. Thou canst buy, and sell, and barter, and traffic to advantage; and thou hast heaped up gold in thy secret chamber, as other men heap wheat and grain within their garners. But thou lackest understanding, else assuredly thou wouldest not have imagined so vain a thing. Bethink thee that this Speedwell is in a prison, strong as the tower of Damascus, fenced with bolts of iron, watched over by men, fierce and vigilant as those savage island dogs that could pull down the mightiest of the bulls of Bashan—how, then, dost thou think it were possible to do a deed of violence? I tell thee, son, that not Solomon in the midst of his guards was more secure from hurt than is this wretched man, nor can any hand cut short his accursed existence *save his own*.'

"'Nay, then,' said Levi, 'it is like he will live through his trial; for, if all be true that I have heard regarding him, Speedwell is not the man to harm his own little finger, if by doing that he could save the whole house of Israel from destruction.'

"'Peace!' said the deep voice of the Jewess Miriam, who now rose among them, casting back her veil, and displaying strong masculine features and grizzled hair, no longer, since this great sorrow had come upon her, arranged with a

woman's neatness—'Peace! and add not to the affliction of the hour by the idle railing of a Shimei! Peace!—and hear the mother who bore this shame of Israel in her womb, and who suckled him at her breast, pronounce the sentence of his doom! O Joseph—my son, my son! Would to God thou hadst died in thy infancy, so that I could have laid thee to thy rest in the cradle of the earth, and strewn flowers upon thy grave, and mourned for thee with no worse a pang than the sacred sorrow of bereavement! Woe is me that I should have to say the word, and to speak the ban; and yet both must be said and spoken? Thou hast forsworn thy faith as a child of Israel—thou hast disgraced thy people—thou hast broken into the sanctuary of life, as the thief in the night breaks into the house of the sleeper—thou hast stained thy hands with murder,—therefore must thou die the death! I, thy mother, say it!—I who can condemn, but cannot abjure thee; for wicked as thou art, it was the will of the Lord that I should bear thee; and though the earth should open its mouth and swallow thee alive, as it did the company of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, still art thou not less my son!'

"'Hear her, and be still!' said the old man, Joshua. 'The spirit of prophecy is on her, and she speaks with the voice of a Deborah!'

"'Not so, Joshua—not so, my father!' replied the agonised woman, her face ghastly with emotion—'not like Deborah do I speak, for hers was a song of triumph over Sisera, smitten by the hand of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, and over his discomfited host! Rather say like Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, who sat watching her dead upon the rock, while the fowls of the air hovered above, and the beasts of the field were prowling round her for their prey. He whom I must call my son hath broken the law both of God and

man, and die for it he must! But not on the scaffold shall he expiate his crime! Lost as he is, he shall not hang upon the gallows, to be a scoff and execration to the Gentiles. The poison that he gave to others shall he drink himself, and the hand that he stretched forth against their lives shall assuredly cut short his own!'

"'I will hear no more of this!' cried Levi, starting up. 'I have the nerves of a man, not of an executioner; and it makes my blood run cold to hear a mother planning the destruction of her son, double-dyed villain though he be! Resolve what ye will, but do it without me. I neither meddle nor mell with such dangerous work as this!'

"'Go then,' said Joshua, 'since thou art so faint-hearted; but remember to keep silence as to what thou hast heard.'

"'Trust me for that!' replied Levi. 'Not for all the gold of Ophir would I have it known that I had been present at such a council as this. I shall not sleep for a month to come without dreaming of murder and the shambles!'

"'Go thy way,' said Joshua, as Levi, accompanied by one or two of his friends, left the apartment—'Go thy way for a weak but well-meaning child of Issachar, apt to carry burdens, but without one spark of the noble spirit that glowed within our fathers of old! Miriam, my sister, for whom my soul is sad, say—how wilt thou accomplish this?'

"'I will see him once more,' replied Miriam. 'I will speak with him yet again as a mother, and I will strengthen him for what he must and shall do if he would not have my curse upon his head. Wicked as he hath been, and cruel to others, he hath never openly rebelled against me, nor will he, I think, disobey me now, when he knows that his life is forfeited. Death is very terrible, but more terrible are the judgment, the shame, and the scaffold; and if he be per-

suaded that he cannot escape from these, he will die in the darkness of his dungeon. I will see him, and prepare him for what must be. —Alas that such woe should light upon a mother in Israel! Two days shall he have for repentance, if he can yet repent; and on the third my messenger shall go to him, with the last gift of his despairing mother! So shall the reproach of his sin pass over us as the flight of the destroying angel passed over the dwellings of Israel, when they were yet sojourners in the land of Egypt.

“‘O Miriam!’ cried Joshua—‘woman, who art so sorely tried in the furnace of affliction—worthy art thou to bear the name of the sister of Moses and of Aaron! But this messenger thou hast spoken of—canst thou put thy faith in him?’

“‘Judge for thyself,’ said Miriam. ‘Stand forth, Reuben—old servant of my husband’s house! Thou hast heard the words that have been spoken—art thou ready to do this thing?’

“‘I have heard, and I am ready!’ replied Reuben, a broad-shouldered, beetle-browed, black-bearded Hebrew.

“‘And thou wilt not shrink from its accomplishment?’

“‘Not I—I swear by the altar and the incense!’

“‘Enough!’ said Joshua. ‘Now, brethren, let us to our homes, and pray for the peace of Israel. Miriam—my sister! I cannot bid thee be of good cheer, for thou art as one that walketh among the tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat; but the shadows of the night will soon pass away, and may the light which is from Zion be thy comfort!’

“So terminated this strange conclave of the Jews.”

I need hardly say that I listened to Mr. Hartley’s narrative with the deepest attention and interest, revealing as it did a phase of social existence perfectly new to me, and which bore so little resemblance to the usages of our modern times.

But the extreme circumstantiality of the story struck me as remarkable.

“Pardon the interruption, Mr. Hartley,” said I; “but may I ask how you came to be acquainted with all those particulars, which could only be communicated by a witness of the scene?”

“True, my dear sir. And not only were those particulars communicated, in the first instance, by word of mouth, but they were written down, and are contained in a document in my possession. Its extraordinary character has impressed it deeply on my memory; and you will hardly doubt of its accuracy when I tell you that Reuben, the servant of Miriam, was the person from whom we purchased the information. Our agents traced him to Germany, whither he had gone immediately after Speedwell’s death; and when thoroughly assured that his disclosure would not be used to the prejudice of any party, he accepted our terms, and gave us the information we desired. We have many strange documents in our archives relating to transactions in private life; but none, I can assure you, more interesting or startling than this.”

“It is indeed, as you say, a narrative of absorbing interest. Pray proceed, Mr. Hartley.”

“One important chapter in this terrible romance, for such I may truly call it,” continued Mr. Hartley, “is wanting. No one knows, or ever can know, what took place at the interview between the fanatic mother and her guilty and miserable son. Not one word regarding it did she breathe to Reuben; but when she returned from the prison, after having been there for upwards of two hours, her face was ghastly white, and she trembled in every limb.

“‘I have seen him, Reuben,’ she said—‘seen him for the last time! O child of my sorrow, well might I have called thee Benoni, for in anguish wert thou brought forth, and in misery hath thy mother left

thee! But all will soon be over. I go to my chamber to mourn in sack-cloth and ashes; and on the third day thou, Reuben, must get thee to the prison. All is prepared. The men will let thee in without hindrance—thy hand shall give him the fatal draught—and thy face is the last he shall behold in the land of the living. Meanwhile, take this gold and make thee ready; for thou must pass into a far country and abide there, until the memory of this thing hath gone by.'

"On the day appointed, Reuben, having received his last instructions, repaired to the prison. As Miriam had predicted, no restriction was placed upon his interview, and he was left alone with Speedwell in his cell.

"A fearful change had come over the wretched being. So long as he believed that there was nothing against him but a charge of forgery, the penalty of which he might evade by betraying his accomplices, he had been reckless and defiant; but now that he stood accused of a far more atrocious crime, and felt that every avenue of escape was closed, he became a prey to the most abject terror. As Reuben entered, he started with a kind of suppressed shriek from the pallet on which he had been grovelling, the cold sweat standing on his brow, and his eyes dilated into a stare of horror; and so, for a minute's space, these two men—the messenger of death, and the wretch whose hours were numbered—confronted each other in silence.

"Reuben spoke first.

"'I come from thy mother, Joseph!'

"'Ay—from my mother!' gasped Speedwell. 'But it is early yet, Reuben—early yet! See—the sun is still high in the heavens! Oh God—it cannot be that this is the hour appointed me to die!'

"'I have not hastened in my coming, Joseph,' replied the other. 'A weight was on my feet, and my knees failed me on the way, for my heart bleeds within me, son of my

old master, when I think of the days that are gone by, and the time when you were a little child. Joseph—thou knowest what brings me here?'

"Speedwell gnashed his teeth.

"'Man! I know your purpose. That she-wolf who calls me her son has sent you to take my life before the law has declared it forfeit. Why, the very beasts of the desert have stronger affections than she has, for they will fight to the death for their young! In a moment of weakness and despair I swore to obey the commandment that she laid upon me. Idiot that I was! For if there is a hell, as the rabbis say, no mother's curse can sink me deeper into perdition; and if there be none, then curses are but as the idle wind, and those who fear them are the fools of their own imagination.'

"'BlaspHEME not!' said Reuben, sternly. 'That there is a hell thou knowest, for its fires are burning already in thy bosom. Moreover, of this be sure, that whatever may be the doom awarded thee for the sins committed in the flesh, that which awaits the child who has sworn unto his mother and broken his oath, and who goes down into the grave with her curse upon his head, is tenfold more terrible than the other. Blame not the mother who bore thee, because she seeks to rescue thee from shame; but submit thou to that from which there is no way to escape, nor incur a heavier condemnation.'

"'But Reuben—Reuben—I was mad when I took that oath. I tell you that I knew not what I was doing. Why should I throw away my life while there is yet a chance that it may be saved? Look, man, the evidence may break down. The body was buried long enough to let the poison—if there was any, for I admit nothing, Reuben: no, no, I am too cunning for that!—disappear; and doctors, you know, will differ in opinion, and will swear that black is white, if by so doing they can discredit a rival. An excellent chance, Reuben—an excellent

chance! Come now, be reasonable for once, and admit that the chance is excellent!’

“‘Vain and miserable delusion!’ said the other. ‘Do thou hear me, Joseph, and mark me well, for I speak the words of forethought and deliberate counsel which the wise have held upon this matter. The meshes of the law are drawn round thee so close, that, save by a miracle, thou canst not escape; and if that miracle were wrought in thy behalf, still would thy end be worse than if thou wert delivered over to the hand of the executioner. Even if the judge were to send thee from the bar, the people would take vengeance into their own hands, and tear thee limb from limb.’”

“‘And is there no way, Reuben—no other way of escape? It is a terrible thing to die in the prime of manhood, and to go one knows not where!’”

“‘There is no escape, Joseph, save from open shame. The penalty of death thou canst not evade; but do as thou hast sworn to thy mother, and thou art straightway free from the dungeon, the judgment, and the scaffold. My say is over. Here is what Miriam sends thee. Use it or not as thou wilt—I have fulfilled my mission.’”

“‘Nay, Reuben, nay! Stay but a little longer, Reuben—it is so horrible to be left alone! I have seen them, Reuben—seen them last night! One—two—three—all of them long ago in their graves! They bent over me in the dark, and though I could not see the wall opposite me for the utter blackness, yet I beheld their faces, pale and livid, and their glazed eyeballs!

O horror!—the blood froze within my veins! See how my hand trembles; that hand which used to be so steady! Why should men be buried, if their spectres can walk abroad? Ah—I see it now! Those devils of doctors have had them up, and let in the light of day to the dark secrets of the grave! Don’t leave me, Reuben—I cannot bear to be alone!’”

“‘Have you seen this,’ replied Reuben, ‘and know not what it signifies? I am an unlettered man, but I have heard our rabbis say, that to none do the dead appear save to those for whom the winding-sheet is prepared. On the night before King Saul fell on Mount Gilboa, he beheld the form of Samuel the prophet rising from the earth, and knew that awful messenger had quitted his rest to warn him that his hour was at hand. Since, then, thou hast looked on the faces which none can behold and live, hesitate no longer, but strengthen thyself; be resolute, and play the man! See—I will turn my head away! Speak not until thou hast swallowed the potion.’”

“An awful silence ensued, broken only by the convulsive breathing of Speedwell.

“At length the empty phial dropped upon the floor.

“‘Is it done?’ said Reuben.

“‘It is done!’ gasped Speedwell; and he fell backwards on his pallet.

“A quarter of an hour after this, Reuben quitted the prison. When the warder made his evening rounds, Speedwell was found speechless and expiring in his cell.”

So ended Mr. Hartley’s narrative.

CHAPTER LXII.—AND LAST.

I am sure the reader will agree with me in thinking that any detailed account of the further progress of the election in which my friends Carlton and Lumley were chiefly interested, would be absolutely superfluous. Suffice it to say

that they fought the battle, as they deemed it, of the constitution very gallantly, and that their efforts were crowned with entire success. Sir Godfrey Norton was beaten by an immense majority; and the gentleman of doubtful principles found

his chance so desperate that he did not even venture to the poll. So the ceremony of chairing was performed with the usual uproar and jubilation, the days of feasting went by, and by degrees we all returned to a state of comparative tranquillity. I suspect that Amy, despite her newly-formed political enthusiasm, was very glad when the termination of the contest left George at liberty to renew his attentions; for during the campaign, which lasted for nearly six weeks, the unfortunate man had been whisked about, like one of Ariosto's Paladins, who are compelled to do duty in any part of the world to which the poet may be pleased to despatch them, and are mounted indiscriminately on hippogriffs or the shoulders of volatile demons. Under such circumstances love-making was out of the question, so that a large amount of tender arrears had accumulated. My case was not so bad, yet still I was a considerable defaulter.

Now it occurred to us both that the best way of obtaining a discharge in full was to expedite our marriages; and as there was now no obstacle, we succeeded in effecting an arrangement whereby the double ceremonies were to take place on the same day, and at Wilbury Church. To this proposition Mr. Beaton did not object—on the contrary he seemed rather relieved by the thought that his presence could be dispensed with on the occasion.

"Atweel, Mr. Norman, ye are better without him, the stiff auld stirk that he is!" remarked Davie Osett; "but it's an unnatural thing for a man that's no a cripple to be absent from his daughter's wedding. But what's this I hear about buying a property? Is it true that you have become a laird?"

"Even so, Davie. Mr. Shearaway has purchased for me Glenvoil, a very beautiful estate in the West Highlands—just the kind of possession upon which I had set my heart."

"Long may you enjoy it, Mr. Nor-

man; but I had far rather have seen you settled somewhere on the Border."

"There is no accounting for taste, Davie; and you know that by birth I am half a Highlander. But wait till you see Glenvoil, and I am sure you will admire it. A splendid sporting country, both for fishing and shooting; though, to be sure, there are not many pheasants to tempt poachers into the plantations."

"Nor railroads either, Mr. Norman—Aha, I think I hae ye there!"

"Well, to say the truth, I shall not be sorry to spend part of my days undisturbed by the screech of that eternal locomotive; and I trust it may be some time before your professional services are required to lay out a line through my property."

"Dinna be too sure of that, Mr. Norman. If the Glenmutchkin Railway should be made, you will maybe have a branch of it at your door."

"I dare not, in this speculative age, commit myself by a direct prophecy to the contrary. But, Davie, there is one thing that I am very anxious about. My dear old nurse, your aunt Eppie—do you think she could be persuaded to leave the Birkenshaws, and take up her habitation with us?"

"Will she no?" replied Davie; "just try her, and I am sair mistaken if, auld as she is, she wadna hirple after you from Dan even unto Beersheba. I warn ye, though, that she has become a wee thought cantankerous, and kittle to drive—at least my father and her whiles get thegither by the lugs about the doctrine o' predestination; and, my word, auntie Eppie has the best o't! She dings the gudeman deaf wi' screeds out of Boston's *Fourfold State*, for she has that at her fingers' ends; and flytes at him as if he were in the deistical line, instead of being a ruling elder of the Kirk!"

"If she will agree to come to us, I think there is little danger of our engaging in any such knotty disputes. And you, Davie; do you mean to continue in England?"

"Troth, no! I have got the offer of a situation as resident engineer in the north; and I'll e'en finish my business here, and gae back to the land of my nativity. England's a grand country, and I like the English weel. They are no half sae dour as the Scots, and a hantle richer—but hame's aye hame; and I like to hear the braid sound of my mother tongue. Besides, between you and me, our folk are rather behind-hand, and need red-ding up; and they will no be the waur of having twa or three chields among them that have picked up experience elsewhere."

"Spoken like a true patriot, Davie! Too many of our countrymen, after they go south, affect to despise old Scotland, and try to sink their nationality."

"De'il pyke out their e'en for a parcel of misbegotten loons!" replied Osett. "There's no an honest Englishman but wad despise them for their dirty meanness. Weel—it's a queer world! Here are you and I jogging back to where we came frae, as cannily as if we had never left it."

"A little more patriarchally, however," I said. "I suppose, Davie, when you are fairly settled in your new situation, you will not be quite oblivious of Selkirk?"

"You may rely upon that, Mr. Norman. Jean Leslie is not the sort of lass that a man can find ilka day at the market."

Mr. Pains, to whom I had intrusted the necessary business arrangements, undertook to make everything square with Mr. Beaton, and succeeded entirely to my satisfaction. Indeed an event that took place about this time effected a great change in the feelings and even the prospects of the fallen merchant. Dobgging was brought to trial for the forgery, and sentenced to transportation, the evidence showing quite clearly that he alone was the deviser of the fraud. The monstrous calumny raised against Mr. Beaton was shown to be without any foundation; and the first men

in the City, with that frank generosity which really belongs to their class, though they seldom receive full credit for it, came forward with most liberal offers of assistance. Of these Mr. Beaton declined to avail himself, though he regarded them as a high tribute to his honesty of purpose and the integrity of his character. In some walks of life, repeated failure acts rather as a stimulus than otherwise to increased exertion; but in trade and commerce the case is different. Credit is like personal virtue. Once forfeited, the stigma remains—not entirely to be obliterated by any subsequent course of good conduct. Doubtless Mr. Beaton felt that, however successful his career might prove if he were to tarry in London, he would still be pointed at as the merchant who had failed on 'Change; and his nature was too sensitive to brook the humiliation of dwelling in the scene of his dishonour. Therefore I was not surprised when I learned through Mr. Pains that he had accepted the situation of manager of a bank in one of our most distant but rising colonies—an offer which had been made to him on account of his well-known business ability and vast commercial experience. At the same time I received a message requesting me to wait upon him.

When I arrived at the house, I found his favourite valet busily engaged in the arrangement of packages, which seemed to be ominous of speedy departure. The faithful fellow met my look of interrogation with a miserable attempt at a smile.

"Yes, sir," he said; "it is quite true. Master is going away, far over the seas, and God knows if he will ever come back. He only told me of it yesterday; and here am I preparing all his things for that long voyage—more than half round the world, they say—and little time for doing it, because he sails on Tuesday next."

"What! so soon!" cried I, in amazement.

"Not a day later, sir. It seems

very strange, and quite like a dream to me, but so it is. And the worst of it is that he will not let me go with him. I know he will never be able to get on without me; for although he is a very clever man, he has not the least idea of looking after his clothes; and what he is to do on board ship without some one to help him, I really cannot think. I never thought to have parted from him, sir, for he has been the best and kindest of masters to me; but I have a wife and two children, and there is no one to look after them but myself."

"Then it is your duty," said I, "to remain with them at all hazards. Shall I find Mr. Beaton in his study?"

"Yes, sir. I believe he expects you."

I entered the room. It was already dismantled, and little remained beyond a few books and papers scattered on the floor. Mr. Beaton was tying up some letters, and destroying others.

"So, Sinclair!" he said, in a more friendly tone than he had ever yet used towards me, "you come to bid me good-by. I hate leave-taking in general; but it would have been scarcely decorous for me to have walked away without shaking hands with my son-in-law that is to be. Pains has told me all about the settlements and so forth, and I am quite satisfied. You have acted very handsomely, considering the extent of your means; and I wish it were in my power to help you. Perhaps the day may come yet—but it is useless talking of contingencies. So you have bought an estate in Scotland? Well—I am pleased that Mary is to be settled there—far better than if she had remained in London."

"I am sorry, sir, to learn that you intend to depart so soon——"

"No, no—don't say that you are at all sorry, Sinclair! That's sheer hypocrisy, though I suppose you merely use the ordinary words of style. I doubt not you are very glad to be rid of me; and the feel-

ing is quite natural, for a bankrupt father-in-law is by no means a creditable connection. Pray now, don't pursue the subject further. I am going, as you may have heard, to transfer myself to the new world—to Australia—where the people won't care much what men may say about me in Lombard Street. I require a fresh place to start in, and I like the prospect. You abandon all idea of engaging in business, I suppose? That, now, is a thing I cannot understand; for I have been a working-man all my life, and sooner than bury myself in the country I would become a clerk in a counting-house. But I doubt not you will make an admirable country gentleman—kill your own mutton, shoot your own grouse, attend road-meetings, if there happen to be any roads in the neighbourhood, and be as happy as the day is long. I am sure I wish you to be so."

What could I reply to such a tirade as this? Mr. Beaton, when sprightly, as he intended to be just now, was more perplexing than in his most caustic humour. So I contented myself with bowing an acknowledgment.

"Let me see—have I anything more to say to you?" continued Mr. Beaton. "O yes! I find that I am entitled to dispose of my library as I please; so I have ordered the books to be packed up, and forwarded to your address in Scotland. There are, I believe, some good editions of the classics, but I really know little about such matters. Also some old family-plate with the Beaton crest—the new things have been sent to the hammer—which I wish to leave with Mary. That's all I can do for you in the mean time. Now farewell. I am to see Mary this afternoon—better for us both to get the parting over as soon as possible. I am sure you will be kind to her, Sinclair; and she deserves it. I cannot be at your wedding, but the party will be none the less merry on account of my absence. Farewell! and at parting let me give you one serious piece

of advice: Never, as you wish to thrive, let my sister Walton cross the threshold of your door."

That was my last interview with Mr. Beaton; and I could not help thinking, as I went home, that it really was in some sort a blessing that he was about to take his departure. It was clear that he and I could never pull together; and such being the case, it was just as well that the ocean should be placed between us. His parting with Mary partook much more of the pathetic. I asked no questions regarding it; but from what she told me I could gather that he had expressed deep sorrow for his neglect of her mother, and that he was much moved as he kissed and gave her his blessing.

"So old Hnrlothrumbo is fairly out of the way?" said Carlton, about a week afterwards. "Perhaps it is a shame to say so, but that circumstance operates upon me as a sensible relief. The old cynic philosopher, at the wedding-feast of Lycius, would scarce have been a grimmer guest. But who is to give away the bride? It would be against all rule for Colonel Stanhope to dispose of both the ladies."

"That is already provided for, thanks to the kindness of Lord Windermere, who insists upon performing the office. Lady Windermere has added to the obligation by presenting Mary with a most elegant *parure*."

"That is as it should be. You may have Frank Stanhope for your groomsmen if you please. I have already selected Lumley."

"Not on account of his matrimonial propensities?"

"Oh, you had best not attempt to be satirical on that subject!" replied Carlton. "All the while that Lumley was regarding us with that pitiful romance about his disappointments and blighted affections, I was saying to myself that a gentleman of such strong susceptibility was as certain ere long to be married as a thrush is to be caught in a net among the strawberries.

And so it has turned out. In the course of his peregrinations through the county, Lumley became acquainted with Lady Julia Goring, second daughter of the Marquess of Leominster, a splendid *brunette*, whose accomplishments are not inferior to her personal charms. She is an admirable musician, sings divinely, can ride up to the hounds, doats upon Dante, and is withal as witty and pungent as Beatrice—of course I refer to Shakespeare's creation, not to the melancholy mistress of the Florentine. Well, sir; the result is that she has fairly captivated our Signor Benedict, who is now most furiously in love; and under the circumstances I thought it but common charity to let him be present at the rehearsal of a ceremony, in which he soon will have to bear a more conspicuous part."

"Bravo!" cried I. "Every true friend of Lumley's must rejoice to hear that the spell is broken. But I shall not avail myself of Frank Stanhope's good offices. Another person has a better claim to stand by me on such an occasion."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Carlton.

"Even my foster-brother, David Osett."

"What! that great rough Scotch surveyor? Upon my word, Sinclair, you must reconsider this! Why, he would be altogether out of place in such an assemblage."

"I *have* considered the matter, Carlton, and I shall adhere to my purpose. When I was a helpless orphan, his near relative nourished and sustained me. The years of my early boyhood were spent beneath the shelter of his father's roof. That rough man, as you term him, was my first companion; and since then he has stood by me in every turn of fortune with a devotion that I never can repay. Shall I forget all this; and, because his speech sounds uncouth to English ears, and his manner lacks the degree of refinement that finds favour in the drawing-room, shall

I turn my back upon him on the day that is to render me happy, and banish from my side the man I would have summoned there in the hour of difficulty or danger? No, Carlton! There are ties so strong that no conventionalities can unloose them. I would despise myself, and all good men ought to despise me, if, from any such wretched considerations, I were to cast a slight upon him."

"Nay, when you place the matter in such a light," said Carlton, "I cannot gainsay you. Nevertheless, there is something in usage; and I cannot help thinking that there is incongruity in coupling Lumley with your friend, considering the very peculiar circumstances of their first acquaintance. All you have said is strictly correct and proper, and would secure the acquiescence of every one acquainted with your personal history; but it is impossible in such a case to make general explanations. May I ask if you have informed Mr. Osett of your intention?"

"Not yet. But I certainly shall do so."

"By all means, since you feel so strongly. But from the scanty opportunities I have had of observing him, it strikes me that he is a person by no means destitute of discretion, and perhaps his view may prove to be a little more practical than your own."

Carlton was right; for Davie met the proposal with a decided negative.

"Hoots—nonsense, Mr. Norman!" he said. "It's very kind of you to think of me; but it's no my place to be thrusting mysel' forward among the gentles and grandees at sic a time. A bonny figure I wad cut returning thanks for the health of the bridesmaids, and a sair skirling there wad be if I tried to kiss them, according to wont and privilege. There's a fitness to be observed in a' things—nae man kens that better than I do—and you'll no catch me putting mysel' in the way to be gecked at, or making you ashamed by my

hamely manners. I ken my ain place. A cart-horse is no for a currie; sae ye maun just think nae mair about it. I'll be there though, gin yo'll let me, to see the wedding; but fient a bit o' me will cock mysel' up amang earls and colonels, and the like."

As Osett was inflexible in his resolution, not a little to the contentment of Carlton, it was agreed that Frank Stanhope should officiate as my supporter.

At length the eventful morn arrived; and in the little church at Wilbury good old Dr. Wayles solemnized our union. Mary Beaton gave me her hand; and the fondest wish and aspiration of my heart was released.

Since then years have gone by, and we are still in that Highland home which we regard as a paradise, and voices of children in the hall make the place more cheerful than before. Sometimes we pay a short visit to our friends in England—to Lord Lumley, who is now a peer of the realm, and a most devoted husband; and to the Carltons, who have ever held a first place in our affections—but we are always glad to return to the land of the mountain and the lake. We have been mercifully dealt with, for our sorrows have been very few; and the one calamity that threw us into mourning was so wrapped up in mystery that the shock of it was sensibly diminished. The vessel in which Mr. Beaton sailed for Australia never reached its destination. No traces of it were ever seen. It might have foundered at sea; it might have been destroyed by fire; it might have been cast away on the savage coast of Africa—all possible, but all conjectural. Phantom-like did the fated ship, and every soul on board of her, melt away from mortal vision in the midst of the illimitable ocean.

Little more remains to be told. Eppie Osett joyfully accepted my invitation, and was installed in comfortable quarters in the house; but she did not remain there long.

In the first place, a desperate feud arose between her and the house-keeper touching some doctrinal point which I never could be brought to understand; and as the denominations to which they respectively belonged were as nearly as possible identical, the small variation of tenets became magnified into a hideous heresy. In the second place, Eppie conceived a violent dislike to the gamekeeper, a colossal fiery-whiskered Celt, whose principal recreations were playing on the bagpipes and dancing strathspeys in the kitchen—practices which, in Eppie's opinion, were exceedingly sinful, worthy of reprobation in this world, and certain to receive punishment in the next. In the third place, she manifested a disposition to interfere much more than was at all desirable in the management of the household, the consequence of which was a general insurrection of the servants. As the only means of restoring peace, I proposed to Eppie that she should become for the future the occupant of the lodge, where she might rule without contradiction or restraint, and develop the mental capacities of her one help and subject, a young Highland girl, shy as a ptarmigan or a mountain kid, and declared by the village schoolmistress to be impregnable to the influences of civilisation. To this proposition my old nurse readily agreed, and the peace that followed was complete.

Davie Osett rose rapidly in his profession; and having by industry and judicious investments amassed a considerable fortune, has built for himself a villa near Kelso, where he keeps a hospitable table, presided over by the *ci-devant* Miss Leslie, now a buxom and comely matron. Having paid us more than one visit, he has got over his prejudice against the Highlands, but still insists that a railway, with a station about a hundred yards from the house, would be a valuable adjunct to the property.

Once only was I tempted to

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exchange the tranquil mode of life which I had voluntarily embraced, for a more active and stirring career. On the eve of one of those political changes which are now so common that we look for them as for fluctuations of the tide, I received a letter from Lord Windermere strongly urging me to go into Parliament, and assuring me that, if I would agree to do so, my return for an English borough would be secured. I read the letter attentively, and then, without saying a word, handed it to old Mr. Shearaway, who happened at that time to be my guest, for perusal. The experienced agent conned it over with the utmost deliberation.

"What think you of that proposal, Mr. Shearaway?" said I.

"It matters very little what I think, Norman. In an affair of this sort a man must be directed by his own judgment."

"Doubtless; but in the first instance I would fain have the benefit of your view."

"Well, then, Norman, answer me this: If you were to go into Parliament, would it be from inclination or a sense of duty?"

"Not from inclination, certainly," I replied. "I have no ambition that way. My experience of public life leads me neither to covet its honours nor to court its responsibility."

"Then do you just remain as you are!" said Shearaway. "Duty has its claims upon every man, but it is time enough to obey her call when she presents herself at your door. If you were asked to undertake the representation of your own county, it might be a different matter; but to enter Parliament as nominee for an English borough is just to fling yourself into the swirl of politics without rhyme or reason."

"Thanks for your candour, my good old friend! I think it probable that we shall both arrive at the same conclusion; but before returning a decisive answer to Lord Windermere I must take an hour for reflection."

I went to our little garden overlooking the lake. Mary was sitting in her bower watching the children, who were playing on the green. It was a delicious summer evening. Not a breath of air wrinkled the surface of the water, and against the glowing sky the purple mountains stood out in bold relief. From the neighbouring wood came the doling of the cushat, and the roe-deer glided from the copse.

I sat down beside Mary, and took her hand in mine.

"We have been very happy here, Mary."

"Ah, yes—so happy, Norman! happier than we could have been elsewhere."

"Then you feel no inclination to make a change—no desire to return to the gay world of London?"

"None whatever. But why do you ask, Norman?"

"Because if you wish for it, dearest, that change is within your power."

"O Norman! surely you do not purpose to leave Glenvoil!"

"Not unless that step should meet with your approbation, Mary. Listen to me. I have received a letter from Lord Windermere assuring me of a seat in the House of

Commons. If I accept, I must, as a matter of course, renounce the country, and permanently settle in London. What would you have me do?"

Mary paused for a few moments.

"Norman, my husband!" she said, "if in your heart you feel an impulse towards a more active life, or if you are constrained by a sense of duty, accept the offer, and let no wish or inclination of mine weigh for a moment in the balance. To quit this beloved spot, where we have lived so long and so happily, would, I know, be a sore trial to both of us; but if it must be done, God forbid that I should repine."

"Mary, there was a time when you would gladly have seen me engage in a public career!"

"Ah, Norman, but then I was neither wife nor mother!"

"I am answered!" cried I. "Come to my heart, darling; and of this be sure, that no ambition shall tempt me to forego the happiness I possess, or bring a shade of sorrow to your cheek. The busy world without shall not involve us in its cares, or ensnare us by its temptations. True companion and beloved wife, here let us live and die."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

"The value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed on it, or the mental pleasure produced by it."—REYNOLDS, IV. *Discourse*.

THESE words would seem to have been adopted for a motto by the compilers of the Academy catalogue, both as implied reproof and direct instruction: reproof towards that well-known class of artists who have so long persisted in making their pictures a mere feat of physical endurance and drudgery; and instruction and encouragement to those right-minded men who have striven to render their works a record of sober thought and intellectual progress. It cannot be concealed that our English school, both for evil and for good, has been passing through a period of revolution. A hackneyed conventionalism, handed down from generation to generation, at length worn out, naturally provoked reaction and revolt. The Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood arose, and for a time bade defiance to all established authority. The apostles of this new gospel, not wholly unlike the grand literary rebel, Thomas Carlyle, gloried in the most startling eccentricities. Their art was a *Sartor Resartus*, and their creed the doctrine that "pleasure" is ignoble, and that in "work" alone consists the end of life and the duty of man. The world stood aghast as, year by year, propriety of taste was subjected to some fresh outrage. Could it be, after all, that to really gifted vision nature loved to show herself in guise grotesque and repulsive? Was it come to this, that in art as in the province of law, the paradox was indeed a principle—the greater the truth the greater the libel? But it might be asked, Was this really art, and was this indeed actual nature, or was it not possibly the clumsy work of nature's journeymen imitating humanity abominably?

After the utter confusion which came upon English art—for several years growing still more confounded—it is some consolation

once again to revert to fundamental principles. Practices may vacillate, but essential laws remain unchanged: and in the canons of criticism at least, it may be safely asserted, that there can come nothing new under the sun. On the 10th December, 1771, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed the students of the Royal Academy in these words. Our readers will find his remarks equally fitted to the month of August 1861. "Gentlemen," he said, "the value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed on it, or the mental pleasure produced by it. As this principle is observed or neglected, our profession becomes either a liberal art, or a mechanical trade. In the hands of one man it makes the highest pretensions, as it is addressed to the noblest faculties; in those of another, it is reduced to a mere matter of ornament, and the painter has but the humble province of furnishing our apartments with elegance." This surely is a text upon which we might found our present analysis of London Exhibitions. We might show that elaborate canvasses, marvellous for manual industry and dexterity, are yet low in rank, wanting the elevation of "mental labour." We could take up other works, and show that pleasure, excited by mere novel eccentricity, is one of the most superficial means of attracting public attention. We could manifest, as a contrast to certain works of studied and grotesque ugliness, the essential and immutable worth of intellectual beauty, the pure joy with which she fills the mind, the heavenly aspect she gives to earthly pleasures. We could go through the galleries of the year, and, in no tone of censure, and yet with feelings not free from regret, review with faint praise whole catalogues of painters

content in the "humble" yet profitable "province of furnishing our apartments with elegance." And then, finally, passing in silence a multitude of merest mediocrity, we would select a few choice works, the result of "mental labour," ministering to "mental pleasure," arousing our "noblest faculties," and fitted to raise the profession of the painter from "a mechanical trade" into "a liberal art."

"The province of furnishing our apartments with elegance" could not possibly be occupied with better taste than by the two Water-Colour Societies. The art of water-colour painting is perhaps most successful when least ambitious. Our English school of pretty landscapes in smiling array of pleasing brightness, of simple peasants tending their flocks or standing at cottage door, of small historic or social incidents appealing to partial sympathies, finds, it would appear, its fitting field within the compass of a sheet of paper. Large canvases wholly transcend the dainty sentiments of the boudoir. They are too extended, alike for the thoughts at the artist's command and of the space at the patron's disposal. The drawings in the present exhibition of the elder society in Pall Mall—pure liquid gems, sparkling with light and colour—subjects taken from flood and field and fond domestic story—are just within those narrow unambitious limits, and precisely of that finished refinement and beauty which best conform to the propriety of English tastes and the proportions of English patronage. Our leading water-colour painters have long comfortably settled themselves into prescribed and well-known excellences, from which even self-interest forbids them widely to depart, and each has for years been in the possession of a well-considered style which has won in its praise all the superlatives of criticism. Works from these well-tried favourites come forth year by year with the fertility and the periodic profusion

of fruits and flowers true to their season; and thus the gallery in Pall Mall, not unlike the horticultural tents at Chiswick or Regent's Park, is ever gay, crowded, and fashionable—a show and a promenade of the brightest and the fairest.

It becomes in the present year more than usually difficult to designate an Exhibition which, in the absence of conspicuous works, is chiefly noticeable for its even and unbroken average. As critics, we seem doomed, on this occasion, to the repetition of all that has been said a thousand times before. Mr. Jenkins in his "Watteau," hung at the post of honour, paints a Boccaccio terraced garden, with youths and maidens given to sketching and the romance of song; a work which, like others proceeding from the same elegant hand, seems as if expressly composed for a popular engraving. Other artists, as we have said, are likewise seen in their usual manner. Mr. Gilbert in his "Roman Bagpiper," blots in vigorous Rembrandt effects; and, in "The Return of the Expedition," gives us a pen-and-ink medley with the scratchy hand of an etcher. A small composition, "The Arrest of Hastings," in subtle relations of broken tertiary colour, for pointed character and precision of drawing, is a consummate artistic study, showing the rare power which Mr. Gilbert commands when he chooses to put his genius fairly forth. Mr. Alfred Fripp exhibits, in a pleasing subject, "Passing the Cross at Ave Maria," his habitual refinement of sentiment and his subtle delicacy in colour. Mr. George Fripp, in the "Pass of Nant Francon," a careful drawing, is once more on his favourite sketching-ground in North Wales. Mr. Carl Haag, in the "Acropolis of Athens" and other admirable works, gives a sequel to his Eastern reminiscences. Mr. Joseph Nash, in a series of small compositions set in one large frame, has succeeded in illustrating the *Pilgrim's Progress* with a circumstantial detail which at any rate

provokes curiosity. Mr. Burton, in "Old Ironside," a highly-finished study, shows his unrivalled power of drawing. Mr. Jackson paints, with his usual refinement and more than accustomed detail, scenes from the open ocean, with sheltered craft on our wave-bound coast; and Mr. Branwhite still gives with unrelenting hand the rigour of our snow-white winter. The two Callows, likewise, one upon the sea and the other with his foot upon the land, have, in their respective domains of earth and water, reached their prescribed pitch of excellence. Mr. Riviere still makes himself at home in Irish cabins; while Mr. Oakley struggles to raise his art from humble life—lines from Shelley serving him for inspiration, and "The Student" sitting as a subject. Of Mr. Frederick Taylor and Mr. Topham, much need not be said. Mr. Davidson in his landscapes is always studiously dotty. Mr. Gastineau, on the contrary, is washy, precisely to the same praiseworthy excess; while Mr. Harding, unsurpassed in cleverness of hand, makes nature herself complacently submit to the obvious fitness of his pictorial arrangements.

Moonlights, we think, have had their day, except perhaps upon the stage, where a translucent round hole cut into lath and plaster, with a lantern hung behind, is too cheap a popularity wholly to be abandoned. But in that pictorial world of exhibitions, where transparencies have not yet been ventured on, the direct blaze of open noonday is certainly preferable. Since the glories of Turner blinded the eye by excess of light, many a picture, indeed, has been taught, as it were, to explode with the fury of a firework finale. Mr. Samuel Palmer is one among the many artists who has become quite illustrious in this pyrotechnic school. For several consecutive years he seemed to have been studiously qualifying himself, through successive stages, for some great master-work, suggested, one might imagine,

by Moses and the burning bush! He is now, at any rate, fairly landed in the region of miracle, where some at least of the laws pertaining to humbler nature are for a time suspended in his favour. His visions of earth, we must confess, are very agreeable to gaze on; and rhapsody in these plain days is certainly not a sin to which too many of our artists are addicted. In short, Mr. Palmer's "Sunset on the Mountains," we are prepared to receive as a poem. Moonlights, we have said, are falling out of fashion, but a few still survive, casting fitfully their silvery yet somewhat sicklied sentiment across the walls of our Exhibitions. Their monotone necessarily becomes a little monotonous. The chaste Diana could not indeed be more devoid of passion. Yet, after the fevered heat of day, cool fountains glistening in the soft eye of the queen of night, and ruined temples, stately porticoes, and broken columns standing against the dim distant horizon, at the hour when nature is hushed in quiet sleep—this is a peaceful poetry in which we are glad to find some men still venture to indulge. Mr. Finche's small drawings in this key, by their Claudé-like classicality, their symmetry of well-balanced composition, come as a strange protest against the spirit of the times. Mr. Smallfield's love-lorn maiden in night-dress rising to read a letter at the open casement, is, we cannot but think, sentiment pushed beyond the sober limits of common-sense. The girl would seem to be stricken with the worst symptoms of moon-madness—a love-bewildered intellect. Judging from appearances, we cannot but fear that artists themselves are in some danger of falling into the same sad condition, should they continue to expose themselves to "moonlights" with this singleness of devotion.

Before some few of the pictures in the Water-Colour Society we have made more detailed notes. Mr. Hunt's studies of fruit, birds, and heads, always repay analysis. He is a great, we might add a scientific

colourist, for he apportions and balances colour upon a definite system. His greens, yellows, and reds are set one against the other, with cool greys as delicate transitions. Sometimes, indeed, he works directly with the three pure primary colours, stippling and hatching each over the other, securing blended harmony through immediate juxtaposition, and attaining brilliancy by keeping each tint in pristine purity. The contrast in texture of different substances is managed with equal skill. Take as an example the "Wood-Pigeon," and mark the softness of its plumage, as set against the rude material of the earthy background. In the dead "Chick" commissioned by Mr. Ruskin for presentation to the Bradford School of Art, we see force obtained by the judicious use of "body colour," standing in absolute relief as stucco, painted in sometimes at once solid, in other parts glazed over with transparent tints. We direct attention to these technical excellences: they cannot be better studied than through the works of Mr. Hunt. The drawings of Mr. Birket Foster, marvels of the last few seasons, dexterous in handling, and skilled in treatment, will also repay minute examination. They are after the manner of vignettes—small episodes in nature, just cut out from the wider sweep of landscape, and rounded into the symmetry and cadence as of a sonnet. They bear the same relation to the world at large which a word or a line from Milton holds to his larger poem. There is nothing more pretty than these tiny peeps into nature's nooks and dells—the cottage by the wood, with curling smoke among the trees, the ducks toddling to the water, and the neatly-dressed children running down the flowery mead. The artist, too, seems to trip along playfully as he works; the aspen leaf falling from his pencil trembles in the breeze; a ripple plays upon the surface of the water; and the tear-drop sparkles in the eye of the

opening flower. But the poetry of Mr. Foster, miniature in proportion, is best presented to the public in the form of small pocket duodecimos—a large quarto edition requires more breadth of thought and a bolder handling. His "Wark's Burn, Northumberland," is frittered away in dotted detail; and his drawings, as a whole, are wanting in richness of colour; grey greens, oft repeated, become at length dead-ly monotonous. His works, in general deficient in profound purpose, are pretty, after the manner of fancy decoration. These are Mr. Foster's defects; we need scarcely say that the excellences, upon which we have already insisted, are in their special line wholly unsurpassed.

The well-known scenic pictures of Mr. Collingwood Smith come with marked contrast to the minute mosaics of Mr. Foster. The bold hand of Mr. Smith takes a broad sweep over lake, mountain, and meadow, scarcely halting in its impetuous career till it has covered an area of some dozen square miles. On whatever country or climate this versatile artist may alight, his cosmopolitan genius finds itself equally at home. His art is evidently specially acclimatised to Italy, and he paints the land of poetry as one to the manner born. "Lago d'Orta," a paradise let down from heaven upon the earth, is truly a scene in which any painter might love to revel—blue skies and tranquil reflecting waters, and blue mountains with broad shoulders, round which the mists of morning still are fondly clinging as if loth to sever, and the eternal snows of winter crowning Monte Rosa's heights—and then upon the lake beneath, the little sail wending its silent way to Pella's shore, while every tree and leaf in the noonday heat reposes, and nature, hushed in dreamy sleep, sinks into the arms of beauty. Mr. Richardson's "Castle of Ischia and Sea of Naples" is painted up to the same high pitch of Italian romance. Mr. Newton still further swells the large number of

southern landscapes by his remarkable drawings taken from Mentone. Last year he painted the pass of Glencoe, standing knee-deep in a snow foreground. His present pictures on the shores of the Mediterranean, treated somewhat in the stern manner of the north, secure, by a certain severe hardness, an originality which in Italian subjects, now so mercilessly hackneyed, was scarcely to be hoped for. Mr. Newton is one of the most uncompromising and unconventional of artists: he strikes at truth boldly, he studies nature closely and thoughtfully, and his works—no repetition of used-up ideas—are generally the records of mental enterprise and progress. We cannot but admire the boldness with which he attacks things yet unattempted in the prose or the poetry of pictorial art. In his "Winter Foliage, in the Garden of the Prince of Monaco," he essays to give us the tented canopy of the broad stone pine, the prickly pear with its fantastic fingers, the orange in fruit and flower, spring and autumn meeting hand in hand the grey cobweb of the feathery olive, with the deep blue of the Mediterranean seer beneath. In another drawing, where twilight on the ocean depths and sunlight upon the mountain summits intermingle, we mark a bold effect of which, in these regions, we have long been fond—the silvery flickering of lines of light flashing out from the deep darkness of the purple sea. Our artists have too servilely trodden the same beaten path; we therefore rejoice when a bold man comes forward determined to take a new career. The old drawing-master routine of tree-touch, one suited for oak, another for elm, and a third for chesnut, has now fortunately grown obsolete. Snowdon and the districts of North Wales are known stone for stone by every painter and patron in the kingdom; it is now time that our landscape aspirants should seek out new territories, if „not fresh zones and

hemispheres. The enterprising Humboldt, whose comprehensive mind embraced every region open to science or to art, has eloquently descanted on the exuberant pictorial resources of the tropics. And the day will come when the jungle of India and the lakes of Central Africa shall hang on the walls of London Exhibitions, and the poetry of the whole earth, like the commerce of the entire world, find its centre in the metropolis of Britain.

The New Water-Colour Society, also taking its residence in Pall Mall, shares not unworthily the honours with its elder sister. We have, on previous occasions, remarked that this younger association still rejoices in that state of mental juvenility which indulges in dreamy romance and vague sentimentality pertaining to poetasters in the art of painting. Mr. Tidey, in such works as the gigantic composition from Ossian, is visionary as the poem he essays to illustrate. His large ambitious scale is in no way justified by any corresponding largeness of manner; and unless he betake himself to severer study of actual nature, he must infallibly fall into the ranks of those self-crowned poets who complaisantly adore a certain impossible idea, dwelling somewhere in the limbo of their own fevered imagination. A man endowed with Mr. Tidey's refined sense of beauty deserves a better fate. Mr. Corbould has this year found fortunate subjects for three drawings, high in execution and not devoid of thought, in the two most popular publications of a previous season—*Adam Bede*, and *Idylls of the King*. "Dinah," and "Hetty and Captain Donnithorne in Mrs. Poyser's Dairy," painted by command of Her Majesty the Queen; and "Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat," laid on a coverlit all cloth-of-gold, palled in blackest samite, though wanting in individual character, have certainly all the charm which smooth execution and elaborate finish can bestow.

Mr. Bouvier also belongs to the same high-wrought school of beauty, rejoicing in generalised ideal forms lying somewhere between classic Venuses and London models. We must confess, however, that "Olympia" is refined in drawing, and reconciles in a figure of much beauty, the usually conflicting claims of classic and romantic schools. Mr. Aaron Penley is still wedded to an ancient manner pertaining to a period now gone by. This year he soars into the cloud-land of Scotland's mountains and mists, illumined by effects known of old to Turner. Mr. Henry Warren, strange to say, has for once proved himself unfaithful to the "Lalla Rookh," his ardent love, and has exchanged "the exhaustless East" for the cold snows of the Wengern Alp, and the humble features of the Swiss peasantry. Mr. Warren's ideal romances were known to be literally borrowed; and now on the other hand, we can only hope that his present pictorial facts are purely imaginary. The President is fortunate in having a son of whom any father may be proud. Mr. Edmund Warren's "Rest in the Cool and Shady Wood," is indeed cool and dewy in the shade, yet in the sunshine sparkling bright. For careful study carried to infinitude of detail, and in skilful management of greens—a no small difficulty—it is indeed a master-work. In the same Exhibition, "The Artist's Studio," by Mr. Louis Haghe, is highly commendable. For precise drawing, sharp execution and pronounced character, it is almost unrivalled in its special department. Mr. Bennett's well-known transcripts of nature, Mr. Carl Werner's "Alhambra" and "Bridge of Sighs," and Mr. Reed's "Valley of the Lledr," are, one and all, admirable. Taken as a whole, the present Exhibition of this Society is the best we have seen for some years.

The achievements of the two Water-Colour Societies just passed in review call for no special reflections. The rich resources, as likewise the comparatively narrow limits of wa-

ter-colour art, have long been determined with precision. It is a medium with which the artist can play with facility, and sport at ease in moods of lighter thought. For skies and effects of atmosphere, it is transparent and pure as the elements. In colour it attains a brilliancy, and is capable of a delicacy, unknown to any other process. It is, as we have said, in all respects expressly suited to the exigencies and capabilities of our English school of art;—small in scale, high and smooth in finish, pleasing and refined in sentiment. But these excellences, it must be admitted, have, for the most part, been pushed into mere decorative beauty: in the words of Reynolds, they have too exclusively been made "mere matters of ornament," not presuming for one instant to arouse "the noblest faculties." This result is to be ascribed to two causes—first, that the public do not require "high art;" and, secondly, that the water-colour artists cannot paint it. Water-colour painters, as contrasted with the leading professors of oil, are deficient in artistic training; they have not put themselves through the same severe course of study. Anatomy, the human figure, and the treatment of drapery, have been carried just to the point of "the rustic," and nothing more. The want of this thorough training is specially seen in the more ambitious figure-subjects in the gallery of the New Water-Colour Society. Among the members of the elder association, Mr. Newton, in landscape, and Mr. Burton, in the drawing of the figure, evince a systematic study which should ultimately secure for themselves distinction and for their art still further advancement.

We will devote the remaining pages of our article to an analysis of the Royal Academy. The present Exhibition, like many of its immediate predecessors, has to deplore the absence of a large number of its most illustrious members. It is long since Sir Charles Eastlake has given to the world one of his refined compositions. A list of the

absent, indeed, looks ominous. Mr. Herbert, one of the few disciples of high art; Mr. Maclise, the consummate master of melodrama; Mr. Mulready, of "Wedding Gown" repute; Mr. Webster, of "The Playground" and "The Village School;" Mr. Frith, of "The Derby Day;" Mr. Egg, famed for lighter comedy; Mr. Poole, of "The Plague of London;" and Mr. Millais, the painter of "The Order of Release" and "The Vale of Rest"—are, one and all, absent from the year's Academy; and the remembrance of their former works serves but to enhance the sense of the loss which we sustain. Some compensation, however, may be found in other directions. Mr. Faed and Mr. Ward came out with unwonted power. Mr. Roberts has painted two large pictures in his best style; Mr. Dyce sends one of his most elaborate and impressive works; Sir Edwin Landseer has recovered his former mastery; Mr. Lee upon the rock of Gibraltar, has gathered renewed force, for which even his admirers were hardly prepared; Mr. Hook paints up to his accustomed truth and brilliancy; Mr. Cooper recurs once more to the success of last year—"Sheep in a Snow-Fell;" Mr. Lewis is again upon the Nile; Mr. MacCallum pushes still further his former feats in the painting of tree-trunks and twigs; and Mr. Wallis, in his "Burial of Elaine," has not been so fortunate in a subject since "The Death of Chatterton." Moreover, the present Exhibition reaps the advantage of very many works of merit from younger men, with whom lies the destiny of the future. Thus it will be seen that the Royal Academy for the present season, though chiefly remarkable for the absence of commanding creations, is yet interesting in the possession of many pleasing, and a few impressive, pictures, which will serve to save the year 1861 from oblivion in the annals of art.

The Academy, to the eyes of the multitude, is poor in the absence of any great sensation-picture. The

rush to Faed's Cottage Deathbed, indeed, affords some parallel to the crush which in a past season was found round Frith's "Derby Day." But altogether the world of sight-seers is this year unfortunate in the want of any sufficient pretext for its annual fit of ecstasy. There has of late been no great event which has moved the depths of society; no strong national emotion, which, sinking profoundly into the heart, rises again to the surface in some picture of tragic intensity. Many, indeed, of the most fertile of pictorial topics are worn threadbare. The Crimean and the Indian campaigns are past; and our late enemies the Chinese are not, in costume and physiognomy, precisely the specimens most favourable for serious, stately works on the walls of the Academy. It would be difficult, likewise, for any Pre-Raphaelite painter nowadays to revive, in full severity of symptoms, the thrilling sensation which passed through the eager crowd on beholding for the first time the astounding marvels of Pre-Raphaelite genius. We might safely challenge Mr. Millais to induce for a second or a third time the cold shudder which once crept among spectators as they gazed on two hideous nuns digging in convent churchyard a comrade's grave. Such horrors lose their demon spell with that familiarity which, in their case at least, rightly breeds contempt. This indeed is the position in which the ultra-manifestation of the Pre-Raphaelite movement now finds itself. Studied ugliness, inveterate deformity, and all other aspects of the repulsive, having nothing but novelty in their favour, are necessarily worn out speedily; and thus painters are forced once more to betake themselves to the beautiful, which alone, amid the caprice of ignorant fashion, remains immortal. Hence can we now gladly record the dying-out of the Pre-Raphaelite heresy, as by the natural process of decay. The Royal Academy of the present year, we rejoice to say, is once more all but free from those enormities

which, a few seasons since, deliberately set at nought all pictorial proprieties. There are indications in all directions that the leading men of the movement are ready to surrender their cherished eccentricities, and to content themselves, like the best artists in all times, with mere honest straightforward study of nature, in her simplicity and modest truth. But the storm just passed over the troubled sea of art has not been weathered by the weaker craft; and here and there the bark, which once was buoyant with hope, may be seen as a wreck upon a neglected strand. Mr. Brett, one of Mr. Ruskin's favoured protégés, has, we are sure, sufficient talent yet to save himself. But his picture of the present year, "Warwick Castle," betrays lost anchorage; should the work haply be found to pertain to genius at all, it is of genius beating about on the uncertain sea of doubt, no harbour of refuge yet in sight. Mr. Hughes is also another of those misguided men, who seem destined to pass out of chaos into anarchy. His "Home from Work" is a strange medley of common nature and the commonly-received mediæval. Awkward peasants in angular attitudes, with brick walls and brick-dust hair, is a receipt for picture-making which has been repeated *ad nauseam*. If these men, and others of their class, would but once and for ever throw aside the crotchets with which they have been indoctrinated, and simply trust to their own plain good-sense, there is, we are persuaded, plenty of sterling stuff within them to make an enduring reputation.

In our detailed survey of the Royal Academy, it may be most convenient to commence with landscapes. We shall then proceed to what the French term *genre* pictures, and complete our criticism with that higher class of works which may lay some claim to the historic. We have just spoken of the Pre-Raphaelites—let us glance for a moment at the so-called Pre-Raphaelite landscapes. There are three works,

which may serve both as examples and as warnings, by three painters—Messrs. Whaite, Raven, and Davis—clever but misguided men. Mr. Whaite's "Leaf from the Book of Nature" is true to the text: it is nature in the guise of a child's spelling-book—small thoughts dotted in monosyllabic forms, spelt over letter by letter. Such artists betake themselves to the grandest scenery in the kingdom, and the result reminds us of the traveller who in the Alps crossed the Splügen, and brought home from the summit a daisy as his reward! Mr. Raven's "Valley of the Conway" is another instance of talent and labour thrown away. As usual with such works, the mind of the artist, lost in the infinitude of detail, has wholly failed to grasp the subject in its grand general effect. The picture thus at a fair distance looks a mere first "rubbing-in"—all vague confusion. In colour, too, the work is a strange extravaganza; the painter, in fact, is a victim to the distemper formerly designated in the pages of *Maga* as "Turner's yellow-and-scarlet fever." The picture of Mr. Davis serves as a crowning example of ability and industry squandered upon trifles. When Blondin's feats on the tight-rope shall rank as flights of genius, such pictorial feats of artists' fingers may possibly be classed with the landscapes of Claude, of Danby, and of Turner. Still, however, a curious public does not show itself disinclined to marvel at and to applaud these acrobat and artist exploits of the foot and hand. In previous years we have had stones presided over both by live and dead stone-breakers—and in response to the touching appeal of an eloquent and well-known critic, we have seen crops of apple-blossom make the Academy gay as a spring orchard! And now Mr. Davis, with a generous profusion never surpassed by any of his predecessors, treats us, in "Rough Pasturage," to a marvellous crop of thistles! The scattered flock of sheep look thin, as if they

did not thrive. An air of restless discontent is upon their dumb but anxious countenances. This, we presume, is meant for that touch of nature which, as the poet says, makes the whole world kin! The "Pasturage" is certainly none of the most inviting. In one corner of the picture we have counted upwards of two hundred thistle-heads—some budding, some blooming, and others going to seed! On a rough estimate, we can assure the spectator that, from the slightly elevated position to which the painter has kindly raised him, he can command little short of one thousand thistle-blooms! And this is art! Is it possible for the most lively imagination to require more? Should any of our readers desire to betake themselves to this promising sketching-ground, we add with great pleasure the address—"Pas de Calais!"

As antidotes to these clever absurdities, we would recommend the landscapes of Mr. C. P. Knight and Mr. MacCallum—favourable examples, it must be admitted, of so-called Pre-Raphaelite influence, when free from excess. In Mr. Knight's "Stone Walls of England," with the dark-blue sea in the depths beneath, it is evident that the mind of the artist has been at work no less than his hands. So far it is a marked contrast to a neighbouring picture, "The Old Lizard Head," by Mr. Naish—an ill-digested study, wanting the well ordering and the due subordination essential to a work of art. Mr. MacCallum's "Burnham Wood" and "Sherwood Forest," under the two aspects of "Spring" and "Winter," are notable examples of the victory which may be obtained over nature, not through any power of imagination, but by keen eye, steady hand, and a loving truth. These two pictures, in their special province, have never been surpassed. They are art, but art concealed; detail, but a detail made subject to general effect. They are perhaps the most favourable examples that the year affords

of the purely literal school, which is content simply to hold the mirror up to nature. Not until the long-sought-for impossibility be attained—a coloured photograph—need such works fear competitors.

Three Royal Academicians represent, on the walls of the Academy, the landscape art of England—Witherington, Lee, and Creswick. The staid, careful pictures of Mr. Witherington change not with the revolution of the times: they belong to a past generation, and serve, by a certain academic propriety, to which nature herself was formerly expected to comport, at least for a landmark whereby to measure the extent of that transition through which our English school has passed. Mr. Lee we have generally ranked in the same category; but in the present year, taking his stand on the Rock of Gibraltar—a tower of strength—he shows himself as a giant refreshed. "The Signal Station," on the utmost verge and highest crest of the sentinel watching fortress—a bold and novel subject—

"From out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to
break,
And on the curl hangs pausing."

Mr. Lee has gained in power and spirit by the exchange of the lanes and streams of Devonshire for rock-built Gibraltar. The rock itself, and especially the clump of palmettos, are painted with mastery; the sea and the distant mountains, however, are thin even to poverty, and yet heavily opaque. The works of Mr. Creswick belong to that express type, and have long reached that standard, which seems always, as by right, to claim "the line" of an English Academy. In the first place, they are essentially English in subject and in sentiment. And then, moreover, in the best sense of the word, they are academic—free from all false pretence and affectation—free from clap-trap effects, and from those lower pictorial tricks by which inferior artists seek popular sensation. They are

academic also in quiet, unobtrusive propriety of manner: nature comes before us with a modest bearing — no black thunder in the sky or tumultuous earthquake on the ground, but a landscape placid in deportment — the sun smiling on the lea, and the brook murmuring among moss-grown stones. Thus, in Mr. Creswick's "North Country" we have a subject after his usual wont — a broken lane, a pebbly stream, trees all quiet and simple, in mood meant for meditation. His pictures often recall to our mind the sonnets of Wordsworth. This little pastoral is, for example, in the spirit of the following lines:—

"There is a little unpretending rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among men or maidens sought
Notice or name! It quivers down the
hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious
will:
Yet to my mind this scanty stream is
brought
Often than Ganges or the Nile — a
thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!
Months perish with their moons; year
treads on year;
And flies their memory fast almost as
they—
The immortal spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that rill, in vision clear."

The men whom we have just enumerated belong to the solid earth. Three other painters, of whose works we shall now speak, are, if we may be permitted the expression, more amphibious in their habitats. They stand, as it were, with one foot upon the land and the other on the sea. Mr. Stanfield, in such works as French troops dragging guns across the Magra, exhibited in the Art Treasures at Manchester, shows himself almost the pure landscape-painter; in a later picture, "The Victory towed to Gibraltar," he again takes to the sea, and, as an Englishman, he is equally at home on either element. Mr. Cooke also, like other painters of our coast scenes, is sometimes afloat and again ashore: last year, as a memorable compromise between states fluid and solid, he

gave us that awe-inspiring work, "The Ship Terror ice-bound in an Arctic Winter." The genius of Mr. Roberts is more accustomed comfortably to house itself in a sumptuous interior, or to set itself, as in "The Piazza of St. Mark" in the Academy of last year, before some rich façade. In Venice, however, so completely is this painter at home, that he can take to ocean, float out in gondola upon the Grand Canal, and paint the water-front of the Ducal Palace, casting its shimmering reflections in the sparkling sea. Of these three masters of the elements, Mr. Roberts this year shows himself the greatest. He exhibits two works, "Baalbeck" and "St. Peter's," which, for spirit and power, have never been surpassed. "The Ruins of the Temple of the Sun" — columns broken, entablatures in confused overthrow, a camp for the Bedouin of the desert, with "sainted Lebanon" soaring in the distance — is one of those grand dramas of nature and of history, over which, as on the banks of temple-strewn Nile, Mr. Roberts has of yore shown the mastery. "The Interior of St. Peter's," again, is a bold, and in most respects a successful, attempt to paint, in full splendour, the mosaics, sculptures, and marbles of this most gorgeous of interiors. In colour, and in suggested richness of material, this work of Mr. Roberts certainly outvies the famed but more sober productions of Panini. Mr. Cooke's "Dutch Galliot running into the Port of Aberdeen in a Heavy Gale" has much motion and spirit. We have, however, seen this artist to better advantage. Mr. Stanfield is, perhaps, scarcely in full force in his "Capture of Smuggled Goods on the Old Antrim Road," the largest of his present works. The sky, as usual, is grand in form and rapid in motion, storm-clouds sweeping in thick rain across the troubled heavens, with fitful sunbeams streaming in amid lowering mists. But the best picture is "Mazorbo," a picture of the

sea, quietly anchored, as it were, along the island-shore of Venice, with the brimming ocean tranquil as a lake, reflecting bridge and crumbling palace on the water's verge. Of the works of Creswick, Stanfield, and Roberts, the world will never tire. They outlive the changes of a day, and, like Nature, with her cool refreshing shade, and smiling sunshine, and ocean of dashing wave and playful breeze, seem to make both mind and body the healthier and the happier.

Our English school, as we all know, has made itself famous for the painting of animals, no less than for the treatment of landscape and marine subjects. In Belgium, Verboeckhoven is renowned for sheep, and in France, Troyon for cattle; but Landseer rules above all, king over the brute creation; and our own Cooper, we believe, has never been surpassed as a shepherd among flocks. Last year we were among the few who ventured to pronounce Sir Edwin Landseer's "Flood in the Highlands" a falling-off, and therefore it is with greater pleasure that we now declare at least his drawings in the present Academy, as a return to his former self. "The Shrew Tamed"—a high-bred horse of soft silken coat, dappled with play of light and shade as on velvet—subdued by a "pretty horse-breaker," is certainly unfortunate as a subject. This picture has been made the more notorious by "The Belgravian Lament," which the well-known rider took as a text whereon to point a moral. We hope it will now be felt by Sir Edwin Landseer and his friends that the intrusion of "pretty horse-breakers" on the walls of the Academy is not less to be regretted than their presence in Rotten Row. Landseer, however, regains his innate refinement in his three beautiful drawings, "Deer in the Highlands." His poet-eye for beauty, his deep sympathy for the animal creation, into whose soul of sorrow and sense of joy he enters with tenderest intuition, is best seen in these crayon

sketches taken from "The Marquess of Breadalbane's Highland Deer-Forest." In a companion-drawing—"The Fatal Duel"—the monarch of crowning antlers stands over his fallen foe, sinking into the snow-field with glazed eye and gored nostril. These studies are marvellous for facile, dexterous execution—the rough texture of the deer-coat given by a mere dusty drag of the crayon; the drawing, and even the anatomy of head and limbs, indicated by a few strokes firmly put in just where wanted. Passing to Mr. Ansdell, his picture of the year comes as a contrast to the Landseer refinement. His manner is uniformly loud and melodramatic. Last year he tore passion to tatters in his treatment of "The Lost Shepherd;" this time he intends to be still more heart-rending in the horrors of "Slaves Hunted" by bloodhounds. There is, it must be confessed, a rude, telling force in all that he paints. His pictures are free-spoken: they seem to exclaim, "Murder will out, the more blood the better; here goes for the whole truth at its very worst; he who shrinks is a coward." There is to us something brutal in all this, and we think that Lord Raynham, without much stretch of his well-known sentimental charity, might include artists of these fierce propensities in the next bill for suppressing cruelty to animals. Landseer himself, we are sorry to say, would not be safe against indictment. We will conclude the present paragraph with a notice of the picture in which Mr. Cooper follows up the success of last year. The first work wherein he exchanged the sunny fields of summer for the snow wastes of winter will be long remembered—"Crossing Newbiggin Muir in a Snow-Drift, East Cumberland." In this second picture, equally impressive, "Drovers Collecting their Flocks under the Fells," he is still in a snow-drift, and once again in East Cumberland. It were indeed hard upon artists to inhibit the telling of a story twice over. Of

the first work we spoke in full; we shall not venture so far to imitate the painter as to repeat our thoughts for a second time. One thing, however, did strike us, which we did not record on the former occasion—the value of mere black and white as a cool retreat for an eye suffering from the satiety of colour. The white winter of Mr. Cooper is forced up by the gay summer-flowers of the Misses Mutrie hanging side by side; and in the same room is seen the golden autumn of Mr W. Linnell. In the loud clash of orchestral sounds which, in modern exhibitions, are not always concords, pictures such as these by Mr. Cooper have the value of “brilliant flashes of silence.”

Treating of colour, it is not easy to escape the immediate mention of two consummate masters in the art, Mr. Hook and Mr. William Linnell. All that is superlative in terms of praise has been lavished upon these names, as if critics determined to outvie in written words the intensity of the painted picture. Mr. Hook has long sought to translate Venetian hues into the dusky tones suited to our clouded skies. The boatmen on our English coasts he dresses in russet shades, compatible with the rough work of northern British tars, yet not wholly repulsive to the refined intuitions of a southern eye. The class of subjects in which he glories is well indicated by the titles chosen for two among his present works—the one, “Compassed by the Inviolable Sea,” the other, “Sea Urchins.” He loves to stand on the rocky walls of our wave-worn shores, and to paint the sun-burnt tenantry who dwell upon their waters. Rude humble life he subdues into quiet refinement, and the shadowed face of deadening toil and care he illumines by the warm glow of affection. And yet in his art there seems no artifice, and his compositions, even to a fault, are guileless in simplicity of arrangement. In this, indeed, his works are singular, and well reward the

trouble of analysis. Incontinently he wanders through his subjects, without caring for symmetry or system, till his pictures often take on the aspect of a detached episode cut out from a larger work, so that the spectator is tempted, as it were, to turn round the corner, or look to the other side, for the further continuance of a half-told story. This assumption of carelessness, or rather of incompleteness, is part of the present reaction against the classic school, which was studious, perhaps even to excess in all that pertained to balance and proportion.

Among works supreme in colour, perhaps the most intense and the most successful is Mr. W. Linnell's “Collecting the Flocks.” There is, necessarily, some sameness in the landscapes which proceed from the father and the two sons in this gifted family. But we are glad to note from time to time the bold attempt to solve some new and difficult problem: each master-work bears indeed the mark of studious thought. In the landscape of last year, entitled “Atop of the Hill,” Mr. J. T. Linnell swept across the horizon a deep-blue range of mountains, which he treated in the manner of a Titian distance. In the present work, his brother introduces a bank of purple heather, which, likewise, has the value of an emphatic passage—gathering, by force of contrast and harmony, all surrounding colours to a climax—a passage in exact complementary balance to the golden orange clothing of Arcadian peasants, placed precisely in the spot where the weight of contrasted colour was wanted. To all students of art it becomes as instructive as it is pleasurable to mark the profundity and the exactitude of the science which, in such compositions, is brought to bear on a complex, and yet apparently simple result.

We cannot conclude this criticism on landscape-painters and colourists belonging to the English school without some tribute to the

genius of Francis Danby, who is now for ever lost to the realms of art. But his works, as a treasured life beyond life, have within them an immortality. "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," "The Deluge," "The Evening Gun," and other pictures of the same noble purpose, were almost unexampled for the boldness of their imagination, the beauty of their colour, and their depth of refined emotion. They belong to a school which is now, unfortunately, all but extinct. With Francis Danby, we regret to think, has died the poet's eye which could look into the soul of nature; the hand which swept across the lyre, attuning grove and lake and river to sweetest harmonies.

We now propose to throw into one general division those miscellaneous pictures of life and manners so successfully handled by our English school; a class of works which in French art, has, for want of a better term, long been designated *genre*, as belonging to a certain, or rather, perhaps, to an uncertain, *kind*. Such pictures are necessarily varied, and usually admit of further subdivisions: there is the picture *de société*, as, for example, when Mr. Calderon paints, with point, delicate sentiment seasoned with sly satire, worthy of any Frenchman, "La Demande en Mariage." Mr. Gale, likewise, in the "Father's Blessing;" Mr. Lawless in "A Dinner-Party," and "Waiting for an Audience;" and, emphatically, Mr. Hicks, in his sparkling little picture, "Life's Sunshine," all taking Meissonier and his school for their example, paint *genre* with a truly French relish. Mr. Rankley, again, in "George Stephenson," teaching the Misses Pease, in the garb of their sect, the art of embroidery, paints the Quaker *genre*. And worse still, Mr. Horsley, with a text of Scripture in his mouth, renders the parable of the Prodigal Son into *genre* of the lowest kind, though his subject demanded the grave dignity of sacred art. Such a work, in our judgment, calls for

severe censure, and serves to show the line of demarcation that should ever separate pictures of light surface-sentiment from sacred topics, which, by elevation and severity in treatment, must be raised above the level of common life. But it still remains the province, and indeed the privilege, of the multifarious art of which we now treat, to take the world just as it is, in its joys, its tears, and its laughter,—to delight by playful pleasing incident, to move through sympathy, to amuse by satire. Mr. J. Clarke's two small pictures in one frame, "The Wanderer," and its sequel, "The Little Child Restored," are good examples of the pretty points which, in this class of subjects, please and tell so well. Mr. G. Smith, on the other hand, in his "Seven Ages," in seven pictures, ranging from first to second childhood—a worn-out subject, treated without novelty—has sunk into merest *genre*, when he might, with advantage, have risen to the higher realms of poetry. Mr. F. Stone, too, is unfortunate in his subject—hackneyed, and smacking of stage sentiment—"Claudio deceived by Don John, accusing Hero," but inheriting a well-known name, we are glad to give him welcome, and to award to his picture the praise due to first-rate execution. Mr. Rossiter's "Puritan Purifiers," zealous iconoclasts strenuously working destruction in a church, is, on the contrary, a good subject poorly painted. But fortunately it is not difficult to find works which are commendable equally in theme and in execution. Mr. Phillip's sunburned beauties of Andalusia, "Gossips at a Well," are just of the style in which both painter and public have long delighted. "The Drinking-Fountain," by Mr. Dobson, a similar subject, yet as widely different as London streets and English clothes are from Seville waysides and Spanish costumes, makes a pleasing picture, barring, of course, all association with those detestable monumental or sanitary

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We now propose to throw into one general division those miscellaneous pictures of life and manners so successfully handled by our English school; a class of works which in French art, has, for want of a better term, long been designated *genre*, as belonging to a certain, or rather, perhaps, to an uncertain, *kind*. Such pictures are necessarily varied, and usually admit of further subdivisions: there is the picture *de société*, as, for example, when Mr. Calderon paints, with point, delicate sentiment seasoned with sly satire, worthy of any Frenchman, "La Demande en Mariage." Mr. Gale, likewise, in the "Father's Blessing;" Mr. Lawless in "A Dinner-Party," and "Waiting for an Audience;" and, emphatically, Mr. Hicks, in his sparkling little picture, "Life's Sunshine," all taking Meissonier and his school for their example, paint *genre* with a truly French relish. Mr. Rankley, again, in "George Stephenson," teaching the Misses Pease, in the garb of their sect, the art of embroidery, paints the Quaker *genre*. And worse still, Mr. Horsley, with a text of Scripture in his mouth, renders the parable of the Prodigal Son into *genre* of the lowest kind, though his subject demanded the grave dignity of sacred art. Such a work, in our judgment, calls for

severe censure, and serves to show the line of demarcation that should ever separate pictures of light surface-sentiment from sacred topics, which, by elevation and severity in treatment, must be raised above the level of common life. But it still remains the province, and indeed the privilege, of the multi-form art of which we now treat, to take the world just as it is, in its joys, its tears, and its laughter,—to delight by playful pleasing incident, to move through sympathy, to amuse by satire. Mr. J. Clarke's two small pictures in one frame, "The Wanderer," and its sequel, "The Little Child Restored," are good examples of the pretty points which, in this class of subjects, please and tell so well. Mr. G. Smith, on the other hand, in his "Seven Ages," in seven pictures, ranging from first to second childhood—a worn-out subject, treated without novelty—has sunk into merest *genre*, when he might, with advantage, have risen to the higher realms of poetry. Mr. F. Stone, too, is unfortunate in his subject—hackneyed, and smacking of stage sentiment—"Claudio deceived by Don John, accusing Hero," but inheriting a well-known name, we are glad to give him welcome, and to award to his picture the praise due to first-rate execution. Mr. Rossiter's "Puritan Purifiers," zealous iconoclasts strenuously working destruction in a church, is, on the contrary, a good subject poorly painted. But fortunately it is not difficult to find works which are commendable equally in theme and in execution. Mr. Phillip's sun-burned beauties of Andalusia, "Gossips at a Well," are just of the style in which both painter and public have long delighted. "The Drinking-Fountain," by Mr. Dobson, a similar subject, yet as widely different as London streets and English clothes are from Seville waysides and Spanish costumes, makes a pleasing picture, barring, of course, all association with those detestable monumental or sanitary

or teetotal designs, which the proverbially bad taste of town councils have inflicted upon the chief cities of the country. Mr. Crowe gives us another form of *genre*, capital in its way, "Slaves Waiting for Sale in Virginia," broad in marked character, awkward in attitude, truth pushed to the verge of the grotesque. Let us end the present series with one or two works seasoned by comedy. Mr. E. Nicol is a master in this line, and his two subjects, "Toothache," and "They Talk a Power of our Drinking, but never think of our Drought," speak loudly for themselves. It is, we presume, the merit of such pictures that they are painted with broad Paddy grin. Mr. Marks rises to a higher level. His "Toothache in the Middle Ages," "We all came in with the Normans," and "Dogberry's Charge to the Watch," will not easily be forgotten. In his present picture, "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model," painted with mock solemnity, in grotesque guise of medieval times, he surpasses, we think, all like efforts. We have seldom seen wit, or rather humour, sustained on a scale so large and imposing, or the ridiculous exalted by so much gravity and mock dignity. It is a picture of originality and power, and so earnest and honest is its purpose, that the subordinate class to which it expressly belongs, is forgotten as we stand in the presence of a master work.

There are other pictures which, though falling under the general class of *genre*, demand more deliberate notice. The style of Mr. Hicks has much of the sparkle and smooth outside sentiment of the French. In previous years this artist obtained renown by his "Rush to the Post-office five Minutes before Six," and his "Crowd at the Bank-Counter — Dividend Day;" and he now again indulges in a crush, this year still less select — "The Fish-Women in the Market of Billingsgate!" The crowding of a canvas is not necessarily the composition of a picture, and

to excite curiosity is not always to secure approval; still, perhaps, we are fortunate, in the absence of Mr. Frith, to obtain even this instalment on behalf of the sharp spicy school, addicted to pleasing trivialities. From a like want of concentrated composition, Mr. O'Neil's picture of the year barely escapes falling into a disordered uproar of widows and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and lovers, and tears, and sobbings, with appliances of white handkerchiefs, and all that is heartrending. Mr. O'Neil, if he do not stop at once, will completely run down and ruin the good idea which some three years ago bore him on the crested wave of high success. His "Eastward, Ho!" followed by "Home Again," were impressive and novel. His present picture is of these two works a direct repetition, and comes as a sequel of trite commonplace. His former compositions were "uprights;" this is in shape an "oblong," and herein consists the chief difference. We recognise the same well-known London models shedding the same spasmodic tears, the same waving of white handkerchiefs, the same poses and stage attitudes suited to the tenderly pathetic. Of course Mr. O'Neil cannot avoid being clever and forcible, but a man of one idea telling a thrice-told tale is in danger of becoming recognised as an admitted bore. Mr. Brooks's "Life-Boat to the Rescue" is of the same conventional sentiment, only tenfold worse—clasped hands, dishevelled hair, and common nature refined only by weak execution. Mr. A. Solomon is another clever artist who indulges in cheap stage-sentiment. No man better knows the way to harrow up the emotions of a crowded gallery by noisy clap-trap appeals of virtuous declamation. Sometimes, indeed, we have thought this painter destined in the Academy to the same high popularity which has rewarded the Colleen Bawn at the New Adelphi. Last year, "Drowned, drowned!" from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," like another drowned, drowned of

sensation-drama notoriety, obtained a coarse success. This year the versatility of the artist's genius finds mitigated intensity in the rôle of lighter comedy. His "Malade Imaginaire" comes as a farce—the slight extravagant afterpiece that chases tears by laughter.

Mr. Goodall is an artist of whom we speak with all respect and seriousness. In his works for several past years we have marked steady progress and careful study. His "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the People of Chioggia," followed by the "Arab Encampment in the Wilderness of Shur," were among the most remarkable pictures in the two last Academies. His principal work of the present year is "The First-Born"—a Nubian mother, on scale nearly life-size, almost statuesque in pensive pose of mournful thought. The subject is rendered still more impressive by the artist's style of colouring, which, systematically elaborate in previous works, is here more than usually deep and solemn. The rich bronze of an Eastern complexion finds skilful contrast and resolved harmony in emerald greens, and orange golds, and deep-shadowed purples. In the subtle management of lustrous tertiary colours Mr. Goodall is closely allied to Mr. Poole, one of the grandest colourists in modern times.

By what is termed the exhaustive process, we have at length arrived at an unforeseen anomaly. We have gone through a number of names in succession, and now the only artists which remain under the present heading upon our list are Mr. Pickersgill and Mr. Holman Hunt, the one telling against the other with the force of antithesis. Mr. Hunt is the well-known champion of the Pre-Raphaelites; Mr. Pickersgill may be termed, in the jargon of the day, an anti-Pre-Raphaelite, and is generally selected by critics to point a tirade against the old school; and his works are supposed to afford proof positive of the evils inevitably attendant upon the obstinate

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adherence to obsolete methods. The name of Mr. Hunt is of course, with these writers, in itself deemed a spell and a triumph. We need scarcely say that we do not wholly accord with these opinions. We have indeed no desire to make an idol of Mr. Pickersgill, or to use Mr. Hunt as a butt against which to shoot all the hard words which might be pointed against his school. Suffice it to say—whatever be the general merits of the two men and their respective systems—that at least in the present year Mr. Pickersgill has succeeded in exhibiting a good picture, and Mr. Hunt a bad one. "The Pirates of the Mediterranean Gambling for their Prisoners," is truly Venetian in luxury of colour, and likewise Venetian and Italian in its forms and the witchery of its beauty. On the other hand, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Lantern-Maker's Courtship" is little short of a burlesque, in its studied ugliness and awkwardness, upon love and all that is lovely. Why will these men mistake outrageous taste for originality? Why will they, moreover, so studiously make figures too large for canvases, heads and hands out of proportion with bodies, and commit all other kinds of enormity? Why do they indulge in all this? Simply, we cannot but think, to make the world stare. In the centre of the opposite corner of the same room is hung a little work by Mr. Lewis, of an Arab or Turk in a bazaar, seated on a divan. Why does not Mr. Lewis give himself to the same eccentricities? Simply, we think, because he does not need them. A work of first-rate merit requires not to be tricked into notice.

Before passing to more directly historic works, we would say a few incidental words on the portraits of the year. Mr. Watt's picture of Miss Alice Princep at the piano, is the best. In richness and originality of colour, in high and refined treatment, it transcends every other portrait in the Exhibition. A Roman study of a well-

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known head by Mr. Cholmondeley, must likewise be singled out for its noble bearing and good style: in depth and fulness of colour, how far it is removed from the chalk and water, deadened by dirt, which have been so much in vogue with some of our fashionable painters! For the same Venetian intensity of colour, we must mention "*Veneziana*" by Mrs. Wells, also an "*Italian*" head by Mr. Wells. Among the best examples of the sober style of light and shade more usual with our British school, are the portraits of Mr. Louis Huth by Mr. Boxall, of Professor James Forbes by Sir Watson Gordon, and of Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, by Mr. Richmond. These are all in the quiet gentlemanly manner which is among the best characteristics of portrait art. In the old style, relying upon column, curtain, table, and arm-chair, there are a multitude of examples. But this more hackneyed treatment is, we trust, at last dying out.

Of the British School of Sculpture perhaps the less said the better. As long as our sculptors were doomed to the cellar known as the Black-hole of the Academy, they were not so much to be blamed as pitied. But now in the new sculpture-room there is light and space sufficient, and we trust that, in future years at least, the best works of the English school will not be withheld from public competition. But we cannot disguise the opinion that most of our aspirants for the honours of Phidias and Praxiteles have yet much to learn. Such works as "*Lady Godiva*," and "*Una with the Lion*," by Mr. Thomas, would be wholly unworthy of notice, did not size make them absolutely obnoxious. "*Sardanapalus*," executed by Mr. Weekes for the Egyptian-hall of the Mansion-house, is too noisy and violent for the quiet dignity appropriate to marble. Mr. Spence's "*Hippolitus*," not perhaps very original, surpasses in refined and classic style most works in the Exhibition. The Busts

and Portrait-statues are, with few exceptions, after the prescribed mediocrity. The Children executed by Mr. Monro are, as usual, pleasing and playful—all indeed that children should be.

We will conclude the present article with works which have more or less claim to the rank of the historic. In these matters, lines of demarcation are not always positively defined. History may be, and often is, treated through its minor incidents and anecdotes; and then again, the historic taking the line of the biographical, the destiny of a nation may be narrowed or centred in the fate of an individual. A painter, indeed, from the very limits of his art, is often glad to escape from the difficulties of a complex drama by timely retreat into some wayside episode. "*The Flight of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower*," a vigorous picture by Miss Hughes—wanting, however, in finer finish—ranks, for example, as a biographic incident in the larger historic drama of the Stuart dynasty. "*John Bunyan in Bedford Jail*," by Mr. A. Johnstone, a pleasing but somewhat conventional work, is likewise biographic, and yet, in another and a larger sense, it touches on the history of a party and a principle. In the same class we cannot escape mention of Mr. Noel Paton's "*Luther at Erfurt*," a picture which, in the best interests of the painter, we must regret. This is history painted down to the level of the old curiosity-shop; great truths, the Bible and justification by faith included, handled as by a dealer in dusty relics. Luther's well-known and manly countenance is here wholly wanting in dignity and force of intellect. The picture, with little alteration, might serve, indeed, for the Temptation of St. Anthony, and in execution and colour is worthy of Denner and Gerard Dow. The style here adopted is suited only for Dutch brass kettles. Mr. Noel Paton's previous works—"The Pursuit of Pleasure," "The Bluidy

Tryste," and "In Memoriam"—secured for him a first position among London artists. His failing has always been an execution too small for the dignity of his thought. He is evidently a poet, and we doubt not will yet obtain modes of expression more worthy of his genius.

In a subdivision must be ranked a class of pictures of much beauty and interest—works which belong to the poetry of history, or it may be to the history of poetry. Under this head we would mention with commendation, for its quiet pathos, and from its appropriate adaptation of the medieval to the modern, Mr. Archer's "Mort d'Arthur." Into the same category must likewise be thrown two somewhat companion-pictures by Mr. Holiday and Mr. W. C. Thomas, of two somewhat brother poets—brothers in sorrows as in joys—Dante and Petrarch—with their truly poet-loves—ideal romances of the imagination, and enduring anguish in the saddened heart. Under this same head, we presume, must also fall the works of Mr. Leighton, of whom we would gladly escape mention, were silence possible. His pictures this season, however, for evil or for good, are too deliberate to be passed by. Some years since, it will be remembered that he created a surprise, and made for himself a name, by a large work of great merit, "The Procession of the Madonna of Cimabue through the streets of Florence." This was unfortunately quickly followed by Orpheus fiddling his wife out of Hades! Since then, the acknowledged powers of Mr. Leighton have been in abeyance, always, however, with the still cherished hope that the time would come when the high expectations entertained on his behalf should be fully realised. It is with extreme regret that we find this hope deferred is now at last doomed to painful disappointment. Mr. Leighton has put forth his matured powers in three important and highly elaborate works, "A Dream," "Lieder ohne worte," and "Paolo e

Francesca." The "Dream" necessarily takes the form of a vision, and is wholly different from anything we ever saw before, and we trust equally far removed from anything we may ever see again. The draperies are cast exclusively in the painter's imagination, and the forms come as the offspring of a fevered fancy, decked in colours found neither on earth nor in heaven. It may be answered that this is but in keeping with the subject. In reply, we beg humbly to express the hope that when next the painter may be favoured with the like revelations, he will not condescend to exhibit the result in this lower world. The second work, "Lieder ohne worte," is worthy of the first. We know that a certain refinement of sentiment, which it doubtless possesses, has won admirers; not however, happily, among the hanging committee. Here again, we have draperies, which in disposition are absolute impossibilities, and a maiden for a muse, morbid, sicklied, and woe-begone, wholly, we should hope, transcending the reach of nature. The "Paolo e Francesca" is no better. What a contrast to the true manly sentiment of Ary Scheffer in his well-known picture! These works of Mr. Leighton in style seem to be gathered from all foreign countries and times, and yet to belong to none. We recognise a distant dreamy remembrance of the old Italian, mixed with the artificial manner of the French, mingled again in turn with the mazy abstractions of the more morbid German. And all this has been brought from afar, expressly to hang on the walls of an English Academy. We are sure that Mr. Leighton by this time must feel that his triumphs, so ill appreciated, are wholly un-English and out of place. The effort expended to attain this degree of inconceivable success, can only be fitly estimated by marking in what far-off distance a small unpretending portrait of "Mrs. S. O." is left behind. Why, this modest inconspicuous work, also by Mr.

Leighton, might have been painted by the most humble and simple and natural of artists—with this proviso only, that the painter was possessed of genius as high as the picture is admirable. In style, it is one of the very choicest works in the whole Academy, and abundantly proves what still is within Mr. Leighton's reach, if haply it yet remain possible for him to retrace his steps.

Of all poems, the *Idylls of the King* are this year the most prolific in pictures, and above all heroines Elaine ranks as the most favoured. Several painters have attempted to translate into beauteous forms and glowing colours that most pictorial of descriptions, the chariot bier, borne to that stream whereon the barge palled in blackest samite lay. These are the poet's words:—

"So those two brethren from the chariot took,
And on the black decks laid in her bed,
Elaine,

In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming
down—
And all the coverlid was cloth-of-gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in
white
All but her face, and that clear-featured
face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she
smiled."

Mr. Wallis's picture is scarcely inferior to the verse in the sweet feast of beauty, and for luxury of poetic sadness. It is perhaps too decorative in treatment to be very intense—too much decked out in resplendent detail to be deeply desolating. In this it is inferior to the artist's prior, and perhaps greater work, "The Death of Chatterton." Mr. Wallis plays prettily with his subject, as Mr. Millais did with the Drowning of poor Ophelia. The littleness of this manner has been proved incompatible with the greatness of a master-passion.

The historic is grand, the pseudo-historic contemptible. There are at least two painters in the Academy who cannot claim the distinction

due to the former clause in the alternative. It is melancholy to mark the virtuous efforts made from year to year by Mr. Hart to redeem the English school from the stigma of extinct ambition. It were unkind to enter into any detailed criticism of his present work, conceived in the very spirit of the sublime, "St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, canonised for her goodness, distributing alms to the poor." It is a performance which has the privilege of claiming all the immunities usually extended towards the best intentions. In the same way, it seems ungenerous to censure any picture so well meant as Mr. Le Jeune's "Sisters of Lazarus;" but we must confess, speaking generally, that we prefer goodness when it is not quite as weak as water, emotion when it is not hardened into anything just as immovable as stone, and high art when it is permitted to stop somewhat short of the barber's block.

Approaching the line of legitimate history, there are, at the outset, a few minor works which call for a word of commendation. Mr. Elmore is a painter whose pictures have won for him thoughtful admirers. A lull has this year come over his somewhat fitful genius, and his figure of "Marie Antoinette in the Temple," follows but as a minor episode to his grand composition from the Tuileries of last Academy. Mr. Cope in like manner, upon a small scale, paints a well-beaten topic of pictorial pathos, "The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell." One of the most thoughtful and among the most remarkable, pictures of the season, is Mr. Dyce's "George Herbert at Bemerton," his country parsonage in Wilts. Mr. Dyce's paintings of last year, "St. John leading Home his adopted Mother," "The Man of Sorrows," and "Pegwell Bay," without any false pretence or striving, found poems in nature, sermons in stones, and good in everything. "George Herbert," though widely different, is a picture painted with the same high purpose. The

quaint country parson, writing in praise of Virtue, opens with these lines—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridle of the earth and skies:
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die."

And the picture is painted in this same tone of pensive sober melancholy. George Herbert, with companion-book in hand, turns the upward gazing eye of contemplation on the ivy-mantled tree; a lute leans against a secluded seat, a boat lies upon the bank, the river, shadowed by overhanging branches, steals gently along, and the distant church spire, at the meeting of earth and sky, closes the solemn pastoral, "so calm, so cool, so bright." The picture is painted with a detail seldom found compatible with unity of purpose or depth of expression. Mr. Dyce succeeds where others have failed, simply by observing an obvious law common to all the arts—that in descriptive pictures as in descriptive poetry, every touch and word and incident must be relevant to the paramount intent. The amount of detail which the painter had thus found it possible to subordinate to the general effect, is truly marvellous. And such is the accuracy of even the minutest branch, that the picture might serve Mr. Ruskin as a diagram for his fifth volume, or his future lectures on "tree-twigs."

There is no chapter in Macanlay's *History* of greater brilliancy than that which narrates the death of Charles II. "His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday the 1st of February 1685." "The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of the three nations." "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet

he passed away, and lo he was not." On the morning of Monday the 2d of February Charles rose from his bed, his utterance indistinct, and his thoughts wanderings. On the morning of Thursday following he was better and out of danger; but in the same evening a relapse ensues, and the physicians have already given up all further hope. The bishops and dignities of the Established Church thought it was now time to speak out, and brought to the bedside a table with the sacramental bread and wine, but in vain. Charles refused to receive the Eucharist. The Duchess of Portsmouth, it appears, was in the secret—knew that the King was a Catholic at heart. His brother James, thinking only of personal safety, is appealed to. "A soul is at stake." The Duke starts as if roused from sleep—declares that nothing shall prevent him from discharging the sacred duty which had been delayed too long. He clears the chamber of the Protestant clergymen, commands the crowd to stand aloof, goes to the bed, whispers to the dying King, "Shall I bring a priest?" "Do, brother!" replied the sick man, "for God's sake do! Lose no time." "The King," we are told, "found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread, that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water." "The whole ceremony had occupied about three-quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who had filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances." Mr. Ward has thrown these thrilling and dramatic incidents into a picture remarkable for vigour, and prodigal in resource. The hand from the death-chamber reaches for the glass of water, to the relief of the choking King. In the ante-room of rich carved wainscoting, capitally painted, is a gay medley of age, youth, fashion, and beauty: bishops and lapdogs, with mistresses patched on cheeks, and convulsed in tears—groups on the other side wiling away tedium by cards—all flaunt-

ing and frivolous in the glitter of rings, ribbons, necklaces, and bracelets, the pomp of a wicked world, and the vanity of vain ambition. Thus does Mr. Ward, with much strength of manner, point a moral, and paint a picture of keen Hogarth character. The subject, however, is *un embarrass de richesses*, and the work is consequently somewhat distracted and scattered in its profusion of detail and incident, all emphasised with equal force throughout.

We reserve for the last, the most impressive picture of the year, Mr. Faed's cottage deathbed—"From Dawn to Sunset," "so runs the round of life from hour to hour." It is a little remarkable that the two leading paintings of the Exhibition should take deathbeds as their subjects—the death of a king and the death of a peasant; and that, by each painter alike, the death-agony should be withdrawn from public gaze; in each picture death telling its dread tragedy by a single solitary hand thrust among the living—the hand taking the glass to the dying king, and the hand of the dying woman seen on the coverlet. Here, however, the analogies end and the contrasts begin. The king breathes his last amid frivolous pageantry—the cottager dies in the quiet of a simple cabin. The humbler picture is more impressive, because everything is in keeping; all in solemn suspense on coming death; truthful, and therefore touching; detailed in all the circumstance of ebbing life, watched with solicitude, and death awaited with fortitude. In gazing upon this great and earnest work, not unmoved, we knew no better words wherewith to express its desolation, and yet to portray the serenity of its hope, than the lines of Mrs. Southey, written on a like theme—

"Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now."

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou."

It will scarcely be right to close this article on the London art-season without bestowing some commendation on the important additions and improvements effected in the National Gallery of old masters. Increased space has been gained; and the pictures, arranged with singular taste and judgment by Mr. Wornum, now constitute a gallery which will stand comparison with the famed museums of the continent,—a gallery which, by judicious purchases, is each day growing more worthy of this great country, more fitted to instruct our artists in the history and development of ancient art, and to teach, by the force of illustrious examples, those principles on the observance of which true excellence must ever depend. The public opening of the present magnificent assembly of pictures was a triumph for the management of our National Museum, and served indeed as a final refutation of those ignorant charges and virulent attacks which at one time bore sway in the public journals and before the House of Commons. The old masters and the English modern pictures are at this moment once more close neighbours; and the passage from the National Gallery to the Royal Academy is striking and instructive. The old masters are dark and low in tone; the modern light in key and even crude. The old are often far removed from present sympathies, belonging essentially to the past; the modern seize upon the topics of the day, and an Academy Exhibition thus often becomes, as it were, an annual register for the year. The old masters require some previous knowledge, perhaps even a special culture, for their full appreciation: a modern English picture, on the other hand, is generally easily understood; its excellences lie more on the surface;

it utters the very thoughts which for the moment are moving in the popular mind. It is by such a comparison as the National Gallery now affords, that we can bring our English school to the test of history, and determine how far our English artists work upon those enduring principles which have been handed down by ages, and come with the sanction of an ancient wisdom. Some modern painters have presumed to scoff at the works and the practices of their great forerunners; but we tell these men plainly that, unless they build upon the experience of the past, unless they take the path trodden by the great artists of the older times, their popularity will barely outlive the tenure of their lives; and, owing nought to ancestry, they can expect to claim nothing of posterity.

Our artists in the coming year will have to submit to another competition—not with the works of an ancient period, but with the schools of neighbouring nations. It will then be seen that our English painters have never been surpassed in works of pleasing pretty incident: scenes taken from our homes and homesteads; peasants in their humble cots, such as Wilkie loved to paint; or groups well dressed in drawing-rooms, such as Goldsmith

made to smile, or Sheridan stung with satire. It will then be proved, moreover, that our English artists have never been excelled upon flood or field, when Wilson, Gainsborough, Turner, and Stanfield essayed to paint our British mountains, lakes, and rivers, and with bold sweep of hand held the empire of the seas. It will be found, we say, in the great International Exhibition of 1862, that the British School of Painting is, at least in these directions, unrivalled. But then, likewise, in the words of Reynolds, it will also be discovered that "the value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed on it, or the mental pleasure produced by it." Thus will be demonstrated the essential littleness of a small idea, the comparative worthlessness of those partial modes which command but passing popularity. Then it will be found that pictures which aspire to nothing higher than "the furnishing apartments with elegance" must take a low position in the great competition of thought and civilisation. And, before the assembled nations, honour will at last await those works of study and of genius that rest on truths which change not with the lapse of time, nor swerve to altered place.

MAD DOGS.

EVERY one knows that dogs are liable to a terrible disease, which can be communicated to other animals and to man: a disease frightful in its symptoms, and fatal in its effects. But very few persons know what are the signs and symptoms of this disease; and since cure is impossible, prevention becomes tenfold more important. We propose, therefore, to treat this subject with the minuteness which its importance warrants.

I.—VULGAR ERRORS.

Under this head it will be necessary to include almost every single notion which is popularly held about mad dogs; for it is surprising that on a subject of this fatal interest the current ideas are not simply inaccurate: they are utterly and dangerously wrong. To begin with the one expressed in the name *Hydrophobia*, which means horror at water. This is not simply a misnomer, otherwise we should scarcely mention it, but a misdescription of a very serious kind. The name hydrophobia having been fixed in people's minds, and the idea that rabid dogs dread water having become part and parcel of the general belief, the sight of a dog eagerly lapping water, or willingly plunging into it, would naturally lead ninety-nine out of a hundred to exclaim—"He drinks, therefore there can't be danger." The fact is, that a burning thirst is one of the characteristic symptoms of rabies, in its early stages. True it is, and very curious it is, that in man an indefinable dread of water, or any other liquid, does characterise the later stages of the disease; and for the disease in man the name of hydrophobia is not inappropriate. Of this we shall see examples presently. But in dogs, so far from a dread of water being a reliable symptom, it is a symptom which does not show itself more than once in fifty cases. "Il est désormais acquis à la science," says the latest authority on this subject, "que c'est précisément un signe de la rage, lorsque la soif est trop ardente; et que jamais appellation plus fautive, plus absurde, et en même temps plus dangeureuse, ne fut appliquée à aucune maladie que celle de hydrophobie à la rage du chien."*

Another popular error attributes the madness of dogs to the heat of the "dog-days." In July and August all kinds of precautions are taken which no one thinks of for a moment in November and December. On the Continent, a paternal police is minutely solicitous in summer about the enforcement of its regulations. But the simple fact is, that the "dog-days" have no more to do with the rabies than the moon has to do with lunacy. Dogs are liable to attacks in every month of the year; but it so happens that July and August are precisely the months in which the fewest cases occur. Against the loose estimate of popular opinion, we can place the exact records of the veterinary schools of Alfort, Toulouse, and Lyons, and these show that it is not in the hottest months, but in the wettest months, that the great majority of cases are seen. In April, November, and

* SANSON: *Le Meilleur Préservatif contre la Rage: Etude de la Physiognomie des Chiens et des Chats Enragés*. 1860.

December, the recorded cases are double and triple those in June, July, and August.

That 'heat of the weather' is not the cause of rabies, is strikingly proved by the fact that in hot countries the disease is rare, and in some even unknown. M. Du Chaillu notices that although "most of the West African villages are crowded with dogs, the natives do not know, even by report, of such a disease as hydrophobia." Dr. Watson remarks that rabies is unknown in the Isle of Cyprus and in Egypt. "I fancy that South America is, or was, a stranger to it. It appears to have been imported into Jamaica, after that island had enjoyed an immunity for at least fifty years; and Dr. Heineker states that curs of the most wretched description abound in the island of Madeira; that they are afflicted with almost every disease, tormented by flies, and heat, and thirst, and famine, yet no rabid dog was ever seen there. On the contrary, 1666 deaths from hydrophobia in the human subject are stated to have occurred in Prussia in the space of ten years."*

Having attributed the disease to the "heat of the dog-days," men easily came to the conclusion that it was owing to intense thirst that the disease occurred. Inasmuch as this error has forced them to be more careful in attending to the wants of dogs, and secured access to water, it has been a beneficial error. But, viewing the matter scientifically, we are forced to say that thirst, however intense, is incapable of producing rabies. Dogs have been subjected to the cruel experiment of complete abstinence from water, when chained to a wall under a burning sun. They died from thirst, but showed no symptoms of rabies. Thirst will produce delirium in man; but delirium is not rabies, nor in any way related to it.

Another popular error is to suppose that mad dogs foam at the

mouth, and run about snapping wildly at man and beast, or at any rate manifest their madness by furious ferocity. But while healthy dogs often "foam at the mouth," it is only in one stage of the disease that the rabid dog shows any foam. And as to ferocity, most mad dogs are gentle and caressing to their masters and favourites, though they snap at other dogs. It is only the ferocious dog that shows great ferocity when rabid.

It is very generally believed that if a healthy dog should bite a man, and at any subsequent period become rabid, the man will also become rabid—no matter how many months or years may have elapsed. The consequence of this absurd prejudice is, that healthy dogs are frequently killed in order to prevent their becoming rabid. There was an example of this only a few weeks ago in London; and unhappily the bitten man died a victim to the terrors of hydrophobia. It was quite clear, from the symptoms, that he was not affected by hydrophobia; and the magistrate very properly expressed disapprobation at the folly of destroying the dog before it was evident whether or not it was rabid. The rule in such a case is perfectly simple. If the dog is suspected of being rabid, it should be kept chained up, out of the way of injury, until the disease declares itself. By this plan it may very soon be shown whether the suspicion was ill-founded, and whether the dog was or was not rabid. Such a proof would often greatly relieve the minds of the bitten man and his family, and remove that terrible anxiety which, in spite of every surgical aid, must for some weeks assail them.

Finally, we may remark that it is by no means true, as popularly supposed, that a man or animal bitten by a mad dog will certainly take the disease. The chances are very great against such an event even if no precautions be taken.

* WATSON: *Principles and Practice of Physic*, vol. ii. p. 619.

Of course, no sane man would run the risk. But it is comforting to know, after surgical aid has been employed, that even without such aid the chances are against the disease being communicated.

The errors we have just noticed are pernicious in varying degrees, but mainly because they mask the real symptoms, which might otherwise call attention to the danger. And how great that danger is may be expressed in a single sentence—*there is no remedy*. The physician that cures is Death—*laṛpos lūrai*

θανατος. Man or beast, once infected with the poison, is doomed to a certain and horrible end. This infection may be prevented, even after the bite has been given, either by surgical aid, or by a natural indisposition of the organism to be affected by the poison; but the infection once established, no remedy avails. The records of medical experience contain numerous cases of harmless bites from rabid animals, but no single case of declared rabies having ever been arrested.

II. HYDROPHOBIA IN MAN.

We have already intimated that in man the disease is characterised by a singular dread of water; and that this is an invariable symptom. Happily the cases are rare; and as even experienced physicians seldom have the opportunity of witnessing one, we shall briefly state what are the observed symptoms. Dr. Watson, in his *Principles of Physic*, and Romberg, in his *Diseases of the Nervous System*, will furnish examples:—

A coachman was brought to St. Bartholomew's Hospital on a Tuesday. It was stated that, some ten weeks before, the back of his right hand had been struck by the teeth of a terrier, but no wound had been made, no blood drawn, nor was the skin broken—there was merely a mark of the animal's teeth. On the Thursday preceding his appearance at the hospital, his hand had become painful, and swelled a little. On Friday the pain extended into the arm, and became more severe. His wife stated that he had been in the habit of sponging his head and body every morning with cold water, but on this morning he refrained from doing so on account of some feeling of spasm about the throat. His own remark on this was, that he "couldn't think how he could be so silly." On Saturday, the extent and severity of the pain had increased. He got no

sleep. He felt ill and drowsy on Sunday, but drove the carriage to Kensington Gardens: he was obliged, however, to hold both whip and reins in his left hand. The pain extended to his shoulder. He was then bled. This relieved the pain. But the next day he complained of feeling very ill all over; and he told his medical attendant that he could not take his draughts because of the spasm in his throat. That gentleman, suspecting the true nature of the disease, pretended that it was the nasty taste of the physic which gave the spasm, and told him to drink some water. But there was the same difficulty with the water. The next day he came to the hospital. When there, water was placed before him in a basin, for the alleged purpose of allowing him to wash his hands. It did not seem to disturb him, nor to excite any particular attention. Water was then offered to him to drink, which he took and carried to his mouth, but drew his head from it with a convulsive shudder. After this, on the same morning, he was much questioned by several persons about the supposed cause of his illness; and water was again brought to him, which agitated him, and he became exceedingly distressed and unquiet, complaining of the air which blew upon him. Dr. Watson saw him soon

after this, and describes him as "to all outward appearance well, lying on his back without spasm, without anxiety—his face somewhat flushed. He said he had a little headache, but no pain in the arm. His pulse was 132, full and strong; his tongue moist and slightly furred. He appeared to be a very quiet, good-tempered man; and smiled generally when he was spoken to."

In the evening Dr. Watson found him tranquil. Gruel was mentioned, and then he sighed deeply two or three times, but sat up, and after a moment's look of serious terror, took half a spoonful of the gruel in a hurried gasping manner, and said he would not take more at a time, lest the *sensation* should come on. He was desired to take the last portion of the gruel from the basin. He accordingly seized it with hurry, carried it to his mouth with an air of determination, and then a violent choking spasm of the muscles about the throat ensued. Most of the gruel was spilled over his chin; and he observed that he should have managed it had he not been in too great a hurry. He was quiet, rational, and calm, except when endeavouring to take liquids. On Wednesday, at noon, he was much in the same state, but said he was better. Some morsels of ice had been given him during the night: he swallowed two or three with considerable effort; the third or fourth caused so great a spasm that he was forced to throw it out of his mouth: by a strong resolution, however, he seized it again, and finally succeeded in swallowing it. He now complained that his mouth was clammy, and he champed much. He requested that a straitwaistcoat might be put on, that he might injure no one. He assisted in putting it on, and was perfectly calm.

Whenever he attempted to swallow liquid in the smallest quantities, it was always with sobbings and hurried inspirations, precisely resembling those we make when first wading in cold water. While taking the basin of gruel in his hand, he drew back his

head to a distance, apparently involuntarily. The next day he was composed, yet more easily irritated, and had lost the power of moving his left arm. His pulse was 140, and much weaker than before. His mental powers were failing. During the last hours of his life, he moaned and tossed from side to side. He sank gradually, and died in the evening.

Dr. Watson, in the course of his very extensive practice, both in private and in the hospitals, has only seen four cases of hydrophobia, which proves that the disease must be rare. One of these was owing to the bite of a cat, on the 1st of January 1855 (*not* by any means one of the "dog-days"). A lady, aged thirty-two, hearing from her brother that a white cat belonging to the stables had been quarrelling with a terrier the day before, and afterwards fighting with another cat, supposed it might be ill, and desired it to be brought to her. She placed it on her lap. It there bit her finger. Had the lady been aware of the suspicious nature of such an act, she would at once have sent for the surgeon. But few people remember that cats are as liable to madness as dogs; otherwise we should not have the many absurd police regulations respecting dogs in the summer months, and complete disregard of cats all the year round. Still fewer are impressed with the necessity of ascertaining what has been the behaviour of an animal that has bitten them. The cat now in question was destroyed, but not before it had scratched the gardener's child, flown furiously at a man, and bitten a whip with which it had been attacked. From the 1st January to the 14th March no alarming symptoms disclosed themselves, but on the 14th the lady began to feel generally unwell. On the 16th, pain ran from the bitten finger along the arm and across the chest. This pain did not last long, nor did it recur. On the 17th she found a difficulty in swallowing. Dr. Todd visited her in

the evening with Dr. Garrett; and on the 18th Dr. Watson met those physicians in consultation. He found the lady in bed, "with a wildish expression about her eyes." Her tongue was dry and furred; her pulse 80, soft, with occasional accelerations for a few beats only. She was extremely weak. A morsel of ice was given her. She hastily put it into her mouth, then drew back her head, and stretched out her arm with a repelling gesture, and sighed many times; but she failed to swallow the ice. Afterwards she succeeded better with some tea, which she took in spoonfuls, yet with a strange hurry, and with sighing gasps, and a rolling upwards of the eyes. It seemed to Dr. Watson that she suspected what was the matter with her, for she said that to drink some tea would be a *test*. She then, without much difficulty, ate a boiled egg; and under encouragement, and our expressions of hopefulness, she swallowed, with seeming ease, a glass of wine in successive tea-spoonfuls, until the last spoonful, from which she recoiled with a look of terror, exclaiming despondently, "It is no better." She died the next morning, her mind having continued perfectly clear to the end.

It is worthy of remark, that not only are hydrophobic patients uniformly terrified at water (unlike rabid dogs), and this terror increases with the attempt to swallow water, but also the mere *sound* of liquid falling in a vessel, sometimes the mere *sight* of it, and in a few cases even the *mention* of it, causes terrified gasps. A draught of cold air will also produce similar effects; and even the sight of a mirror. Dr. Beddoes relates a case of a patient who sobbed convulsively when a mirror was presented to him. "I gave him money to induce him to look at it a second time, and endeavoured to gain his attention by desiring him to point out in the mirror the sores which had given him most uneasiness; but before he had looked a minute, the same

effect was produced as before." In the case quoted from Dr. Watson just now, there was nothing of this observed; indeed, the sounds of liquids had no appreciable influence on the patient; nor was she disturbed by sudden access of light, nor by currents of air: she could even bear to be fanned.

There is a not unwarrantable supposition that many of the effects of hydrophobia in human beings are due to imagination, and are suggested by what the patient has heard of the disease. Nor would it be possible very accurately to draw the line between the effects directly produced by the disease, and those indirectly produced by the patient's imagination. Yet that the very remarkable phenomena of terror at water, or at the sight and sound of water, are direct consequences of the disease, and are not due to any opinions the patient may hold, is satisfactorily proved by the fact that quite young children exhibit them no less manifestly than adults. We will give in illustration the case observed by Romberg (the only case which ever came under his eye). A boy, aged six, was bitten by a dog on the finger. In accordance with a popular superstition ("a hair of the dog that bit you"), a few of the dog's hairs were cut off and placed upon the wound, which was completely healed in a week. The boy continued perfectly well and in good spirits till the 30th of August—that is, twenty-eight days after the accident—when he complained of pain in the bitten finger. The day after, the pain extended to the whole hand. The boy's father observed that his breathing was laboured. He passed a restless night. In the morning, instead of his usual coffee, he asked for water, but on seeing it, shuddered, and pushed it forcibly away. He was unable to swallow any liquid or solid food; the mere sight of it was repulsive to him. During the following night he was extremely restless, complained constantly of thirst, and yet was unable to swallow any

liquid. On the 2d September the pains extended to the arm and ear; a current of air produced by the mere elevation of the bedclothes, or the sprinkling of a few drops of liquid on his skin, excited the same paroxysms as the attempts at drinking. His consciousness was unimpaired; his eyes were brilliant, his face red, and his features expressed distressing anxiety. "I offered him," says Romberg, "a cup full of beer, and challenged him to drink; the mere aspect of the cup startled him, and as soon as I approached it to his lips, sobbing respiration and a convulsive movement of the entire body ensued; he turned his head in the opposite direction, and rolled his eyes wildly. Three times the experiment was repeated, and each time the same phenomena occurred. When he caught sight of a glass of water, the restlessness was greater, and the shudder more violent." It is quite clear that this child of six had never read any books about hydrophobia, nor is it likely that he had ever heard of the behaviour of patients; yet his manifestations were precisely similar to those observed in other cases. When urged to drink, and told that unless he drank he would die, he seized the cup with a trembling hand, and carried it to his mouth, shuddered,

and wanted to return the cup; but on being threatened he once more took courage, and, in spite of the hiccup which intervened, swallowed about half a tea-spoonful hastily and with extreme difficulty. "I then dipped the handle of a tea-spoon in water, and for several minutes dropped the water off it upon his tongue. This trifling quantity he swallowed without much trouble or shuddering." He could see water in a basin, and even wash his hands in it, without terror. The sight of a mirror, or of the polished surface of a watch, produced no effect.

This is in many respects an instructive case. We have cited it mainly to show that the symptoms of hydrophobia are not due to the imagination of the patient; and before quitting this part of our subject, we may observe that the popular notions of hydrophobic patients barking, and trying to go on all-fours like a dog, are simply the wrong interpretations of phenomena which admit of rational explanation. The "barking" is nothing more than the violent efforts of the patient to rid his throat of the sticky mucus which irritates him; and the trying to go on "all-fours" is the inability to stand upright which is sometimes seen when the spinal chord is affected.

III.—ORIGIN OF THE DISEASE.

It is as yet undecided whether rabies *now* occurs spontaneously, or only as the result of direct inoculation. Inasmuch as the disease must have occurred spontaneously at first, there is a natural tendency to suppose it must continue to manifest itself spontaneously. Against this supposition some argue that there are diseases which in our day never occur except through contagion, or transmission of some kind. The smallpox is cited as an instance. Proof of this must necessarily be difficult, if not impossible. When smallpox breaks out in a nursery, it is always attributed to the child

having been taken past a certain alley or street; or else, some beggar-woman, with her baby, stopped the nurse to beg. An external cause is always sought, and as the seekers are not critical, they do not verify the truth of their supposition. Be this as it may, Mr. Youatt—certainly the greatest authority on rabies—thinks that rabies does not now occur spontaneously, and might be thoroughly extirpated if a well-enforced quarantine could be established, and every dog (let us also add, every cat) could be confined separately for eight months.

Those who believe the disease

occurs spontaneously, limit its origin to the animals included in the two genera *canis* and *felis*. Of these the dog and cat are the only two sources from which we have much to fear, because they are constantly with us. The fox, indeed, is not rare in England, and may bite dogs and cats; but the danger from that source is not great. The wolf has long ceased to prowl about our forests. As for lions, tigers, and panthers, it is our fault if we place ourselves in their reach; and although a mad lion would doubtless be a formidable beast, yet, perhaps, the lion in perfect health will be quite as eagerly avoided.

Inasmuch as the disease may be communicated to all animals, there is no practical interest in the question of its origin. No sooner, therefore, is anyone bitten by a dog or cat, than immediate recourse should be had to the following simple precautions: First, he should ascertain, if possible, whether the animal manifests, or has manifested the signs of rabies; and secondly, having satisfied himself of the madness of the animal, he should place himself at once in the hands of a surgeon. If he have no means of ascertaining the condition of the dog, he had better assume the existence of

rabies, and have the bitten part cut out, for safety. But when, as mostly happens, there can be an inquiry made respecting the dog's condition, it would be exposing himself to needless suffering to rush at once to the surgeon. To save men from this needless suffering, and from the still greater pain of terrible anxiety, which in itself will sometimes produce insanity, the widest publicity should be given to a knowledge of the *invariable and characteristic signs* of rabies. People must clear their minds of all the common errors which the ignorance of ages has accumulated on this subject. They must learn steadily to discredit those opinions which have hitherto formed their superstitions, and engrave deeply on their memories the certainties of scientific observation and experiment.

It is indeed of great importance that the public at large should know that the characteristic signs of rabies are as certainly recognisable as are the signs of measles or smallpox. There are absolute and invariable tests by which we may prove the existence of the disease; and there are several *premonitory symptoms*, which, once observed, may warn us in time to escape all danger. These we shall now proceed to describe.

IV.—SIGNS OF MADNESS.

One of the earliest signs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part of those in charge of a dog, is a *sullenness combined with fidgetiness*. It may, of course, be due to some other malady than rabies; but it is a symptom to be watched. When it means rabies, the dog retires to his bed or basket for several hours, and may be seen there curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and *sullenly*. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting-places, and never satisfied long with one. He then

returns to his bed, but *continually* shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of positions, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel or basket. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine that something is lost, and he will eagerly search round the room with strange violence and indecision. That dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that mad-

ness is coming on. Sometimes he comes to those whom he loves, and fixes on them a steadfast gaze, as if, according to Mr. Youatt, he would say, "I feel strangely ill; have you nothing to do with it?"*

The observation of all veterinary surgeons proves that not only is there no great disposition to bite manifested in the early stages of the disease, except by dogs naturally ferocious, but that, on the contrary, there is an increase of affectionateness often shown. Mr. Youatt specially notices this. "In the early stages of rabies," he says, "the attachment of the dog towards his owner seems to be rapidly increased. He is employed almost without ceasing licking the hands, or face, or any part he can get at." Nay, even in the last and most violent stages of the disease, some dogs show no disposition to bite. Mr. Youatt says that the finest Newfoundland dog he ever saw became rabid from the bite of a cur. He became dull, disinclined to play, and refused all food. He was continually watching imaginary objects, but did not snap at them. He offered himself to be caressed, and was not satisfied unless he was shaken by the paw. He watched every passing object with peculiar anxiety, and followed with deep attention the motions of his old friend, the horse. "I went to him," adds Mr. Youatt, "and patted and coaxed him, and he told me as plainly as looks and actions and a somewhat deepened whine could express it, how much he was gratified. I saw him on the third day. He was evidently dying. He could not even crawl to the door of his temporary kennel; but he pushed forward his paw a little way, and as I shook it, I felt the tetanic muscular action which accompanies the departure of life." M. Sanson narrates a similar case, and expresses his conviction that if the rabid animal were kept sequestered from all

exciting provocations, it would gradually die without once manifesting any of the *fury* of madness.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that there are rabid dogs whose ferocity knows no bounds. If they are threatened with a stick, they fly at it, seize and furiously shake it. They are incessantly employed in darting to the end of their chain, and attempting to crush it with their teeth. They tear their kennel to pieces. The sight of another dog especially excites their fury. But although the ferocious animal early manifests this fury, we must guard against the common error of waiting for such a manifestation. The early symptoms of fidgetiness, sullenness, anxiety, or affectionate *importunity*, are equally to be attended to. No animal goes mad suddenly. There are always several *stages* of premonitory symptoms. Among these there is one not always shown, but generally, and quite conclusive: it is *hallucination*.

Many readers who have no hesitation in speaking of the madness of animals, will be startled at hearing that animals are subject to hallucinations, like human beings. Every veterinary surgeon, however, knows this to be the case. Mr. Youatt narrates that he was once consulted by a medical man about a dubious case: a dog had bitten a gentleman, who thought it could not be mad, because it had no fear of water. But from the obvious signs of hallucination exhibited by the dog, Mr. Youatt had no doubt whatever that there was rabies—and so it proved. The same writer says, "I have again and again seen the rabid dog start up after a momentary quietude, with unmingled ferocity depicted on his countenance, and plunge with a savage howl to the end of his chain. At other times he would stop and watch the nails in the partition of the stable in which he was confined, and, fancy-

* YOUATT: *The Dog*, p. 181-33.

ing them to move, he would dart at them, and occasionally sadly bruise and injure himself."

Not only are the animals subject to hallucinations, but these hallucinations appear to be very similar to those which assail hydrophobic patients. Men not unfrequently imagine that a cloud of flies assaults them. "The patient," says Mr. Laurence, "is pursued by a thousand phantoms, that intrude themselves upon his mind; he holds conversation with imaginary persons; he fancies himself surrounded with difficulties, and in the greatest distress. These thoughts seem to pass through his mind with the greatest rapidity, and to keep him in the greatest distress, unless he is quickly spoken to or addressed by his name, and then in a moment the charm is broken; every phantom disappears, and at once he begins to talk as calmly and connectedly as if in perfect health." This seems to be exactly the case of the rabid dog. He may be watching imaginary objects, snapping at them, or cowering in terror from imaginary foes, yet in this state a word from his master recalls him in a moment. "Dispersed by the magic of his master's voice," says Mr. Youatt, "every object of terror disappears, and he crawls towards him with the same peculiar expression of attachment that used to characterise him. Then comes a moment's pause—a moment of actual vacuity; the eye slowly closes, the head droops, and he seems as if his fore-feet were giving way, and he would fall: but he springs up again; every object of terror once more surrounds him—he gazes wildly round—he snaps—he barks, and rushes to the extent of his chain, prepared to meet his imaginary foe." Sometimes the hallucination is of a pleasing kind, as may be seen in the brightening countenance and wagging tail; but oftener there is a gloomy or terrified expression, showing that the vision is distressing.

Some authorities deny this tendency to hallucination, nor can it

be called a constant symptom, either in man or dog. But it has been too often and too accurately observed for us to doubt it. M. Sanson entirely concurs with Mr. Youatt on this point; and M. Duluc, the veterinary surgeon of Bordeaux, cites the following case in his own practice:—In 1845 he was summoned to see a little dog which was thought to be mad, having bitten an old woman the day before, and that morning attacked several dogs. It had previously shown a very gentle and caressing disposition, which made these attacks suspicious. "When I entered the room," says M. Duluc, "it was lying on a chair; it turned on me a strange indefinable gaze, expressive at once of sadness and fury, and this gaze was fixed on me for at least ten minutes; it then turned away its head, the eyelids closed, and it seemed asleep. Soon afterwards the weight of the head seemed to topple it over, and the dog fell on the floor, where it rolled itself up into a ball. The next moment its eyes were open, and it dashed several times against the wall. It was again placed on the chair, and again fell on the floor. In the space of about half an hour it sprang up eight times, and rushed violently at the wall, as if to seize some enemy."

Another early symptom, easily recognisable, is a violent scratching of the ear. But it is necessary to observe two or three details which distinguish this as a symptom of rabies. A dog frequently scratches its ear; and there is one disease called *canker*, which gives it great annoyance. The dog is incessantly scratching, and while doing so cries piteously. How then are we to discriminate this from the same symptom in rabies? Mr. Youatt will tell us. "Is this dreadful itching a thing of yesterday, or has the dog been subject to canker, increasing for a considerable period? Canker, both external and internal, is a disease of slow growth, and must have been long neglected before it will torment the patient in the manner I

have described. The question as to the length of time that an animal has thus suffered will usually be a sufficient guide. The mode in which he expresses his torture will serve as another direction. He will often scratch violently enough when he has canker, but he will not *roll over and over like a football except he is rabid.*" This is a very simple and very marked symptom. Another indication equally precise, but not perhaps so easily appreciated, except by an experienced eye, is the condition of the ear itself. If there is a very considerable inflammation of the lining membrane of the ear—especially engorgement or ulceration—this is a sign of canker; but if there is only a slight redness of the membrane, or no redness at all, and yet the dog is incessantly and violently scratching himself, there is but too great a probability that rabies is at hand.

Another symptom is depraved appetite. The dog refuses his usual food, frequently with an expression of disgust; or he will seize it with eagerness and then drop it again, sometimes from disgust, sometimes because unable to complete the mastication. This last is an unequivocal sign. It implies a palsy of the organs of mastication, similar to that affection of the throat which prevents hydrophobic patients from being able to swallow. Some dogs vomit once or twice in the early period of the disease. "When this is done they never return to the natural food of the dog, but are eager for everything that is filthy and horrible. The natural appetite generally fails entirely, and to it succeeds a strangely depraved one. The dog usually occupies himself with gathering every little bit of thread, and it is curious to observe with what eagerness and method he sets to work, and how completely he effects his object."

Here also is a symptom worthy of remembrance. If the well-trained, well-behaved dog misconducts himself in the rooms where, hitherto, he has been perfectly clean, and if

he is seen *perseveringly* examining and licking those places, he may at once be pronounced mad. "I never knew a single mistake about this," says Mr. Youatt.

The foaming at the mouth, of which we hear so much, is a symptom only recognisable by the experienced eye, and is always less than is observed in epilepsy or nausea. There is undoubtedly in rabies an inflammation of the salivary glands, but the foam at the corners of the mouth is not abundant, and never lasts many hours. "The stories that are told of mad dogs covered with froth are altogether fabulous. The dog recovering from or attacked by a fit may be seen in this state, but not the rabid dog." Fits, though often mistaken for rabies, have nothing whatever to do with it. The increased secretion of saliva in rabies soon passes away. It lessens in quantity; the saliva becomes thick and glutinous. It clings to the corners of the mouth, and is probably annoying to the lining membrane of the throat. Hence the animal is seen uneasily pawing at the corners of its mouth.

This pawing at the corners of the mouth is another symptom, and a dangerous one, because it is so often mistaken as a sign that there is a bone sticking in the throat. "The first care of those who are not sufficiently on their guard," says M. Sanson, "is to attempt to extract the imaginary bone, or to call in the aid of a surgeon. One of our unhappy *confrères*, M. Nicolin, unaware of this fact, perished a victim of his ignorance. He opened the mouth of a little dog to remove the bone, and was bitten." M. Sanson himself, enlightened as to the danger, was called in by the owner of a magnificent Danish dog, who was said to have a bone stuck in his throat. "The poor beast was sad, refused to eat, and tried every moment to rub his throat with his paws. On my guard against such an insidious symptom, I began by requesting the master to muzzle him—which was done without any re-

sistance. I then explored the throat without detecting the slightest indication of a bone. As it was possible that this dog might be mad, or merely suffering from inflammation of the throat, I ordered the dog to be kept chained up and sequestered. In a few days he was perfectly well." Now, here the observer finds himself in a difficulty. The pawing at the mouth may arise, 1°, from the inflammation with rabies; 2°, from inflammation without rabies; 3°, from a bone in the throat. How is he to ascertain the truth? By a very simple observation. If there is a bone in the throat, the *mouth will be permanently open*. If there is no bone, the mouth will be open, and closed when the efforts to get rid of the irritation cease. Our first care, therefore, should be to ascertain whether the mouth is permanently open, or sometimes open and sometimes closed. If the latter, we may be certain that the irritation does not proceed from a bone; and we need run no risk in attempting to extract it. And if to this indication be added the significant fact of the animal's tumbling over, losing his balance in his efforts, we may be certain there is rabies.

It is noticeable that the rabid dog is almost entirely destitute of the ordinary sensibility to *pain*. Other forms of sensibility remain, but that specific form of it which is known as *pain* seems completely deadened. Mr. Youatt says he has known the rabid dog set to work and gnaw and tear the flesh completely away from his legs and feet; and M. Sanson relates a story of Prince Demidoff's favourite spaniel, which gnawed its tail off close to the base. These are, however, no proofs of insensibility. Better than these is the observation that the mad dog never cries, no matter how severely he may be beaten; and Ellis, in his *Shepherd's Sure Guide*, says that at Goddeaden some of the grooms heated a poker red-hot and held it near the mouth of a rabid hound, who eagerly seized it, and kept hold till his mouth was dreadfully burn-

ed. M. Bouley repeated the experiment at Alfort. The dog rushed upon the red-hot iron and seized it with his teeth; but let go at once, and retired into his kennel with an evident expression of pain, although no cry escaped him. This was repeated several times. Now, although there seemed to be some pain felt by this dog, it could scarcely have been appreciable, since he did not cry out, and returned to the charge several times after having been burned. M. Sanson relates another case, in which the dog seized the red-hot iron, and would not let it go.

We shall conclude this enumeration of symptoms with a reference to the change of voice which M. Sanson and Mr. Youatt consider as a decisive indication. M. Sanson has given a musical notation of the rabid howl; but, as may be imagined, there is not much value in such indications to those who have never heard the peculiar sounds. Mr. Youatt attempts a description of the sounds, although he confesses that there are no other sounds resembling them. "The animal is generally standing, or occasionally sitting, when the singular sound is heard. The muzzle is always elevated. The commencement is that of a perfect bark, ending abruptly, and very singularly, in a howl, a fifth, sixth, or eighth higher." As dogs often howl, the inexperienced ear may easily be mistaken. But there is one memorable detail. The healthy dog gives a perfect bark, and a perfect howl rapidly succeeding it. But in the rabid dog every sound is more or less *changed*. The huntsman, who knows the voice of every dog in the pack, is at once on the alert when he hears a *strange* voice; and he puts the dog under confinement.

All who are in charge of a dog may by a little attention discover the early symptoms of rabies, and prevent any mischief by sequestering the animal in time. Is he fidgety and sullen? Does he, when ill, manifest importunate affection?

Is he affected with hallucination? Does he exhibit ardent thirst? Does he scratch his ear violently? Does he paw the corners of the mouth, and *not* keep the mouth permanently open while doing so? Does he misconduct himself in the room, and pertinaciously lick at the corners where he has done so? Does he refuse his natural food, and exhibit a depraved appetite? Is he insensible to pain? Is his

voice strangely altered? Any one of these symptoms should awaken suspicion, and a close observation will then quickly discover the true state of the case. We advise all our readers to commit these symptoms to memory—to learn them as a lesson is learnt which in after life may be of paramount importance; and to help them to fix these in the memory, we will add a few illustrative cases.

V.—STORIES OF RABID DOGS AND CATS.

On the 21st of October 1813, a dog was brought to Mr. Youatt for examination. He had vomited a quantity of coagulated blood—which is no symptom of rabies; and as the surgeon was extremely busy just then, he simply ordered an astringent sedative medicine, and said he would see him again in the afternoon. On the second examination, it appeared that the vomiting had ceased; but the mouth was swollen, and some of the incisor teeth of both upper and lower jaw had been torn out. This somewhat alarmed Mr. Youatt, who was told that it was thought thieves had been attempting to break into the house in the night, for the dog had *torn away the side of his kennel in attempting to get at them*. This looked suspicious, and the suspicion became alarming when Mr. Youatt saw, or thought he saw, “but in a very slight degree, that the animal was tracing the fancied path of some imaginary object. I was then truly alarmed, and more especially since I had discovered that, in giving the physic in the morning, the man’s hand had been scratched: a youth had suffered the dog to lick his sore finger, and the animal had also been observed to lick the sore ear of an infant. He was a remarkably affectionate dog, and was accustomed to this abominable and inexcusable nonsense.”

We interrupt the narrative here to explain what was in the cele-

brated surgeon’s mind when he wrote the strong expressions of the concluding sentence. To him, with his knowledge, the common practice of allowing a dog to lick a sore, might well seem “inexcusable nonsense”—and thinking of its terrible danger, he might call it even “abominable.” But to the world in general, ignorant of the danger with which he is but too familiar, the practice seems very excusable, and even sensible. A dog licks its own sores, and thereby hastens their healing. What can be more natural than the supposition that this would also heal any other sore? But no sooner is it known that the poison of rabies is contained in the saliva of the animal, and nowhere else, as we shall presently see, and that this saliva only produces its effects when entering the blood either through an opening in the skin, or through the mucous membrane of the lips, than the extreme danger of suffering a dog to lick the face or hands becomes obvious at once. Let the reader, therefore, bear this fact in mind.

To return to the narrative. Mr. Youatt insisted on detaining the dog. The servant, the youth and the child submitted to proper surgical precautions against infection. “I watched this dog day after day. He would not eat, *but he drank a great deal more water than I liked*. The surgeon (who had operated on the servant and children) was evidently beginning to doubt whether

I was not wrong, but he could not dispute the occasional wandering of the eye and the frequent spume upon the water. On the 26th October, however, the sixth day after his arrival, we both of us heard the rabid howl burst from him. He did not die until the 30th." The disease was thus ten days running its course, and how many days previous to the 21st October he may have exhibited symptoms which would have been premonitory to an intelligent eye, cannot be guessed. It will be observed here that the indications which fixed suspicions were the gnawing of the kennel, the wandering of the eye, and the ardent thirst.

M. Pierquin, in his work, *La Folie des Animaux*, relates the case of a lady who had a greyhound nine years old, which was accustomed to lie upon her bed at night; and cover himself with the bedclothes. She remarked one morning that he had *torn the covering* of the bed, and although he ate but little, *drank oftener and in larger quantity* than usual. She led him to a veterinary surgeon, and the ignorant fellow assured her that there was nothing serious the matter. On the following day, while she fed him, he bit her forefinger near the nail. Again she led him to this veterinary surgeon, and again this dangerously ignorant man assured her she need not be under the least alarm, and as for the little wound on her finger, it was of no consequence. On the following day the dog died. He had not ceased to drink abundantly to the very last. This was on the 27th December. On the 4th February, as the lady was at dinner, she found some difficulty in swallowing. She tried to take some wine, but was quite unable to swallow it. On the 5th she consulted a surgeon. He wished her to swallow a little soup in his presence. She attempted, but could not accomplish it after many efforts. She then fell into a violent agitation, with constriction of the throat and the discharge of a viscid fluid from the mouth. On the 7th

she died. To an instructed eye this dog would certainly have exhibited many other symptoms; but here, at any rate, were three which were unmistakable—the tearing of the bed covering, the ardent thirst, and the biting of its mistress.

M. Sanson has borrowed the following from the veterinary surgeon of Bordeaux, M. Duluc. A bitch, fortunately muzzled, came home covered with mud, tired out and submissive, after having been running about all day, during which she had attacked all the dogs she met with. *She obeyed her master with perfect docility.* No sooner did she hear his voice than she fixed her eyes upon him, but her tail remained motionless between her legs—never once wagging, like that of the healthy dog, when addressed by its master. She had a pup of two months, and M. Duluc presented it to her, which she permitted at first, but no sooner had it got the teat in its mouth than she pushed it away with her paws—not, however, attempting to bite; she only gave a sort of growl. Several times the pup returned, and was repulsed, but without being bitten. For several days previously she had eaten little, but drank as usual. On the morrow she came up to her master, who removed her muzzle, and gave her water. *She drank a long time, and with eagerness.* Reassured by this sign, her master loosened her chain, and let her run into the garden. She darted in, uttering a bark and howl, *quite different in tone and modulation from her ordinary voice.* Her master, uneasy at this, recalled her; she obeyed, but with a certain hesitation. He chained her up, but at this moment a duck happening to pass by within reach, she threw herself on it, and bit it on the leg. She also bit a mare which the servant incautiously brought close to her during the day. M. Duluc then ordered her execution. The mare, in spite of her wound having been canterised, went mad on the twenty-fifth day.

In these examples we see plainly enough that dogs are generally by no means hydrophobic, but that, on the contrary, ardent thirst is a most alarming symptom. Nevertheless it is true that in an extremely small proportion of cases—less than one in fifty, according to Mr. Youatt—dogs have a reluctance or difficulty in swallowing liquids similar to what is noticeable in men. "In May 1820," says Mr. Youatt, "I attended on a bitch at Pimlico. She had snapped at the owner, bitten the man-servant and several dogs, was eagerly watching imaginary objects, and had the peculiar rabid howl. I offered her water. She started back with a strange expression of horror, and fell into violent convulsions, which lasted about a minute. This was repeated a little while afterwards, and with the same result."

Sullenness is always suspicious. No matter how ill a dog may be, and how he may sink away into his bed for quiet, he always seems to respond to the attentions of his master. One morning a docile affectionate dog was missing, and returned in the evening almost covered with dirt. *He slunk to his basket, and would pay no attention to any one.* His owners thought it rather strange, and next morning, sent for Mr. Youatt, who found him lying on the lap of his mistress, but *frequently shifting his posture, and every now and then he started as if he heard some strange sound.* There could be no doubt what was the matter, and he was placed in a room by himself. On learning that the dog had been licking the hands of both master and mistress, Mr. Youatt was compelled to say what the real case was, and advise them to send at once for a surgeon. "They were perfectly angry at my nonsense, as they called it, and I took my leave, but went immediately to their medical man, and told him what was the real state of the case. The surgeon did his duty, and they escaped."

M. Sanson relates that, when he

was a student at Alfort, a lady called one morning for a consultation, holding in her arms a little pet dog. She stated that she had remarked something extraordinary in his ways, without, however, attaching much importance to them—as was proved by the incautious manner in which she had brought him to Alfort. Among the unusual things she had noted was that, while playing with "a person" in her house that morning, he had bitten that person's foot. Professor Bouley, after a rapid examination of the animal's physiognomy, assured the lady that she held in her arms a rabid dog; and his sagacity was strikingly proved in this case, for three days afterwards the dog expired with all the signs of madness. On hearing the Professor's opinion, the lady begged to know what should be done to prevent the evil consequences of the bite she had mentioned. She was told that immediate cauterisation was the only remedy. "Witness of this scene," says M. Sanson, "I well remember the painful feeling with which we all saw this lady take off her boot and stocking with great *sang froid*, and declare that *she* was the person alluded to. She submitted with great firmness to the cauterisation by red-hot iron of the little spot where the tooth of the dog had penetrated."

It is worthy of remark that dogs undeniably rabid have perfectly "lucid intervals;" and these may mislead the unwary into a disregard of observed symptoms. A spaniel, seemingly at play, snapped at the feet of several persons one morning. In the evening he bit his master, his master's friend, and another dog. The old habits of obedience and affection then returned. His master did not suspect the truth, but, fearing something was the matter, took him to Mr. Youatt, who found the animal perfectly docile, and *eager to be caressed*. On the following morning the disease declared itself. Here is another and a better example. A

terrier, ten years old, had been ill, and *refused all food* for three days. On the fourth he bit a cat, of which he had been unusually fond; he likewise bit three other dogs. Mr. Youatt was sent for, and found the dog loose in the kitchen, which made him hesitate about going in; but after observing for a minute or two, he thought he might venture. The animal had a peculiarly *wild and eager look*, and turned sharply round at the least noise; after watching the flight of some imaginary object, he *pursued with the utmost fury every fly he saw*. "He *searchingly sniffed* about the room, and examined my legs with an eagerness that made me absolutely tremble. His quarrel with the cat had been made up, and when he was not otherwise employed, he was eagerly licking her and her kittens. In the excess of derangement of his fondness he fairly rolled them from one end of the kitchen to the other. With difficulty I induced his master to destroy him."

There is a caution it would be well to impress on thoughtless and brutal men, who seem incapable of passing a sleeping dog without throwing a stone at it, or in some way disturbing its slumbers. This wanton exercise of the love of power is not unfrequently punished by the dog's violently attacking the offender; and should the sleeping dog be rabid, the consequences may be fatal. Often after a course of some hours the exhausted mad dog retires into a corner or a ditch, and will sleep for many hours. How can the passer-by tell that the sleeping animal is not rabid?

Little is known respecting the behaviour of the rabid cat. "Fortunately for us," says Mr. Youatt, "the disease does not often occur; for a mad cat is a truly ferocious animal. I have seen two cases, one

of them to my cost." We cannot, therefore, give the many minute indications of the disease, which have been given of the dog. The first stage seems to be one of sullenness, and this would probably last till death, unless the animal were provoked. "It would not, except in the paroxysm of rage, attack any one; but during that paroxysm it knows no fear, nor has its ferocity any bounds." When a cat is sullen and retires into a corner, from which it cannot be coaxed by words or food, it should be destroyed. Mr. Youatt once went to see a cat in this condition. "It was nearly dark when I went. I saw the horrible glare of her eyes, but I could not see as much of her as I wished, and I said I would call again in the morning. I found the patient on the following day precisely in the same situation, and the same attitude, crouched up in a corner, and ready to spring. I was very much interested in the case; and as I wanted to study the countenance of this demon—for she looked like one—I was foolishly and inexcusably imprudent. I went on my hands and knees, and brought my face nearly on a level with hers, and gazed on those glaring eyes, and that horrible countenance, until I seemed to feel the deathly influence of a spell stealing over me. I was not afraid, but every mental and bodily power was in a manner suspended. My countenance, perhaps, alarmed her, for she sprang on me, fastening herself on my face, and bit through both my lips. She then darted down stairs, and was never seen again. I have always nitrate of silver (caustic) in my pocket. I washed myself and applied the caustic with some severity to the wound. My object was attained, although at somewhat too much cost, for the expression of that brute's countenance will never be forgotten."

VI.—THE [POISON, AND ITS HISTORY.

It is quite unnecessary to detail here the mass of evidence which supports the conclusion, that the saliva of the rabid animal occasions

the poison of rabies, and this only. Unlike the poison of smallpox, rabies is not communicable by contagion, but only by inoculation. Unless it enter the system it is powerless; once there, it works its deadly way. Remember, therefore, that it is the saliva, not the bite, which is dangerous, and you will understand that it is as bad to be licked by a rabid animal as to be bitten, if the part licked be a wound, or an open surface, or even a mucous membrane. A woman once died from hydrophobia after having suffered a dog to lick a pimple on her chin. Horses are said to have died mad after eating hay upon which rabid pigs had died. Mr. Gilman, in his pamphlet on Hydrophobia, quotes the case of a man whose face was licked, while asleep, by a rabid dog; and he died, although the strictest search failed to discover the smallest scratch upon the skin. On the other hand, Mr. Youatt declares, and the experience of every veterinary surgeon will confirm it, that no amount of saliva on the *unbroken skin* has the slightest effect. His own hands have been repeatedly covered with the foam of rabid dogs. It is true that in the first of the cases we have quoted from Dr. Watson, the skin of the hand is said not to have been broken, yet unequivocal hydrophobia ensued. There is, however, great doubt permissible here. It is also possible that, when the teeth of the terrier had struck the coachman's hand, the pain may have caused him, by a common and almost automatic action, to raise his hand to his mouth. This much is certain, that while nothing is easier than to inoculate an animal by introducing the saliva of a rabid dog into the wound, no one has been able to effect this by merely placing the saliva on the bare skin.

It is not, therefore, the mere bite we have to regard. Many a man, and many an animal, has been bitten by a rabid dog without harm. The woollen clothes, or the thick coat of the animal, had wiped the tooth clean before it penetrated the flesh.

The same is true of the serpent's bite; fatal on the naked flesh, it is generally harmless through the boot or clothes. We must remember, however, that not only may the bite be rendered innocuous because the tooth may be wiped clean, but also because the organism of the bitten man or animal may be such as to resist the poison. We know that there are human beings quite insusceptible of certain diseases, who pass unscathed through the severest trials. They take no contagion. They resist inoculation. And this seems to be true of the poison of rabies. John Hunter says that he knew an instance in which, of twenty-one bitten persons, only one had hydrophobia. Nay, even the dog, which seems so peculiarly liable to this disease, is not always susceptible; many escape after having been bitten. At Charenton there was a dog which seemed to have this immunity; it was contrived that he should be bitten by thirty different rabid dogs, yet he showed no symptom of having been affected. It is this frequent immunity which tends to keep up the reputation of charlatans who pretend to have a remedy for the disease. They can always cite examples where the remedy has been taken, and the patient escaped. If the patient dies, it is because the remedy was not taken in time, or not properly managed. Now we cannot too loudly protest against this notion of specific remedies, because, unhappily, the *only* possible preventive being one which is very painful, and still more alarming to the ignorant—namely, cutting or burning out the bitten part—there is a natural tendency to shrink from this, and to take refuge in the pleasanter specific. But now that chloroform beneficently shields us from the pain of operations, it would be madness to trust to anything short of the surgeon's aid.

The poison, then, being thus clearly ascertained, we must now follow its course. It is deposited on or near the surface, and there it remains for an indeterminate period.

The wound heals, just as the wound from a perfectly healthy dog would heal. Days, weeks, and sometimes months, pass on without any indication of danger. The first sign is an itching about the scar. This is called the commencement of the recrudescence. It is generally followed by inflammation round the scar, with pain, swelling, or numbness, spreading towards the trunk. Soon after this the paroxysms begin. It is held by some eminent surgeons, that supposing the bitten part had not originally been cut out, life might be saved if the excision were performed immediately the period of recrudescence began. No precaution of the kind should be avoided, and yet it is right to add that the symptoms of recrudescence may easily be mistaken; for Mr. Youatt says, "I have been bitten much oftener than I liked by rabid dogs, but proper means being taken, I have escaped; and yet often, when I have been over-fatigued or a little out of temper, some of the old sores have itched and throbbled, and actually become red and swollen."

The period that may elapse between the bite and the outbreak of disease is, as we have said, indeterminate: the age, condition, and nature of the animal accelerate or retard it. The usual time is from three weeks to seven months. In the dog, Mr. Youatt has never seen a case of plain and palpable rabies which occurred in less than fourteen days after the bite. In three months he would consider the animal tolerably safe. In his own experience, he only knew two cases when the period exceeded three months: in one it was five, and in the other seven months. How greatly the period may vary, is evident from the following:—On the night of the 8th June 1791 the man in charge of Lord Fitzwilliam's kennel was much disturbed by fighting among the hounds, and got up several times to quiet them. On each occasion he found the same dog quarrelling; at last, therefore, he shut that dog up by himself, and there was no further

disturbance. On the third day afterwards the quarrelsome hound was unequivocally mad; and he died on the fifth. Hereupon the whole pack was separated, and watched. Six of the dogs became rabid; but at the following different intervals from the 8th of June—23 days, 56, 67, 88, 155, and 183 days. The *Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène Publique*, in its report on this subject, thus divides 147 cases: In 26 cases 1 month elapsed; in 93 the period ranged between 1 and 3 months; in 19 between 3 and 6 months, and in 9 cases between 6 and 12. Romberg says that of 60 cases, the shortest period was fifteen days, and the longest from 7 to 9 months; the average being from 4 to 7 weeks.

What becomes of the poison all this time? Is it slowly propagating itself in the blood, or is it imprisoned in the wound or scar, remaining there till the period of recrudescence, when it is absorbed into the system? This is a question of high scientific interest, and one also having a practical interest of great importance. For it is obvious that if the poison lies imprisoned and inoperative in the wound, it may be removed by excision any time between the bite and the period of recrudescence; if not, every hour that elapses after the bite renders the remedy of excision less secure. The scientific question is one which we venture to think could be solved at any veterinary college by a competent experimenter, who might rigorously determine 1°, whether the poison were contained in the saliva, as it is in the venomous liquid of the viper—a poison therefore solely dependent on the chemical composition of the saliva itself; or, 2°, whether—as we are strongly disposed to believe—the poison is *developed* in the tissue itself by some chemical combination with the saliva. Let the saliva of a rabid dog be injected into a venous trunk. If in itself it is a poison, it will act like every other poison: that is to say it will lodge itself in some particular organ, and forthwith begin to trouble the functions of

that organ; or it will be rapidly cast out of the system altogether. No poison *remains* in the blood. Those poisons which remain in the *system* have specific and constant results after definite periods. Here then we have a means of ascertaining whether the saliva *itself* is the poison. If this be proved not to be the case, we shall be driven to the conclusion, that the saliva of rabid animals, when imprisoned in the living tissues, undergoes some chemical change—probably from assimilating certain elements of the tissues—which develops the poisonous qualities.

And this, indeed, is the opinion which best accords with the phenomena, and which, until decisive experiment be brought to bear on the point, we must hold to be the only physiological explanation. In those organisms which resist the influence of rabies, we must suppose the chemical conditions necessary for the development of the poison are absent. In those cases where the period of *incubation* has been unusually short or unusually long, we must suppose some acceleration or retardation of these chemical conditions, dependent on the general state of the organism.

In the absence of direct experiment, however, it is of little avail to speculate as to the origin of the poisonous qualities. Let us, therefore, pass on to a question of some interest, inasmuch as it relates to the anxiety inevitably hovering over every dubious case. We mean, what chance has the bitten man, or animal, of escaping the disease, quite independent of surgical aid? This is worth knowing, because minds of an apprehensive disposition may find some relief from their vague fears that perhaps the surgical precautions have been insufficient, if they remember that, even without such precautions, the chance of infection is but slight. There are two sources of immunity: first, the organism may be insusceptible; second, the saliva may have been wiped off the tooth of the dog before the flesh was pierced. From one or the other

of these causes Dr. Hamilton estimates the chance of infection at 1 in 25; John Hunter specifies his, 1 case in 21; Mr. Youatt affirms that in dogs *three* out of *four*, but in human beings not more than *one in four*, would be affected. But the researches of M. Renault at Alfort are the most extensive. He says that between the years 1827–37, no less than 244 dogs entered the hospital, having been bitten by dogs, either rabid, or reputed so; all these dogs were kept over two months without any treatment whatever, and closely watched. Of this number only about a third (74) became mad; the rest showed no symptoms. Of course we must deduct from this a large number of cases where the rabies was purely hypothetical to begin with; the popular notions of what constitutes “mad-dog” being far from accurate. The same must be said of Hertwig’s tables, drawn from the Berlin veterinary school. He makes the proportion 1 in 8 of dogs which have become rabid after having been brought to him under suspicion. In France, out of 99 persons bitten by rabid animals, only 41 were subsequently affected; but, as M. Renault observes, these figures are of little value. How many human beings have been bitten, and have escaped without surgical aid? There is no reliable evidence to guide us to an answer. All we can say is that M. Renault’s conclusion, from an immense induction, is, that only *one-third* of the bitten animals ever manifest rabies; and we are warranted in drawing some such conclusion with respect to man. But because, on a calculation of chances, it is two to one that a man will suffer nothing from the bite of a rabid animal, this knowledge should only be employed to allay anxiety, never to warrant the risk. *The surgeon at once*—that is the plain command in every suspicious case. We have only mentioned what is the calculation of chances, because it is desirable in every way to calm the natural terrors of the patient: these terrors are sometimes

as dangerous as the actual infection. To show how they may affect even the mind most familiar with all the symptoms of the disease, and the certainty of surgical cure, we may mention that the late M. Vatel, Professor at the Veterinary College of Alfort, having once been bitten by a dog, and having had the wound carefully cauterised, although no symptom of rabies declared itself in the dog, and although M. Vatel himself remained perfectly well, so horrible had been the shock of his first terror, that he never fairly overcame it. From that moment it was impossible for him to see a dog unchained within his reach without a painful uneasiness, which no effort of his mind could subdue. Another veterinary surgeon, "solidement trempé au physique et au moral," M. Barthélemy, was one day bitten by a mad dog under his care. In spite of immediate canterly, he could never afterwards endure the sight of a rabid dog—nay, more, he suffered inexpressible uneasiness if the very name of the disease were mentioned in his hearing. One day, in 1847, relates M. Renault, he was passing along the Boulevard Saint Martin, when he perceived a crowd; on inquiry, he learned that a child had just been bitten by a mad dog. Forgetting—or conquering his terrors, he jumped from his carriage, pushed aside the crowd, took up the child in his arms (which the crowd had left sobbing on the ground, without venturing to its assistance), and, carrying it to the nearest chemist's shop, he there thoroughly cauterised the many wounds. After this, he conducted the child to its parents, prescribed what was to be done, and disappeared without giving his name. "All this time," said his servant, "master was as pale as death."

ANOTHER MINISTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHARGES of literary imitations are more easily made than established. The world of thought and fact is open to all men, and any two may take the same path through it without the one being either beholden to the other, or liable to be ordered off the premises by him. Nothing is more likely than that the same conjunction of events will set two men to the same kind of literary task; and in the next place, nothing is more likely than that, on its completion, there will be some elements in common in the two works. The author who is first in hand is apt in such a case to say, "That's mine;" but if he do so, he will generally be wise to keep his own counsel, for it will be difficult to prove the ownership; and indeed from rash assertions of this kind we have known deplorable results, what seemed last being shown to have been first.

Of two clergyman who have long been gathered to the dust, the two autobiographies are published, the one within a month or two of the other. Of all the unreasonable charges of literary imitation that ever have appeared before the world, it surely would seem the most preposterously unreasonable, that an authentic autobiography of a man several years in his grave having been published in the month of December, and had a run of popularity, an imitation should be got up in the shape of another long-deceased clergyman's autobiography, and published two months afterwards. Still, nevertheless, anon and notwithstanding, as old folks used to say, we are minded that the *My own Life and Times* by the Reverend Thomas Somerville was written in imitation and rivalry of the *Autobiography of Carlyle*.

That any two authors professing to interest the general public should

My own Life and Times, 1741-1814. By THOMAS SOMERVILLE, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1861.

descant on Cuming the leader of the Moderates, on Dr. Webster, Dr. Drysdale, John Jardine, Robert Wallace, Bonar of Cockpen, Dickson of Dunse, Principal Tullydelph, and the great crisis of the deposition of Gillespie—that they should describe, and be the only persons who have described, Dodd preaching to the Magdalens, and that these two, being clergymen of the Church of Scotland, should each expatiate on their theatrical experiences, and outvie each other in praise of Garrick and Siddons,—such coincidences in taste and tenor would certainly, if maintained to be purely fortuitous, elicit cries of “Oh, oh!” from the other side of the house.

It is not, however, from specific coincidences, but from a general all-overishness of community of tenor and method, that we have adopted our conclusion. The two start almost in the same groove. Carlyle, in his careless but attractive way, proposes to endeavour “to serve posterity to the best of my ability, with such a faithful picture of times and characters as come within my view in the humble and private sphere of life, in comparison with that of many others, in which I have always acted.” Dr. Somerville, balancing and pointing his periods in proper finished style, says, “From the perusal of these Memoirs it will appear that, notwithstanding the obscurity of my position, I have enjoyed considerable opportunities of becoming acquainted with the eminent men of my own time, and that I have not been an inattentive observer of passing events.” Thence they both walk over a deal that is common ground, each describing the same thing in his own way, and with a wonderful conformity of difference; while even in those matters which Somerville had to touch alone—his period beginning later and coming farther down than the Autobiography—there is, or one fancies there is, a pervading tinge of rivalry and emulation.

We are by no means disposed to drop our theory on occasion of

an ingenious desire in his very first page to draw the reader—perhaps to draw himself—off into another track. “Having been favoured,” he says, “by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, with the perusal of his *Life* in manuscript, it struck me that a similar work might in my case prove a resource against the oppression of indolence, without involving, what I was not fit for at the time, severe application or the fatigue of research.” Now it so happens that *My own Life and Times* has no more resemblance to the *Anecdotes of the Life of Bishop Watson* than it has to Rousseau's *Confessions* or Cæsar's *Commentaries*. It would be very unfair indeed to compare Somerville's pleasant volume, unobtrusively referring to himself and his own affairs only as types of the condition and manners of the times, to the Bishop's ponderous narrative about the public affairs, of which he is always the central point, and to his self-laudation, and the exposition of the public spirit and disinterestedness which are ever prompting him to seek more elevated rank and higher emoluments. People are exceedingly shy sometimes about their actual rivalries; they are afraid to reveal them even to themselves. How often is there profession of following the common conventional model, when in reality there is some example nearer home carefully watched and emulated. The worthy Doctor would have blushed to think that he was following in the track of a brother pastor in Scotland, who had moved in the same sphere as himself, beheld the same things, and partaken in the same contests. It was another thing altogether adopting the model of the English prelate. Let the reader just adopt our theory; it will do no harm to any living being—no injury to the memory of any of the departed; and it will enable him to pass a reflection or two through his mind on the funny nature of such a rivalry, stopped for half a century and let loose again—as if it were two competitors, starting on a race

in the palace that went to sleep, and tied to the starting-post until the accepted knight's kiss on the lips of the sleeping beauty set all in motion again, and let them go.

Carlyle died in 1805; Dr. Somerville began his task eight years afterwards. The manuscript of Carlyle's *Autobiography* was greedily sought after. It was seen by several people. Lord Woodhouselee, Sir Walter Scott, and some others, are known to have made use of it. Nothing is more natural than that Somerville, a clergyman in a neighbouring presbytery, should have seen it. To find the reason why the sight of it should have fired his ambition, let us look at the relative position of the two men while they were respectively at work, and the changes which had come over their standing in the eye of the world at the time when the fruit of their labours has been made visible. They were both of good extraction—descended of gentlefolks; and it was the lot in life of each to be a minister of a south-eastern parish in Scotland, each having within it a small town—Somerville's the more important of the two, being Jedburgh, the county town of Roxburghshire. So far they were pretty equally matched. But Carlyle was one of the social chiefs of his day, which was a day in which social chiefship had mighty pomp and prerogative. These autocrats were a creation of the eighteenth century, and were perhaps abolished by the French Revolution, like patches, pomatum, powder, and many more important things. We have but partial glimpses now of what they really were: there is the wondrous history, to be sure, of the rough tyrant Johnson, and in Walpole's letters and other places we catch a flying impression of the polished insolence of George Selwyn; but in reality we have almost as great difficulty in realising them in this republican age, when nobody is allowed to play the despot, as we have in realising the prophet or the druid. It was something quite

clear of birth or rank; and hence perhaps the jealousy which those who happened to be invested with the privilege protected it from intrusion, as the class of actors called "stars" protect their dignity from being invaded by the common herd. It was not a position gained even by high authorship, though that was generally the path towards it. What we chiefly know in a substantial shape about it is, that though it was acknowledged and exemplified in Britain, it was in France that it had its centre and supreme empire, thence radiating, through less-favoured countries, like the Parisian fashions. So it was that, to his amazement and disgust, Horace Walpole found that that great fat, hazy, broad-brogued Scotsman, an author forsooth, calling himself in the title-pages of the books he sold, "David Hume, Esq.," had become a social despot in Paris, when he who at Strawberry Hill or Ranelagh's might have received David with condescension as he would his bailiff, or the holder of one of his father's livings, was comparatively nobody. So it was with the small crowd in Paris, who found a republic in letters so socially aristocratic as to neutralise any other claim to rank, yielding the privilege and position of patrons only to the higher sovereigns, and receiving with something like buffy contempt the profers of Margraves, Grand Dukes, and such inferior people. Such were D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Holbach, Moncrif (who surely was of Scotch descent), Henault, Marmontel, Morellet, and the rest, some of them noble of birth, others from the dregs of a degraded population, but all princes and mighty men in the social circle.

The phenomenon was exemplified in this country in a modified form; but still it did exist, and produced disturbances in the settled strata of the social relations, as we now see them, which it is difficult to explain or estimate. So it comes to pass that the two clergymen occupied a totally different position in the

world's eye, for the one was a social chief, and the other was but a private in the ranks, though he had written one or two respectable books. The great man had left to posterity a view of his life and experiences which would be eagerly welcomed by the world on account of its author's eminence, however defective it might be in literary merit; and in the age of the writer, which was also that of turned periods and balanced sentences, and inversions of verbs, it had many and signal defects. There was not a rule of good style laid down by his friend Blair—whom he loved better than he respected—of which his books did not afford numerous and gross violations. Somerville, on the other hand, had rubbed up and polished his style upon two quarto volumes. Here was an opportunity for the small man excelling the great. It was the old idea of the dwarf beating the giant—the idea roughly hewn out in Jack the Giant-Killer and many another fable; for it is always popular as an agreeable surprise, and ever affords the golden vision which flits before ambitious mediocrity; and if the established rules of rhetoric were to be the criterion, doubtless the victory had been won; for of the style of the Reverend Dr. Somerville—what shall we say?—that it is elegant without entirely abandoning a becoming simplicity, expressive without running into diffusiveness, and dignified without incurring the charge of pomposity; while the impartial critic will admit that it maintains a due precision and force in the periods, without being altogether wanting in those lighter graces which please the fancy without altogether offending the judgment, and so forth.

During the long hybernation of the two works, however, the times had changed, and the relative position of the two men had in some measure changed with them. The great social reputations of last century were ephemeral, and after a very short period the successive

events of a busy world buried them in oblivion. The fame of Jupiter Carlyle had become unknown to all but grubbers and exceptional readers, before it was, from a curious concurrence of circumstances, resuscitated by the publication of his long-buried work. Dr. Somerville's reputation had in the mean time, on the whole, rather improved. Whoever would draw a pretty sure card in the temple of fame—counting reminiscence as fame—let him write one or two large books, however unreadable they may be. Though they happen to be unappreciated by his contemporaries, yet that may be only because they are beyond the age: a more discerning posterity may do justice, and place the author in his proper niche. Dr. Somerville, indeed, took home to himself something very like this consolation, for he attributed the limited renown of his first History to its having been published just as the French Revolution broke out. There was no actual reversal of the judgment of his contemporaries about his literary merits, but his works continued to have a respectable position. They appeared in booksellers' catalogues, "4to, bound in marbled calf, gilt, good clean unused copy." They were seen quoted in the notes of writers who were fond of scattering a large list of authorities at the foot of their pages. Books of that sort are like considerable country mansions—they are conspicuously seen by the passing traveller, who asks whose they are, and sometimes remembers having seen them. Somerville's are books that no one speaks ill of. If the world were divided into those who have and those who have not read them, the latter would doubtless be a considerable majority. But those who had the firmness to achieve the feat would be shy to confess that their time had been wasted, and those who had not done so could have no fault to find, and would rather indeed be inclined to conceal their ignorance. Thus Somerville has a name as a respectable

author, and a year ago was considerably better known than Carlyle.

Dr. Somerville affords us some curious and rather candid information as to how he became an author. The many instances of brilliant success among his brethren were likely to stir up the literary ambition of a Scotch clergyman of that day, if he had any. He had the additional motive, that "about this time pecuniary embarrassments, arising from a variety of causes into which I need not enter, first suggested to me the idea of becoming an author." It is an idea that has entered upon others in a different fashion, driving them, as by a determined destiny, into a certain course of study, inquiry, or thought, and then urging them by an uncontrollable influence to give forth the results to the world. Such is, perhaps, the true idea of the nature of an author. And though, doubtless, many are the thousands of utterly worthless volumes that, under this continued internal hydraulic pressure, keep flowing out upon the world, yet it is difficult to suppose that there is much good literature got from any other source. Somerville, however, was not afflicted with the uncontrollable internal impulse—he made up his mind sedately to be an author; and we shall see presently one of the incidental consequences of entering by such a method on the arena of literature. "The subject or plan of authorship was the occasion of long and anxious deliberation. Theology would have been most convenient to my taste and habitual course of study, but was not likely to contribute either to my profit or popularity." Gradually he found his way to history, and then, by a further exhaustive process, to the history of the Revolution and the reign of William; and having thus fixed upon his topic, he set to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson recommends.

"I began early in the year 1782 to make out catalogues of all the books necessary to be consulted, and to read and make notes preparatory to the entering on the composition of my projected work. I had obtained permission

to draw whatever books I chose to inspect from the Advocates' and the College Libraries. I often resorted to Edinburgh for the purpose of reading and critical research, and carried to the country such volumes as I had not leisure to peruse on the spot. I had also access to several of the best-furnished private libraries—as Minto, Edgerston, and Mellerstain. But from the commencement of my labour, I had foreseen that another visit to London, however inconvenient, would be indispensable, in order to give me access to the most valuable original documents for perfecting my work. I accordingly, after making a hasty sketch of the outline, began to put some detached parts of it, relative to the most interesting facts, into an extended and correct form, for the purpose of being shown to persons qualified to point out the most authentic channels of information, or of assisting me to obtain them. The specimens I had finished were submitted to the inspection of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was of opinion that they might be exhibited to my advantage; and he encouraged my perseverance by assuring me of every service in his power to procure materials and promote my success.

"In the beginning of April 1785 I set out for London. . . . My principal object in making this visit to London was to forward my historical labours, and I lost no time in using all the means and endeavours in my power for that purpose. On the recommendation of Dr. Kippis, I was admitted a student in the British Museum, attended regularly at the stated hours of admission, and inspected all the manuscripts and printed works relative to the most interesting events and political transactions from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the accession of Queen Anne; and I transcribed such portions as contained important information, or required consideration. In doing this I was subjected to much superfluous labour, as I discovered afterwards, on enlarging the scope of my reading, that many of the papers I transcribed had been already published. Of this description was a small volume containing several holograph letters of King William, apparently written in great haste while he was in the camp with the army. They are short and sensible, and the manuscript shows that he had either little store of paper, or had been frugal in the

use of it. I found all these letters afterwards in printed publications."

Thus vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself. This is a kind of accident very apt to happen to those who are not led on in their inquiries by an irresistible influence driving them to investigation and elucidation, but who wish to march up to their conclusions in a grand and imposing manner. The inquirer who is really driven on by a love of investigation and a craving to master the truth, is led by his instinct through the readiest and easiest paths. He devours first all the common books within his reach, and gradually widens his circle, until, perhaps, in the end he may have recourse to manuscript authorities for filling up the little chinks still left. There is a good deal of quackery in the practice of referring to arrays of manuscripts which sometimes throw no new light upon anything; and finding, as has been sometimes our fortune, an author taking the pains to refer to the manuscript of a document which might have been found in a printed collection, we have thought none the better either of his judgment or his learning that he has painfully drawn out of some dirty scraps, very hard to be deciphered, that which, had he known better, he might have found in large comfortable type in Thurloe or Nalson. Some curious instances might be mentioned of documents taken over and over again into print from the original manuscript, by authors and editors ignorant of the labours of their predecessors. For instance, in a folio volume published in 1663, called *Cubala—Mysteries of State and Government, in Letters of Illustrious Persons and Great Ministers of State* there are several of the most remarkable letters ever revealed to the world, some of the most interesting among them having reference to the mysterious history of Somerset and the fate of Overbury. Not many years ago these were solemnly revealed, from the

original manuscripts, to no less important a body than the Society of Antiquaries of England, in whose *Archæologia* or *Transactions* they are printed. Again, a gentleman, ambitious of revealing unknown state papers, printed them for the third time from the original manuscript, in a collection, of which, from a feeling of good-nature, we decline to give the name, believing that nobody will suffer any direct injury from reading them there, and believing they are fresh discoveries.

Somerville had experience of another difficulty in the use of manuscript authorities. When an author gets access to family papers, it is a hard thing to use them for the purpose of dishonouring the ancestors of the generous owner of them. Those who get at such sources of information have often an opportunity of becoming dire iconoclasts. The great leader, whose name is a byword for all that is patriotic, disinterested, and sublime, is proved by a certain account of charge and discharge, duly receipted, to have been in the pay of his country's enemy. The great statesman who, by his single-minded devotion to constitutional freedom, steered his country safe through the wild storm of revolution, is found to have offered his services to the other cause, and to have kept himself in a position to betray either or both, as it might suit his purposes. The victorious general, the nation's idol, whose country's strains record "the deeds he did, the fields he won, the freedom he restored," is found to have calculated sharply who was the best paymaster, and even to have offered his sword to the enemy. It is amazing how many such things, and also how many petty scandals and disgraces, are found in some stage or other of the pedigree of nearly all the best families; some of whom have consequently a very natural prejudice against antiquaries, especially those of the genealogical kind. It is not a gracious task to find such blots in the escutcheons of the man who has libe-

rally put his family archives at your disposal. Hence these families' histories are so frequently imperfect, if they are not positively false, omitting the occurrences which afford the strongest and most effective illustrations of the character of the times. From the same cause history has often been made to abandon the sacred cause of truth, either by stating what is false, or omitting some part of the whole truth. Both personal and party idols must be demolished, and writers must learn to find and tell rigid truth without caring whether it may be agreeable or obnoxious to any existing men, few or many, before the problem of the right nature of historical writing is solved. It is due to the memory of Dr. Somerville to say that he made a gallant stand for historical honesty. His intentions were fair, and a calm unbiassed judgment enabled him to carry them out in a manner little pleasing to some of his friends. Of the kind of difficulties which he had to encounter in this pursuit of truth, take the following specimen:—

"The Rev. Mr. Coxe, in transmitting to me such of the Orford and Townshend papers as he thought likely to convey valuable information relative to public events during the reign of Queen Anne and King William, at the same time accompanied them with restrictive recommendations, which narrowed their usefulness. He insinuated that it would be gratifying to the proprietors if I found myself warranted, by the evidence contained in them, to justify the Whig ministry for rejecting the terms of the peace proposed by Louis XIV. in 1707-9. A very different conviction was the result of the perusal of these papers; and I composed a note to be inserted in the History, transcribing particular passages from the Townshend papers in support of the opinion I have stated in the text, and in impeachment of the sincerity of the Whig junto, who resorted to every pretext and subterfuge to entangle the negotiations and avert the conclusion of a peace, which would have been a death-blow to their influence and authority. But as Mr. Coxe, to whom I made known my sentiments, thought that it would be indelicate and offensive to the family

to criminate their ancestors upon evidence furnished by themselves, I found myself under a moral obligation to withdraw the note which, though not essential to sustain the facts I had stated, must have contributed to fortify and confirm them."

This passage affords a pleasant little glimpse into the private workshop in which the venerable Archdeacon Coxe prepared his fine array of heavy quartos. In the three devoted to the Life of Sir Robert Walpole, among other small omissions which deprive us of information about that statesman's private life and habits, no mention is made of his second marriage to Miss Skerret, because there were circumstances connected with it not quite consistent with the dignified decorum wherewith an Archdeacon would naturally address himself to the discussion of a First Lord of the Treasury. It must, however, be admitted that this omission has been well compensated by the comments of the Duchess of Marlborough, for the same conditions which made the affair an unpleasant one to the Archdeacon, rendered it intensely delicious to her Grace.

Dr. Somerville wrote a second historical volume more genially, and more in the spirit of the true artist than his first. That effort, though conceived in a pure spirit of calculating ambition, had warmed his heart towards historical inquiry, and he resolved to move onwards in the direction he had taken, and write the history of the reign of Queen Anne. Though embracing within its fifteen years no revolution or great historical climax—though it was the reign of as thoroughly ordinary a person as ever held a sceptre—yet it is questionable if any other chapter of British history is so full of noble and refined interest. There were the splendid conquests of Marlborough; the dazzling brilliancy of the wits, the essayist, and the poets. There was a political achievement such as no other country or age had ever witnessed, the union of two great

hostile nations by a simple contract, like a partnership between two merchants. There was suspended over the world, throughout all the quiet glories of the reign, the great question, whether at the end of it it was to be the parliamentary settlement of the Crown, or the divine right of hereditary succession, that was to prevail. There was beneath the surface the strange under-current of intrigue and treachery and double-dealing which we are only at this day gradually developing, the consequence of the dubious condition of the succession of the Crown. All this magnificent apparatus of history was sadly in want of its *sacer vites*. To say that Somerville supplied the want would be too much; it still remains. But undoubtedly his is the best history of Queen Anne's reign that we possess. He was one of the first to put an emphasis on the fact that the party-distinctions of the Revolution and Queen Anne's day are not to be held as applicable to those of George III.; and that the Whig and the Tory of the earlier period were not the political ancestors of the Whig and the Tory of the latter. Somerville's *Queen Anne* is a solid useful fair book, containing the result of considerable original research and much careful honest reflection.

Much as has been said of the enlarged taste for reading, and the greater temptations to follow a literary career in the present day, Somerville's period was one of very considerable prosperity to a certain class of writers. He was offered £300 for the copyright of his *Reign of Queen Anne*, "which," he tells us, "was so much beneath my expectation, that I abruptly declined any further conversation on the business." He subsequently entered on terms which he does not specify, but admits to have turned out less advantageous than the round three hundred offered to him cash down; but "the alarming state of public affairs had in the mean time depreciated all literary

property." The publishers with whom he dealt — Messrs. Strahan and Cadell — offered to treat with him for a continuation of Hume's History. "They proposed the work to be published in octavo volumes, giving a premium of £300 for every volume; and perhaps a larger sum if the work should happen to meet with a favourable reception."

It would not be a likely occurrence in the year 1861, that a village clergyman going from Scotland "up to town" should meet with a considerable body of literary men there, and rather look down on them, while, at the same time, their emoluments were so considerable as almost to tempt him to sink his position and join them. His account of this part of his experience in life is so good that we give it at some length:—

"My situation in London afforded me the most favourable opportunity of being made acquainted with literary men of every description and character. I lodged in the house of Mr. Murdoch, a bookseller, with Gilbert Stuart, who had just begun his literary career with great éclat. He had published, some time before, a volume on the Origin and Principles of the British Constitution, and had recently written a review of Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V., and he was daily engaged in preparing articles for newspapers and reviews, which he often showed me before they were sent to the press. Our daily visitors at the house of Mr. Murdoch were, Mr. Mickle, the author of a translation of the *Lusiad*; Mons. Du Vergy, a profligate Frenchman, who had been secretary to De Guerchy, and a friend of the celebrated Chevalier d'Eon, and who was writing novels to keep him out of prison; with others of similar characters and circumstances. I met with the same company, and several authors of inferior note, at the house of Mr. Murray, bookseller, Fleet Street, to whose attention and civility I was indebted, both for instruction and pleasure. The extravagant self-sufficiency of his guests, their barefaced reciprocal flattery, and the contempt which they expressed for the most esteemed living authors, often provoked my indignation. I speak, however, principally of Gilbert Stuart, to whom the club assigned an oracular

authority. I was astonished at the effrontery, as well as imprudence, with which he dared to avow a want of all principle and honour. He showed me two contrasted characters of Alderman Beckford, the idol of the mob, which he was to insert in the antagonist newspapers most in circulation, one a panegyric, and the other a libel, and for each of which he expected to receive the reward of a guinea. However exceptionable Dr. Stuart's character, it must be acknowledged that he possessed transcendent intellectual talents, a powerful understanding, a penetrating discernment, with a capacity for patient laborious research. But what I most admired, and what was less known, was his facility and quickness in composing—the more extraordinary, because his style has so much the appearance of art and elaboration. I have often seen him, after revelling through the night, without sleep or refreshment, take the pen in his hand, and in a few minutes write out an article for a newspaper or review, which was sent to the press without correction. To me he was friendly, and even flattering. He strenuously urged me to resign my charge at Minto, and to become an associate in the trade of authorship, with warm promises of his interest and patronage. I believe he was sincere, and would have kept his promise, but only so long as I might have acquiesced in a subaltern department. Happening to mention to Sir Gilbert Elliot the literary company with which I associated, he recommended to me never to think of making authorship a profession, because persons, however celebrated for genius and erudition, who devoted themselves entirely to mercenary composition, seldom preserved purity of principle, or obtained respectability of character. His observation I have seen verified in the fate of several of my acquaintances of this description."

Gilbert Stuart was a fine specimen of the literary savage of that day. It is of him that the story is told of a journey with some companions from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, which the frequent occasions for "moistening clay" protracted for several days; and one of the party having fallen asleep near a steam-engine, and awakening before a huge fire, with dusky figures, banging iron doors, and clanking chains, was heard to mutter, "Good

God, is it come to this at last?" Some anecdotes of him will be found in an otherwise dry book, Kerr's *Memoirs of Smellie*. As, for instance, when sailing up the Frith of Forth, he saw dolphins rolling about, and asked what they fed upon. "Salmon and salt water," was the answer, which elicited the touching commentary, "Not bad food—but, heaven help us, what drink!" There is a good deal about him in another book not amenable to the charge of dryness, Disraeli's *Calamities of Authors*, which quotes highly characteristic passages from his letters. Of all the pens that ever have been dipped in gall his is about the bitterest. His usual composition consists of the broadest of rolling sentences; but when he gets into controversy, his composition absolutely sputters with the heat of his diabolical temper. After migrating in disgust from Edinburgh to London, and coming back in equal disgust from London to Edinburgh to establish a Review, in which all his enemies were to be lashed or stabbed, we find him breaking out thus:—"It is my constant fate to be disappointed in everything I attempt. I do not think I ever had a wish that was gratified, and never dreaded an event that did not come. With this felicity of fate, I wonder how the devil I could turn projector. I am now sorry that I left London, and the moment I have money enough to carry me back to it, I shall set off. I mortally detest and abhor this place and everybody in it. Never was there a city that had so much pretensions to knowledge, and that had so little of it. The solemn foppery and the gross stupidity of the Scotch literati are perfectly insupportable. I shall drop my idea of a Scotch newspaper. Nothing will do in this country that has common sense in it. Only cant, hypocrisy, and superstition will flourish here. A curse on the country, and on all the men, women, and children in it!" This is a pretty extensive communication. But to come on Gilbert Stuart when he comes out still

has his one man before him to be extirpated, than in these aggregate denunciations. One of his great missions in life was to suppress or exterminate worthy Dr. Henry, the author of the solid *History of the British Empire*, which is so well known from its useful arrangement. Justly alarmed at a proposal by the best-natured of rivals to review Henry's book, he wrote to a confederate, saying:—"David Hume wants to review Henry, but that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favour, should not have it—no, not the man after God's own heart. . . . To-morrow morning Henry sets off for London with immense hopes of selling his *History*. I wish sincerely that I could enter Holborn the same hour with him. He should have a repeated fire to combat with. I entreat that you may be so kind as to let him feel some of your thunder. I shall never forget the favour. If Whitaker is in London he could give a blow. Paterson will give him a knock. Strike by all means. The wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return with consciousness of his debility. . . . I could wish that you knew for certain his being in London before you strike the first blow; an inquiry at Cadell's will give this. When you have an enemy to attack I shall in return give my best assistance, and shall aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me." And at a later date:—"I see every day that what is written to a man's disparagement is never forgotten nor forgiven. Poor Henry is at the point of death, and his friends declare that I have killed him. I received the information as a compliment, and begged they would not do me so much honour."

Another grand object of Gilbert's almost ludicrous hatred was Dr. Robertson, and his method of giving vent to it was still more preposterous. It was done, not by attack,

but by rivalry. No sooner had the Principal raised for himself a literary monument by patient labour, than there arose, as if by one touch of Gilbert's magic wand, a rival duplicate, seemingly endowed with the same results of learning and research, and certainly glittering with a still more gorgeous display of the same lofty rhetoric in which the historian was an adept. The result was marvellous. There have been few such successful impostures in the world as Gilbert Stuart. He seems to have come to his work so thoroughly saturated with all the learning that was to be had concerning it and about it—his matter was so happily arranged—he held his conclusions with so competent, so easy, and so strong a grasp—above all, the words came in with such a full flowing roll at his command, that he may be said to have entirely imposed on a generation. He is now so little reputed that one is surprised that Robertson should have found it necessary to speak with such an air of indignant vexation as in the following remarks, which, by the way, afford a curious hint of the manner in which Stuart shortened the way for himself through the intricacies of historical investigation:—

"We had also some talk about Gilbert Stuart. Dr. Robertson spoke with just indignation of that notorious writer's treatment of himself. He said, 'Every man who has written history knows that the most difficult part of his work has been the arrangement, but Gilbert Stuart saved himself that trouble, and followed my arrangement exactly. His dissertations on the middle ages were also stolen from me; but what above all, was detestable, at a time when I was fighting for a cause so sacred as religious liberty, he concluded his *History of the Reformation* with reflections evidently intended to expose me to popular odium and personal danger.'"

The passage here alluded to will be found by any person who thinks it worth looking for at the end of Stuart's *History of the Reformation*, which it brings to shore with one grand final roll like the breaking

of the great wave that at the pole began.

One of the most pleasing features in Dr. Somerville's book, is his affectionate respect for Robertson. His is a fame that has stood out the more fully and substantially the longer it has existed, and the more closely its sources have been examined. The obligations which the science of history owes to him can never be over-estimated. It is interesting to remark how his historical powers developed themselves as he worked. The form in which he started was by no means propitious. "The first ages," he says, "of the Scottish history are dark and fabulous. Nations as well as men arrive at maturity by degrees, and the events which happened during their infancy or early youth cannot be recollected, and deserve not to be remembered." This is a piece of the thorough conventional Montesquieu-philosophical style of the age, which would have been worthy of his enemy Stuart. There can be no facts truly established about the condition and actions of men in any age that are not valuable—all the more valuable for the difficulty of getting at them. And the earnest investigator is seen in the end to get at something—if at nothing better, he will at least be able to set forth the boundary better between the known and the unknown; and this would have been a precious service to the early history of his own country at that time, which Robertson could have admirably performed. The history he did undertake, in fact, was no less under the ban of philosophy, as the worthless memorial of barbarous habits and actions, deserving only to be passed over in some well-turned periods about the feebleness of the crown, the turbulence of a lawless aristocracy, and the degraded ignorance of the people. As Robertson got into the heart of his work, his own natural healthy strength developed itself, and he compelled the world to read and admire the despised history of his country by the way in which he told

it. It is said that he did not investigate deep enough—that he did not read a sufficient number of manuscripts. Certainly he did not parade his reading; but if it was so narrow, then his sagacity must have been all the more marvellous, for no one, since his day, excepting Scott himself, has so thoroughly caught the spirit of the times and country of which he writes. And so in that grand survey of feudal Europe, which was modestly placed as an introduction to the History of Charles V. Many people have gone over the same ground, and have carried their researches farther than he did, and brought out more minute particulars about the feudal laws and the condition of the country; but they have not diminished the general truth of his broad picture, nor have they given any considerable amount of information to the general reader which he does not find in Robertson's pages. It is extremely valuable to possess even the *impromptu* conversational remarks of so sagacious a man on any of those portions of history which he has not rendered to us in his own printed works. Dr. Somerville has, perhaps unconsciously of his full merits in the matter, done a service to literature that may stand in rivalry with his big histories, in preserving to us the conversational remarks of his friend on the men and events to which his volumes refer. Robertson's table-talk on the tendency of British history, from the Revolution to the accession to the House of Hanover, will be found in chapter seven. The passages are rather too long for quotation, and we refer the reader to the original, simply remarking that they are doubly valuable on account of the importance of the epoch to which they refer, and the sagacity of the man whose words they record.

The following is an account of Robertson's rise to the leadership of the Church of Scotland:—

"Dr. Cuming had long been regarded as the ecclesiastical minister under the patronage of Archibald Duke of Argyle,

and had been zealously instrumental in supporting the right of patrons in every case of disputed settlement that came before the church courts. He was chosen moderator of the General Assembly in 1752, on the occasion of the deposition of Mr. Gillespie, which was branded by the popular party as the most vindictive measure that ever had been adopted to overawe opposition to presentations. The overpowering eloquence, however, displayed by Dr. Robertson in the debate on that question, decided his unrivalled superiority as a public speaker, and soon secured for that eminent person the position of leader of the General Assembly. It was at this time suspected that offended pride and jealousy was the principal cause of the change of sentiments avowed by Dr. Cuming and some of his adherents."

Carlyle goes over the same ground, and his concluding remarks on Cuming's qualifications for ecclesiastical leadership give a touch of nature and practice to the more decorous statement of his rival. "Dr. Patrick Cuming was at this time at the head of the Moderate interest; and, had his temper been equal to his talents, might have kept it long, for he had both learning and sagacity, and very agreeable conversation, with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times."—(P. 257.)

Of some rivals and opponents of Robertson we have the following sketches:—

"Dr. Dick was, beyond all competition, the ablest antagonist Dr. Robertson had to contend with during the long period of his leadership of the Assembly. He was eminently fitted to excel as a public speaker, by extensive and accurate information on every subject of debate, a penetrating discernment, which enabled him to perceive what was vulnerable in the position of his opponents, a complete knowledge of judicial forms and precedents, great fluency and readiness of elocution, set off with prepossessing dignity of address. In his early life he was understood to be a friend to the interests of the Moderate party; and the supposed change of his principles, political and ecclesiastical, was imputed by his adversaries to fretfulness or ill-humour, occasioned by neglect, of which, indeed, he had but too much reason to complain. But from whatever cause arising, it detracted from the respectability of his character and the weight of his personal influence; and as he was seldom returned a member of the General

Assembly, and often prevented from attending the inferior courts by bad health, he may be regarded as an admired rather than an efficient leader of the popular party. . . . There were few more weighty speakers in the church courts on the popular side than Dr. Witherspoon, minister of Paisley. His manner was inanimate and drawling; but the depth of his judgment, the solidity of his arguments, and the aptitude with which they were illustrated and applied, never failed to produce a strong impression on the Assembly. To singular sagacity he united a large share of sarcastic wit, which was displayed in several of his publications, but particularly in the *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*—a ludicrous and acrimonious description of the principles, political sentiments, and private characters of many of the moderate clergy. . . . Mr. Fairbairn, minister of Dumbarton, was remarkable for rough petulant eloquence in attacking the measures proposed by Dr. Robertson, and the readiness and vivacity of his replies and extemporaneous speeches. But as there was too obvious an intention to make a show of his own superior talents, and to secure applause rather than to produce conviction, he did not render essential service to his associates. The same reproach attached to most of the younger members, distinguished by their zealous declamations on the side of opposition. A great portion of their speeches consisted in a sort of manifesto, or declaration of principles, with respect to ecclesiastical policy, and the best mode of supplying vacant parishes, which was generally irrelevant to the questions under discussion, and tiresome to impartial hearers of every party. And this was sometimes given with such confident protestations of their own integrity and disinterestedness, as seemed to exclude their opponents from all pretensions to the same honourable motives.

"Mr. Crosbie, the advocate, frequently returned a member of the General Assembly as a ruling elder, was by far the most respectable and powerful lay champion for the popular interest. He was a man of the strictest honour, and wise and learned above most of his profession. His zeal, his information and manly eloquence, strenuously exerted in support of the right of the people to elect their own minister, revived the zeal of his party, and reinvigorated their hopes of success, which had begun to languish from the control of the servants of Government, and the general disapprobation of the laity of rank and independent fortune. Mr.

Crosbie possessed a vigorous constitution; but, being too much addicted to social festivity, he sank into intemperate habits, which brought him to his grave at an untimely age."

Doubtless Dr. Somerville would have been the last person in the world to object to a comparison of these passages with the rough rambling but more genuine remarks passed by Carlyle on the same men; and to give the reader an opportunity of comparing the method of the two autobiographers, we append a few of these:—

"The future life and public character of Dr. Witherspoon are perfectly known. At the time I speak of he was a good scholar, far advanced for his age, very sensible and shrewd, but of a disagreeable temper, which was irritated by a flat voice and awkward manner, which prevented his making an impression on his companions of either sex that was at all adequate to his ability. This defect, when he was a lad, stuck to him when he grew up to manhood, and so much roused his envy and jealousy, and made him take a road to distinction very different from that of his more successful companions. . . .

"I used sometimes to go with him for a day or two to his father's house at Gifford Hall, where we passed the day in fishing, to be out of reach of his father, who was very sulky and tyrannical, but who, being much given to gluttony, fell asleep early, and went always to bed at nine, and, being as fat as a porpoise, was not to be awaked, so that we had three or four hours of liberty every night to amuse ourselves with the daughters of the family, and their cousins who resorted to us from the village, when the old man was gone to rest. This John loved of all things; and this sort of company he enjoyed in greater perfection when he returned my visits, when we had still more companions of the fair sex, and no restraint from an austere father; so that I always considered the austerity of manners and aversion to social joy which he affected afterwards, as the arts of hypocrisy and ambition; for he had a strong and enlightened understanding, far above enthusiasm, and a temper that did not seem liable to it. . . .

"The death of Hyndman was a disappointment to Robertson in the management of the Church, which he had now in view. By his preference of Hyndman, he had provoked Dick, who

was a far better man, and proved a very formidable and vigorous opponent; for he joined the Wild or High-flying party, and by moderating their councils and defending their measures as often as he could, made them more embarrassing than if they had been allowed to follow their own measures. . . .

"Robertson had now Dr. Dick as his stated opponent, who would have been very formidable had he not been tied up by his own principles, which were firm in support of presentations, and by his not having it in his power to be a member of Assembly more than once in four or five years, on account of the strict rotation observed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. . . .

"Andrew Crosbie, the advocate, was another constant and able opponent of Dr. Robertson and his friends, though hampered a little by the law of patronage. His maternal uncle, Lord Tinwald, the Justice-Clerk, who was his patron, being dead, he wished to gain employment by pleasing the popular side. Fairbairn, the minister of Dumbarton, was another opponent—brisk and foul-mouthed, who stuck at nothing, and was endowed with a rude popular eloquence; but he was a mere hussar, who had no steady views to direct him. He was a member of every Assembly, and spoke in every cause, but chiefly for plunder—that is, applause and dinners—for he did not seem to care whether he lost or won. Robertson's soothing manner prevented his being hard-mouthed with him. . . .

"Andrew Crosbie, advocate, the son of a Provost of that name who had been a private supporter of Provost Bell, in opposition to the party of the Tories, thought this a proper time to attempt an overturn of the present magistrates and managers, and put his own friends in their room, who would either be directed by Crosbie's maternal uncle, Lord Tinwald, then Justice-Clerk, and far advanced in years, or gain the credit and advantage of governing the town under the Duke of Queensberry. As Crosbie was a clever fellow, and young and adventurous, and a good inflammatory speaker, he soon raised the commons of the town almost to a pitch of madness against Dickson. . . .

Here follows Dr. Somerville's description of another ecclesiastical leader, who, if not justly more distinguished, affords, in the strange texture of his character, a better

opportunity for laying on massive lights and shadows :—

"The singular talents of Dr. Webster, his dexterity in business, and his substantial services to his brethren and the public, entitled him to distinguished celebrity among his contemporaries. He was for more than forty years considered the head of the popular party, and admired as one of the ablest speakers in the ecclesiastical courts. He was deficient in literature, and applied little of his time to reading or study. Few of his sermons, as I have been informed, were fully written out, and the subjects of them little varied, being mostly confined to doctrinal points of orthodoxy, or the fourfold state of man; but the fluency and copiousness of his expression, and the vivacity and animation of his manner and address, arrested the attention of the most judicious, and excited the admiration of the multitude. In the church courts he uniformly espoused the popular side of the question under debate. His arguments were specious rather than cogent, and yet he never failed to impress his hearers with a high opinion of his strong native good sense, and his knowledge of the world. The speeches of Dr. Webster, too, were enlivened with such brilliant sallies of wit, that no public speaker was listened to with greater delight and applause. His capacity for financial business, and a profound skill in arithmetical calculation, rendered him an instrument of extensive public usefulness. It is a curious fact, that while Dr. Webster and Provost Drummond were regarded as political adversaries, they consulted and co-operated in the promotion of the city interests. I heard Dr. Webster himself say, that, by his advice, the Town Council had adopted the measure of appointing a chamberlain to be constantly and entirely intrusted with the business of the revenue, instead of a treasurer annually elected. By the adoption of this measure, their accounts have ever since been kept with greater exactness and fidelity.

"The scheme for the benefit of the widows of the ministers of the Church of Scotland was first suggested, and chiefly promoted by the services of Dr. Webster. In framing the plan, and particularly in the detail of calculations, he derived important assistance from the Rev. Dr. Wallace, and Mr. Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics.

"Dr. Webster shone above all his contemporaries in social life; and the pleasantry and gaiety of his conversation, his command of amusing anecdotes, and the

sprightliness of his wit, always good-natured and inoffensive, rendered him the most delightful companion to persons of every age and rank. His innate sagacity, his love of convivial festivity and mirth, and the preference which he always showed, in the choice of his company, for persons who notoriously differed from him in theological sentiments and party attachments, occasioned doubts with respect to the sincerity of his public conduct, and staggered the confidence of some of those with whom he acted in ecclesiastical affairs. The part he took in the events which happened at Cambuslang, by publishing his belief of their supernatural character, appeared to many an extravagance irreconcilable with the shrewdness and knowledge of mankind in which he surpassed all his party friends, and excited a suspicion of the affectation rather than the genuine impulse of popular enthusiasm.

"I am disposed to put confidence in Dr. Webster's sincerity. His zeal for religion was manifested at an early period of his life, by his relinquishing the mercantile business into which he had entered with high prospects of success, and devoting himself to the laborious and ungainful profession of a Scots clergyman; and he gave other proofs of religious earnestness, which it were to the last degree uncharitable to ascribe to artifice."

We cannot say that this cautiously guarded certificate of character, with the accompanying explanation of the grounds on which it rests, afford a complete refutation of the sharp, and certainly by no means guarded, remarks which Carlyle has left about the same man. Nay, however successfully the historian may consider that he has protected the memory of Dr. Webster against any foolish nonsense which his outspoken contemporary may have uttered about the great evangelical champion, we cannot help thinking that what we have just quoted is merely Dr. Somerville's way of describing the same character as that which Carlyle handles after the fashion following :—

"Webster had justly obtained much respect amongst the clergy, and all ranks, indeed, for having established the Widows' Fund; for though Dr. Wallace, who was an able mathematician, had made the calculations, Webster had the merit of carrying the scheme into execution. Having married a lady of fashion, who had a fortune of £4000 (an estate in those days), he kept better company than most of the

clergy. His appearance of great strictness in religion, to which he was bred under his father, who was a very popular minister of the Tolbooth Church, not acting in restraint of his convivial humour, he was held to be excellent company, even by those of dissolute manners; while, being a five-bottle man, he could lay them all under the table. This had [brought] on him the nickname of Dr. Bonum Magnum in the time of faction; but never being indecently the worse of liquor, and a love of claret to any degree not being reckoned in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned.

"When it was discovered that Jardine led him, his party became jealous; and it was no wonder, for he used to undermine them by his speeches, and vote with them to save appearances. But the truly upright and honourable men among them, such as Drs. Erskine and Hunter, &c., could not think of parting with his abilities, which both in the pulpit and the Assembly, gave some lustre to their party. He could pass at once from the most unbounded jollity to the most fervent devotion; yet I believe that his hypocrisy was no more than habit grounded merely on temper, and that his aptness to pray was as easy and natural to him as to drink a convivial glass. His familiar saying, however, that it was his lot to drink with gentlemen and to vote with fools, made too full a discovery of the laxity of his mind. Indeed, he lived too long to preserve any respect; for in his latter years his sole object seemed to be where to find means of inebriety, which he at last too often effected, for his constitution having lost its vigour, he was sent home almost every evening like other drunkards who could not boast of strength. Besides the £4000 he got with his lady, he spent £6000 more, which was left him by Miss Hunter, one of his pious disciples, which legacy did not raise his character. In aid of his fortune, when it was nearly drained, he was appointed Collector of the Widows' Fund when a Mr. Stewart died, who was the first, and likewise obtained one of the deaneries from the Crown. When the New Town of Edinburgh came to be planned out, he was employed by the magistrates, which gratified his two strongest desires—his love of business and of conviviality, in both of which he excelled. The business was all done in the tavern, where there was a daily dinner, which cost the town in the course of the year £500, the whole of an additional revenue which had been dis-

covered a little while before by Buchan, the town's Chamberlain. He had done many private and public injuries to me, in spite of the support I and my friends had given him in his cause before the Synod in May 1752, for which I did not spare him when I had an opportunity, by treating him with that rough raillery which the fashion of the times authorised, which he bore with inimitable patience; and when I rose into some consideration, he rather courted than shunned my company, with the perfect knowledge of what I thought of him.

"There were a few of us who, besides the levity of youth and the natural freedom of our manners, had an express design to throw contempt on that vile species of hypocrisy which magnified an indecorum into a crime, and gave an air of false sanctimony and Jesuitism to the greatest part of the clergy, and was thereby pernicious to rational religion. In this plan we succeeded, for in the midst of our freedom having preserved respect and obtained a leading in the Church, we freed the clergy from many unreasonable and hypocritical restraints.

"I have dwelt longer on Dr. Webster than on any other person, because such characters are extremely pernicious, as they hold up an example to unprincipled youth how far they may play fast and loose with professed principles without being entirely undone; and how far they may proceed in dissipation of manner without entirely forfeiting the public good opinion. But let the young clergy observe, that very few indeed are capable of exhibiting for their protection such useful talents, or of displaying such agreeable manners, as Dr. Webster did in compensation for his faults."

We pass at once to the opposite pole of British clerical celebrities, to conclude our extracts with the rival sketch of Dr. Dodd, more celebrated in these days for having been hanged for forgery, than for his brilliant fashionable discourses.

SOMERVILLE'S SKETCH.

"The unfortunate Dr. Dodd was one of the most popular preachers, and attracted crowded assemblies at the Queen's Chapel, and the Magdalen in Goodmans-field, where he preached on the Sunday evenings. His sentiments were orthodox, occasionally pathetic, but oftener bombastic, and his style turgid. The pertness of his address, his apparent self-

sufficiency and vanity, and the grossness of the details which he introduced in his address to the Magdalens, must have been alike offensive to most of his hearers."

CARLYLE'S SKETCH.

"Before I began my operations relative to the window-tax, I witnessed something memorable. It being much the fashion to go on a Sunday evening to a chapel of the Magdalen Asylum, we went there on the second Sunday we were in London, and had difficulty to get tolerable seats for my sister and wife, the crowd of genteel people was so great. The preacher was Dr. Dodd, a man afterwards too well known. The unfortunate young women were in a latticed gallery, where you could only see those who chose to be seen. The preacher's text was, 'If a man look on a woman to lust after her,' &c. The text itself was shocking, and the sermon was composed with the least possible delicacy, and was a shocking insult on a sincere penitent, and fuel for the warm passions of the hypocrites. The fellow was handsome, and delivered his discourse remarkably well for a reader. When he had finished, there were unceasing whispers of applause, which I could not help contradicting aloud, and condemning the whole institution, as well as the exhibition of the preacher, as *contra bonos mores*, and a disgrace to a Christian city."

We cannot part with Dr. Somerville's pleasant little book without dropping a tribute of praise to the excellency of its editing. The preface being dated at Roxburgh, and initialed W. L., it is no breach of propriety to speak of the Editor as the Reverend William Lee, clergyman of that parish, and son of the late Principal of the University of Edinburgh. His notes prove him to have amply inherited that happy combination of varied learning, strict accuracy, and thorough good taste, for which his father was so memorable. In a book which carries one on in a rapid rush of interest, such an abundant supply of notes might have been misplaced—they would have been liable either to have been thrown aside, or to be chargeable with the effect of perpetually tripping up the reader when his mind is bent on the interest of the text. Appended, however, to a sort of commonplace book, or collection of anecdotes and sketches, they carry out the spirit of the text, affording in themselves excellent reading, and they save the reader from going to his authorities to complete his knowledge of the subject under discussion.

THREE DAYS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AN EPILOGUE, IN THREE VOICES.

INTRODUCTORY, BY REGINALD A——, ESQ.—THE FALSE START.

IN the middle of July, having some leisure and no immediately engrossing amusement, I undertook the charge of two elderly female friends, whose hearts were set on a short ramble in the Highlands. When I say that three days was the proposed amount of time to be spent in this excursion, it will be apparent that the call upon my patience and fortitude was not so overwhelming as might appear by the first statement. And let me tell you that such a trip is by no means to be despised in the absence of greater attractions, when one is in want of a new sensation. The flutter of enjoyment conveyed to the mature female bosom, by attentions which are not always duly appreciated by their natural objects, is agreeable alike to one's benevolent feelings and to one's personal vanity. One has the satisfaction of combining amusement with the happy sensation of having done a good action; and one is rewarded by the simple flatteries, the delight, the excitement, and the friendly jealousy of the good old souls whom one takes in hand. Altogether, I recommend the experiment to any man of good feelings, who has nothing better to do. It is less captivating, certainly, than the service of those dangerous and delusive sirens, who, alas! have it all their own way in the susceptible heart; but it is infinitely safer—and the true benevolence of the action cannot fail to strike every feeling soul.

Accordingly, I got up with heroism at a preposterous hour on the profoundly cloudy morning of St. Swithin's Day. It was a mere temptation of the watery saint to start at such a moment; but having got up my courage to the height

of goodness necessary, I was not to be held back even on the 15th of July by a shower. It looked so unpromising, however, that I sauntered down to the pier, in comfortable anticipation of going back to breakfast. What were my astonishment and dismay to see my fair companions seated already on a damp bench on the damp deck of the steamer, with luggage boldly labelled for the farthest point of the projected voyage, may be better imagined than described. Of course I joined them on board, though without a coat or a toothbrush, in the primitive simplicity of my morning jacket. The scene was amusing, as may be supposed. Around us stretched an indefinite expanse of mist, which experience and faith alike declared to be Clyde, with all its various banks and ports, but which sight pronounced to be nothing save a damp horizon of fog, heightened in effect by smoke and rain, all condensed within the enclosing firmament of cloud. Clouds blurred the sky—clouds enveloped the wooden banks—clouds closed in the busy piers and dock-yards of the murky town of Greenock. Wherever one looked, nothing but clouds met one's eye, amid which appeared dolefully, as one neared the shore, a pale spectrum of that enchanting coast. Such was the external scene into which the little steamer plunged boldly over the dead-calm, mist-enveloped water. On deck sat my female friends, disputing the question, investigating the sky, appealing to me and to the clouds, to the helmsman and the porters—*Would it be a fine day?—would it clear up?—should they go forward or go back?* The climax of the business appeared in the person of a friend not exactly of

my own inches, who audibly offered me the contents of his portmanteau, with a self-abnegation unusual to modern friendship. I flatter myself I am not vain—but when a fellow half your size offers you the use of his wardrobe, you naturally decline the offer, however benevolent may be its intention. Resolute not to shrink from my post, but deeply conscious of my defective provision for it, I stood watching with some anxiety the decision of my fair companions. The state of puzzled and comical uncertainty in which they sat was amusing enough to withdraw from his own circumstances even the thoughts of a man starting upon a Highland excursion without a shirt, a wrapper, or a toothbrush. The good creatures consulted the skies, and my face, and each other, with a pertinacity possible only to women—their eagerness, their doubts, their anxiety to take everybody's opinion, their uneasy shifting of responsibility from one pair of shrinking shoulders to another, was as good as a scene in a comedy, and whether it would have come to a decision, but for the sudden appearance of

the steamboat in which the further voyage was to be performed, packed from stern to bows with Glasgow excursionists, I cannot tell. That sight, however, settled the question. Mists, clouds, and even rain, might be overcome; but what resolution could stand against the society of a Glasgow mob of pleasure-seekers? My companions yielded to the dire compulsion, they turned back, damp and mournful, and with a pathetic parting we separated till the next day. Of course, an hour after, the morning cleared up and became radiant.

The next day, however, we set out, and the following narrative of the journey, conveyed as it is in the natural and unsophisticated utterance of my fair charges, will no doubt be grateful to many intending tourists in this early season. My modesty has impelled me to delete many of the flattering remarks addressed to myself; but, with this trifling exception, I have not ventured to tamper with the tale of my fellow-travellers, who have each contributed to this brief but eventful passage the history of a day.

THE FIRST DAY.—COMMUNICATED BY MISS ARABELLA W——.

ON Tuesday, as good a day as ever is to be had in the Highlands, we set out upon our little tour, under the kind guardianship of our excellent young friend, whose kindness, indeed, can never be sufficiently estimated. The earliest beginning of our course lay along the sweet banks of the Gair Loch, all broken into tiny bays, and wooded points, rich with the fullest foliage, to where the shores of the Clyde slope downward to Loch Long. The sun was shining, and all the outlines stood out clear against the distinct but pale sky of the Highland summer. The scene was not Italian, certainly, but I am not sure that the atmosphere and brightness of a southern climate would have suited those hills, which began to rise grand,

but not too solemn, in a hundred irregular lines out of the horizon. A blaze of sunshine would but have transfixed in speechless grandeur those huge shoulders and heights of rock and heather; whereas the constant motion and progress of light and shadow sets a perpetual drama astir among those bold and graceful hills, and keeps one's interest constantly engaged. I confess—though no one can be more glad than I to see the city-bound escaping for a holiday—I do confess that the steamer, with its noise and its clangour, with the flute and the fiddle playing in concert, with parties out for the day filling all the seats, is not conducive, so far as I am concerned, to the enjoyment of fine scenery. The music reduced me to that aggra-

vating condition, in which, though your mind is mentally disgusted with the unseasonable melody, your foot unconsciously keeps time; and the pleasant family-attentions bestowed by amiable mothers upon their children, and the *naïve* remarks of Glasgow tourists bound for Lochgoilhead, were sadly distracting to behold and listen to. I have seen a good deal of fine scenery in my day, and am an enthusiast in mountainous landscapes; but I cannot think I ever saw anything finer than Loch Long—threading its way in stretches, sometimes silvery, sometimes purple and golden, sometimes leaden-blue under a sudden shadow, deep into the silent heart of the hills. The sentiment belonging to a river is entirely different. A volume of joyous water rushing out from its mountainous cradle, carries the mind with it into the sea and the world; but that narrow enterprising current penetrating inward—making its way through passes of momentary gloom, widening wherever it can into bursts of sunshine, curving out sweet bays and indentations into the very substance of the hills, and subsiding twenty miles inland on a quiet shore, amid an amphitheatre of mountains, with tidal sighs, half of satisfaction, half of longing, conveys an impression more profound and striking than any stream. Every step you advance up that narrow, wonderful channel changes the aspect of the scene. The very steamboat takes a certain colour of poetry. Look how the dark sprite pauses, or seems to pause, with a dismayed stagger of dread, the dark smoke floating confusedly over her head in that dark pass through which there seems no outlet! It is not a Glasgow steamboat, with a flute and a fiddle, and a mob of excursionists; it is a conscious creature going blindly forward, with a certain awful ignorance, into the gloom of fate.

And now the hills open up to the left hand; and Loch Goil gleams into another hollow, amid another line of mountains. At the point

where the one loch darts out of the other, begins that range of heights given by the magnificent popular imagination to the house of Argyll with a subtle flattery not to be surpassed. Imagine what a grandeur must have surrounded the MacCallan More to that Celtic fancy which named Argyll's Bowling-Green! Are these the ancient giants up among the mists echoing their throws in sportive thunder, who gave its earliest origin to the race of Diarmid? But there is neither thunder nor mist to-day upon Argyll's Bowling-Green. The heights rise and cluster inward to the fantastic Cobbler, who sits silent over Glen Croe in his never-ending toil. But the moment you turn up Loch Goil, you naturally revert to another Campbell, not less illustrious than the chief of the name. Is not Lord Ullin raving on the cliffs in perennial rage and remorse? But it is calm on Loch Goil this morning: the tide sweeps peacefully upward to the perfect curve of its hilly basin. A lonely castle in leafy ruin—a farm-steading almost too sunny and comfortable, the Elysian solitude of here and there a cottage, alone breaking upon the summer calm. If I am thought too lofty in my description, let me recommend all unbelievers to follow our track over those dark yet sunny waters. If they travel in the society of two congenial souls, and a good glass, so much the better.

All this time my two friends have been heightening my enjoyment of the scenery by their vivid observations and reflections. My friend Kate is short, stout, and merry, though she is a woman who has had her losses. We were not acquainted in very early youth, so I will not venture to say what her attractions may have been in that remote period. But at present I am bound to confess that *she looks her full age*, and having the good sense to wear a bonnet (which I think only becoming for a person come to her time of life), no delusion is possible on the subject.

Standing by the side of our handsome young friend, one naturally perceives the full force of the contrast. I must say that so great is my sense of the goodness of our disinterested cavalier, that I could be content to re-enter the perils of earlier life and become young and pretty again, for his sake. Dear young man! the amiable way in which he listens to Kate's observations, and enters into the spirit of the excursion, is refreshing to a mind wearied with the coldness and neglect of the world. One thinks better of one's kind after meeting with such chivalrous attentions. In earlier days, indeed, one might have imagined that there was a *motive* for his devotion; but, alas! time and the hour have put that *entirely* out of the question. I have a niece who perhaps might in some degree — but it is useless to calculate on girls. The friendship of a woman who knows her own mind is, if young people could only understand it, a much more trustworthy object to depend upon.

On arriving at Lochgoilhead, according to an arrangement concluded upon at a former period, we took the coach for Inverary, and with the fortitude peculiar to women of this age, mounted the top of the coach. Having gone heroically through this process, we found ourselves in very amusing company. The driver of the coach to Inverary — of course a Campbell — is well worthy of introduction to the public. Not to enter too fully into personal particulars, which in a coachman a lady cannot be expected to observe with any minuteness, I may say that our young friend pronounced him a handsome fellow, and that my own observation confirmed the statement. How the Campbells got to be called the dark sons of Diarmid I cannot imagine, since my own experience proves them to be *red*, with scarcely an exception — the most illustrious as well as the most humble. John of the Inverary coach has the mouth of a mime hidden in a handsome florid

beard, and is great in imitations and sketches of character. The way in which he subdues his round, Scotch, Campbell voice into the sharp pipe of an English lady tourist, is astonishing; but I will not venture to reproduce these inimitable sketches. How the excellent stout Englishman on the box beside him refrained from any attempt to pitch him over the side, I cannot understand. I presume it must be the placidity of the Cockney temper — a smoothness unknown on this side of the Tweed; for sure am I that had I heard my own dear country-people libelled with equal freedom, I should have demanded to be set down instantly, had it been in the most savage wilds of Cumberland or Derbyshire. Our fat friend, however, bore it with the utmost good-humour, even though it was in the presence of ladies, and displayed an inclination to communicate his sentiments to me, and to enter into agreeable conversation, which was certainly complimentary. When it rained — as of course it did four times in the two hours occupied by the journey — this good man bore the dripping of my umbrella upon the shoulder, which he turned perseveringly towards me (you will understand that he sat in front, and we on the seat behind), with the most praiseworthy equanimity. He had evidently a perception of the charms of good society, though not what you could call a man of fine manners or high breeding in his own person. These personal particulars, however, keep me from the scenery; and indeed I must confess that dear Kate shocked me not a little by the levity with which she permitted her attention to be diverted from the hills to the coachman's narratives and recitations. The conversation, however, was brought to a sudden conclusion by an ill-advised question on her part, whether it would be possible to reach Loch Awe that same night? John was indignant — the idea of passing over Inverary, and making it the mere scene of a lunch or tra-

veller's dinner, offended his highest sympathies. Thenceforward he deserted Kate, and addressed himself to another passenger, who did not abuse his confidence.

But while the sound of their conversation went on at my ear, I devoted myself to the lovely landscape through which we were passing. Leaving the salt-water lochs, those wistful investigations of the "homeless sea" into the lone recesses of the hills, we plunged into the world of opening slopes which make a mountainous country so full of interest. Here a gleam of lovely valley, with lonely houses hidden in light clouds of tender birch, or pillared solitudes of fir—there a brown cottage on a height, all brown, thatch and wall, growing out of the soil like a natural production; and on every side great living walls of hills, silent, with silver threads of water descending their steep, or plaintive with pathetic bleatings, mournful incessant voice of the wilderness. But now our attention was distracted by a discussion on the poor-laws, which, the gentlemen having been requested to descend while we mounted the hill, was addressed almost exclusively to Kate and myself, and listened to by *her* with provoking indifference to the landscape. Fancy discussing poor-laws with a Campbell coachman while winding up the picturesque ascents of Hell's Glen! I cannot deny that I was considerably disgusted. For myself, I confess that the absence of human habitations does by no means injure the landscape in my opinion. I like the unbroken splendour of the primitive mountains. But dear Kate, who loves to talk, and who had at the moment no better interlocutor, entered into a discussion of rates and local necessities with the warmest interest, and lamented over the charming solitude, as if a dirty hamlet and-crowds of Gaelic children could have added quite an additional attraction to that solitary glen. Human interest—that is the expression. Dear Kate, I am sorry to say, is often carried away by the fashionable talk of the time.

When we reached the top of the ascent, Inverary burst upon us—lying lovely, with a sweet peacefulness, reflecting all her boats and houses in the tender-tinted water.

You do not see the long stretch of Loch Fyne from that height—only a lovely bay folded in with hills, one of minor size, but wooded to a thought, rising just over the sombre pepper-boxes of the Castle. One could fancy a great Argyll coming here out of the fighting world, as to a haven of absolute rest and tranquillity. Can troubles come over those hills? Do any whispers of the angry surf ever steal upward through the reaches of the loch upon those gentle palpitating tides? I suppose it is possible; but to glide over the crisped and tinted waters towards that halcyon shore, with its boats lying round the little pier, and its houses slumbering on the beach, it is difficult to imagine such a retreat as open to the invasions of the common world.

Notwithstanding what I say, we had a proof of those invasions in the various groups accompanying our own steps. Our stout Englishman, all unromantic as he looked, was bound to some picturesque solitude in the neighbourhood which he had rented for the summer—though what could have brought such a person to the Highlands it is hard to imagine. Perhaps his wife was a Campbell—though, indeed, I should rather imagine, from the perseverance with which he held his shoulder under the drip of my umbrella, that the good man was a widower, probably with an interesting family of children. Be that as it may, he disappeared placidly in a dog-cart from Inverary, and we saw him no more. Being accustomed to travelling on the Continent, neither Kate nor I had the smallest objection to dining at the *table d'hôte*, which we were told existed in the Inverary hotel; but you may imagine our consternation when we found ourselves in a small family-party, with two strangers, apparently newly-married people. Our young friend was placed at the

head of the table, and discharged the agreeable functions of host, with a great sirloin to carve, and all the other duties of hospitality to attend to. The excellent nature of this amiable young man, who is full of kindness, carried him triumphantly through the difficulties of the position; but the idea of having to carve and dispense, and make polite inquiries—"May I send you a little beef?"—to the chance guests of a *table d'hôte*! I myself watched over the plate of the Glasgow lady, and helped her to potatoes, and she and her spouse listened in edified silence to the lively conversation of our little party. Dear Kate, as I have before mentioned, loves to talk, and our young friend's conversation is most improving and instructive. But it would be unkind to let this opportunity pass without warning the unwary against the *table d'hôte* of the Inverary inn.

At Inverary we held a council, touching our further progress, and receiving assurances, both printed and verbal, that coaches to Dunkeld were to be met with at Dalmally, we started, blithe and confident, in a pretty waggonette, with two famous horses, for the banks of Loch Awe. The sun had gone hopelessly into the clouds, and Ben Cruachan was invisible when we reached the wistful shore at Cladich, but the loch itself opened fair before us in all the shadowless twilight glory of the holy hour. Silent as a nun was the lovely breadth of water, with all its fairy bays and promontories; and as we came opposite the distant

pass, where "the Awe's fierce river" rushes out of the loch, nothing grander could be conceived. The western sky, with some reflections of the invisible sun, filled up the wild and solemn opening cleft among the hills, and threw a gleam upon the dark distant water which fretted forth in that narrow channel towards the sea. Looking over the gleaming calm of the loch to that distant dark defile, with the piles of mountain breaking across, and the ruddy western glory interposing at every inlet, was such a scene as I can never forget. But I am urged to hasten my course, and reminded that I have already occupied my full share of the permitted space. I might say a great deal more, but I refrain. My friend naturally wishes to give her own account of what followed. In conclusion, we reached Dalmally in time to stray out in the sweet though somewhat damp gloaming, past the peaceful manse of Glenurchy—where the minister, venerated man, was wandering in his fields, like Isaac at eventide, no doubt meditating his next Sunday's sermon—to the bridge over the river, where we mused in silence upon the broad brown noiseless stream, and finally returned to the inn, to spend the evening in friendly conversation—a conversation in which my own natural enthusiasm and the varied experience of my friend blended in a manner, I trust as delightful to them as to me, with the youthful fervour and eloquence of our accomplished companion. How sweet is such friendly communion!

SECOND DAY.—COMMUNICATED BY MRS. CATHARINE S.—.

Yes! perfectly true; but there may be too much of it, in my opinion; especially when it is all between two of the party, and the third is put out of the way upon the box.

Next day was a wet day, as I always expected. When people do not start on the day they fix for starting, in spite of everything that can be said to them, though it turns out a charming day, they have no

right to expect good weather, in my opinion. I made up my mind from the first that we should have rain, and consequently was not taken by surprise when it came. At Dalmally, of course, we learned that the coaches had not yet begun to run, or at least, if they had begun, they were to be heard of at Tyndrum or Crianlarich, or some hideous village or other, where nobody could

speak English; and the only expedient was to drive in a dog-cart to that scene of certainty. But before going there we must needs start in the same conveyance on a voyage to Loch Awe, to see, in mist and rain, what we had seen the night before in clear but not brilliant twilight. Arabella, with that assumption of sprightliness which is so disgusting in a person come to her time of life (she affects to be two years younger than I am, but I am not sure, if the parish registers could be got at, whether the tables might not be turned in *that* respect)—Arabella jumped into the back seat of the vehicle, that I might have, as she said, the best seat. Because she is unmarried, she thinks herself entitled to take all the airs of youth. Preposterous notion! but it makes her very absurd, poor thing, though she cannot see it. Young Mr. A—— helped me into the front with the greatest attention, quite unconscious of her trick, and joined her himself, as of course she had intended all the time, in the back seat of the gig. Off we went, facing the blast; and if any one should be disposed to envy the front seat, let them imagine me seated beside a damp driver, with the rain full in my face, and Arabella and young A—— chatting behind me with the most intolerable levity, never so much as looking at the landscape, as far as I could see. I said nothing; in spite of all Arabella's remarks about my conversation with the coachman the day before, and her sentimental assumptions, I am not the woman to turn upon my friend. So I calmly put up my umbrella, and looked at the view. When we reached Kilchurn, I could hear the ridiculous old thing repeating the ballad about it, as if she had been a young girl. I confess it was aggravating; as for me, I had the driver to talk to; and when I found out from him that Monday had been a beautiful day, and that it was all her fault in not starting at the proper time, I really could not restrain my indignation.

Mrs. S——.—"Arabella, dear, if you have a moment's time to spare, just listen. It was a lovely day on Monday, and they had not a drop of rain, the man says."

The first answer I heard was a peal of laughter; then, in a quivering voice, Arabella spoke—

"I have no doubt it will clear up to-day, still. You can't think what a pretty gleam comes from your wet umbrella, dear. It must be from the sun, you know. The sun must be somewhere about, I am convinced. And look yonder, what a strange light on the hills!"

Mr. A——.—"Strange darkness, too. Look at that hollow there; how the gloom creeps and gathers! Will you have the glass, Mrs. S——? Famous atmosphere for the hills, you know—quite Highland weather. Look here, exactly what Christopher describes—'a vast mysterious hollow.' The mist is lifting—look! We shan't see Ben Cruachan, but only wait till the sun breaks out."

Mrs. S——.—"Yes. Only wait. Next week, perhaps; and we can stay at Dalmally, and have a few lessons in the language. Whereas if we had started on Monday, as I always intended——"

Miss Arabella.—"Dear Mr. A——, only look here. How fine those mists are, floating and dipping like veils—and that hollow, how grand! Hark! it creeps. To say that is only negative, you know—want of light—is absurd. It is positive darkness raying out of the hill—and that eldritch gleam yonder. Don't tell me it is not out of the heart of the mountain. There is some silvery pool, or something invisible, that sheds that reflection. It is fairy light."

Mrs. S——.—"Stuff! I am getting very wet about the feet, and this man tells me there is no such thing as a coach, whatever we do. The landscape is very fine, but I don't believe you are looking at it in the least."

This produced another foolish burst of laughter. I own I was entirely disgusted with Arabella—

talk of levity, indeed! When we returned to the inn, of course it became perfectly evident that there was no hope of any coach. I did not waste any time in words. I saw by this time that we were doomed, and would have to go on in dog-carts to—heaven knows where. I rushed into the kitchen, which was the only place where there was a fire, and took my measures immediately. After some trouble I succeeded in getting a nice wincey petticoat from the landlady, which I put on over my gown—an excellent plan, which I recommend to any lady travelling in the Highlands; and with my cloak covering my shoulders, resigned myself to my fate. Of course I scorned, after having been put upon the box, to accept any other place; but, ascending to my perch, made myself as comfortable as was practicable under the circumstances. The two in the seat behind had some rugs, and young A——, who, between ourselves, is a great flirt, and, like some girls I know of, spares neither old nor young, arranged them round Arabella, who, poor old creature, gave herself the most ridiculous languishing airs, enough to send any one into fits of laughter. In this style we set off on one of the most beautiful roads I ever travelled. I can say so with confidence, as my prospect and enjoyment of it were quite undisturbed. When I called the attention of the people behind to the beautiful mountains all bedropped and enveloped in white floating mists, which every breath of wind moved and lifted, I was replied to with ridiculous jokes and laughter. There never was anything more absurd. The harder it rained, and the grander the prospect became, the more they talked and giggled. When I turned to point out the beautiful Highland hills to them, they were lost in discussions about Italy. Indeed I don't know what they did not talk of, sheltered as they were from the blast by my own unfortunate figure and that of the driver, who was quite disposed to

enter into the hilarity of the party, and to make one aware that he appreciated the gaiety of the two in the back seat. On me it fell, not only to bear the blast of rain, but to maintain a dignified deportment, and neutralise the folly of my two companions. Of course, it was all very natural and proper on the part of young A——, who amused himself, as was to be expected; but that Arabella, a woman of some sense, should be so ridiculous as to give any young man such a chance of laughing at her, is more than I can understand, take it how you will. Ridiculous old thing!

And, of course, as I have said already, there was no coach at Tyn-drum. I knew it perfectly. Departing from the day you intend to start, and altering the route that you have taken pains to mark out, what can you expect in a journey? The only thing was to go on in dog-carts:—and in dog-carts we went on accordingly, with the rain pouring down steadily, the hills opening up quite wonderful and grand, and the two in the back seat taking not a bit of notice, but chattering about every subject under the skies with an utter indifference to the view, and the rain, and me. I really own I felt ashamed of them. To hear an elderly woman maundering on in such a fashion is quite insufferable, in my opinion. Nobody likes a little pleasant conversation better than I do; but there are times and places for everything. In the mean time, I enjoyed the scenery particularly. I had full advantage of it: there was nothing to break the blast which beat upon *me*, nobody to interrupt *my* meditations. I can't say that I ever enjoyed such an uninterrupted view of any landscape; and I can assure you that it is quite a mistake to be so particular about good weather when you go to the Highlands. Through that rain and mist the hills looked perfectly charming. Through Glenurchy and Glen Dochart they kept rising and opening in continued beauty; and while the only response I could get

from the back seat was the foolish answer that it was no doubt very fine if they could see it, I did see it, and found it wonderful. It is therefore my advice to tourists: If the day is a wet day, never mind—get something to cover you over (and for a lady, in my opinion, nothing is better than a good skirt), and go straight on, and keep your eyes open. But to lose a day out of mere nonsense, you know, after you have quite settled upon your journey, and to be seduced into abandoning an old and well-considered route for a new and hastily-seized one, with coaches uncertain, and dog-carts unsatisfactory; and to feel all the time a regret for that lost day, which it is quite impossible to forget, as if you were for ever hunting it, and could never reach it, is the greatest annoyance imaginable. Any feeling person will understand my sentiments, as I went driving over the country with nothing between me and the blast, and with two people behind me talking and enjoying themselves, actually without a single thought of the landscape which they had come all this way to see; and dear, dear me, to think of that poor old Arabella! Fancy her, poor thing, imagining herself young again, and dreaming about communion of souls! Privately, on the front seat, I was in agonies of silent laughter; but my friendly feelings, you know, eventually gained the upper hand. I could bear to laugh at her myself, but not to see other people laugh at her. And really, after all, though she is foolish, and adopts little youthful airs, and behaves ridiculous enough sometimes, at the bottom she is a dear friend of mine, and a good old soul! The aggravating circumstance of all, however, was the loss of that Monday. I made a point of asking all the people at the inns, and all the drivers, what sort of a day it was, and the answer was invariable, A lovely day! and we had actually turned back and sacrificed it for no reason in this world but Arabella's weak-

minded nonsense! I really could scarcely contain myself when I realised how it was.

At length we came down upon Loch Tay, through a lovely wooded road, which I remember years ago. I had seen Loch Tay, and was twenty times more interested in it for my companions' sake than for my own. The lights and clouds which had been so favourable for the hills, were not so suitable, I am obliged to confess, for that loch, which is neither like Loch Awe nor Loch Lomond, nor any other loch but itself, all heavenly and serene as it is, with Taymouth sitting splendid at its head. It ceased to rain as we came along those wooded banks, which I remember so distinctly, and which I was only anxious to point out to the others. I could hear that poor dear Arabella was talking deep sentiment by this time, from which I perceived that the current was getting exhausted; and she actually did condescend to pay some attention as we went on, the rain having ceased at last. Loch Tay, however, wants sunshine. It lay gleaming all dark before me, with a look (though I am not given to sentiment), a visible look, of something having gone out of it since those days when I saw it first. Ah me! I daresay not only myself upon the box, with my umbrella up, steadfastly looking at the view, but poor dear Arabella with all her little follies, and even that excellent young A—— himself, who might be our son, so far as age goes, had our own thoughts going trudging on with us, all the same, every step of the way. I never heard that anybody ever got free of those companions; and when I looked at that loch, many a scene unseen to my friends came up before me. It was the same as ever, long and tranquil and shining, with two great banks all rich with wood projecting out into the water, like a kind of grand portal to the basin on which Taymouth is planted; but something had gone out of it since last I saw it—out of it or out of my eyes—

something never to return any more.

I hope nobody will suppose I am sentimentally minded—quite the reverse is the case. I resolved to take the management of the whole matter into my own hands after this, and quite to exclude Arabella from having anything to do with it. In this spirit I got down at the pretty new inn at Kenmore, got the most charming rooms, a famous fire and tea, without consulting anybody. Arabella came in looking a little ashamed of herself, and young A— much amused, as was natural. Then began a comical scene. I set their enormities before them, as was proper; and Arabella, poor old soul! with all the consciousness of guilt, began to justify herself. She declared she had seen everything all along the way; she protested she

could not tell what I meant. She went into an elderly flutter and palpitation, and appealed to young A— whether she had been doing anything wrong. Actually the dear old creature believed she had been flirting, and did not know what to say of herself. Was there ever anything more absurd? If I had been silent all day long, I assure you I had the laugh on my side now. And so ended the day we spent in dog-carts, driving through the rain from Loch Awe to Loch Tay. I am merciful. I let Arabella off. I said no more about it; but I must say it was not for nothing that I spent that day in silence with my umbrella up, seeing more hills and mists than I ever saw in my life, and put out of the way by my companions, under pretence of giving me the best seat, upon the driving-box.

THIRD DAY.—BY REGINALD A——, ESQ.

After the narratives of my fair friends, I need not enter into any explanation of the little difficulties and hitches of the journey. The good old ladies enjoyed it, I don't doubt, in spite of all, and were as good friends as ever, like a pair of old doves, the next morning, when the missing sun presented himself, and we were at length able to set out with comfort on foot to see the beautiful grounds of Taymouth. I got along with them famously, I am glad to say, and was able, with a little trouble, to make myself agreeable in a way flattering to a fellow's self-regard who has had his disappointments in the service of woman, like most other people. The greatest bore in it all was when one happened to meet an acquaintance, and was led to mention, in a cursory way, that one was in charge of a party of ladies, never thinking that the venerable companions of one's voyage were about to sally forth, and dissipate at a blow that agreeable illusion. But indeed a man must be more hard-hearted than I can boast of being,

who would grudge the trouble which gave those good creatures their innocent holiday. I don't mean to say I should be very ready to undertake it again: but I don't regret the three days.

And what a famous place Taymouth is, when one gets a little sunshine to see it by! A beautiful loch in front, quite by itself, and unlike all the other lochs; famous wood, unlimited shooting, and a princely size and style of place altogether. I should not mind going down there on the 12th, or any period presently thereafter, at the chieftain's pleasure—nor, indeed, of bestowing my leisure upon him, whenever he thinks fit to honour me with an invitation. I don't know a better specimen of composed and sober grandeur; and with all those beautiful glades and trees about—the trout in the Tay and the deer on the hill—a man might manage to be a Marquess without feeling inevitably doomed to bore himself to death. I am not sure, however, that I don't prefer the Duke of Atholl's quiet cottage as

tablishment at Dunkeld, where that same Tay makes nature beautiful. The drive down the valley (accomplished, not in a dog-cart, but with dignity in a carriage, where we were all inside, and I—my modesty will scarcely permit me to write the words—was able to divide my attentions equally) was calm, but agreeable. Neither the society nor the scenery were exciting; and the exceptional character of yesterday's proceedings in the rain having subsided into common comfort, no incident occurred worth mentioning. The feature of Dunkeld, as everybody knows, is the river; and nobody can possibly expect me to describe that well-known scene. Arabella might, but I doubt whether it would be to edification. The day was calm, and as I have said, not exciting in its enjoyment, and the evening was amicably spent in lamentations over our approaching separation, and settling of the route by which the fair travellers were to proceed when I left them the next morning—a matter not concluded without trouble. The tendency women have to go back upon their decisions, and reconsider the whole matter, is remarkable. I wonder if they carry it equally into all the arrangements of life.

Next morning I took my fair friends into Perth, and placed them in the railway carriage which was to convey them back into the bosoms of their families. I will not attempt to describe the trembling lip, the suppressed sigh, the falter-

ing and too-feeling acknowledgments with which this parting was accomplished. When the inexorable train plunged out of sight, one of the kind creatures was bending forward, her eager lips moving with some last words; but my melancholy fate prevented me hearing that affecting message. With their heads full of lochs and mountains, mists and torrents, and with, I am bound to say, an amount of gratitude highly gratifying to receive, but which I do not feel myself to have deserved in its full extent, my fair companions disappeared out of these latitudes; and I went on my way rejoicing.

At this moment I sit in a very different scene, at a sunny window, overlooking, through half-cut openings in the trees, a distant scene of sea and city, too charming to be indicated more plainly—but at a nearer point of vision, overlooking the lawn from which the battered but bland face of that new denizen of polite society known as "Aunt Sally" beams upward benignant upon my thoughtful gaze. Last night a little group of figures gathered round that venerable vision. Ah me! can you imagine any region in the world to which one would not wander joyfully in such company? The hand that poises that skillful missile, dispenses fate and fortune. Miss Arabella was a judge more lenient. I was somebody while I was the champion and guard of the dear old ladies. A creature of eighteen is competent to put her yoke upon me now.*

* I add a note. I recall the concluding word of the penultimate paragraph above. A week has come and gone since I bade farewell to the companions of these three days. Ever after—day by day—even amid the excitement of Aunt Sally and Louisa's smiles, their memory has come back to me with a gratefulness of tenderly lingering fancy that does not diminish, but is increasing still. I bless the day I started on our tour. I bless the day of the dog-carts. Blessed among all days be the day spent between Taymouth and Dunkeld. Instead of going, like Christian, on my way "rejoicing," as rashly stated above, I recall the souvenir of Lord Ullin, which our first day's voyage brought to mind, and say, that on the last of that eventful pilgrimage I was, like him, "left lamenting." No more.

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SCOTLAND AND HER ACCUSERS.

SCOTLAND is once more upon her trial. The poor old country bears a certain conjugal relationship to her richer neighbour, which is fruitful of criticism. The amiable comments with which a man's family and relatives are apt to receive his wife, and accompany at intervals her course through life, convey a lively idea of the manner in which the smaller and poorer country, received into reluctant equality with the larger, is assailed at the various periods of their joint career. Not that the husband regrets his marriage, or that any reference to Sir Cresswell Cresswell looms darkly on their future fate, but only that there is a certain relish in reporting the follies of all the poor lady's sisters and brethren, and that her own foibles show salient upon the calm background of domestic life. Such has been the luck of our ancient kingdom. Wedded, not without boastfulness like many a bride, she has had her struggles in the new family relationship, which has bound the hands but not the tongues of the two spouses. The best of married people are not without a certain satisfaction in the possession of a ready taunt, which may either aggravate or sub-

due on occasion the other side of the house; and perhaps, while the present world lasts, this condition of matrimony will last along with the institution. In the happy espousals of the United Kingdom this amiable human element never was wanting; but there are occasions when it takes special force. One of these crises has just occurred, and the culprit stands once more at the bar. Her assailants are threefold at least; and what with the sneers of a skirmishing band of general literature, the grave direct assault of the Historic Muse in its most serious development, and the insane defence which aids their efforts, our respected and venerable parent, suddenly brought to a standstill in her respectable and busy career, and amazed at the face of battle which she has done nothing to provoke, is in a position to call forth the sympathies of all her friends and lovers. At the present moment, when her mind is much more occupied with Highland expeditions and country rambles than with subjects less agreeable—when, before the trees have browned, with no direful bondage of the season upon her freeborn limbs, her thoughts are bent upon the gleaming locks

indented in her coasts, and the shadowy hills which overlook them—it is hard to be called upon to stand and clear her reputation before she takes her year's holiday. However, matters have come to a crisis. Not for the first nor the last time, nor by reason of any special misdeed of the moment, is this sudden assault brought about. Nor does it produce any tragical results in the mind of the startled heroine of the occasion. She is amazed, but not overcome, by the unexpected tempest. Thanking heaven that there are few countries in the world which require to form their estimate of the Scottish character at second hand either from a Buckle or a Blackie, Scotland is able to bear the storm with very philosophical composure. It is old ground, often gone over—often, doubtless, to be gone over again; for the estimate formed by one nation of another is something utterly beyond reason, and impervious to argument; with which comfortable conviction let us see what her critics have to say against Scotland, and whether that poor old lady can find anything to say for herself.

Three pictures side by side present themselves before us, each claiming to be an authentic portrait of the face which we know so well. The first is drawn in light and sketchy outlines, with features caricatured, indeed, but recognisable. Here it is an eager, alert, and energetic figure, which looms red and strong through the traditionary mists; a figure rich in traditionary features, high cheek-boned, red-haired—covetous but enterprising, prompt, shrewd, selfish, clear-sighted, fortunate—always on the outlook for opportunities of personal advantage, generally most successful in seizing them—unscrupulous, but not unkind, ready to lend a hand to another Scot, or even, no Scot being in the way, to any fit follower—always steady, cool, pertinacious; a figure so distinct and well defined that it does credit to the popular imagination. Emotions

are few in this development of character, and graces do not exist. It has no enthusiasm, no humour, in its composition. In face of a joke it stares blankly, but in sight of an investment or a promising occupation becomes immediately acute. It goes out upon the world raw-boned (whatever that may be) and hungry, and returns, weighted with money, or covered with decorations, amid sneers and plaudits. Such is the Scotch character, as renowned in contemporary journals and periodical literature. Of this native stuff, all unadorned and unsusceptible of adornment, Generals and Chancellors are made. And when they die, it is recorded of them how, being Scotch, they had but to set out to conquer Fortune, when fortune flew into their arms.

The next portrait is very different. The air trembles with sighs more vulgar but scarce less dreadful than those of the *Inferno*. The heavens are dark above, and the earth is desolate below. Through the murky atmosphere appears a frantic figure in a pulpit, uttering wild denunciations; underneath, a cowed and wretched assemblage sits groaning. A melancholy ascetic sits in grim self-inquisition in the front of the picture, frowning at earth and heaven; for him no sun lights the world, no music breathes, no beauty exists. Neither love nor human kindness can find entrance into his sullen soul; enterprise, activity, and thought are as foreign to him as love and charity. Too timorous to move a step out of that horrific gloom, he sits amusing himself with hideous speculations upon the future damnation of his neighbours; and if a gleam of ghastly comfort ever enters his heart, it is contained in a reflection of that thanksgiving of the Pharisee, that he is not as other men. Black against the pale unwholesome sky he rises grimly, an apparition wonderful to behold. This is the Scotland which, with much elaboration, Mr. Buckle, who professes to be at once the most unimpassioned and

profound of historians, has just communicated to the world.

And beside this extraordinary presentment rises another scarcely less extraordinary. The scene again is changed. On the top of the softest wooded height, fair, rich, and serene, a shrill outcry and Babel of tongues startles the tender mists. There, all shrill and furious, stands a rampant nationality, grinning desperate in hot spite and malice against her wedded partner — living on the recollection of certain passages of arms between them six or seven centuries ago, and, with all the wild tricks of a mountebank, made doubly absurd by the fact that mountebankism is exotic to the soil and never looks natural, thrusting her infuriate fist into the calm, puzzled face of the companion of her days. This is Professor Blackie's idea upon the subject. The three pictures range together all strange and unlike, with nothing common to them but their name. The Scotch are a nation of adventurers, bound upon getting all the good things that come within their reach, and not at all over-scrupulous as to the means by which they must obtain them. The Scotch are a nation of the sourest ascetics — ascetics of an asceticism unsoftened even by those gleams of light which made monks and convents tolerable; mean, vulgar, and sullen in their self-mortification. The Scotch are a nation of furious patriots, defying all the world, and especially England, to prove them anything but perfection. You can take your choice, for the field is all before you. Scotland has lived as long a lifetime as most nations, and done such work as she had to do with tolerable effectiveness. What she has done is written in various histories; what she is, does not appear very hard to come at, seeing the doors of her house are open, and travellers come and go without let or hindrance; yet some certain inherent mystery must surely exist in the country of which so many conflicting representations are given to the world.

We will not enter into any discussion of the first of these pictures. It is two or three centuries old at least, a consistent imagination: let us be thankful that the ancient luck of the Scot is unabated. If he is still as red-haired, as high-cheeked, and as raw-boned as ever, it is creditable to the stamina of the original race which produced him; and far be it from us to complain of the success which has attended the enterprises of our brethren. With modesty we acknowledge that we *have* made ourselves a little remarkable over the face of the world — that for “gardeners and ministers, and a’ kind o’ head-work, they maun come to huz,” as a Scotch gardener is said to have remarked to the Scotch rector of his parish — and that, whether mounted upon other people's shoulders or by means of their own personal stature, not a few Scotch heads rise over the crowd in every direction. With equanimity we accept the laudatory spitefulness of other people's remarks on this national peculiarity. Let them laugh who win. If Scotch failures were uppermost instead of Scotch successes, it might not be so easy to show a Christian spirit.

But Mr. Buckle's theory demands a very different treatment. At the outset, however, let us discriminate between the object and the scene of the attack. Much virtuous indignation, it appears to us, has been wasted by imagining the assault of the historian of Civilisation to be directed against Scotland in her own venerable person. The real state of the case is not so. Mr. Buckle is much too profound and abstract a thinker to care two straws about Scotland. A country is to him a certain stretch of territory with such and such peculiar features of formation and climate. His science does not concern itself with men or their individualities. Whether the puppets on that stage are Scots or Turks is a matter of total indifference to the philosopher who sweeps off generation after generation of the puny creatures before

the iron hammer of his inexorable machine can have its sweep or strike its blow. Laws and influences, not men or manners, are the material in which he works. The scope of his labours is grand, but inhuman. Perhaps it is a reaction against the late tendencies of history to concentrate itself upon picturesque occurrences and individual character, which presents before us this dumb, blindfolded, austere development of the Historic Muse. The guide of Mr. Buckle's researches stalks through the insignificant world which scarcely seems big enough to contain her full stature, sweeping off races of men with her skirts as she passes — a blank, inexorable figure, moving her blind hands among chords of stern necessity, incapable of human smiles or tears. To suppose her able to comprehend those infinite spiritual things which go on upon the human soil, would be impertinence to her pretensions. She knows how to-day originates to-morrow and how embryo centuries swell in the bosom of the present time. She knows the echo of those sequences inexorable as Time, and which ring forth hollow through an uninhabited firmament the experiences of universal life, but has neither ear to hear, nor eye to note the ineffable individualities in which God and His creatures meet. To suppose this marble-faced Juno to flush with the warmth of personal or national antagonism, is preposterous. She has no likings or enmities. Only principles or things can she strike with her blind mace, and not either nations or men.

Accordingly it will be evident to any one — even to any Scotchman — who calmly reads Mr. Buckle's second volume, that with Scotland the historian has no real quarrel. It is a certain visible presence in Scotland which fires with abstract vengeance his impersonal intellect. This he calls Superstition. But it is evident that the word means more, in Mr. Buckle's acceptation of it, than the sense it conveys to the common mind. With some people it means

a belief in ghosts and witchcraft — a perennial belief largely reappearing at the present day — in omens and supernatural portents. Superstition to one set of minds appears in the endless ceremonials of a mass, and to another in the seclusion of a Protestant Sunday. Mesmerism is a superstition — spirit-rappings are superstition; it is superstition which makes the child fear the darkness, and the man tremble at sights and sounds for which his reason cannot account. Mr. Buckle's meaning of the word is more comprehensive. His superstition is an organised system curiously wrought into form by skilful disciplinarian tricks for the preservation of order, by heavy penalties upon immorality, by appeals to God, and proclamations of His greatness — a system managed by a singular body of men, who, though varied in every circumstance of life, yet retain, by virtue of their office, a certain inhuman character always recognisable, and a tenacity of purpose, seldom, alas! to be found among ordinary men. This superstition leads men to make outcries of supplication to God when trouble overtakes them; it teaches them to consider the world and all its movements as in the hand of a great unseen supernatural Agent, whose will is everywhere paramount — it directs their thoughts to an ideal conception of life, in which everything is subsidiary to this great overruling will. Such is the Superstition which Mr. Buckle marks out as the aim of his arrows. Other people might be disposed to call it the Christian religion; but under whatever name it may be known, this, and not Scotland, is the object of our historian's wrath.

It is a difficult and unpleasant argument by which to vindicate even one's country and race. To accuse a man of being an enemy to religion is doubtless to prejudice his cause in some degree with those whose minds are much under the influence of that superstition, and to avail ourselves of a weapon too

serious for common use. Nevertheless Mr. Buckle has left us no resource. He has not spared in the expression of his own sentiments, nor has he abstained from pointing these sentiments by sayings which, in a less exalted and abstract thinker, would be spiteful and undignified. He has, at the same time, foreseen that such a reproach might be addressed to him, and has already taken advantage of it in a fine piece of pathos, and sad martyr-declaration of all he foregoes and denies himself in his grand historical investigations. Let us not attempt to detract from the interesting attitude in which, amid all the abstractions of his work, the curtain, suddenly opening, discloses the man Buckle, melancholy yet resigned, sacrificing himself willingly, yet not without a due sense of the greatness of the immolation, upon the altar of historic science. Pity that the sacrifice so magnanimously offered should wait there unconsumed for want of some friendly hand to light the pile!

We will, however, content ourselves with demonstrating the real antagonist, against whom, with many feints at Scotland, Mr. Buckle puts himself in battle array. To defend the Christian religion as established either in Scotland or any other country is much too vast a matter for these pages, and one for which we feel no immediate vocation; while at the same time it is a fact most evident, and doubtless one of the greatest proofs of her superstition, that Scotland will not object to be put on trial for her Christianity, nor to be found guilty of much religiousness; and by her faith, whatever men may please to call it, will be content to stand or fall.

"Of all Protestant countries," says Mr. Buckle, "Scotland is certainly the one where the course of affairs has for the longest period been most favourable to the interests of superstition. . . . If the reader will bear in mind what I have elsewhere stated, he will remember that the two principal sources of superstition are ignorance and danger—ignorance keeping men unacquainted with natural causes, and danger making them recur to supernatural ones; or, in other

words, the feeling of veneration, which, under one of its aspects, takes the form of superstition, is a product of wonder and fear; and it is obvious that wonder is connected with ignorance, and that fear is connected with danger. Hence it is that whatever in any country increases the amount of amazement, or whatever in any country increases the total amount of peril, has a direct tendency to increase the total amount of superstition, and therefore to strengthen the hands of the priesthood. By applying these principles to Scotland we shall be able to explain several facts in the history of that country. In the first place, the features of its scenery offer a marked contrast to those of England, and are much more likely, among an ignorant people, to suggest effective and permanent superstitions. . . . Similar results were produced by the incessant and sanguinary wars to which Scotland was exposed. . . . Whatever religion may be in the ascendant, the influence of its ministers is invariably strengthened by a long and dangerous war, the uncertainties of which perplex the minds of men, and induce them, when natural resources are failing, to call on the supernatural for help. On such occasions the clergy rise in importance, the churches are more than usually filled, and the priest, putting himself forward as the exponent of the wishes of God, assumes the language of authority, and either comforts the people under their losses in a righteous cause, or else explains to them that these losses are sent as a visitation for their sins, and as a warning that they have not been sufficiently attentive to their religious duties; in other words, that they have neglected rites and ceremonies, in the performance of which the priest himself has a personal interest."

From this foundation Mr. Buckle goes on to show how Scotland as a nation has been formed almost entirely by priestly influence. The first step in the progress is the deadly war entered into between the nobles and the Church, which produced the Reformation. Here the canvass is filled with the combatants alone. If the people exist at all, they exist only in the shape of a gaping group in the corner of the picture, utterly uninstructed, and indifferent to the conflict. "The

Protestant movement, which in other countries was democratic, was in Scotland aristocratic," we are informed; and consequently, "the Reformation not being the work of the people, has never produced the effects which might have been expected from it, and which it did produce in England." But curious phenomena did result from that singular struggle. After a deadly and desperate conflict the clergy succumbed to the rude persuasion of the Mortons and Lindsays. The nobles "in 1560 completely overthrew the Church, and destroyed almost at a blow the whole of the Scotch hierarchy." "Great things were augured from its fall," Mr. Buckle informs us — but vain was the augury. The nobles, enlightened beyond their age, believed that the defunct institution could be dispensed with, according to our historian. But they deceived themselves. "They did not see that, in the state of society in which they lived, superstition was inevitable, and that therefore the spiritual classes, though depressed for a moment, were sure speedily to rise again. The nobles had overturned the Church; but the principles on which Church authority is based remained intact. All that was done was to change the name and the form. A new hierarchy was quickly organised, which succeeded the old one in the affections of the people." This new hierarchy was the half-instructed, unordained, hastily-assembled men, who became the ministers of the new development of superstition. No sacred succession made them members of a sacerdotal caste; no magical chrism anointed them into a race differing from their fellows. They were ordinary members of society, and not separated celibates; and loudly proclaimed themselves preachers, and not priests. All this makes no difference to the historian, who sees deeper than we do. He does not pause to tell us whether the substitution of one Church for another was a matter inevitable to that state of society alone, nor whether in his opinion the Church could be more satisfactorily overthrown in the nineteenth century. It is enough to know that men could not exist without some form of superstition in the sixteenth. But this new development of "the spiritual classes" brings to light another new development still more notable. The conflict hitherto had been between the clergy and the king against the nobles. Now, the king had changed into the deadliest enemy of that new, ever-pugnacious, undaunted sacerdotal caste; and in a moment the scene opens up, and the newly-constituted priesthood shows itself in battle array at the head of a new entity called the people, which somehow seems to have come into existence in a fortuitous and unexpected manner between hands. And a wider drama opens to the historic eye — wide in its results, but profoundly paltry and mean in its beginning. At that notable and troublous point in the history of Scotland, the nobles, having the power in their hands, decreed *that the Reformed clergy should only receive one sixth of the property of the Church*. It is possible that the common reader may not see the mighty issues involved in this simple and easily-comprehended fact. In this germ lay all the liberties of Scotland, and much of the grandeur of England. Universal revolution, change of dynasty, general substitution of new things for old throughout this island, were involved in that nucleus of sordid reality. So easy is it to come to the origin of the grandest results, when a searching philosophic eye like that of Mr. Buckle follows home the bewildering clue.

Hence all the convulsions that followed — the tenacious force of Scotch resistance, and tragical resolute defence of liberty, beneficial as it was hereafter, originated in the fury of priests deprived of their pay. It is a fit beginning of the drama. As it goes on, the historian is ob-

lized to make strange confessions. He admits that the people which a few years before was passive or non-existent, was now a people so sound and strong at heart that "a bad government, bad laws, or laws badly administered," could "produce no permanent mischief" to it. All the powers of a nobility enlightened enough to see no necessity for a religious superstition, all the strength of king and government, "could only harm, but never ruin" a nation which was, notwithstanding, inspired and led on and animated by the spirit of a parcel of priests rendered desperate by the universal failure of their stipends! How that anomaly came about, Mr. Buckle does not pause to explain; the fact was simply so. Inspired with this noble principle, the clergy incited the crowd, and the crowd, in grim unanimity, went after the clergy, through unspeakable trials of constancy, and "a tyranny so cruel and so exhausting that it would have broken the energy of almost any other nation." For an author who professes to make clear the principles of history and show its secret working, this is a strange dilemma to land in. Were the Scotch an uninstructed, miserable race, fighting blindly for superstition and their clergy's pay? but how, then, were they so sound at the core, and so full of the spirit of freedom, that "their liberties were indestructible?" A horde of half-savage superstitious peasants, led on by an infuriate bigot band, scarce better educated, and in no respect better born or more enlightened than themselves, never before accomplished such a warfare. The secret must surely lie somewhat deeper than that "one-sixth of the Church's revenues." There are some facts which speak a silent language above the reach of reason. Posterity has never yet been found sufficiently enlightened to allow that the men who wrought out, or who preserved through blood and tears, her liberties and rights, could be in reality a despicable race, with the meanest of motives. This seems,

however, about all that Mr. Buckle can make, with the height of philosophy, of the great turning-point of modern fate. "General causes" (namely, the fact that their ministers proceeded from among themselves, and identified their cause with the popular interest) "made the people love their clergy, and made the clergy" (*i.e.*, the opposition of the nobles and the loss of five-sixths of the ancient Church's revenues) "love liberty." And so they held out together through unexampled trials, and, through the depths of distress and hardship, won their aim. For once in the world the metaphorical thistle, all sour and rugged, brought forth grapes. But Mr. Buckle somehow does not see the inconsistency between the tree and its fruit.

Such are the facts upon which Mr. Buckle forms his theory of Scottish character. Given an uneducated, rude, selfish, and arrogant priesthood, who have, by means of sundry good services rendered in strange contradiction to their own character, gained unbounded mastery over the people; and a people blindly subservient, and bound in a kind of rude idolatry to the priests, —what, according to all the rules of Bacon and the inductive philosophy, is like to be the issue? This is the problem which Mr. Buckle has taken upon him to solve. It is a question which has been before this time submitted to the world — nay, brought down to the level of the meanest capacity by special correspondents and newspaper manufacturers, whose invidious comparisons between the fields of Connaught and those of Ulster, between Spain and Switzerland — nay, even between Italy, the queen of hearts, and this same poor Scotland, who is now at the bar on her own account — everybody must recollect. These vulgar observers tell us that the very roads and hedgerows, the cabins and pig-sties, the peasant's coat and daily fare, speak out the effects of supreme priestdom without a shade of doubtfulness. They find it written in picturesque, decisive characters over the entire face

of the country—a testimony that cannot be mistaken. But Mr. Buckle scorns such vulgar data. Instead of seeking his evidence in the golden Lothians, headquarters and stronghold of superstition as they are, he has found a safer and less troublesome field of observation in the British Museum. Happily for him, between the pauses of their warfare in the seventeenth century all the priests of Scotland wrote sermons. And does not everybody know that in the sermons of a country that country's life and manners are found in all their freshest individuality? Mr. Buckle has gone *con amore* into this fresh and original field. His proofs are overwhelming. Who can doubt them? The very titles of the books out of which he has composed his chapter on the *Scottish Intellect during the Seventeenth Century* are of themselves a monument of research and recondite learning. It is true he has just told us that the Scottish intellect—the Scottish heart—the Scottish thews and sinews—were fighting for bare life during that century, and one might humbly venture to suggest that the boot and the thumbkins were not unlikely to have a certain effect upon the literature, and still more upon the oratory of the period. But Mr. Buckle skilfully withdraws the attention of the reader from these cruel facts when he reaches this point of his subject. He adopts the expedient which he afterwards describes as used by Adam Smith in his *Philosophy*. As that great thinker separated the motives of humanity into the two opposite principles of sympathy and selfishness, and treated each arbitrarily by itself, leaving the modifying influences of the other out of the question, so Mr. Buckle has skilfully distinguished between the work and the intellect of the time whose portrait he has set before us with so much pains. There is no actual want of honesty in the division, yet few readers will go through this book without coming to the natural conclusion that the age

of sermons and dreadful penalties herein recorded, came after, and was the products of the age of clerical fighting and persecution which has just been described. But when we remember that the extreme severity of social rules, or rather of rules ecclesiastical, into the detail of which Mr. Buckle enters so lovingly, were contemporary with the persecutions under which, he himself confesses, the energy of almost any other nation would have succumbed, a different light dawns upon the subject. A man who is so far gone in superstition as to think prayer and worship necessary, yet who knows he is liable to be shot through the head any day, as other men have been, for the sake of his "religious exercises," may be forgiven if heaven and earth look somewhat gloomy to him under such a state of affairs. If a larger portion of the Scotch nation than of most others turned their troubled eyes from earth to heaven under such circumstances, and came actually to believe, as we all say we believe, that there indeed was their resting-place, and that the intermediate pilgrimage was sore and heavy, even Mr. Buckle, one might suppose, could pity and forgive the natural infatuation. The Scottish intellect in the seventeenth century had work to do other than literature; and one cannot help feeling that the man who professes to approve, and admire the results of that work takes an unfair advantage of the laborers, all wounded and weary in the midst of their toil, when he takes the unpremeditated utterance of their lips and sets it up scornfully before calm eyes in disjunction from those agonies which might dim the calmest sight with tears. Inflexible historic science may have no human charity for the priest who preaches at hazard of his life; but even that superlative critic does an unfair and dishonest thing when it ventures to quote such preachings, apart from their surrounding circumstances as the common intel-

lectual staple of a historic period. Those stories which Mr. Buckle quotes in cold blood from good traditional Wodrow — stories which, we are bound to acknowledge, have a great charm for our own superstitions and unenlightened understanding—display the most natural tendencies of that human imagination which inevitably (though superstitiously) claims a supernatural protection for persecuted goodness and heroism, of whatever description they may be; and if filled up with all the dark story which is suppressed behind them, would become as touching as in their present connection they seem preposterous. Such is art! If Mr. Buckle had not made this clever separation, how could he possibly have made out his theory? We love literature too well not to be indulgent to the exigencies of the craft. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and his *Moral Sentiments*, are not always read together, though Mr. Buckle says they ought to be; and it is difficult to interweave again those strands which our historian has untwisted so carefully, and to make out the complete picture thus split into two. The condition and intellect of a century are partners of an indissoluble union, especially when the course of the period in question is passed in trouble and commotion, with confused noises and garments rolled in blood. And when it is remembered that herein lies the strength of Mr. Buckle's argument, the artifice is doubly discreditable to a workman of pretensions so high and aim so great.

However, it is not Scotland who is the culprit; that unhappy country is only the victim of the dread spirit, Superstition or Theology, or, to give it its common name, Christianity, under whose shadow all joys wither. After he has exhausted himself over the sermons, personal anecdotes, and session records of the "persecution," Mr. Buckle thus clearly identifies the object of his indignation:

"But though philosophers have failed in their effort to lessen the pleasures of mankind, there is another body of men who, in making the same attempt, have

met with far greater success. I mean, of course, the theologians, who, considered as a class, have, in every country and in every age, deliberately opposed themselves to gratifications which are essential to the happiness of an overwhelming majority of the human race. Raising up a God of their own creation, whom they hold out as a lover of penance, of sacrifice, and of mortification, they, under this pretence, forbid enjoyments which are not only innocent but praiseworthy. . . . On this, however, I need not dilate; for inasmuch as men are, almost every year, and certainly every generation, becoming more accustomed to close and accurate reasoning, just in the same proportion is the conviction spreading that theologians proceed from arbitrary assumptions for which they have no proof, except by appealing to other assumptions equally arbitrary and equally unproven. Their whole system reposes upon fear, and upon fear of the worst kind; since, according to them, the great Author of our being has used His omnipotence in so cruel a manner as to endow His creatures with tastes, instincts, and desires which He not only forbids them to gratify, but which, if they do gratify, will bring on themselves eternal punishment. What the theologians are to the closet, that are the priests to the pulpit. The theologians work upon the studious who read; the clergy act upon the idle who listen. Seeing, however, that the same man often performs both offices, and seeing, too, that the spirit and tendency of each office are the same, we may, for practical purposes, consider the two classes as identical; and, putting them together and treating them as a whole, it must be admitted, by whoever will take a comprehensive view of what they have actually done, that they have been not only the most bitter foes of human happiness, but the most successful ones. In their high and palmy days, when they reigned supreme, when credulity was universal and doubt unknown, they afflicted mankind in every possible way, enjoining fasts and penances and pilgrimages, teaching their simple and ignorant victims every kind of austerity; teaching them to flog their own bodies, to tear their own flesh, and to mortify the most natural of their appetites. . . . Such ascetic and self-tormenting observances are the inevitable issues of the theological spirit, if that spirit is unchecked.

Now, and owing to the rapid march of our knowledge, it is constantly losing ground, because the scientific and secular spirit is encroaching on its domain. Therefore in our time, and especially in our country, its most repulsive features are disguised, and it is forced to mask its native ugliness. Among our clergy a habit of grave and decent compromise has taken the place of that bold and fiery war which their predecessors waged against a sensual and benighted world. Their threats have perceptibly diminished. They now allow us a little pleasure, a little luxury, a little happiness. The language of power has departed from them. Here and there we find vestiges of the ancient spirit; but this is only among uneducated men addressing an ignorant audience. The superior clergy who have a character to lose are grown cautious. . . . Still, though much of this has vanished, enough remains to show what the theological spirit is, and to justify a belief that nothing but the pressure of public opinion prevents it from breaking out into its former extravagance. Many of the clergy persist in attacking the pleasures of the world, forgetting that not only the world, but all which the world contains, is the work of the Almighty, and that the instincts and desires which they stigmatise as unholy are part of His gifts to man. They have yet to learn that our appetites, being as much a portion of ourselves as any other quality we possess, ought to be indulged, otherwise the whole individual is not developed. . . . Never before was the practice of life so arduous. . . . Every addition to our knowledge, every fresh idea, opens up new difficulties, and gives birth to new combinations. Under this accumulated pressure we shall assuredly sink, if we imitate the credulity of our forefathers, who allowed their energies to be cramped and weakened by those pernicious notions which the clergy, partly from ignorance and partly from interest, have in every age palmed on the people, and have thereby diminished the national happiness, and retarded the march of national prosperity."

This is at least plain speaking. Let nobody henceforward suppose that such a tiny spot of earth as Scotland attracts, or can attract, any fire so lofty as the indignation of Mr. Buckle. That superstition which in every age has lessened the happiness of humanity,

and constituted, by the mere fact of receiving them into its service, a large number of ordinarily virtuous and common-place men into the most bitter foes of the comfort of their race, is the real object of that exalted displeasure. It is Christianity that stands in Mr. Buckle's way—Christianity which has the audacity to declare that the love of money, for example, is an evil emotion, instead of being a passion which has done more good to mankind than any other, according to Mr. Buckle's knowledge. This fact being clearly recognised, what more can we have to say? Is it worth our while to fight fiercely in behalf of this corner of the vineyard, as the poor preachers would say? Our author does not care for this corner of the vineyard. We have only to deliver over our hapless clergy to his tender mercies, and we shall be immediately as good as the best, an eminent and notable people. It is not Scotland *versus* England, or even *versus* Buckle; it is Civilisation against Christianity. The issue is, as we have already said, too wide for these present pages. But at all events the real antagonist ought to be acknowledged.

To return, however, to our ancient mother. All the facts on which Mr. Buckle supports his theory of Scotch national character are derived from the seventeenth century. Following events go directly in his face; and as for the present, he dismisses that with general and broad assertion, as matter which every body knows. His starting-point, his battle-ground, is that age which he himself describes as engaged in the fiercest, wildest, and most exhausting contest ever undertaken by a nation. We might say, and with truth, that all Mr. Buckle's elaborate compilations from the literature of that age may be matched whenever he pleases from any collection of sermons, and are consequently not individual to Scotland. Mr. Spurgeon himself, we don't doubt, could furnish from his own works alone a very satisfactory balance to the literature of the persecution. But that is a point which anybody may take up who chooses. The unhand-some fact in Mr. Buckle's argument

is, that he takes a period most plainly and wildly exceptional—a period which he has just described as convulsed with the most terrible struggle, and in which the wonder was how life itself remained, and calmly, with no allusion to the frightful crisis then existing, sets forth the voice of its agony as the intellectual exponent of the age! Mr. Buckle is too well informed not to know that the work of that age was resistance; that the epics of that age were writ in blood—not sung, but endured; that the arguments of that age were cold steel and burning fire, and the counter arguments were tortured flesh and afflicted soul, anguish and patience sometimes, oftener a martyr passion, intelligible enough to the human heart, if not to the philosophic eye. The experiments made in that century were made upon flesh and blood, upon life and limb, upon heart and soul; how much a human creature, a Christian nation, could endure without annihilation, was the curious problem investigated in these days. Mr. Buckle knows the issue of that experiment. He tells us of it calmly, not without lofty commendations, and then goes behind his screen and produces the outcries of that long agony as the best productions of the Scottish intellect, and grand evidence of Scottish character. Such a mode of operation shows a contempt for human suffering wonderfully unworthy of a philosopher.

We do not profess to cope with Mr. Buckle on the high philosophic ground he has assumed, but we venture to believe that by his own favourite means of reasoning a different conclusion might be arrived at in respect to Scotch character—certainly on fairer, broader, and less doubtful ground. Let us suppose that stranger who conveniently dropped from the skies or appeared from the wilderness in the eighteenth century, whenever a fresh observer was needed, to descend to our assistance now. Let us show him this much-abused and much-

lauded country, with all her defects of climate and soil. Let us show him her busy towns, all noisy with trade and enterprise; let us show him her model fields, where high farming came into being; let us bring him into sight of her inventions and manufactures—her ships upon all waters, her wares in many markets; let us tell him how poor she was once, how lucky and fortunate all the world has pronounced her since. If the stranger is of literary tastes, let us go back a little, and show him Edinburgh half a century since; let us bring him to wit of the greatest novelist ever known in any country, and of the crowd of brilliant critics who have made that modern branch of art. Let us make him acquainted with songs unrivalled at least in the common language of this island, and ballads that have welled for ages spontaneously out of the national heart. If he is musical, let us open to him the tender melodies, and quicken his limbs with the strathspeys that are native to our soil. As his curiosity rises let us take him back, by indubitable paths of history, through Mr. Buckle's own book, if Mr. Buckle pleases, to the eighteenth century, with its crowd of illustrious thinkers—illustrious all, though so far influenced by national theological habit as to be deductive philosophers. What does anybody suppose our starry visitant would conclude from this broad Baconian bottom of facts and visible realities? That Scotland was the creation of a fanatic clergy, afraid to call her soul her own, bound in sevenfold bonds of superstition, abject terror, and blind bigotry? Such celestial visitants, so far as our memory goes, are not given to laughter, but the gravity of the spheres could scarcely resist such a question. Bright vignettes of social life stretching back would tempt us further: here is Lady Anne Lindsay with her delightful lantern throwing a sunshine into the gloom. There is Carlyle of Inveresk (a priest too, save the mark! and necessarily, according to

Mr. Buckle, a bitter foe to human happiness), disclosing that rubicund and jolly society which certainly showed little tendency to asceticism. Further back is Allan Ramsay, with *his* society, not morose, to speak of. Furthest back of all, immersed in the very deepest gloom of the seventeenth century, that chosen starting-point of our philosopher's inductions, the darkness clears around the sweet footsteps of Grizel Baillie, noble, cheerful, courageous gentlewoman. Ah, dear visitor from the stars, do not you see it all as clear as daylight? — is not the influence of a horrible creed and hideous theology apparent everywhere? — could anything but the tyranny of the kirk-session have stimulated the Scotch imagination into those songs which palpitate over the bosom of the land, and which certainly have no popular parallel in merry England? Is it not certain that this must be the morosest of nations, which thrills even your celestial limbs into dancing measures with the "snap" of its characteristic music? Previous observers have been disposed to take such evidences of popular life as testimony quite as good, perhaps more valuable, than sermons; and Bacon himself could not desire a fuller body of evidence. The question is, then, which shall we choose as the best ground upon which to judge Scotland—the sermons and kirk-session records of an age of wild and furious persecution, or the popular human life of a less exceptional existence? The latter is certainly more intelligible to the ordinary understanding, and can be got at with less laborious research. Mr. Buckle's picture is drawn from the *words* of men whom persecution had done its best to drive mad; ours, which, but for the necessary limits of space, we could enlarge almost to any extent of detail, is from *facts* apparent in the open sunshine. Due time and space permitting, we are ready to enter into any amount of probation which our author may condescend to require.

At the same time, doubtless, the Scottish character, approached from this point of view, would not have been nearly so serviceable to Mr. Buckle. Let us not overlook that important part of the subject. Far be it from us to oppose ourselves to the legitimate necessities of literature. We, too, are well aware of the exigencies of the trade, and remember, feelingly, how one must ruin one's heroine's father, or disinherit one's hero, sadly though it goes against one's feelings, if one would ever hope to reach a third volume. On this familiar ground, heaven forbid that we should hinder Mr. Buckle of his will. If Scotland is necessary to the completeness of the general argument and the manufacture of the volume, make, as she herself would say, "a kirk and a mill" of her, dear brother author! May she help you out of your difficulties; but it is hard, on the whole, to put up with the assertion that it is all in the interests of truth and science, and never a word of the Book!

Mr. Buckle will perhaps permit us also to point out to him a few errors in detail into which he has fallen. We will not venture to suggest that the clergy of the Scotch Church have never taken upon themselves the character of *priests*, but indeed have always protested against that sacerdotal assumption to a degree which modern refinement cannot approve of; but our historian must permit us to explain certain features in the constitution of the Scotch Church on which his extensive researches do not seem to have enlightened him. "According to the Presbyterian polity, which reached its height in the seventeenth century, the clergyman of the parish selected a number of laymen on whom he could depend, and who, under the name of elders, were his councillors, or rather the ministers of his authority. They, when assembled together, formed what was called the Kirk-Session, and this little court, which enforced the decisions uttered in

the pulpit, was so supported by the superstitious reverence of the people that it was far more powerful than any lay tribunal. By its aid the minister became supreme." Were this stated in a different way, it might be made to appear the finest nucleus of domestic representative government, and it has been often admiringly dwelt upon as the grand element of strength in Presbyterian order. However, it is not at the minister's choice to select his own tools for this office; and he knows little of human nature who can suppose that a dozen or half-a-dozen pragmatical Scotch peasants, or Scotchmen of any condition of life, are likely to give in so entirely to the dictates of the one clerical member of their little court as to make the minister supreme. Would that Mr. Buckle had but a year, a month, of that trial! Would that he could but appreciate the trying position of the hapless priest under the preponderating influence of his session! "The people of Scotland," says a Scotch clergyman, with rueful humour, "are not a priest-ridden but a priest-riding community." The difference is great and significant. In the little circle of a Scotch parish, the minister, always there to be criticised and talked of, is fortunate if he is not sat upon by his whole district, who take charge of the soundness of his theology, and the propriety of his life, with a frankness of comment and distinctness of utterance which would probably let Mr. Buckle into some secrets of Scotch character undisclosed by his researches in the British Museum, could the philosophic ear tolerate such teachings. The election of elders throughout all Scotland, and at all times, has been an affair jointly conducted by clergy and people, the common custom being either that the members of the kirk choose their rulers from a list furnished them by the parish priest, or that the priest selects those who please him best from the list offered to him by the parish. In either

case it is well known, and Mr. Buckle might with great ease verify this fact without danger to his life or person—and, indeed, we do not doubt, with some good dinners by the way—that the elders of the parish invariably include some of the most secularly influential men in it, and that, especially in earlier times, ordinary morality and Church membership, combined with a certain social position, made the Presbyterian laird an inevitable elder, and gave the spiritual rulership into the hands of all others least likely to debase it into an instrument of clerical oppression.

We pause, with remorseful pen, before we enter upon another blunder, the utterly ludicrous aspect of which must already, doubtless, have come to the knowledge of our historian. It is the elaborate and detailed account of that project for a national fast, entertained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh at the time when the approach of the cholera was dreaded on all hands. Mr. Buckle enters upon this with all the gusto of a man who has kept his strong point in reserve till the last; and, bringing to his aid the jaunty Premier himself, all ironical in contemptuous wisdom, exposes, with a lofty burst of ridicule and self-complacency, the folly of those priestly fanatics:—

"Moved by that dire superstition which sits like an incubus upon them, they adopted a course which, if it had been carried into full operation, would have aggravated the calamity to a frightful extent. It is well known that whenever an epidemic is raging, physical exhaustion and mental depression make the human frame more liable to it, and are therefore especially to be guarded against. But though this is a matter of common notoriety, the Scotch clergy, backed, sad to say, by the general voice of the Scotch people, wished the public authorities to take a step which was certain to cause physical exhaustion and to encourage mental depression. In the name of religion, whose offices they thus abused and perverted to the detriment of man, instead of employing them for his benefit, they insisted on the propriety of ordering a national fast, which,

in so superstitious a country, was sure to be rigidly kept, and, being rigidly kept, was equally sure to enfeeble thousands of delicate persons, and, before twenty-four hours were passed, prepare them to receive that deadly poison which was already lurking around them, and which hitherto they had just strength enough to resist. . . . On the same occasion the preachers were to thunder from their pulpits, and proclaim aloud the sins of the land, while the poor benighted people, panic-struck, were to sit in awe, *were to remain the whole day without proper nourishment*, and retire to their beds weeping and starved."—(Chap. vii. p. 591.)

We quote chapter and page, lest the entire absurdity of this extract, with its amusing moral indignation, should incline the Scotch reader to doubt our good faith, and the fact of any man in his senses having committed himself in actual print to such utter and ridiculous nonsense. Everybody who knows anything of Scotland, knows that the institution of fasting has long been totally extinct in this superstitious country—being popularly known and stigmatised as a relic of Popish superstition, to be scorned and testified against. So entirely, indeed, is the habit unknown, that the word *fast-day*, a word in common use, suggests to the common Scotch imagination anything in the world rather than abstinence. The Communion is never dispensed in Scotland without being preceded by a *fast-day*, on which occasion the churches and the railway trains are equally filed, and nobody has the remotest idea that it is expected of him to do without his dinner. It is impossible to use words strong enough to express the entire obliteration of any such idea as that of religious fasting from the Scottish mind. Even the moderate restraints of an English Lent would be scouted by the Presbyterian understanding; the ministers would entertain great doubts of its lawfulness, and the voice of the populace would hoot at it as superstition. This, we repeat, every Scotsman, every man in the least acquainted with Scotland,

knows perfectly. We almost feel ourselves drawn into a share in the absurdity of the statement by taking the pains to contradict it soberly. It has been received with one unanimous shout of laughter throughout Scotland, and has no doubt done much towards lessening popular indignation, which might have been expected to rise against Mr. Buckle. This little climax, so skilfully made up, and evidently expected to tell so bitterly, converts the whole argument into an excellent joke, and rounds the volume off with applauses of cordial laughter. It is simply astonishing how a man of Mr. Buckle's powers could have permitted himself to be drawn into such a solemn absurdity. The wisest of philosophers may be humbugged by a crafty witness, or taken in by a well-constructed fable; but few men venture to make a special *point* without taking some precaution against blundering. A writer so totally uninformed on a simple matter of fact, and so confident in his false conception, can expect little confidence from his readers in respect to matters more recondite and less easily ascertained.

But from Wisdom seated high upon her throne, though misled by false evidence, she may by times deliver a solemnly foolish sentence, to Folly flying low in circles of unprovoked and purposeless absurdity, the distance is great. It suits Mr. Buckle's purpose, and his work, to exhibit Scotland, however lamely, as a study of national superstition; but what object any living creature could have in the vulgar tomfoolery lately exhibited at Stirling, is beyond the reach of an ordinary imagination. Scotland has sustained no special injury, either in name or person, that we are aware of, or endured any insult calculated to rouse to the boiling pitch that odd patriotism, which has to go back seven centuries before it can find a hero. Wallace Wight stands in need of no eulogium of ours; that rugged, distant, half-mythological hero would doubtless have gazed

with an amazement, for which his age knew no expression, upon the wittlings born to talk and not to do — much the reverse of his own case and circumstances — who took advantage of his name to make themselves a holiday and pageant, and occasion of self-glorification, upon a midsummer day, which might have been used to much better purpose. The utter want of any point of junction between the immemorial hero and his pretended adorers is enough at the outset to puzzle the most devout believer in printed speeches. What call the Rev. Dr. Rogers and the learned Professor Blackie had to set themselves up for the laughter of the world in honour of Wallace, is a question we do not attempt to answer; and what immediate contemporary event could have suggested the celebration, is another mystery buried in the bosoms of the committee, on which the spectator, external to their charmed circle, can throw no light. Could Marochetti's "Cœur de Lion" have anything to do with it? It is the only corresponding incident we are aware of. In that case it is to be feared that the artist, and not the hero, was the personage popularly considered. The case was totally different at the Abbey Craig. A fine doubtfulness hangs over the future erection; but Wallace echoes from every speech and inspires every orator. There is not a man among them who finds any difficulty in striding over those seven hundred years. Some few things certainly have happened in the mean time; but the image which has obliterated all others from the constant — too constant — heart of Scotland, has been consistent Wallace. Mr. Buckle says it is superstition and the ministers, who have filled too full to leave any perceptible room for other sentiments, that susceptible heart; — it is no such thing, if he will believe what Dr. Rogers and Professor Blackie tell him. The seventeenth century is a pitiable epoch of yesterday to imaginations which are a flight

above Buckle. *They* take their stand upon the thirteenth, and are ready to challenge heaven and earth to shake them from their allegiance. The man who ventures to suggest that the bugbear of Scotland is freethinking must here receive a new light which will startle his modern imagination. The bugbear of Scotland is Edward Longshanks. In the pauses of her daily business, her thoughts are with that long-limbed and long-headed medieval statesman. The confusion which would have covered him, could he have seen his position now, exalts her in her secret musings. Her heart is exhilarated with the recollection of his discomfiture. She enjoys her comforts the more for thinking how deeply they would have galled him; and exclaims with Edward Bruce, in a fine frenzy of persistent passion —

"Eternal as his own, my hate
Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,
And dies not with the dead!"

This state of Scotch feeling is vouched for by at least one Scotch minister. Can we doubt, being Scotch, the asseveration of this member of the spiritual classes? Therefore Scotland builds, or at least proposes to build, a monument to her hero. Wallace is her cry. Was it not he who secured her liberties, freed her people, established her commerce, and honoured her agriculture? Let us all build monuments as high as Babel. Down into the ignoble half-formed shadows of yesterday, ye paltry intervening centuries! It is the name of Wallace that fires the patriotic soul, and brightens the patriotic eye.

Curious social phenomena like the above are worthy a little examination. A thing which can be called a *movement* is of more complex character than any individual action; and what could possibly have stirred up out of the quiet level of Scotch society this sudden frantic demonstration of hero-worship is puzzling at the first glance. Strange to say, the historian of Civilisation ignores Wallace as entirely as if such a champion had never existed, and appears to

tally unaware of the great share he had in the constitution of his country. Knox, indeed, might have earned such a triumph from the fanatic nation; but the philosopher knows no more of the hero than if he were Sir Artegall. And even to observers more conversant with Scotland than Mr. Buckle, the entire business is curious—a mystery to be unravelled. Let us do what is in us to throw a little light upon the subject. The first ray that strikes our own imagination is from the foundation-stone itself. That solemn heart of the future erection guards, as usual, its solemn deposit of documents; not documents, however, in this case—the word is heavy and unsuggestive. A little library discreetly chosen, and of such a character that the excavators of the site of the Wallace Monument, when it shall be as Nineveh, will, if English is still decipherable in that age, be fully provided with the ancient topography of the district, lies in the cavity of the foundation. The following are the contents of that sacred receptacle: “‘Wallace and his Times,’ by James Paterson; ‘Life of Wallace;’ ‘Burns’s Poetical Works,’ ‘Lady of the Lake;’ ‘A Week at Bridge-of-Allan,’ by the Rev. Dr. Rogers; ‘Stirling, Stirling Castle, &c.’ by the Rev. Dr. Rogers; ‘Alloa and its Environs,’ by James Lothian; ‘The National Wallace Monument, the Site and the Design,’ by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, &c. &c.” The frequent recurrence of one name in this list must strike every reader. More of Dr. Rogers appears a little further on in the newspaper reports of that imposing ceremonial. He speaks, and the fervour of his eloquence puts any description of ours to shame. What, then, has roused the enthusiasm of Dr. Rogers? Is he a descendant of the house of Wallace? Is he a patriot of antique mould running a-tilt upon Edward Longshanks? The mildly local nature of his works, as recorded above, forbids this truculent supposition. The calm amenities of a week at the Bridge-of-Allan are surely inconsistent with an undying rage against Eleanor’s husband. But a glimmer of doubtful light steals over the picture when the enlightened reader returns from the Stirling Abbey Craig to the History of Civilisation. Let us make the connection apparent. Dr. Rogers is a priest; he is one of the spiritual classes—of that dark band of clergy whose true character Mr. Buckle has demonstrated to the world. Under this mysterious illumination, a certain meaning is to be discerned darkly gleaming from the Wallace Monument. Modern inroads of civilisation prevent Dr. Rogers from holding his flock in due awe, or establishing a domestic inquisition, or presiding grimly over those murky familiars, the elders, while they drag unguarded souls into torture and punishment. By schemes more deeply laid must the clergy now carry out their elaborate plan against human happiness. The stool of repentance, it is probable, was never erected in the tabernacle of Dr. Rogers. To him it has fallen, in the secret clove of sacerdotal conspiracy, to take a more subtle part in the confusion of men. Leisure and a busy soul have marked out this useful agent, to the dark plotters who manage these affairs, as the very emissary they required. With gloomy impenetrable design, but smiles upon his inscrutable countenance, he makes his appearance among us with his subscription-paper in his hand. If not for Wallace, let us say for the Ettrick Shepherd, or the sister of Burns, or anything else that is national and indifferent to the calm Scottish understanding. Subscriptions are but the first stage. Then comes excitement, dinners, public speeches. The dark clerical plotter standing by, is, you may be sure, exhorted to lay his own reputation a holocaust upon the altar, and utter, *pour encourager les autres*, the foolishness of speeches. The clever bait takes, has taken, Stirling witnesses how entirely. Under such diabolical instigation the best of men stumble up helplessly to

their feet, and make laughing-stocks of themselves. Nobody present will be behind in that race of absurdity. Cool lawyers grow hot at thought of the lawless invader whose blood, five hundred years ago tarnished the silver Forth. Learned Professors put on their metaphorical gloves, and spar at all the world. Men of real eminence driven to intervene, in a forlorn hope of redeeming the exhibition from utter foolishness, and giving some shade of dignity to the absurd business, are cruelly forced to imperil names which belong to Europe. To estimate the deeds of the hero of the day, speaker after speaker swells out larger upon the horizon. Wallace, huge silent champion, little knew what he was preparing for himself, or rather, what the hideous clerical agency so prevalent nowadays in the Scotland which he would not recognise if he saw it, has prepared for him. He has put a new dynasty on the British throne, established the English constitution, united the two kingdoms, little as he intended that stroke of fate, and, more wonderful still, has written the greatest of modern histories, and preaches from the episcopal throne of London in the persons of his descendants. For not only Sir Archibald Alison but Bishop Tait shares the blood of the national hero. Shade of Edward Longshanks canst thou bear that last unkindest cut of Time's revenges? Dread and awful is the vista opened by such an announcement. Let not only Edward Longshanks, in the dust of centuries, but the remote descendants of his subjects, the royal occupant of his throne, and last, but not least, the historian of Civilisation, tremble in their retirements! A Scotch priest with Wallace's wrongs to revenge, a vindictive clergyman, bitterest foe of man's happiness, lies darkling, waiting his opportunity, in the shades of Fulham. Before that dread suggestive sketch the Stirling phantasmagoria breaks up and disappears from before our troubled eyes; clerical malice has done its worst upon the Abbey Craig. Doubtless in the secret assembly, more wide yet more mysterious than any freemasonry guild, where the sacerdotal caste plots its dark designs, Dr. Rogers has received the thanks of his spiritual brethren. But what is the enterprise of Dr. Rogers compared to those which may lie within the power of Bishop Tait? We tremble while we write; clearly the efforts of clerical wickedness are not half-exhausted. The wisest of us all, ere we know what we are doing, may blindly cover ourselves with absurdity at the meek suggestion of a Presbyterian minister; and the dreadful results which may ensue, when to all the virulence of a Scotch priest are added all the powers of an English prelate, Mr. Buckle alone can fully estimate. Perhaps the historian of Civilisation who has found these dangerous plotters out, will throw together, in the shape of a tiny volume or *brochure*, such hints and precautions as may seem to his enlightened understanding most practicable, and likely to be of service in the melancholy circumstances. We can but offer this suggestion with humility and reverential expectation. What is to become of us in the face of such remarkable new developments of clericism without Mr. Buckle's assistance we dare not predict. The priests of the seventeenth century were angelic ministrants compared to Dr. Rogers. They did but watch and denounce the external actions of their unfortunate clients. It has been reserved to the new and dread *Avatar* of priestly influence in Scotland to delude us into the sadder disadvantage of making fools of ourselves.

THE RECTOR.

CHAPTER I.

It is natural to suppose that the arrival of the new Rector was a rather exciting event for Carlingford. It is a considerable town, it is true, nowadays, but then there are no alien activities to disturb the place — no manufactures, and not much trade. And there is a very respectable amount of very good society at Carlingford. To begin with, it is a pretty place — mild, sheltered, not far from town; and naturally its very reputation for good society increases the amount of that much-prized article. The advantages of the town in this respect have already put five per cent upon the house-rents; but this, of course, only refers to the *real* town, where you can go through an entire street of high garden-walls, with houses inside full of the retired exclusive comforts, the dainty economical refinement peculiar to such places; and where the good people consider their own society as a warrant of gentility less splendid, but not less assured, than the favour of Majesty itself. Naturally there are no Dissenters in Carlingford — that is to say, none above the rank of a greengrocer or milkman: and in bosoms devoted to the Church it may be well imagined that the advent of the new Rector was an event full of importance, and even of excitement.

He was highly spoken of, everybody knew; but nobody knew who had spoken highly of him, nor had been able to find out, even by inference what were his views. The Church had been low during the last rector's reign — profoundly low — lost in the deepest abysses of Evangelicalism. A determined inclination to preach to everybody had seized upon that good man's brain; he had half emptied Salem Chapel, there could be no doubt; but, on the other hand, he had more than

half filled the Chapel of St. Roque, half a mile out of Carlingford, where the perpetual curate, young, handsome, and fervid, was on the very topmost pinnacle of Anglicanism. St. Roque's was not more than a pleasant walk from the best quarter of Carlingford, on the north side of the town, thank heaven! which one could get at without the dread passage of that new horrid suburb, to which young Mr. Rider, the young doctor, was devoting himself. But the Evangelical rector was dead, and his reign was over, and nobody could predict what the character of the new administration was to be. The obscurity in which the new Rector had buried his views was the most extraordinary thing about him. He had taken high honours at college, and was "highly spoken of;" but whether he was high, or low, or broad, muscular or sentimental, sermonising or decorative, nobody in the world seemed able to tell.

"Fancy if he were just to be a Mr. Bury over again! Fancy him going to the canal, and having sermons to the bargemen, and attending to all sorts of people except to us, whom it is his duty to attend to!" cried one of this much-canvassed clergyman's curious parishioners, "Indeed I do believe he must be one of these people. If he were in society at all, somebody would be sure to know."

"Lucy dear, Mr. Bury christened you," said another not less curious but more tolerant inquirer.

"Then he did you the greatest of all services," cried the third member of the little group which discussed the new Rector under Mr. Wodehouse's blossomed apple-trees. "He conferred such a benefit upon you that he deserves all reverence at your hand. Wonderful idea! a man confers this greatest of Christian blessings on multitudes, and

does not himself appreciate the boon he conveys!"

"Well, for that matter, Mr. Wentworth, you know——" said the elder lady; but she got no farther. Though she was verging upon forty, leisurely, pious, and unmarried, that good Miss Wodehouse was not polemical. She had "her own opinions," but few people knew much about them. She was seated on a green garden-bench which surrounded the great May-tree in that large, warm, well-furnished garden. The high brick walls, all clothed with fruit-trees, shut in an enclosure of which not a morsel except this velvet grass, with its nest of daisies, was not under the highest and most careful cultivation. It was such a scene as is only to be found in an old country town; the walls jealous of intrusion, yet thrusting tall plumes of lilac and stray branches of apple-blossom, like friendly salutations to the world without; within, the blossoms dropping over the light bright head of Lucy Wodehouse underneath the apple-trees, and impudently flecking the Rev. Cecil Wentworth's Anglican coat. These two last were young people, with that indefinable harmony in their looks which prompts the suggestion of "a handsome couple" to the bystander. It had not even occurred to them to be in love with each other, so far as any body knew, yet few were the undiscerning persons who saw them together without instinctively placing the young curate of St. Roque's in permanence by Lucy's side. She was twenty, pretty, blue-eyed, and full of dimples, with a broad Leghorn hat thrown carelessly on her head, untied, with broad strings of blue ribbon falling among her fair curls—a blue which was "repeated," according to painter jargon, in ribbons at her throat and waist. She had great gardening gloves on, and a basket and huge pair of scissors on the grass at her feet, which grass, besides, was strewn with a profusion of all the sweetest spring-blossoms—the sweet narcissus, most

exquisite of flowers, *Mosses* of the valley, white and blue hyacinths, golden ranunculus globes—worlds of sober, deep-breathing wallflower. If Lucy had been doing what her kind elder sister called her "duty," she would have been at this moment arranging her flowers in the drawing-room; but the times were rare when Lucy did her duty according to Miss Wodehouse's estimate; so instead of arranging those clusters of narcissus, she clubbed them together in her hands into a fragrant dazzling sheaf, and discussed the new Rector—not unaware, perhaps, in her secret heart, that the sweet morning, the sunshine and flowers, and exhilarating air, were somehow secretly enhanced by the presence of that black Anglican figure under the apple-trees.

"But I suppose," said Lucy, with a sigh, "we must wait till we see him; and if I must be very respectful of Mr. Bury because he christened me, I am heartily glad the new Rector has no claim upon my reverence. I have been christened, I have been confirmed——"

"But Lucy, my dear, the chances are he will marry you," said Miss Wodehouse, calmly; "indeed, there can be no doubt that it is only natural he should, for he is the Rector, you know; and though we go so often to St. Roque's, Mr. Wentworth will excuse me saying that he is a very young man."

Miss Wodehouse was knitting; she did not see the sudden look of dismay and amazement which the curate of St. Roque's darted down upon her, nor the violent sympathetic blush which blazed over both the young faces. How shocking that elderly quiet people should have such a faculty for suggestions! You may be sure Lucy Wodehouse and young Wentworth, had it not been "put into their heads" in such an absurd fashion, would never, all their virtuous lives, have dreamt of anything but friendship. Deep silence ensued after this simple but startling speech. Miss Wodehouse knitted on, and took no notice;

Lucy began to gather up the flowers into the basket, unable for her life to think of something to say. For his part, Mr. Wentworth gravely picked the apple-blossoms off his coat, and counted them in his hand. That sweet summer snow kept dropping, dropping, falling here and there as the wind carried it, and with a special attraction to Lucy and her blue ribbons; while behind, Miss Wodehouse sat calmly on the green bench, under the May-tree just beginning to bloom, without lifting her eyes from her knitting. Not far off, the bright English house, all beaming with open doors and windows, shone, in the sunshine. With the white May peeping out among the green overhead, and the sweet narcissus in a great dazzling sheaf upon the grass, making all the air fragrant around them, can anybody fancy a sweeter domestic out-of-door scene? or else it seemed so to the perpetual curate of St. Roque's.

Ah me! and if he was to be perpetual curate, and none of his great friends thought upon him, or had preferment to bestow, how do you suppose he could ever, ever marry Lucy Wodehouse, if they were to wait a hundred years?

Just then the garden gate — the green gate in the wall — opened to the creaking murmur of Mr. Wodehouse's own key. Mr. Wodehouse was a man who creaked universally. His boots were a heavy infliction upon the good humour of his household; and like every other invariable quality of dress, the peculiarity became identified with him in every particular of his life. Everything belonging to him moved with a certain jar, except, indeed, his household, which went on noiseless wheels, thanks to Lucy and love. As he came along the garden path, the gravel started all round his unmusical foot. Miss Wodehouse alone turned round to hail her father's approach, but both the young people looked up at her instinctively, and saw her little start, the falling of her knitting-needles,

the little flutter of colour which surprise brought to her maidenly, middle-aged cheek. How they both divined it I cannot tell, but it certainly was no surprise to either of them when a tall embarrassed figure, following the portly one of Mr. Wodehouse, stepped suddenly from the noisy gravel to the quiet grass, and stood gravely awkward behind the father of the house.

"My dear children, here's the Rector — delighted to see him! we're all delighted to see him!" cried Mr. Wodehouse. "This is my little girl Lucy, and this is my eldest daughter. They're both as good as curates, though I say it you know, as shouldn't. I suppose you've got something tidy for lunch, Lucy, eh? To be sure, you ought to know — how can I tell? She might have had only cold mutton, for anything I knew — and that won't do, you know, after college fare. Hollo, Wentworth! I beg your pardon — who thought of seeing you here? I thought you had morning service, and all that sort of thing. Delighted to make you known to the Rector so soon. Mr. Proctor — Mr. Wentworth of St. Roque's."

The Rector bowed. He had no time to say anything, fortunately for him; but a vague sort of colour fluttered over his face. It was his first living; and cloistered in All-Souls for fifteen years of his life, how is a man to know all at once how to accost his parishioners? especially when these curious unknown specimens of natural life happen to be female creatures, doubtless accustomed to compliment and civility. If ever any one was thankful to hear the sound of another man's voice, that person was the new Rector of Carlingford, standing in the bewildering garden-scene into which the green door had so suddenly admitted him, all but treading on the dazzling bundle of narcissus, and turning with embarrassed politeness from the perpetual curate, whose salutation was less cordial than it might have been, to those indefin-

ite flutters of blue ribbon from which Mr. Proctor's tall figure divided the ungracious young man.

"But come along to lunch. Bless me! don't let us be too ceremonious," cried Mr. Wodehouse. "Take Lucy, my dear sir — take Lucy. Though she has her garden-gloves on, she's manager indoors for all that. Molly here is the one we coddle up and take care of. Put down your knitting, child, and don't make an old woman of yourself. To be sure, it's your own concern — you should know best; but that's my opinion. Why, Wentworth, where are you off to? 'Tisn't a fast, surely — is it, Mary? — nothing of the sort; it's Thursday — *Thursday*, do you hear? and the Rector newly arrived. Come along."

"I am much obliged, but I have an appointment," began the curate, with restraint.

"Why didn't you keep it, then, before *we* came in," cried Mr. Wodehouse, "chatting with a couple of girls like Lucy and Mary? Come along, come along — an appointment with some old woman or other, who wants to screw flannels and things out of you — well, I suppose so! I don't know anything else you could have to say to them. Come along."

"Thank you. I shall hope to wait on the Rector shortly," said young Wentworth, more and more stiffly; "but at present I am sorry it is not in my power. Good morning, Miss Wodehouse — good morning; I am happy to have had the opportunity —" and the voice of the perpetual curate died off into vague murmurs of politeness as he made his way towards the green door.

That green door! what a slight, paltry barrier — one plank, and no more; but outside a dusty dry road, nothing to be seen but other high brick walls, with here and there an apple-tree or a lilac, or the half-developed flower-turrets of a chestnut looking over — nothing to be seen but a mean little costermonger's cart with a hapless donkey, and,

down in the direction of St. Roque's, the long road winding, still drier and dustier. Ah me! was it paradise inside? or was it only a merely mortal lawn dropped over with apple-blossoms, blue ribbons, and other vanities? Who could tell? The perpetual curate wended sulky on his way. I fear the old woman would have made neither flannel nor tea and sugar out of him in that inhuman frame of mind.

"Dreadful young prig that young Wentworth," said Mr. Wodehouse, "but comes of a great family, you know, and gets greatly taken notice of — to be sure he does, child. I suppose it's for his family's sake: I can't see into people's hearts. It may be higher motives, to be sure, and all that. He's gone off in a huff about something; never mind, luncheon comes up all the same. Now let's address ourselves to the business of life."

For when Mr. Wodehouse took knife and fork in hand a singular result followed. He was silent — at least he talked no longer: the mystery of carving, of eating, of drinking — all the serious business of the table — engrossed the good man. He had nothing more to say for the moment; and then a dread unbroken silence fell upon the little company. The Rector coloured, faltered, cleared his throat — he had not an idea how to get into conversation with such unknown entities. He looked hard at Lucy, with a bold intention of addressing her; but, having the bad fortune to meet her eye, shrank back, and withdrew the venture. Then the good man inclined his profile towards Miss Wentworth. His eyes wandered wildly round the room in search of a suggestion; but, alas! it was a mere dining-room, very comfortable, but not imaginative. In this dreadful dilemma he was infinitely relieved by the sound of somebody's voice.

"I trust you will like Carlingford, Mr. Proctor," said Miss Wodehouse, mildly.

"Yes — oh yes; I trust so," answered the confused but grateful

man ; "that is, it will depend very much, of course, on the kind of people I find here."

"Well, we are a little vain. To tell the truth, indeed, we rather pride ourselves a little on the good society in Carlingford," said the gentle and charitable interlocutor.

"Ah, yes—ladies?" said the Rector: "hum—that was not what I was thinking of."

"But, oh, Mr. Proctor," cried Lucy, with a sudden access of fun, "you don't mean to say that you dislike ladies' society, I hope."

The Rector gave an uneasy half-frightened glance at her. The creature was dangerous even to a Fellow of All-Souls.

"I may say I know very little about them," said the bewildered clergyman. As soon as he had said the words he thought they sounded rude ; but how could he help it?—the truth of his speech was indisputable.

"Come here, and we'll initiate you—come here as often as you can spare us a little of your time," cried Mr. Wodehouse, who had come to a pause in his operations. "You couldn't have a better chance. They're head people in Carlingford, though I say it. There's Mary, she's a learned woman ; take you up in a false quantity, sir, a deal sooner than I should. And Lucy, she's in another line altogether ; but there's quantities of people swear by her. What's the matter, children, eh ? I suppose so—people tell me so. If people tell me so all day long, I'm entitled to believe it, I presume?"

Lucy answered this by a burst of laughter, not loud but cordial, which rung sweet and strange upon the Rector's ears. Miss Wodehouse, on the contrary, looked a little ashamed, blushed a pretty pink

old-maidenly blush, and mildly remonstrated with papa. The whole scene was astonishing to the stranger. He had been living out of nature so long that he wondered within himself whether it was common to retain the habits and words of childhood to such an age at that which good Miss Wodehouse put no disguise upon, or if sisters with twenty years of difference between them were usual in ordinary households. He looked at them with looks which to Miss Wodehouse appeared disapproving, but which in reality meant only surprise and discomfort. He was exceedingly glad when lunch was over, and he was at liberty to take his leave. With very different feelings from those of young Wentworth the Rector crossed the boundary of that green door. When he saw it closed behind him he drew a long breath of relief, and looked up and down the dusty road, and through those lines of garden walls, where the loads of blossom burst over everywhere, with a sensation of having escaped and got at liberty. After a momentary pause and gaze round him in enjoyment of that liberty, the Rector gave a start and went on again rapidly. A dismayed, discomfited, helpless sensation came over him. These parishioners!—these female parishioners! From out of another of those green doors had just emerged a brilliant group of ladies, the rustle of whose dress and murmur of whose voices he could hear in the genteel half-rural silence. The Rector bolted : he never slackened pace nor drew breath till he was safe in the vacant library of the Rectory, among old Mr. Bury's book-shelves. It seemed the only safe place in Carlingford to the languishing transplanted Fellow of All-Souls.

CHAPTER II.

A month later, Mr. Proctor had got fairly settled in his new rectory, with a complete modest establishment becoming his means — for Carlingford was a tolerable living. And in the newly-

furnished sober drawing-room sat a very old lady, lively but infirm, who was the Rector's mother. Nobody knew that this old woman kept the Fellow of All-Souls still a boy at heart, nor that the reserved and inappropriate man forgot his awkwardness in his mother's presence. He was not only a very affectionate son but a dutiful good child to her. It had been his pet scheme for years to bring her from her Devonshire cottage, and make her mistress of his house. That had been the chief attraction, indeed, which drew him to Carlingford; for had he consulted his own tastes, and kept to his college, who would insure him that at seventy-five his old mother might not glide away out of life without that last gleam of sunshine long intended for her by her grateful son?

This scene, accordingly, was almost the only one which reconciled him to the extraordinary change in his life. There she sat, the lively old lady; very deaf, as you could almost divine by that vivid inquiring twinkle in her eyes; feeble too, for she had a silver-headed cane beside her chair, and even with that assistance seldom moved across the room when she could help it. Feeble in body, but alert in mind, ready to read anything, to hear anything, to deliver her opinions freely; resting in her big chair in the complete repose of age, gratified with her son's attentions, and overjoyed in his company; interested about everything, and as ready to enter into all the domestic concerns of the new people as if she had lived all her life among them. The Rector sighed and smiled as he listened to his mother's questions, and did his best, at the top of his voice, to enlighten her. His mother was, let us say, a hundred years or so younger than the Rector. If she had been his bride, and at the blithe commencement of life, she could not have shown more inclination to know all about Carlingford. Mr. Proctor was middle-aged, and preoccupied by right of his years; but his mother

had long ago got over that stage of life. She was at that point when some energetic natures, having got to the bottom of the hill, seem to make a fresh start and reascend. Five years ago, old Mrs. Proctor had completed the human term; now she had recommenced her life.

But, to tell the very truth, the Rector would very fain, had that been possible, have confined her inquiries to books and public affairs. For to make confidential disclosures, either concerning one's self or other people, in a tone of voice perfectly audible in the kitchen, is somewhat trying. He had become acquainted with those dread parishioners of his during this interval. Already they had worn him to death with dinner-parties — dinner-parties very pleasant and friendly, when one got used to them; but to a stranger frightful reproductions of each other, with the same dishes, the same dresses, the same stories in which the Rector communicated gravely with his next neighbour, and eluded as long as he could those concluding moments in the drawing-room, which were worst of all. It cannot be said that his parishioners made much progress in their knowledge of the Rector. What his "views" were, nobody could divine any more than they could before his arrival. He made no innovations whatever; but he did not pursue Mr. Bury's Evangelical ways, and never preached a sermon or a word more than was absolutely necessary. When zealous churchmen discussed the progress of Dissent, the Rector scarcely looked interested; and nobody could move him to express an opinion concerning all that lovely upholstery with which Mr. Wentworth had decorated St. Roque's. People asked in vain, what was he? He was neither High nor Low, enlightened nor narrow-minded; he was a Fellow of All-Souls.

"But now tell me, my dear," said old Mrs. Proctor, "who's Mr. Wodehouse?"

With despairing calmness, the Rector approached his voice to her

man ; "that is, it will depend very much, of course, on the kind of people I find here."

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ear. "He's a churchwarden!" cried the unfortunate man, in a shrill whisper.

"He's what?—you forget I don't hear very well. I'm a great deal deafer, Morley, my dear, than I was the last time you were in Devonshire. What did you say Mr. Wodehouse was?"

"He's an ass?" exclaimed the baited Rector.

Mrs. Proctor nodded her head with a great many little satisfied assenting nods.

"Exactly my own opinion, my dear. What I like in your manner of expressing yourself, Morley, is its conciseness," said the laughing old lady. "Just so—exactly what I imagined; but being an ass, you know, doesn't account for him coming here so often. What is he besides, my dear?"

The Rector made spasmodic gestures towards the door, to the great amusement of his lively mother; and then produced, with much confusion, and after a long search, his pocketbook, on a leaf of paper in which he wrote—loudly, in big characters—"He's a churchwarden!—they'll hear it in the kitchen."

"He's a churchwarden! And what if they do hear it in the kitchen?" cried the old lady, greatly amused; "it isn't a sin. Well, now, let me hear: has he a family, Morley?"

Again Mr Proctor showed a little discomposure. After a troubled look at the door, and pause, as if he meditated a remonstrance, he changed his mind, and answered, "Two daughters!" shouting sepulchral into his mother's ear.

"Oh, so!" cried the old lady—"two daughters—so, so—that explains it all at once. I know now why he comes to the Rectory so often. And, I declare, I never thought of it before. Why, you're always there!—so, so—and he's got two daughters, has he? To be sure; now I understand it all."

The Rector looked helpless and puzzled. It was difficult to take the initiative and ask why—but the

poor man looked so perplexed and ignorant, and so clearly unaware what the solution was, that the old lady burst into shrill gay laughter as she looked at him.

"I don't believe you know anything about it," she said. "Are they old or young? are they pretty or ugly? Tell me all about them, Morley."

Now Mr. Proctor had not the excuse of having forgotten the appearance of the two Miss Wodehouses: on the contrary, though not an imaginative man, he could have fancied he saw them both before him—Lucy lost in noiseless laughter, and her good elder sister deprecating and gentle as usual. We will not even undertake to say that a gleam of something blue did not flash across the mind of the good man, who did not know what ribbons were. He was so much bewildered that Mrs. Proctor repeated her question, and, as she did so, tapped him pretty smartly on the arm to recall his wandering thoughts.

"One's one thing," at last shouted the confused man, "and t'other's another!" An oracular deliverance which surely must have been entirely unintelligible in the kitchen, where we will not deny that an utterance so incomprehensible awoke a laudable curiosity.

"My dear, you're lucid!" cried the old lady. "I hope you don't preach like that. T'other's another!—is she so? and I suppose that's the one you're wanted to marry—eh? For shame, Morley, not to tell your mother!"

The Rector jumped to his feet, thunderstruck. Wanted to marry!—the idea was too overwhelming and dreadful—his mind could not receive it. The air of alarm which immediately diffused itself all over him—his unfeigned horror at the suggestion—captivated his mother. She was amused, but she was pleased at the same time. Just making her cheery outset on this second lifetime, you can't suppose she would have been glad to hear that her son was going to jilt her, and appoint another queen in her stead.

"Sit down and tell me about them," said Mrs. Proctor; "my dear, you're wonderfully afraid of the servants hearing. They don't know who we're speaking of. Aha! and so you didn't know what they meant—didn't you? I don't say you shouldn't marry, my dear—quite the reverse. A man *ought* to marry, one time or another. Only it's rather soon to lay their plans. I don't doubt there's a great many unmarried ladies in your church, Morley. There always is in a country place."

To this the alarmed Rector answered only by a groan—a groan so expressive that his quick-witted mother heard it with her eyes.

"They will come to call on me," said Mrs. Proctor, with fire dancing in her bright old eyes. "I'll tell you all about them, and you needn't be afraid of the servants. Trust to me, my dear—I'll find them out. And now, if you wish to take a walk, or go out visiting, don't let me detain you, Morley. I shouldn't wonder but there's something in the papers I would like to see—or I even might close my eyes for a few minutes: the afternoon is always a drowsy time with me. When I was in Devonshire, you know, no one minded what I did. You had better refresh yourself with a nice walk, my dear boy."

The Rector got up well pleased. The alacrity with which he left the room, however, did not correspond with the horror-stricken and helpless expression of his face, when, after walking very smartly all round the Rectory garden, he paused with his hand on the gate, doubtful whether to retreat into his study, or boldly to face that world which was plotting against him. The question was a profoundly serious one to Mr. Proctor. He did not feel by any means sure that he was a free agent, or could assert the ordinary rights of an Englishman, in this most unexpected dilemma. How could he tell how much or how little was necessary to prove that a man had "committed

himself?" For anything he could tell, somebody might be calculating upon him as her lover, and settling his future life for him. The Rector was not vain—he did not think himself an Adonis; he did not understand anything about the matter, which indeed was beneath the consideration of a Fellow of All-Souls. But have not women been incomprehensible since ever there was in this world a pen with sufficient command of words to call them so? And is it not certain that, whether it may be to their advantage or disadvantage, every soul of them is plotting to marry somebody? Mr. Proctor recalled in dim but frightful reminiscences stories which had dropped upon his ear at various times of his life. Never was there a man, however ugly, disagreeable, or penniless, but he could tell of a narrow escape he had, some time or other. The Rector recollected and trembled. No woman was ever so dismayed by the persecutions of a lover, as was this helpless middle-aged gentleman under the conviction that Lucy Wodehouse meant to marry him. The remembrance of the curate of St. Roque's gave him no comfort: her sweet youth, so totally unlike his sober age, did not strike him as unfavourable to her pursuit of him. Who could fathom the motives of a woman? His mother was wise, and knew the world, and understood what such creatures meant. No doubt it was entirely the case—a dreadful certainty—and what was he to do?

At the bottom of all this fright and perplexity must it be owned that the Rector had a guilty consciousness within himself, that if Lucy drove the matter to extremities, he was not so sure of his own powers of resistance as he ought to be. She might marry him before he knew what she was about; and in such a chance the Rector could not have taken his oath at his own private confessional that he would have been so deeply miserable as the circumstances might infer. No wonder he was deeply alarmed at

the position in which he found himself; nobody could predict how it might end.

When Mr. Proctor saw his mother again at dinner, she was evidently full of some subject which would not bear talking of before the servants. The old lady looked at her son's troubled apprehensive face with smiles and nods and gay hints, which he was much too preoccupied to understand, and which only increased his bewilderment. When the good man was left alone over his glass of wine, he drank it slowly, in funereal silence, with profoundly serious looks; and what between eagerness to understand what the old lady meant, and reluctance to show the extent of his curiosity, had a very heavy half-hour of it in that grave solitary dining-room. He roused himself with an effort from this dismal state into which he was falling. He recalled with a sigh the classic board of All-Souls. Woe for the day when he was seduced to forsake that dear retirement! Really to suffer himself to fall into a condition so melancholy, was far from being right. He must rouse himself—he must find some other society than parishioners; and with a glimpse of a series of snug little dinner-parties, undisturbed by the presence of women, Mr. Proctor rose and hurried after his mother, to hear what new thing she might have to say.

Nor was he disappointed. The old lady was snugly posted, ready for a conference. She made lively gestures to hasten him when he appeared at the door, and could scarcely delay the utterance of her news till he had taken his seat beside her. She had taken off her spectacles, and laid aside her paper, and cleared off her work into her work-basket. All was ready for the talk in which she delighted.

"My dear, they've been here," said old Mrs. Proctor, rubbing her hands—"both together, and as kind as could be—exactly as I expected. An old woman gets double the attention when she's got an unmarried

son. I've always observed that; though in Devonshire, what with your fellowship and seeing you so seldom, nobody took much notice. Yes, they've been here; and I like them a great deal better than I expected, Morley, my dear."

The Rector, not knowing what else to say, shouted "Indeed, mother?" into the old lady's ear.

"Quite so," continued that lively observer—"nice young women—not at all like their father, which is a great consolation. That elder one is a very sensible person, I am sure. She would make a nice wife for somebody, especially for a clergyman. She is not in her first youth, but neither are some other people. A very nice creature indeed, I am quite sure."

During all this speech the Rector's countenance had been falling, falling. If he was helpless before, the utter woe of his expression now was a spectacle to behold. The danger of being married by proxy was appalling certainly, yet was not entirely without alleviations; but Miss Wodehouse! who ever thought of Miss Wodehouse? To see the last remains of colour fade out of his cheek, and his very lip fall with disappointment, was deeply edifying to his lively old mother. She perceived it all, but made no sign.

"And the other is a pretty creature—certainly pretty: shouldn't you say she was pretty, Morley?" said his heartless mother.

Mr. Proctor hesitated, hemmed—felt himself growing red—tried to intimate his sentiments by a nod of assent; but that would not do; for the old lady had presented her ear to him, and was blind to all his gestures.

"I don't know much about it, mother," he made answer at last.

"*Much* about it! it's to be hoped not. I never supposed you did; but you don't mean to say you don't think her pretty?" said Mrs. Proctor—"but, I don't doubt in the least, a sad flirt. Her sister is a very superior person, my dear."

The Rector's face lengthened at

every word—a vision of these two Miss Wodehouses rose upon him every moment clearer and more distinct as his mother spoke. Considering how ignorant he was of all such female paraphernalia, it is extraordinary how correct his recollection was of all the usual details of their habitual dress and appearance. With a certain dreadful consciousness of the justice of what his mother said, he saw in imagination the mild elder sister in her comely old maidenhood. Nobody could doubt her good qualities, and could it be questioned that for a man of fifty, if he was to do anything so foolish, a woman not quite forty was a thousand times more eligible than a creature in blue ribbons? Still the unfortunate Rector did not seem to see it; his face grew longer and longer—he made no answer whatever to his mother's address; while she, with a spice of natural female malice against the common enemy triumphing for the moment over the mother's admiration of her son, sat wickedly enjoying his distress, and aggravating it. His dismay and perplexity amused this wicked old woman beyond measure.

"I have no doubt that younger girls take a pleasure in deluding her admirers," said Mrs. Proctor; "she's a wicked little flirt, and likes nothing better than to see her power. I know very well how such people do; but, my dear," continued this false old lady, scarcely able to restrain her laughter, "if I were you, I would be very civil to Miss Wodehouse. You may depend upon it, Morley, that's a very superior person. She is not very young, to be

sure, but you are not very young yourself. She would make a nice wife—not too foolish, you know, nor fanciful. Ah! I like Miss Wodehouse, my dear."

The Rector stumbled up to his feet hastily, and pointed to a table at a little distance, on which some books were lying. Then he went and brought them to her table. "I've brought you some new books," he shouted into her ear. It was the only way his clumsy ingenuity could fall upon for bringing this most distasteful conversation to an end.

The old lady's eyes were dancing with fun and a little mischief, but notwithstanding, she could not be so false to her nature as to show no interest in the books. She turned them over with lively remarks and comment. "But for all that, Morley, I would not have you forget Miss Wodehouse," she said, when her early bedtime came. "Give it a thought now and then, and consider the whole matter. It is not a thing to be done rashly; but still you know you are settled now, and you ought to be thinking of settling for life."

With this parting shaft she left him. The troubled Rector, instead of sitting up to his beloved studies, went early to bed that night, and was pursued by nightmares through his unquiet slumbers. Settling for life! Alas! there floated before him vain visions of that halcyon world he had left—that sacred soil at All-Souls, where there were no parishioners to break the sweet repose. How different was this discomposing real world!

CHAPTER III.

Matters went on quietly for some time without any catastrophe occurring to the Rector. He had shut himself up from all society, and declined the invitations of the parishioners for ten long days at least; but finding that the kind people were only kinder than ever when

they understood he was "indisposed," poor Mr. Proctor resumed his ordinary life, confiding timidly in some extra precautions which his own ingenuity had invented. He was shyer than ever of addressing the ladies in those parties he was obliged to attend. He was espe-

cially embarrassed and uncomfortable in the presence of the two Miss Wodehouses, who, unfortunately, were very popular in Carlingford, and whom he could not help meeting everywhere. Notwithstanding this embarrassment, it is curious how well he knew how they looked, and what they were doing, and all about them. Though he could not for his life have told what these things were called, he knew Miss Wodehouse's dove-coloured dress and her French grey; and all those gleams of blue which set off Lucy's fair curls, and floated about her pretty person under various pretences, had a distinct though inarticulate place in the good man's confused remembrances. But neither Lucy nor Miss Wodehouse had brought matters to extremity. He even ventured to go to their house occasionally without any harm coming of it, and lingered in that blooming fragrant garden, where the blossoms had given place to fruit, and ruddy apples hung heavy on the branches which had once scattered their petals, rosy-white on Cecil Wentworth's Anglican coat. Yet Mr. Proctor was not lulled into incaution by this seeming calm. Other people besides his mother had intimated to him that there were expectations current of his "settling in life." He lived not in false security, but wise trembling, never knowing what hour the thunderbolt might fall upon his head.

It happened one day, while still in this condition of mind, that the Rector was passing through Grove Street on his way home. He was walking on the humbler side of the street, where there is a row of cottages with little gardens in front of them—cheap houses, which are contented to be haughtily overlooked by the staircase windows and blank walls of their richer neighbours on the other side of the road. The Rector thought, but could not be sure, that he had seen two figures like those of the Miss Wodehouses going into one of these houses, and was making a little haste to escape

meeting those enemies of his peace. But as he went hastily on, he heard sobs and screams from one of the houses—sounds which a man who hid a good heart under a shy exterior could not willingly pass by. He made a troubled pause before the door from which these outcries proceeded, and while he stood thus irresolute whether to pass on or to stop and inquire the cause, some one came rushing out and took hold of his arm. "Please, sir, she's dying—oh, please, sir, she thought a deal o' you. Please, will you come in and speak to her?" cried the little servant-girl who had pounced upon him so. The Rector stared at her in amazement. He had not his prayer-book—he was not prepared; he had no idea of being called upon in such an emergency. In the mean time the commotion rather increased in the house, and he could hear in the distance a voice adjuring some one to go for the clergyman. The Rector stood uncertain and perplexed, perhaps in a more serious personal difficulty than had ever happened to him all his life before. For what did he know about deathbeds? or what had he to say to any one on the dread verge? He grew pale with real vexation and distress.

"Have they gone for a doctor? that would be more to the purpose," he said, unconsciously, aloud.

"Please, sir, it's no good," said the little maid-servant. "Please, the doctor's been, but he's no good—and she's unhappy in her mind, though she's quite resigned to go: and oh, please, if you would say a word to her, it might do her a deal of good."

Thus adjured, the Rector had no choice. He went gloomily into the house and up the stair after his little guide. Why did not they send for the minister of Salem Chapel close by? or for Mr. Wentworth, who was accustomed to that sort of thing? Why did they resort to him in such an emergency? He would have made his appearance

before the highest magnates of the land—before the Queen herself—before the bench of bishops or the Privy Council—with less trepidation than he entered that poor little room.

The sufferer lay breathing heavily in the poor apartment. She did not look very ill to Mr. Proctor's inexperienced eyes. Her colour was bright, and her face full of eagerness. Near the door stood Miss Wodehouse, looking compassionate but helpless, casting wistful glances at the bed, but standing back in a corner as confused and embarrassed as the Rector himself. Lucy was standing by the pillow of the sick woman with a watchful readiness visible to the most unskilled eye—ready to raise her, to change her position, to attend to her wants almost before they were expressed. The contrast was wonderful. She had thrown off her bonnet and shawl, and appeared, not like a stranger but somehow in her natural place, despite the sweet youthful beauty of her looks, and the gay girlish dress with its floating ribbons. These singular adjuncts notwithstanding, no homely nurse in a cotton gown could have looked more alert or serviceable, or more natural to the position, than Lucy did. The poor Rector, taking the seat which the little maid placed for him directly in the centre of the room, looked at the nurse and the patient with a gasp of perplexity and embarrassment. A deathbed, alas! was an unknown region to him.

"Oh, sir, I'm obliged to you for coming—oh, sir, I'm grateful to you," cried the poor woman in the bed. "I've been ill, off and on, for years, but never took thought to it as I ought. I've put off and put off, waiting for a better time—and now, God help me, it's perhaps too late. Oh, sir, tell me, when a person's ill and dying, is it too late?"

Before the Rector could even imagine what he could answer, the sick woman took up the broken thread of her own words, and continued—

"I don't feel to trust as I ought to—I don't feel no confidence," she said, in anxious confession. "Oh, sir, do you think it matters if one feels it?—don't you think things might be right all the same though we *were* uneasy in our minds? My thinking can't change it one way or another. Ask the good gentleman to speak to me, Miss Lucy, dear—he'll mind what *you* say."

A look from Lucy quickened the Rector's speech, but increased his embarrassments. "It—it isn't her doctor she has no confidence in?" he said, eagerly.

The poor woman gave a little cry. "The doctor!—the doctor! what can he do to a poor dying creature? Oh, Lord bless you, it's none of them things I'm thinking of; it's my soul—my soul!"

"But my poor good woman," said Mr. Proctor, "though it is very good and praiseworthy of you to be anxious about your soul, let us hope that there is no such—no such *haste* as you seem to suppose."

The patient opened her eyes wide, and stared, with the anxious look of disease, in his face.

"I mean," said the good man, faltering under that gaze, "that I see no reason for your making yourself so very anxious. Let us hope it is not so bad as that. You are very ill, but not so ill—I suppose."

Here the Rector was interrupted by a groan from the patient, and by a troubled, disapproving, disappointed look from Lucy Wodehouse. This brought him to a sudden standstill. He gazed for a moment helplessly at the poor woman in the bed. If he had known anything in the world which would have given her consolation, he was ready to have made any exertion for it; but he knew nothing to say—no medicine for a mind diseased was in his repositories. He was deeply distressed to see the disappointment which followed his words, but his distress only made him more silent, more helpless, more inefficient; than before.

After an interval which was disturbed only by the groans of the patient and the uneasy fidgeting of good Miss Wodehouse in her corner, the Rector again broke silence. The sick woman had turned to the wall, and closed her eyes in dismay and disappointment—evidently she had ceased to expect anything from him.

"If there is anything I can do," said poor Mr. Proctor, "I am afraid I have spoken hastily. I meant to try to calm her mind a little; if I can be of any use?"

"Ah, may be I'm hasty," said the dying woman, turning round again with a sudden effort—"but, oh, to speak to me of having time when I've one foot in the grave already!"

"Not so bad as that—not so bad as that," said the Rector, soothingly.

"But I tell you it is as bad as that," she cried, with the brief blaze of anger common to great weakness. "I'm not a child, to be persuaded different from what I know. If you'd tell me—if you'd say a prayer—ah, Miss Lucy, it's coming on again."

In a moment Lucy had raised the poor creature in her arms, and in default of the pillows which were not at hand, had risen herself into their place, and supported the gasping woman against her own breast. It was a paroxysm dreadful to behold in which every labouring breath seemed the last. The Rector sat like one struck dumb, looking on at that mortal struggle. Miss Wodehouse approached nervously from behind, and went up to the bedside, faltering forth questions as to what she could do. Lucy only waved her hand, as her own light figure swayed and changed, always seeking the easiest attitude for the sufferer. As the elder sister drew back, the Rector and she glanced at each other with wistful mutual looks of sympathy. Both were equally well-disposed, equally helpless and embarrassed. How to be of any use in that dreadful agony of nature was denied to both. They stood looking on, awed

and self-reproaching. Such scenes have doubtless happened in sick-rooms before now.

When the fit was over, a hasty step came up the stair, and Mr. Wentworth entered the room. He explained in a whisper that he had not been at home when the messenger came, but had followed whenever he heard of the message. Seeing the Rector, he hesitated, and drew back with some surprise, and, even (for he was far from perfect) in that chamber, a little flush of offence. The Rector rose abruptly, waving his hand, and went to join Miss Wodehouse in her corner. There the two elderly spectators looked on silent at ministrations of which both were incapable; one watching with wondering yet affectionate envy how Lucy laid down the weakened but relieved patient upon her pillows; and one beholding, with a surprise he could not conceal, how a young man, not half his own age, went softly, with all the confidence yet awe of nature, into those mysteries which he dared not touch upon. The two young creatures by the deathbed acknowledged that their patient was dying; the woman stood by her watchful and affectionate—the man held up before her that cross, not of wood or metal, but of truth and everlasting verity, which is the only hope of man. The spectators looked on, and did not interrupt—looked on, awed and wondering—unaware of how it was, but watching as if it were a miracle wrought before their eyes. Perhaps all the years of his life had not taught the Rector so much as did that half-hour in an unknown poor bed-chamber, where, honest and humble, he stood aside, and, kneeling down, responded to his young brother's prayer. His young brother—young enough to have been his son—not half nor a quarter part so learned as he; but a world further on in that profession which they shared—the art of winning souls.

When those prayers were over, the Rector, without a word to anybody, stole quietly away. When

he got into the street, however, he found himself closely followed by Miss Wodehouse, of whom he was not at this moment afraid. That good creature was crying softly under her veil. She was eager to make up to him, to open out her full heart; and indeed the Rector, like herself, in that wonderful sensation of surprised and unenvying discomfiture, was glad at that moment of sympathy too.

"Oh, Mr. Proctor, isn't it wonderful?" sighed good Miss Wodehouse.

The Rector did not speak, but he answered by a very emphatic nod of his head.

"It did not use to be so when you and I were young," said his companion in failure. "I sometimes take a little comfort from that; but no doubt, if it had been in me, it would have shown itself somehow. Ah, I fear, I fear, I was not well brought up; but, to be sure, that dear child has not been brought up at all, if one may say so. Her poor mother died when she was born. And oh, I'm afraid I never was kind to Lucy's mother, Mr. Proctor. You know she was only a year or two older than I was; and to think of that child, that baby! What a world she is, and always was, before me, that might have been her mother, Mr. Proctor!" said Miss Wodehouse, with a little sob.

"But things were different in our young days," said the Rector, repeating her sentiment, without inquiring whether it were true or not, and finding a certain vague consolation in it.

"Ah, that is true," said Miss Wodehouse—"that is true; what a blessing things are so changed; and these blessed young creatures," she added softly, with tears falling out of her gentle old eyes—"these blessed young creatures are near the Fountain-head."

With this speech Miss Wodehouse held out her hand to the Rector, and they parted with a warm mutual grasp. The Rector went straight home—straight to his study, where

he shut himself in, and was not to be disturbed; that night was one long to be remembered in the good man's history. For the first time in his life he set himself to inquire what was his supposed business in this world. His treatise on the Greek verb, and his new edition of Sophocles, were highly creditable to the Fellow of All-Souls; but how about the Rector of Carlingford? What was he doing here, among that little world of human creatures who were dying, being born, perishing, suffering, falling into misfortune and anguish, and all manner of human vicissitudes, every day? Young Wentworth knew what to say to that woman in her distress; and so might the Rector, had her distress concerned a disputed translation, or a disused idiom. The good man was startled in his composure and calm. To-day he had visibly failed in a duty which even in All-Souls was certainly known to be one of the duties of a Christian priest. Was he a Christian priest, or what was he? He was troubled to the very depths of his soul. To hold an office the duties of which he could not perform, was clearly impossible. The only question, and that a hard one, was, whether he could learn to discharge those duties, or whether he must cease to be Rector of Carlingford. He laboured over this problem in his solitude, and could find no answer. "Things were different when we were young," was the only thought that was any comfort to him, and that was poor consolation.

For one thing, it is hard upon the most magnanimous of men to confess that he has undertaken an office for which he has not found himself capable. Magnanimity was perhaps too lofty a word to apply to the Rector; but he was honest to the bottom of his soul. As soon as he became aware of what was included in the duties of his office, he must perform them, or quit his post. But how to perform them? Can one learn to convey consolation to the dying, to teach the ignorant, to comfort the sorrowful? Are these mat-

ters to be acquired by study, like Greek verbs or intricate measures? The Rector's heart said No. The Rector's imagination unfolded before him, in all its halcyon blessedness, that ancient paradise of All-Souls, where no such confounding demands ever disturbed his beatitude. The good man groaned within himself over the mortification, the labour, the sorrow, which this living was bringing upon him. "If I had but let it pass to Morgan, who wanted to marry," he said with self-reproach; and then suddenly bethought himself of his own most innocent filial romance, and the pleasure his mother had taken in her new house and new beginning life. At that touch the tide flowed back again. Could he dismiss her now to another solitary cottage in Devonshire, her old home there being all dispersed and broken up, while the house she had hoped to die in cast her out from its long-hoped-for shelter? The Rector was quite overwhelmed by this new aggravation. If by any effort of his own, any sacrifice to himself, he could preserve this bright new home to his mother, would he shrink from that labour of love?

Nobody, however, knew anything about those conflicting thoughts which rent his sober bosom. He preached next Sunday as usual, letting no trace of the distressed, wistful anxiety to do his duty which

now possessed him gleam into his sermon. He looked down upon a crowd of unsympathetic, uninterested faces, when he delivered that smooth little sermon, which nobody cared much about, and which disturbed nobody. The only eyes which in the smallest degree comprehended him were those of good Miss Wodehouse, who had been the witness and the participator of his humiliation. Lucy was not there. Doubtless Lucy was at St. Roque's, where the sermons of the perpetual curate differed much from those of the Rector of Carlingford. Ah me! the rectorship, with all its responsibilities, was a serious business; and what was to come of it yet, Mr. Proctor could not see. He was not a hasty man—he determined to wait and see what events might make of it; to consider it ripely—to take full counsel with himself. Every time he came out of his mother's presence, he came affected and full of anxiety to preserve to her that home which pleased her so much. She was the strong point in favour of Carlingford; and it was no small tribute to the good man's filial affection, that for her chiefly he kept his neck under the yoke of a service to which he knew himself unequal, and, sighing, turned his back upon his beloved cloisters. If there had been no other sickbeds immediately in Carlingford, Mrs. Proctor would have won the day.

CHAPTER IV.

Such a blessed exemption, however, was not to be hoped for. When the Rector was solemnly sent for from his very study to visit a poor man who was not expected to live many days, he put his prayer-book under his arm, and went off doggedly, feeling that now was the crisis. He went through it in as exemplary a manner as could have been desired, but it was dreadful work to the Rector. If nobody else suspected him, he suspected himself. He had no spontaneous word of encouragement or consolation to offer; he

went through it as his duty with a horrible abstractness. That night he went home disgusted beyond all possible power of self-reconciliation. He could not continue this. Good evangelical Mr. Bury, who went before him, and by nature loved preaching, had accustomed the people to much of such visitations. It was murder to the Fellow of All-Souls.

That night Mr. Proctor wrote a long letter to his dear cheery old mother, disclosing all his heart to her. It was written with a pathos

of which the good man was wholly unconscious, and finished by asking her advice and her prayers. He sent it up to her next morning on her breakfast tray, which he always furnished with his own hands, and went out to occupy himself in paying visits till it should be time to see her, and ascertain her opinion. At Mr. Wodehouse's there was nobody at home but Lucy, who was very friendly, and took no notice of that sad encounter which had changed his views so entirely. The Rector found, on inquiry, that the woman was dead, but not until Mr. Wentworth had administered to her fully the consolations of the Church. Lucy did not look superior, or say anything in admiration of Mr. Wentworth, but the Rector's conscience supplied all that was wanting. If good Miss Wodehouse had been there with her charitable looks, and her disefficiency so like his own, it would have been a consolation to the good man. He would have turned joyfully from Lucy and her blue ribbons to that distressed dove-coloured woman, so greatly had recent events changed him. But the truth was, he cared nothing for either of them nowadays. He was delivered from those whimsical distressing fears. Something more serious had obliterated those lighter apprehensions. He had no leisure now to think that somebody had planned to marry him; all his thoughts were fixed on matters so much more important that this was entirely forgotten.

Mrs. Proctor was seated as usual in the place she loved, with her newspapers, her books, her work-basket, and silver-headed cane at the side of her chair. The old lady, like her son, looked serious. She beckoned him to quicken his steps when she saw him appear at the drawing-room door, and pointed to the chair placed beside her, all ready for this solemn conference. He came in with a troubled face, scarcely venturing to look at her, afraid to see the disappointment which he had brought upon his dearest friend.

The old lady divined why it was he did not lift his eyes. She took his hand and addressed him with all her characteristic vivacity.

"Morley, what is this you mean, my dear? When did I ever give my son reason to distrust me? Do you think I would suffer you to continue in a position painful to yourself for my sake? How dare you think such a thing of me, Morley? Don't say so; you didn't mean it! I can see it in your eyes."

The Rector shook his head, and dropped into the chair placed ready for him. He might have had a great deal to say for himself could she have heard him. But as it was, he could not shout all his reasons and apologies into her deaf ear.

"As for the change to me," said the old lady, instinctively seizing upon the heart of the difficulty, "that's nothing — simply nothing. I've not had time to get attached to Carlingford. I've no associations with the place. Of course I shall be very glad to go back to all my old friends. Put that out of the question, Morley."

But the Rector only shook his head once more. The more she made light of it, the more he perceived all the painful circumstances involved. Could his mother go back to Devonshire and tell all her old ladies that her son had made a failure in Carlingford? He grieved within himself at the thought. His brethren at All-Souls might understand *him*; but what could console the brave old woman for all the condolence and commiseration to which she would be subject? "It goes to my heart, mother," he cried in her ear.

"Well, Morley, I am very sorry you find it so," said the old lady; "very sorry you can't see your way to all your duties. They tell me the late Rector was very Low Church, and visited about like a Dissenter, so it is not much wonder you, with your different habits, find yourself a good deal put out; but, my dear, don't you think it's only at first? Don't you think after a while the

people would get into your ways, and you into theirs? Miss Wodehouse was here this morning, and was telling me a good deal about the late rector. It's to be expected you should find the difference; but by-and-by, to be sure, you might get used to it, and the people would not expect so much."

"Did she tell you where we met the other day?" asked the Rector, with a brevity rendered necessary by Mrs. Proctor's infirmity.

"She told me—she's a dear confused good soul," said the old lady—"about the difference between Lucy and herself, and how the young creature was twenty times handier than she, and something about young Mr. Wentworth of St. Roque's. Really, by all I hear, that must be a very presuming young man," cried Mrs. Proctor, with a lively air of offence. "His interference among your parishioners, Morley, is really more than I should be inclined to bear."

Once more the good Rector shook his head. He had not thought of that aspect of the subject. He was indeed so free from vanity or self-importance, that his only feeling in regard to the sudden appearance of the perpetual curate was respect and surprise. He would not be convinced otherwise even now. "He can do his duty, mother," he answered, sadly.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the old lady. "Do you mean to tell me a boy like that can do his duty better than my son could do it, if he put his mind to it? And if it is your duty, Morley, dear," continued his mother, melting a little, and in a coaxing, persuasive tone, "of course I know you *will* do it, however hard it may be."

"That's just the difficulty," cried the Rector, venturing on a longer speech than usual, and roused to a point at which he had no fear of the listeners in the kitchen; "such duties require other training than mine has been. I can't!—do you hear me, mother?—and I must not hold a false position; that's impossible."

"You shan't hold a false position,"

cried the old lady; "that's the only thing that is impossible—but, Morley, let us consider, dear. You are a clergyman, you know; you ought to understand all that's required of you a great deal better than these people do. My dear, your poor father and I trained you up to be a clergyman," said Mrs. Proctor, rather pathetically, "and not to be a Fellow of All-Souls."

The Rector groaned. Had it not been advancement, progress, unhopd-for good fortune, that made him a member of that learned corporation? He shook his head. Nothing could change the fact now. After fifteen years' experience of that Elysium, he could not put on the cassock and surplice with all his youthful fervour. He had settled into his life-habits long ago. With the quick perception which made up for her deficiency, his mother read his face, and saw the cause was hopeless; yet with female courage and pertinacity made one effort more.

"And with an excellent hard-working curate," said the old lady—"a curate whom, of course, we'd do our duty by, Morley, and who could take a great deal of the responsibility off your hands; for Mr. Vincent, though a nice young man, is not, I know, the man *you* would have chosen for such a post; and still more, my dear son—we were talking of it in jest not long ago, but it is perfect earnest, and a most important matter—with a good wife, Morley; a wife who would enter into all the parish work, and give you useful hints, and conduct herself as a clergyman's wife should—with such a wife—"

"Lucy Wodehouse!" cried the Rector, starting to his feet, and forgetting all his proprieties; "I tell you the thing is impossible. I'll go back to All-Souls."

He sat down again, doggedly, having said it. His mother sat looking at him in silence, with tears in her lively old eyes. She was saying within herself that she had seen his father take just such a "turn," and that it was no use arguing with them under such circumstances. She watched him, as women often

do watch men, waiting till the creature should come to itself again and might be spoken to. The incomprehensibility of women is an old theory, but what is that to the curious wondering observation with which wives, mothers, and sisters watch the other unreasoning animal in those moments when he has snatched the reins out of their hands, and is not to be spoken to! What he will make of it in those unassisted moments, afflicts the compassionate female understanding. It is best to let him come to, and feel his own helplessness. Such was Mrs. Proctor's conclusion, as, vexed, distressed, and helpless, she leant back in her chair, and wiped a few tears of disappointment and vexation out of her bright old eyes.

The Rector saw this movement, and it once more excited him to speech. "But you shall have a house in Oxford, mother," he cried—"you shan't go back to Devonshire—where I can see you every day, and you can hear all that is going on. Bravo! that will be a thousand times better than Carlingford."

It was now Mrs. Proctor's turn to jump up, startled, and put her hand on his mouth and point to the door. The Rector did not care for the door; he had disclosed his sentiments, he had taken his resolution, and now the sooner all was over the better for the emancipated man.

Thus concluded the brief incumbency of the Reverend Morley Proctor. When he returned to Oxford everybody was glad to see him, and he left Carlingford with universal good wishes. The living fell to Morgan, who wanted to be married, and whose turn was much more to be a working clergyman than a classical commentator. Old Mrs. Proctor got a pretty house under shelter of the trees of St. Giles's, and half the undergraduates fell in love with the old lady in the freshness of her second lifetime. Carlingford passed away like a dream from the lively old mother's memory, and how could any reminiscences of that uncongenial locality disturb the recovered beatitude of the Fellow of All-Souls?

Yet all was not so satisfactory as it appeared. Mr. Proctor paid for his temporary absence. All-Souls was not the Elysium it had been before that brief disastrous voyage into the world. The good man felt the stings of failure; he felt the mild jokes of his brethren in those Elysian fields. He could not help conjuring up to himself visions of Morgan with his new wife in that pretty rectory. Life, after all, did not consist of books, nor were Greek verbs essential to happiness. The strong emotion into which his own failure had roused him—the wondering silence in which he stood looking at the ministrations of Lucy Wodehouse and the young curate—the tearful sympathetic woman as helpless as himself, who had stood beside him in that sick chamber, came back upon his recollection strangely, amidst the repose, not so blessed as heretofore, of All-Souls. The good man had found out that secret of discontent which most men find out a great deal earlier than he. Something better, though it might be sadder, harder, more calamitous, was in this world. Was there ever human creature yet that had not something in him more congenial to the thorns and briars outside to be conquered, than to that mild paradise for which our primeval mother disqualified all her children? When he went back to his dear cloisters, good Mr. Proctor felt that sting: a longing for the work he had rejected stirring in him—a wistful recollection of the sympathy he had not sought.

And if in future years any traveller, if travellers still fall upon adventures, should light upon a remote parsonage in which an elderly embarrassed Rector, with a mild wife in dove-coloured dresses, toils painfully after his duty, more and more giving his heart to it, more and more finding difficult expression for the unused faculty, let him be sure that it is the late Rector of Carlingford, self-expelled out of the uneasy paradise, setting forth untimely, yet not too late, into the laborious world.

MEDITATIONS ON DYSPEPSIA.

NO. I.—THE MALADY.

IN perusing the works of French authors who flourished some forty or fifty years ago, we have often been sorely puzzled to understand the nature of that mysterious malady, *le spleen*, with which, according to them, the majority of Englishmen were afflicted. It was not, if we may believe their testimony, a mere metaphysical complaint, discoverable through symptoms of moody melancholy, depression of spirits, unconquerable ennui, and the like; but an actual disease, which fastened, harpy-like, upon some portion of the internal organisation, and, through functional derangement, rendered the existence of the unhappy victim intolerable. When labouring under a bad attack of the spleen—so said our volatile and veracious neighbours—the Englishman felt his life to be a burden to him. Nothing but family considerations (including, perhaps, the somewhat malicious desire of disappointing the too eager expectations of his heirs) prevented him from blowing out his brains with a pistol, or effectually ridding himself of his woes by plunging into the muddy torrent of the Thames. In fact, if their account is to be credited, only a fraction of the islanders so afflicted had courage to abstain from death; for, during the gloomy months of November and December, more corpses were swept through the arches of London Bridge than cumbered the bed of the Xanthus when Achilles in his wrath smote down whole hecatombs of the Trojans; and, as you strolled along the Strand, frequent explosions in the coffee-houses, much more startling than those occasioned by the escape of corks, warned you that some bold Britons, insensible to the claims of phrenology, had fragmentarily demolished their skulls. Nay, more, it has been seriously

maintained that the undaunted bearing of the British soldier in the field was not so much attributable to innate courage, as to absolute carelessness of life engendered by the national malady; and that spleen rather than valour was the cause of our success at Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo.

As we do not lay claim to the possession of accurate medical knowledge, and have not access to libraries in the far country in which it is our lot to pen these pages, we shall, with our usual wisdom and modesty, abstain from scientific discussion. Indeed, such abstinence is forced upon us, because there is not even a copy of Dr. Cheyne's *English Malady* within reach, from which work otherwise we might have pilfered unscrupulously, and presented the public with a very pretentious, if somewhat indigestible *salmi*. So, without paying the slightest regard to the opinions of the medical faculty—whereof the majority of members are, we suspect, but little better informed than ourselves—let us approach the subject unscientifically; that being, after all, the method most intelligible as well as most agreeable to men of average ability and education, in which estimable class we trust that you, beloved reader, will permit yourself to be included, without taking offence, or supposing that we meditate an insult.

In the first place, we utterly scout the notion that there is any kind of complaint to which the English people are more liable than their Continental brethren. Colds, asthma, rheumatism, fevers, disease of the liver, consumption, and apoplexy are universal, and their range extends from the North Cape to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. No healthier or finer race of men than the British can be found

anywhere; and for physical strength and endurance they are unmatched in Europe. Set a French or even a German peasant alongside of an English ploughman, and you cannot fail to be convinced of the physical superiority of the latter. As for the British navvies, they are indeed Anakim, and would contrast advantageously even with the half-horse half-alligator roarers and ring-tailed squealers of Kentucky or Tennessee. When the railways of the north of France were in the course of construction, the English contractors brought over some gangs of those Goliaths; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the amazement which the Gauls, nurtured upon thin cabbage-soup, black bread, and sour cider, exhibited at the sight of the Herculean proportions of those stalwart islanders. Work that would have taxed to the utmost the energy of at least three Frenchmen, and have almost driven them to despair, was deemed no extraordinary performance for an individual Briton to accomplish; and we have a shrewd suspicion that the display of physical strength on the part of their rivals which the French peasantry had then, for the first time, the opportunity of beholding, was not without its effect in subduing that braggadocio spirit which, in a greater or a less degree, is the characteristic of all Frenchmen, and which has so often rendered France an obnoxious enemy to the tranquillity and repose of Europe. Nor is the distinction confined entirely to the agricultural classes of Britain. The same remark applies to the workmen in the towns; for during the continuance of a strike, the mere sight of the colossal fellows who are lounging at the corners of the streets, is enough to kindle the fire of enthusiasm in the bosom of a recruiting sergeant. That they are a melanoboly race we wholly deny. They do not, it is true, caper nor sing like the French, and they lack the outdoor sociality of the Germans; but they are happy in their own

way, and, notwithstanding the efforts of unscrupulous demagogues, loyal to their Sovereign, and attached to the institutions of their country. They are no more liable to spleen than Samson was to paralysis; and their powers of digestion are such as might excite envy in an ostrich. Beef, beer, beans, and bacon, not to mention the frumentarian staff of life, have led to this magnificent organization; and we regard as the worst enemy of his country the man who would tamper with the diet of the people. We have so much Christian charity that we could almost find it possible to forgive the backslidings and tergiversations of a Gladstone; but when we find him deliberately conspiring to corrupt the national stomach by the introduction of the infernal rotgut that engenders bile and the gripes, we esteem him more criminal than a vegetarian, and can set no bounds to our choler.

Again, look to the gentry of Britain, and tell us where you will find their equals as a class? At our public schools, cricket and football are quite as much studied as the classics. The boy held in most estimation by his mates is not the one who can most glibly construe Euripides, or toss off Latin verses with the facility of a cook disposing of a pancake, but he who can make the best score at the wicket, leap the highest, swinn the farthest, and thrash any fellow of his weight. So is it at the universities. What a miserable creature is the spectacled German student, whose utmost ideas of enjoyment reach not beyond the imbibition of some gallons of Bavarian beer, and the perpetual puffing of a pipe, compared with the youth of Oxford and Cambridge, hardened by athletic exercise, full of animal spirits, bold and daring as a company of young Alexanders, vigorous in the glory of their might! See them in the hunting-field tearing onwards in the frantic joy of the chase, or on the mountains in pursuit of the deer; and imagine if you can a system of

education—you have our full permission to go in search of it even to Utopia—that shall be mentally and physically superior.

Of the multitude of such youths then, how many, think you, were ever affected by the spleen? Not one! They are to a man spleen-proof; and if the whole income of our medicos depended upon squirearchical fees, black would be the prospects of the disciples of Hippocrates and Galen. But as a large number of the medicos do undeniably prosper, and as some even amass enormous fortunes, it is evident, even without consulting the bills of mortality, that the British people are by no means exempt from those ills to which flesh is heir; and that, notwithstanding the many advantages we have above enumerated, there must be no inconsiderable amount of ailment, especially among the wealthier classes.

Those who spend the greater part of their lives in the country are, with few exceptions, enviably free from disease. Pure air, early hours, constant exercise, maintain the body in a uniformly healthy state; and even an occasional excess does not seriously derange the system. Under such conditions a generous diet is to be preferred to an ascetic regimen; and fortunate indeed is he who is on such excellent terms with his stomach that the latter has never occasion to rebel or to give warning to its master. When the reverse takes place, we may be pretty sure that the master is the party to blame. The stomach, if properly treated, is quite ready to do its duty; but if abused or overtasked, it is equally sure to remonstrate; and the remonstrance, if not attended to, may result in a very serious quarrel. To disoblige the stomach is perhaps the most foolish thing that a man can do, and he is certain ere long to repent it bitterly. For the offended organ has avengers, who surely, if not suddenly, make him pay dear for the breach of internal order. Rheumatism begins to assail the limbs, and refuses

to be mitigated by mustard. A dull pain, accompanied by something like the palpable ticking of a watch, or a dance of magnetic needles, is felt in the region of the liver. And—last and most terrific visitant of all!—the demon Gout sticks his fangs into your toe, and thenceforward claims you as his property. Woe to the individual upon whom gout once sets his mark, for there is no kind of fumigation or exorcism powerful enough to drive him away. Colchicum is to gout what incense was to Jupiter. He may snuff it up, and rather like it than otherwise, but it is no sure propitiation. There is a grim sportiveness about gout, which reminds us forcibly of the manner in which a tomcat plays with a mouse. After a severe clawing, a respite of some duration is allowed to the victim, who begins to entertain a hope that it may be possible to escape from the enemy. Vain delusion! With a sudden bound the monster recaptures its prey, and a despairing squeak of anguish supersedes the faint cheep of exultation. Do not deceive yourself. There is no emancipation for you on this side of the grave; and the odds are ten to one that you are in for chalk-stones. Gout is hereditary in your family, you say? Nothing more likely, if you are willing to give credit to the doctors; and we wish you all joy of the comfort you are able to extract from that aristocratic consideration. Your grandfather and your father worked very hard for it, and got it as their recompense; and the terms upon which you have stood for many years in regard to your own stomach justify your succession to the birthright.

We do not implicitly believe in any such thing as the hereditary transmission of gout. We hold that to be, if not universally, at least in the vast majority of cases, a fiction, invented by courtly physicians as a kind of palliative to their patients; for an evil which a man is taught to consider inevitable, shocks him far less than one which

is the direct product of his own indiscretion. They might just as well talk of hereditary drunkenness or hereditary gluttony. Will any doctor have the hardihood to assert that a natural son of the goutiest earl in Christendom, who has been bred up as a gamekeeper, nurtured upon sowens, and comforted by an occasional sup of mountain dew, is liable to twinges of the toe? Why, it is notorious to the whole parish that he is sound of foot as a red-deer—no poacher has a chance with him at running—and it would do your heart good to see him at the northern meeting at Inverness prancing over a couple of crossed claymores. On the contrary, his half-brother, the present earl, though younger by some four or five years, is a wretched cripple, scarce able to hobble down in slit up shoes as far as the lodge-gate, and certain, before a twelvemonth is over, to be condemned to the ignominy of crutches. You may call that a hereditary affection if you please; but is it fair to suppress all mention of the somewhat suggestive circumstances, that the young peer, even when at college, evinced a decided predilection for made dishes, *paté-de-foie-gras*, and maraschino—that he was afterwards acknowledged to be the most profound culinary *connoisseur* that ever sat down in the Rocher de Cancale, or at the table of superb Beauvilliers—that a Welshman's demolition of leeks was as nothing to his consumption of truffles—that he began with claret, went through a course of burgundy, and finally settled down to port, of which latter fluid, enlivened by a few interjectional glasses of madeira, a bottle is his postprandial allowance when it pleaseth him to dine alone? Now, suppose that the gamekeeper had succeeded to the coronet, and the peer been installed in the shooting-lodge—that the one had betaken himself to hot-spiced meats and heavy wines, and the other satisfied the cravings of his inner man with the contents of the porridge-pot, and a casual sample

from the still—what think you would have been the result? Why this: Earl Dougald would have lain blaspheming on the sofa with his feet swathed in flannel, whilst Sholto Montmorency, the keeper, would have been scouring the mountains at break of day, and startling the eagle from his eyrie among the precipices of Schehallion.

Therefore let us have no more nonsense about hereditary transmissions. We grant that in many cases, though the rule is by no means universal, an ugly father begets an ill-favoured son; but the face and the stomach are two different things, and we wholly deny that any considerable number of children are ushered into the world in a state of premature indigestion. We maintain that no internal complaint can be surely and authentically traced back beyond the period of the administration of the first dose of Daffy's Elixir. In that faith we shall live and die; and we are so far intolerant that, were it in our power, we would denounce and brand with heresy every man, especially of the medical profession, who dared to advance a contrary opinion. For, observe this, the doctrine of hereditary transmission, if implicitly received, must lead to physical fatalism, the worst and direst error to which weak human nature is liable. Inform a fast youth that he is predisposed to some particular disease which may cut him off without preliminary warning, and the odds are that he makes up his mind to lead a merry life though a short one. You have made him a present of an appalling phantom—you have given him for familiar and companion a hideous kobold, the perpetual contemplation of which would drive him into a state of abject melancholy, if it did not altogether unsettle his reason. Therefore, in order to get rid of the incubus, or, in common parlance, to drown dull care, he has recourse to the nepenthe of the bottle; and thus your well-meant but most ill-judged communication has the very

effect which you were anxious to prevent, and, instead of dissuading from dissipation, becomes in one sense the absolute incentive to it. It is painful to think that such should ever be the case; but who that has scrutinized the inconsistencies and frailties of mankind can wonder at the result? "Sir," quoth Dr. Paul Purge, a physician of the old school, who is impressed with the notion that ancestral abuse of snuff engenders hereditary polypos—"Sir, it is my sacred duty to inform you that unless you practise the most rigorous abstinence, and adhere closely to the regimen which I shall prescribe, you cannot expect to live longer than your father, who, you are aware, died before he was twenty-five. You inherit, I am pained to observe, his constitution, though in your instance the symptoms have not attained to their development." The poor young fellow having received the comfortable assurance that his thread of life will be snipped short by Atropos, unless he will submit to perpetual imprisonment, with a diet of bread and water, varied by the occasional stimulus of aloetic pills, naturally enough begins to think that, on the whole, the preventive measures are more intolerable than the disease. At any rate he will run the risk; so, like Mycerinus, he lights up his garden, indulges freely in every sensual gratification which money can command, and very probably becomes the victim of follies to which he never would have yielded but for the croaking of that pestilent old raven, whose patients have cause to mourn that, long years ago, he was not knocked on the head with a bludgeon.

Sometimes, however, it does happen that Purge fastens upon a youth of a weak and timid disposition, whose fears are easily awakened, and who can be coerced into the most abject submission. Fellows of this stamp are not always lean and cadaverous—they are sometimes fat and florid; and, judging from appearances, few would be

inclined to deny that they were patterns of the most enviable good health. Purge knows better. Apoplexy and plethora are their hereditary scourges. That rich colour on the cheek indicates a tendency of blood towards the head, which may prove fatal at any moment; moreover, it shows beyond doubt that scrofula is lurking in the system. Fat is no sign of health. On the contrary, it betokens congestion, abdominal plethora, and venous dyscrasy, which, unless counteracted by a severe course of medical treatment, may terminate in cardiac disease. In vain does the patient protest—for he is not absolutely a fool—that there is nothing the matter with him beyond a slight cold, on account of which his aunt, in an evil hour, insisted on sending for Purge, the hereditary family physician. Purge turns up the whites of his eyes, with that attempt at a sanctimonious expression which in a doctor is so ineffably disgusting. Nothing the matter? Poor boy! it's little he knows about his own interior! Purge, though he scoffs at clairvoyance, thinks he can form at a glance a most accurate diagnosis of the state of the intestines; and, to his mental vision, the seeds of disease are lying in every organ, as thick as the eggs of the flesh-fly on a shoulder of mutton deposited during the dog-days in a pantry with a broken window. Nothing the matter? Gracious heavens! there is as much latent malady in that boy as might stock a lazaret-house! It is not his fault, poor fellow! He has received that evil inheritance from his father, who would have died miserably had he not chanced to break his neck in the hunting-field; and the history of his mother's family is anything but reassuring. One of her brothers was of weak intellect, caused no doubt by scrofula; though malicious people did say that his imbecility was only feigned, in order that he might be allowed to remain at the Hall, and harmlessly amuse himself with fishing, shooting, and attend-

ing fairs, instead of qualifying as a Writer to the Signet. Another, who resided for several years in an island of Lochlomond, died of a nervous malady. There was a report that drink had something to do with his apotheosis; but that was wholly impossible, for he was known to have taken the pledge—and, moreover, there was no distillery, either licensed or contraband, in the district. Clearly that was a case of hereditary hypochondria, aggravated by dynamic disproportion. A young man with such a calamitous family-history must be watched and tended, drenched and blistered, *secundum artem*; and who so fit to superintend such an operation as Paul Purge, who has hopped around the beds of so many of his expiring relatives? If left to himself, the poor lad might possibly have a chance of escape; for he is naturally fond of air and exercise, and is not devoid of friends, some of whom might have taken him to Norway for salmon-fishing, to the Highlands for grouse, or otherwise set him up by a rattling voyage in a yacht. But—woe the while?—he is under the tutelage of a maiden aunt of mature years, one of those nervous old tabbies who believe in the infallibility of doctors as implicitly as in the doctrines of the Catechism; and Purge has possessed her with the notion that he alone thoroughly understands the constitution of her darling John, and that, without his aid, she must lay her account with beholding him consigned to an untimely grave. Let no man undervalue the influence of female relatives! That which the mandate of a father, the injunction of an uncle, or the bullying of a brother would not induce us to concede, we yield at once to the tears of a mother, the adjurations of an aunt, or the pestering perseverance of a sister. Lords of the creation, indeed! Why, there is not one of us that does not move under the direction and influence of the petticoat. The wisest and the best are controlled by women;

nor did King Solomon, when the experiment was tried, show himself one whit more unimpressible than father Adam. So John gives in to his aunt—and the aunt hands over the victim to Purge—and Purge writes prescriptions that make the heart of the apothecary sing with joy. John becomes a molly-coddle, fancies himself a confirmed invalid, gives his unfortunate bowels no matter of rest, is perpetually sucking the contents of phials, or swallowing strange powders in currant jelly; and about middle age takes to hydropathy, and for more than half the year waddles about in wet sheets as complacently as a Roman in his toga! No doubt he escapes the gout; for that high-blooded disease scorns to assail a fellow whose daily diet is abridged to rusks and a lean mutton-chop, and whose utmost debauch consists of a couple of tea-spoonfuls of amontillado—but it may be questioned whether existence is worth having under such miserable restrictions as would barely have suited an anchorite of the Egyptian desert, who, regarding life as a burden, munched roots or parched locusts when they came to hand, and guzzled water with the stoical indifference of a jerboa.

Thus much, by way of preamble, anent hereditary predisposition. Of course we do not mean to deny that some constitutions are of more delicate organisation than others, and may require different treatment; but the truly wise physician will never exhibit himself in the character of an alarmist, or rake up ancestral maladies for the sake of warning or intimidation. Far more wholesome and reliable is the doctrine that every man has to suffer for his own transgressions. Will it be averred that such a malady as gout, which we have specified as the termination and punishment of dietetic excess, descends to us by a sort of entail? If that were so, alas for the present condition of the toes of the Scottish gentry! Two generations back, if the informants of Dean Ramsay and other chroniclers

of the national peculiarities and customs have spoken true, the habits of our ancestors were so intensely convivial, that the boldest boon-companion of the present day stands aghast at the bare recital. Jupiter Carlyle, himself no contemptible emptier of the bicker, who could have seen half-a-dozen modern claret-bibbers drop beneath the table before his own articulation was in the slightest degree affected, more than hints that the capacity for liquor possessed by Dr. Webster, leader of the High-flying party in the Church of Scotland, was so exorbitant, as to be matter of absolute scandal. The old Judges of the Court of Session were perpetually moistening their clay; and the usual place in those days for legal consultation was a tavern, where the advocates, before entering upon business, swallowed the contents of a tappit-hen by way of clearing the cobwebs from their brains. Among the lairds, drinking-bouts, that lasted for two or three days without interruption, are said to have been of common occurrence; and, with these statements before us, we cannot wonder that gout was then, among the higher classes, a most prevalent disease. No amount of exercise in the open air would avail to counteract the effects of such copious and continuous drinking. Retribution might be slow, but it was inevitable; and many a landed gentleman of Fife, Forfar, and Dumbarton, has been fain to skirl for a tub of cold water to allay the burning agonies of his feet, as did old Sir Robert Redgauntlet, when the pangs seized him in the act of writing the discharge, and the gruesome jackanape sat over against him, chattering and mocking at his pain. If the gout, so contracted and brought out, were transmissible, how comes it, we may ask, that it is now a malady of comparatively rare occurrence? That such is the fact, we know from the experience of the insurance offices, which invariably exact an extra premium in all cases

where gout has manifested itself; and the number of these, compared with the bulk of ordinary insurances, is absolutely insignificant. It would be still rarer than it is, were it not that among the wealthier classes there are some who, without emulating ancestral debauch, do nevertheless eat and drink not wisely, but too well. We do not allude solely to *bon-vivants*, who may be regarded as belonging to the aristocracy. That they contribute their quota is undeniable; but gout is by no means the very fastidious malady that parasitical physicians have described. On the contrary, gout is courteous and condescending, and is no respecter of persons. When he has occasion to pay a visit, he does not consult the *Court Guide*, but pops in, without the least approach to ceremony, at Leadenhall or the Poultry. If gout is to be taken as a sign of latent aristocracy, many a worthy citizen, addicted to iced punch, port, and venison, can show that voucher for the antiquity of his blood. Gout will make a drysalter roar like any duke, and inflict upon the joints of a grocer the same pangs that extort groans of agony from a marquess. To aldermen, in an especial manner, is gout lavish of his attentions. We know well that, in London, no man can attain to that civic rank, without having given proof of his worth and excellence—(we would be sorry to commit ourselves by pronouncing the like eulogium on the ruck of Scottish bailies)—but we also know that, precisely as benchers are required to eat a certain number of dinners before they can be called to the bar, the citizen who aspires to be an alderman must distinguish himself at the banquet and the board. He must devour his way to dignity, prove that he can wield a brave spoon, nor shrink dismayed from the tureen. As battenning upon ambrosia was reckoned the high privilege and indispensable attribute of an Olympian deity, so is the deglutition of calipash a test of fitness for civic honours. Nor

must he shun the smoking haunch, nor refuse the savoury custard—he must embrace the loving cup with a fervour somewhat approaching to that exhibited by Cassius, when he desired that the bowl might be filled even until it overflowed the brim—and not to him, on gala-days, when the Lord of the City entertains ministers and ambassadors, is it permitted to show the slightest manifestation of a heel-tap! Duty has its calls; and it is the duty of a conscientious liveryman to be evermore esurient. The sense of duty, moreover, we can have no doubt, will enable him to bear with becoming fortitude the pangs which are in store for him. He can point to his swollen foot, and say, Behold what I suffer for the Corporation!—even as the warrior displays his armless sleeve as a claim to the gratitude of his country. No, we cannot—we dare not—blame the alderman! It were heartless to reflect upon his pangs. That the gout may do its spiriting gently, and with as little torture as may be, is our heartfelt prayer and supplication for the good-humoured sepulchre of the turtles!

Can any one explain how it happens that in every age, authors have considered themselves entitled to be jocular on the subject of gout? So far as our reading extends, we cannot recall one single instance in which real genuine sympathy for the sufferers has been expressed, unalloyed by a jibe or a sneer. Even that arch-idiot Hayley had a fling at the respectable disease in that masterpiece of imbecility, the *Triumphs of Temper*, which is said to have been admired by people of fashion in the days when George III. was king. Now, that is really a remarkable phenomenon; because authors generally (except a few crossgrained cynics who think to achieve notoriety by dint of perpetual snarling) are pleasant and genial fellows, who would neither willingly inflict pain nor derive delight from its contemplation. You shall never detect them talking

lightly of atrophy, stone, consumption, fever, or disease of the kidneys; but set them on the track of the gout, and they instantly wax facetious. It is just possible that may arise from a conviction that gout is the very last kind of complaint to which men of their calling are liable. Few authors gorge. They cannot do so, for two most excellent and cogent reasons. In the first place, it is through temperance alone that they can hope to retain that clearness of brain and lucidity of perception which, in the absence of capital, is their fortune. In the second place, they cannot afford either the time or the money requisite for a continuous course of sensual indulgence. No doubt they have their feasts and their computations, and very merry ones they are for the most part; but these are the exceptions, not the rule; and it is our firm belief that a regular author, addicted to his craft, would rather, from choice, dine five days out of the seven upon pea-soup, or a beef-steak, with a pot of porter, than sit down to a protracted banquet devised by the most illustrious *chef*, and adorned by every variety of vintage that France and Germany can produce. It is a huge mistake to suppose that, because some poets have been enthusiastic in their laudations of wine, they were therefore addicted to tippling. Why, it was the very rarity of the indulgence that gives such a zest to their strains; for no man thinks it worth his while to be encomiastic upon any subject with which he is thoroughly familiarised. Men of genius who possess really happy homes, never prate about that happiness in their writings. The majority of those who have chosen to be rapturous on the topic of conjugal love, were bachelors inhabiting a solitary garret. The minority had, we admit, appeared at the altar; but every one of them was coupled with a Xantippe.

Therefore, as we have said, it is just possible that authors, confid-

ing in their own presumed immunity, withhold from gout that respect which they exhibit towards every other kind of physical malady. Perhaps, too, they think, as Lazarus might have done, that *Dives* would be none the worse for a twinge; and, viewed in that light, gout may be regarded as in some measure the coadjutor and assistant of conscience. Conscience is the grand spiritual monitor; but it consists with our everyday experience that conscience can be stupefied or drugged. Habitual perseverance in peccadilloes may even cause it to forego its warnings; for, though indestructible, and certain to return at last with an aspect of tenfold terror, conscience may be driven back to its cavern, and coerced into a sullen sleep. But gout is a great deal more wakeful. Once evoke that sprightly demon, and you can neither hocus nor banish him. He has the catalogue of your transgressions by heart; and never treats you to a tweak of the pincers without favouring you with an explanation of the torment. In the silent watches of the night he comes to your bedside, and bids you be of good cheer, because he is just going to favour you with an interesting anatomical demonstration.

"That pain which you feel in the joint of your great toe," quoth Monsieur Gout, "has, you flatter yourself, become rather less since eight o'clock, when you took your last dose of colchicum. Quite a mistake, my good sir! The member is if anything more swollen and inflamed than before. Observe now—I shall take the liberty of inserting this little awl, just by way of probe. Aha! it makes you wince. A very good sign that, however, since it proves that there is no ground for apprehending immediate mortification. Now, do you know *why* it is that your toe is so singularly sensitive? I'll tell you. You remember, three years ago, ordering a batch of burgundy? Previous to that time you had been in very good health, for you had

plenty of occupation and little leisure for gluttony or wine-bibbing; your means were limited, and during the holidays you took a sufficiency of pedestrian exercise. Really, in those days, I never expected to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I considered you just the kind of fellow likely to become an ornament of the Alpine Club. But your estimable uncle, old Jones, the stockbroker—bless you, I knew him very well indeed! many a time I have chatted to him when he was roaring like an aggravated bullock—your old uncle Jones, I say, died and left you his money—You are not going to sleep, are you? Well, I call that rather unhand-some treatment, considering that I have taken the pains to come here and bear you company! A slight touch of the pincers may, however—Aha! all's right again; you are lively as a snapping turtle! Whereabouts was I? O, I remember. Old Jones left you his money, and you determined to take your ease. No one could blame you for that. What's the use of fagging to make more, when you are already in possession of a cool four thousand a-year, and may indulge in a shooting-box and hunters? But you never could make up a respectable bag on the moors, and on horseback you were anything but a Ducrow. You preferred living in town, took chambers in the Albany, gave nice little *recherché* dinners, and laid in that stock of burgundy to which I have already alluded. It was of a fine vintage, strong and heady, and made the blood circulate in the veins like lightning. To it I attribute the honour of our first introduction; though port and claret, not to mention sundry kinds of delicious *entremets*, did undoubtedly contribute to lessen the distance between us. Then you took to late hours, hot rooms, and *ecarté*, all most justly included in the catalogue of fashionable pleasures; and our acquaintance, at first only slight, has now ripened into permanent friendship. But I really must not

allow my feelings to divert me from the scientific purpose for which I have visited you to-night. Don't be afraid! I shall lay aside awl and pincers, and vary the experiment by injecting a few drops of molten lead between the flesh and the bone. Ha! what an enviable yell! Your lungs, I can assure you, my good friend, are in a perfectly healthy state, and may last you for the next twenty years, if you don't force me to get into your stomach. By the way, what a silly proverb that is against pushing things to an extremity! It is with the extremities that I always make a point of dealing, in the first instance; and I take it that very few people would wish me to depart from the practice. What is that you say? You wish that I would go to the devil? Pardon me for hinting in reply that you are both rude and unreasonable! I am here, as you well know, in consequence of your own indiscretions. Perhaps you could willingly dispense with my company; but, my dear sir, you have no kind of choice in the matter. If a man *will* run into debt, he must expect to have an execution in his house, and a bailiff in his hall; and certain I am that you have received from me more attention than any fashionable debtor could expect from a wilderness of bailiffs. As for going to the devil, why—hem—I must decline, for private reasons, giving any explanation of the terms on which I stand with that mysterious individual; but are you quite sure that there is not some slight confusion as to identity in your ideas? Whatever may be my ultimate destination, *you*, for some years past, have undoubtedly been walking with your face turned in the direction of pandemonium. You don't believe me? Well, then, ask your conscience. It has slept long enough to be in a tolerably active condition if you have the courage to awaken it; and if you wish to get rid of me, or rather to be indifferent to my presence, that is the very best

step you can adopt; for no pangs of mine are equal to the concentrated agony which conscience is ready to inflict. You groan, and intimate your readiness to postpone the inevitable reckoning? Well, then, having finished my investigation of the toe, which I shall simply touch up with a kind of caustic of which I am the inventor, let us pass to the knee-joint, where I see a hopeful swelling, and to the knuckles, which, unless I am grossly mistaken, will exhibit certain curious petrifications in the pleasant form of chalk-stones."

An agreeable colloquy this, but one which is by no means a fiction. It is in some measure a comfort to us herring-gutted fellows, who are obliged to look at both sides of a shilling, and need not the return of Lent to teach us the advantages of abstinence, to know that, even in this world, Master Dives has to endure pangs from which we are luckily exempt: nor is the reflection marred by the slightest tinge of selfishness. We recognise in that dispensation a notable example of the just dealing of Providence with mankind. We see that worldly possessions have certain penalties attached to them, from which it is hardly possible to escape; and we see also that the lowly lot has immunities (though it has also temptations of its own), which ought to reconcile us to the great disparities of fortune daily exhibited before our eyes. In no scoffing spirit was the apothegm conceived that a light heart and a thin pair of breeches are the best garniture for the modern crusader; and may we be choked by the rusk which we even now dip into our coffee, if we would, for any consideration on earth, change places with the city magnate, reputed to be worth more than a plum, who occupies the state apartments in the same house with ourselves, groans like a grampus as he goes to bed, and is at this moment being conducted to his carriage by a whiskered courier, who arranges a pillow for his feet. Change

places with him? By the sow, dear to Saint Antony, we would rather submit to the Circean spell, and become transmogrified into a porker!

But there is another kind of complaint, having its seat in the stomach, to which literary and professional men, and all students of sedentary habits, are peculiarly liable. We allude to that functional derangement usually known by the name of dyspepsia, which exercises a very potent effect over the spirits, and in that respect bears some resemblance to the malady which the French authors have chosen to designate as the spleen. This disease—as is indeed the case with most of them—comes upon you stealthily, and makes its way by imperceptible degrees. Young men are rarely troubled by it; indeed it seldom makes its appearance until after thirty years have been told. Until that age the stomach, unless most unmercifully abused, performs its functions with extreme vigour and assiduity. Nuts and almonds, pickled cabbage, ditto pork, anchovies, caviare, olives, and salmagundi go down, along with blameless beef and mutton, to the general cave, and are there handsomely converted into chyle. Sometimes of a morning, after too copious imbibition of punch, the tongue appears slightly furred, and there are symptoms of the old hereditary thirst; but a plunge into the sea, or sharp exercise for a couple of hours, are sufficient to dissipate such megrims, and at six you sit down to the hotch-potch with the unabated appetite of an ogre. Happy he who can retain that power throughout the years of maturer manhood! That it can be done we know full well; for, numerous as are the victims of dyspepsia, they constitute a minority only, and hardly one of them will dare to assert that his own peculiar habits have not been the cause of his affliction. Over-indulgence in eating and drinking may, as a matter of course, bring on dyspepsia; but it is no less true that the most

self-denying anchorite may be equally a victim. Irregular hours and want of bodily exercise are, in most instances, the generators of dyspepsia; and he who desires to possess his stomach in quietness, and to pass through life without being subjected to intermittent pain and annoyance, will do well to profit by this hint, and shape his course accordingly.

It may possibly be said by some who do not dispute the abstract truth of the above assertion, that they are absolutely precluded, at least during a large portion of the year, from attending to such sanitary regulations. The lawyer will aver that, what between consultations, attendances in courts, and the necessary study of the cases which are intrusted to him, he cannot find leisure to take bodily exercise. Our answer is, that unless he will submit to make some pecuniary sacrifices for the present, the chances are that he will break down, in ruined health, before he can reasonably expect to be promoted to the dignity of the bench. What is it that makes the majority of lawyers look so haggard and sallow? Why, dyspepsia—for at least two generations the scourge of their calling—their predecessors [in Scotland, at all events] having lived much more in the open air, and varied their forensic labours by participating in the pastimes of the field. Were it necessary, we could, from our own knowledge, and confining ourselves within the range of a comparatively short period of years, cite many instances of eminent lawyers cut off in the prime of life through complaints engendered solely by neglect of exercise and inattention to the rules of diet. We have often heard it said of such men that they killed themselves by over-work. That is sheer nonsense. Hard work never yet killed any man; on the contrary, those who work hardest and produce the most are very often the healthiest of their kind. The danger does not lie in overtaking the mind, it consists in neglecting the

body. Give the body fair-play, and the mind will burn as brightly as a lamp fed with the purest oil. Stint or deteriorate the fuel, and the flame becomes faint and dim, nor will any screwing-up of the wick avail to increase the lustre.

Literary men and hard students are, for the most part, equally imprudent. If you investigate their habits, you will find that, in a large proportion of cases, they prefer for the purposes of reading and composition the hours which immediately precede and follow midnight—a most unwholesome practice, and one that cannot be too strongly condemned. Some idiotical pedants of teachers—for many teachers are great idiots, and ought to have applied to their own posteriors the rod which they reserve for their pupils—talk about consuming the midnight oil, as if that were deserving of laudation. Why, according to the testimony of all voluminous writers, late hours are the very worst that can possibly be selected for intellectual labour. The brain is then in a feverish and excited state; and though it is quite possible in the course of a protracted nocturnal sitting to get through a great quantity of work, still the quality of it will be found on inspection to be inferior to that executed during the day, and it cannot be given out of hand without undergoing a most searching and accurate revision. That is the result of our own experience, for we have no wish to conceal the fact that we were, like many others, at one time addicted to the baneful practice of nocturnal study, and even carried it to an extreme—for many a time we have heard the sparrows chirping to the returning light before we laid aside our papers, and wended wearily to our couch. What we maintain is, that the work so accomplished is dearly purchased by the lassitude and physical exhaustion which is the inevitable consequence. By rising early, the day may be more effectually utilised, and one at least of the principal causes that injure

the health be removed. Still, abstinence from nightly work does not supersede the necessity for exercise. In towns it may no doubt be difficult, especially during the winter months, to procure it; but that difficulty must nevertheless be overcome by every man who feels the slightest tendency towards dyspepsia. We do not mean to propose that he should devote a large portion of every day to playing at golf or cricket, that he should walk as many miles as Captain Barclay, or that he should keep hunters, and ride insantly about the country. Professional and literary men cannot be expected to do these things, nor is it desirable that they should attempt them; but they can at least set apart so much time for exercise as will stretch the muscles without producing fatigue, and maintain in working order and condition that most complex and wonderful of all machines—the human body.

We lay the greater stress upon the duty of exercise, because upon the amount of that which is regularly taken depends the consideration of the diet. The phrase, "Hungry as a hunter," has passed into a proverb; and all pedestrians and sportsmen know how much the appetite is stimulated by continuous physical exertion. We say, continuous; because if the digestive powers have been in any degree previously impaired, it is absurd to expect that an immediate change shall be the result of a single effort. Two or three hard days' work on the moors are required before the disordered stomach will exhibit the slightest symptom of recovery. Those who are not aware of this fact are sometimes much discouraged when they find on returning home, weary and foot-sore, from their first expedition among the mountains, that they feel no kind of inclination whatever to eat, but rather view with disgust and repugnance the food that is set before them. They think that they have earned the right to relish a good dinner, and are woefully disappointed by the discovery

that the mere sight of pigeon-pie creates positive loathing, and that even a dressed calf's head can effectually stare them out of countenance. Nay more, the almost certain effect of violent exercise upon a disordered stomach is to produce nausea and sickness. That is, however, if rightly considered, a really hopeful symptom. It shows that nature is attempting to assist the cure by throwing off the disease; and therefore it should rather excite a man to persevere in physical exertion, though always within moderate bounds, than deter him from a further effort. Let it never be forgotten that the restoration of health is necessarily a slow process. It is not by one single instance of excess, but by many, that the tone of the stomach is impaired; and it cannot be supposed that a malady of long standing will admit of an instantaneous cure.

Those persons who are debarred from taking much exercise—for *some* amount of exercise every man must take, unless he is obstinately bent upon the destruction of his health—should observe the utmost simplicity, and even parsimony, in their diet. If they are content to do so, they may obtain immunity from dyspepsia, that complaint being comparatively rare in our prisons, the inmates of which are subjected to a somewhat rigorous regimen. In your own house, whereof you have, or ought to have, the mastery, it is in your power to make such regulations as may save you from the sin of gluttony. Let your cook distinctly understand that, on peril of her life, she is to set nothing savoury before you. Dine off one dish—eschew pastry as you would the pestilence—banish beer—confine yourself to two glasses of sherry, or in lieu of that a little weak brandy-and-water—go to bed betimes, fasting and guiltless of a tumbler—and so shall you and your stomach remain on terms of the strictest amity. After all, there is no great hardship in this. Weigh the enormous benefit of immunity from pain against the

miserable momentary luxury of tickling the palate; and if you be a man of sense, you will not hesitate for a moment in your choice. Why then, it may be asked, with so simple a rule for their guidance, do so many people lamentably transgress? The answer, we apprehend, is evident—a man cannot always dine alone!

The thing, to be sure, is not absolutely impossible; but when reduced to practice it is found to be so difficult that not one man out of a thousand has the fortitude to persevere. Indeed, notwithstanding its sanitary advantages, which we have just stated, we cannot conscientiously aver that we should like to see solitary feeding adopted as a universal custom. Without expatiating upon the sacredness of the rites of hospitality, it must be admitted that it is a dreary kind of business to dine continuously by one's self. We have tried it, and our conviction is that it is only one degree more tolerable than solitary confinement. Bachelors escape from it by making parties at their clubs. Married men, of course, take rank in a different category. Now, that system of dining at clubs is of all others the most likely to lead a man into temptation. You meet with two or three pleasant, good-humoured fellows, full of fun and anecdote, and you agree upon a community of viands. The bill of fare is a tempting one; and as Spartan broth is not inscribed therein, you waive your scruples, and put up with a *biague d'écrévisses*. Then there is a prime cut of salmon from the Tweed, lobster *rissoles*, a fricandeau, a delicate round-rumped pullet roasted to a turn, salad, stilton, and a dish of walnuts. To wash these down you have sherry as a matter of course. If the weather is unusually warm, the butler suggests a cup, for the preparation of which he has an inestimable recipe; if not, you order a bottle of champagne, or, by'r lady, two, for what is one flask among so many? Cheese demands a caulk; and then you settle down to the calm enjoyment of your claret.

We appeal to the judgment of clubmen if there is any exaggeration in this. Doubtless you may have a much cheaper dinner, off the joint or otherwise, suitable to the capacity of your purse; but, at the worst, you will fare better, and partake of more generous diet than you would have ordered at home, keeping in mind the fact, that you are taking only the *minimum* of exercise. If, on the other hand, you are getting plenty of exercise, and are blest with a voracious appetite, you may eat like a second Polyphemus without incurring our censure or reproach.

Married men are differently situated. They ought for the most part to dine at home; and having no lack of society, they have no proper excuse for resorting at meal-times to their clubs. Indeed, the man who dines habitually at his club, leaving his wife at home to her solitary repast, is, without any effort at circumlocution, a selfish and contemptible brute. Those strictly domestic dinners are, we believe, for the most part, well arranged, and are entirely conducive to health. They are neat, but never unwholesome; for a wife, unless she is a positive fool, very soon discovers that her husband's good-humour depends upon the state of his digestion, and she takes care that there shall be no disagreement. Some pumped-out jokers, we observe, are fond of sneering at conjugal banquets; and there is no end to their heavy pleasantries upon the subject of hashed mutton. What do the nincompoops mean? Hashed mutton is a commendable viand, better and more wholesome than the tripe and broiled kidneys which they esteem a super-excellent regale, and a thousand times to be preferred to the messes of questionable meat that constitute the staple of Leicester Square.

The married man, therefore, is more likely, *primâ facie*, than the bachelor, to avoid dietetic excess, and so have his social habits brought into strict conformity with the

amount of exercise which he is able to take. That is no small matter; and we would urge this point upon the consideration of dyspeptic bachelors, who are very often at a loss to know why they should be so intolerably afflicted. A good and careful wife is the best of all physicians, and can contribute more to the promotion and maintenance of her husband's health than any member of the faculty. A glance round the circle of your acquaintance will satisfy you as to the truth of that statement. Almost invariably the stout, rosy, comfortable-looking men are the married ones; while the lean, cadaverous, and sickly, belong to the bachelor order.

Why then, it may be asked, should the married man, having this guardian angel by his side, ever suffer from dyspepsia? We answer, because tyrant custom will not permit people always to dine quietly and comfortably at home.

Time was when among the wealthier classes it was considered gross dissipation to dine out more than once in the week. People then were domestic in their habits, and were at no loss for occupation when they spent their evenings at home. But somehow or other a great change has taken place. Feasting has become the order of the day, and those who are unwilling to withdraw altogether from society, must needs conform to its mandates. There is unquestionably something to be said in favour of the custom. Friends must have opportunities of meeting for conversation and intercourse; and perhaps the dinner-table is as good a place of rendezvous as could be selected. And if all feasts were based and conducted upon the principles of real friendship—if you would content yourself with rallying round your mahogany those only whom you love and esteem; and if you resolutely refused to browse at the board of every sump, sinner, haveril, or hypocrite, who invites you for some occult and no doubt, most villanous reason, immeasurable would be the amount of social

enjoyment and positive pleasure you might secure. But none of us do that. We are all miserably weak—poor cowardly creatures—and instead of trusting implicitly to the dictates of honest instinct, we give way to the suggestions of expediency, and are martyrs even at our meals. We ask to dine with us men, and women too, for whose intellects we entertain the most profound contempt, with whose sentiments we cannot sympathise, whose gossip we loathe, whose malignity we detest, whose *brusquerie* is offensive, whose manners are revolting, and for whom we would not willingly advance a stiver beyond the statutory obolus to Charon for wafting them fairly across the Styx. We commit that gross and shameful act of hypocrisy, because the obnoxious persons are either uncles, aunts, or cousins—or old “friends of the family,” which, being interpreted, means hereditary calumniators—or because we expect something from them, and want to conciliate—or because we are afraid of them, and desire to extract the venom from their fangs—or because they are people of quality, and we like to have such at our houses—or because they are celebrities, and it is the fashion to ask them; or, finally, because, having once accepted their hospitality, we cannot do less than make an adequate return. Also, be it remembered that married people are like a pair of boots. If you want to have one, you must needs put up with the other, even though you are aware that the experiment will be very grievous to your corns. Jack Jones is a first-rate fellow, full of fun and humour, the soul and life of a party, who can surround even the dullest assemblage with an atmosphere of laughing gas. Jack you must have at any price; and the price you pay for having him is the presence of his stolid, stupid, unimpressible spouse, too passive to smile, too dull to talk, and furnished with such a horny palate that she cannot even relish the food which she sullenly devours. By the great god

Pan!—sooner than take down such a woman to dinner, we would offer our arm to an average female chimpanzee! Or take another pair of figurative Hessians. Walter Noodle, Esquire, known far and wide as the veriest dunce that ever bestrode donkey—a creature with not half the intellect of a common village bauldy, clownish as Peter the wild boy, and ugly as a bleached negro—has nevertheless, through some infernal machinations of his guardians and the influence of his great wealth, been linked to one of the most charming women in existence. Of course she is perfectly conscious that she is mated with a fool—but she is as good as she is fascinating, and is a true Iphigenia to her utterly hopeless Cymon. For her sake, therefore, you submit to Noodle; which, were you the only party concerned, would be quite pardonable, but you also inflict him upon your guests, and make a virgin-martyr of the damsel who is compelled to accept such an irreclaimable pongo for her squire.

That is the way in which we destroy the amenity of our own peculiar banquets. When we pass to dining out the case is still worse. Is or is it not the case, that out of ten invitations which we accept, eight at least, if we had followed the dictates of our own inclination, would have been met by a refusal? Please let us have no hypocrisy about this. We are talking confidentially, among friends; and you know very well that when you and your wife go up-stairs to dress for dinner, you do mutually, in numerous instances, confess that you regard the engagement as an egregious nuisance. Why blush for that? We all do the same. We go out to dine, in the majority of cases, not from pleasure or inclination, but because we consider it a duty to go, or because we really cannot help it. In mingling with society you must lose in a great measure your identity. Like the drop of water, you become absorbed in the mass, and cannot help drifting with the current. And

after all, the penance would be a small one, if it were merely confined to the endurance of somewhat insipid company. That is a casualty which awaits us everywhere—but then—O misery—the dinners!

What is a bad dinner? Not a plain one. That, in a country like ours, where the viands are, or ought to be, in their primitive condition first-rate, is the best you can sit down to. The French and Germans are no doubt much more scientific in their cookery than we are; but that arises from the fact that they have much worse raw materials to deal with. Their art has its origin in poverty. Their meat is stringy and lean—their fish poor and tasteless; but these they can dress up with sauces of rare poignancy and merit, and from their ovens miserable veal and flaccid carp emerge as positive dainties. All honour to them for their ingenuity! They are attempting, through culinary and almost chemical science, to make palatable and digestible food out of substances which rank low in the natural scale; and that they do succeed, what travelled gastronome can deny? But here, where the beef and the mutton, the fish and game, the poultry and vegetables, can be had, not only in exceeding variety of kind, but of the prime quality—why should people make a desperate but really unavailing effort to introduce foreign appliances which only serve to spoil that which, reasonably treated, would furnish forth the finest banquet that the broad universe can display?

Why, indeed—except that they are such consummate fools as to discard the evidence of their own senses, and to prepare for their guests a banquet very different from that which they would order for their own refectory. When dining at home in a quiet way, with only a friend or two to share the repast, a man naturally selects such dishes as are most congenial to the general palate, and most suitable to the season of the year. Hotch-potch, hare-soup, or cocky-leekie,

—these are the favourites of the tureen. Next follow haddocks, smelts, or whittings, with perhaps a partan-pie by way of wholesome relish. No meat can equal a gigot of four-year-old mutton, brown as the cheek of health, and rich with its indigenous gravy; and if that suffice not, let us also have some such nutriment as a plump howtowdie, or a couple of stewed rabbits resting from their labours beneath a comfortable coverlet of onion. Pigeon-pie is not forbidden, chicken-pie is not entered in the culinary *codex expurgatorius*; and during the game season you will of course expect the advent of a grouse or partridge. Simple are the sweets that follow; and, when the cloth is removed, you can safely lay your hand on your heart, and vow that you have dined like an emperor. What fluids? Why, sherry to be sure, and a bottle of champagne, unless the more faultless instinct of the guests should assign the preference to the malt of Prestonpans.

If the quality of the raw material be good, the cooking blameless, and the service undeniable, such a dinner as that we have sketched above cannot by possibility be excelled. Any cook who is worth her wages can prepare it with ease to herself and satisfaction to her employers; and if the party be limited, as it ought to be, there is hardly any need for extra attendance. Only let the plates be hot, and the dishes be served at proper intervals, as befits the function of Christian people who come together for the purpose of dining comfortably, not merely of bolting their victuals. Moreover, we exhort you strenuously not to care one straw for the dictates of fashion, but to issue your invitations for six o'clock, and to have dinner placed on the table punctually ten minutes thereafter. We summon all good men, and all truly virtuous women, to aid us in this contest for sanitary improvement, and for the amelioration of the manners of the age. Six, we maintain, is the latest period in the

day at which a man, who sets proper value on his health, should begin to dine. Dining at eight, or thereby, is either a mockery, as implying a substantial luncheon in the forenoon, or a snare, because it sends you to bed in a state of fermentation, prepared for the vision of the nightmare, and exceeding ripe for apoplexy. Dine at eight, and a morning walk is utterly out of the question. You cannot get up; not because you are really sleepy, but because you are crapulously stupified: at breakfast you are a downright craven, doing little beyond gulping tea—nor are you adequate to any kind of mental exertion, until a basin of hot soup, between one and two o'clock, acts as a partial restorative. Late dinners, we assert, play the very mischief with the stomach; and, moreover, we all secretly detest them. As for waiting for invited guests beyond the ten minutes which may be legitimately allowed for casualties, we hold that to be a mark of intense snobbery and ill-breeding. It is an insult and an injury to the remainder of the company—it jeopardises the excellence of the dinner—and it is a vile truckling to the insolent humours of some pompous coxcomb or absurd old dowager, whose absence would be a positive blessing. But we really must not, for the present at least, enlarge upon a topic so interesting and suggestive as this.

Now tell us candidly—are the formal dinners to which you are invited generally good of their kind? If your entertainer is a peer, or a magnate, or a man of four or five thousand a-year, who maintains a competent establishment, the chances certainly are in your favour. But most of us cannot boast of a superfluity of such enviable acquaintances. For one spoiled child of fortune, we know twenty professionals—thriving fellows in their way, and realising tolerable incomes, yet by no means burdened with an enormous accumulation of capital. These are they who can pay their

way, and utter the justifiable boast that they owe no man anything; nevertheless they have neither the inclination nor the means for launching into extravagance. But they live in good houses, and think it necessary to give occasional dinners, thereby causing some disquietude and temporary revolution in their households.

As such occasions are rare, they think it necessary to invite as many persons as their rooms will hold—in fact, to overcrowd the table. Then they have to engage for service divers of those ubiquitous waiters, whose faces are familiar to all of us, and who, for the last ten years, have been incessantly shifting the platters of our friends and kinsfolk. Kindly creatures they are, though lacking the sublime repose which is the characteristic of the finished footman; and not inattentive to your wants, though occasionally sprinkling your coat with butter and sauce more liberally than your necessities require. Prepared by those genii of the lamp, the side-board looks really resplendent; and the dessert is so alluring that it is absolutely necessary to keep the dining-room door locked for an hour before dinner, to defeat the marauding propensities of Masters Tom and Harry, who would otherwise exact a full tithe of the figs, the raisins, and the filberts.

But it is the culinary department which principally claims our attention, because upon the ordering of that, depends the solution of the serious question, whether digestion shall wait upon appetite? We are, as a general rule, disposed to stand forward as the champion and defender of the cooks. We maintain that they do, for the most part, perform their duties with zeal and aptitude, and are deserving of the distinction conferred by the Rosicrucians, who spiritualised them as ethereal Salamanders. But among cooks there are divers gradations; and many who are quite competent to the roasting of a joint or the preparation of a batter-pudding,

possess absolutely no knowledge of the higher mysteries of the art. If desired to attempt anything beyond the common, they become hopelessly bewildered; and it is not only a wicked but an exceedingly foolish thing, which may bring its own immediate punishment, to drive them into the regions of experiment. You have no right to ask the "good plain cook," who, in consideration of very limited wages, prepares your family dinner, to furnish forth a banquet of Apician delicacy for some score of invited guests. However willing, she cannot do it; and your own good sense should prevent you from attempting an impossibility. Now, in this position, two courses are open to the ambitious giver of dinners. Either he may hire in a professed cook, to take the command of the kitchen for the day, or he may give an order to the nearest confectioner to supply the soups, *entrées*, and other delicacies which are beyond poor Molly's capabilities. It is not for us to interfere with the domestic arrangements of others; but were we so situated, we should as soon let a strange cat into the premises, as engage one of those empirical peripatetics of the sauce-pan. For, rely upon it, she will either aggravate Molly to such an extent that the sound of the verbal conflict shall be audible even in the garrets—or she will poison her mind as to the sparseness of the kitchen furnishings, and thereby lay the foundation for future discontent and warning—or she will insult the wife of your bosom by instituting odious comparisons. Moreover, such women are often rank impostors. They may be competent to the preparation of one or two dishes, but in others they fail egregiously; and it really is not worth while turning you house topsyturvy, and sowing the seeds of disaffection in your household, for the mere chance of a passable soup, a respectable *vol-au-vent*, or a dubious preparation of oysters. Better go to the confectioner,

who has at least an available range of ovens; and who can supply you with such stereotyped refectations of the soup and *paté* order as have escaped the devouring rage of the forenoon loungers at his establishment.

We crave pardon for having taken this slight peep behind the scenes. Perhaps it was unmannerly to do so; for, after all, our business is with the dinner when served up, not with the method of its preparation. Tackle we, then, to the food before us at one of those sumptuary banquets. There are two soups—one brown, with a few shreds of carrot; the other white, purporting to be derived from oysters. The first, if not dish-washings, is simply attenuated beef-tea—the second is a compound thickened by flour, not very much more digestible than liquid plaster-of-Paris. Next comes the fish. At the top is a plateau of small whittings with their tails in their mouths, carefully covered by a cloth which has sodden them in their own steam. They are cold as the plates which the waiter thrusts for their reception, and the butter with which they are to be eaten is likewise adulterated with flour. At the bottom is a superb codfish, so thick that the heat has not been able to penetrate the interior, whence it happens that beyond a few of the outside flakes, the bulk of it is raw, against which (though raw fish is undoubtedly digestible) most people entertain a prejudice. Then follow four corner-dishes, well known to diners-out, and apparently inseparable—oyster-parties, curried chicken, sweetbread, and stewed pigeons. For *pièces de résistance* you have roast-beef, and turkey or fowls, with the concomitants of tongue or ham. Lukewarm vegetables are handed round in a beastly triangular dish. There may be a *mayonnaise*—if there is, shun it as though it had been prepared by the hands of the daughter of the Borgias. Then comes scorched leveret or bloody wild-ducks, and a dubious

kind of pudding, which, as a peptic philosopher, you eschew. Then there are ices and comfits, which precede the perambulation of the second-growth claret.

That is, according to our experience, a very common bill of fare; and, notwithstanding the defects which we have noted, a man who has his wits about him, and who entertains a due regard for his stomach, may, by judicious choice and abstinence from evil things, satisfy his appetite without injury. But if he eats promiscuously, he is as surely in for dyspepsia as if he had swallowed a sack of walnuts. Nay, let him be as cautious as a man can be with regard to his eating, he is made a victim, if he recklessly imbibes the fluids which the attendant fiends persist in pouring into the glasses especially dedicated for his use. The sherry may be harmless, even though it be Australian—that is a point which, for the present, we deem it unnecessary to discuss; but inferior champagne plays the very mischief with the digestion, especially when it is intermingled with sips of the sourest Rhenish. Our ancestors, whatever might be their faults, were particular as to their wines, and when they had secured a good vintage, set their faces against divergence. We, on the contrary, make fools of ourselves by yielding to the solicitations of foreign bacchanalian bagmen, and order what they call “mixed cases,” containing every kind of imaginable rotgut. Most of these, if scientifically analysed, would prove to be of the nature of vinegar; and where is the stomach so preternaturally tough as to resist the baneful action of a mixture of such corrosive fluids? If you partake, as you probably will be tempted to do, of ice and curaçoa, with coffee afterwards, you have simply—excuse the bluntness of the phrase—made your carcass a vat for fermentation. Three banquets of this sort per week, extending over a period of three months, during which time you can take little or no exer-

cise, will bring on dyspepsia as surely as the liver of a sacrificial gander expires before the fires of Strasburg.

With due attention to temperance, exercise, and early hours, you may set dyspepsia at defiance. Neglect one of these precautions, and you lay yourself open to the approaches of the enemy—neglect two of them, and it is hardly possible that you can escape. And, above all things, keep this in mind, that no other disease or affection of the body is so stealthy or insidious as dyspepsia. If the first few instances of carelessness or transgression were to be visited with the pains and penalties that afflict the patient when the malady has become chronic, few men would be so insane or so obstinately reckless as to postpone the work of reformation. But the earlier symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The appetite is not sensibly affected, though the digestion is impaired; and the complaint seems for a time to be limited to flatulency and heartburn. Such unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily removed. Essence of ginger and fluid magnesia seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters himself that there is no ground for apprehension. But the symptoms do not disappear. They recur with greater frequency; and the antidotal doses, though increased, are found to have lost their efficacy. The stomach has now become more seriously deranged. All kinds of food generate acid; and in this stage the patient usually has recourse to the carbonates of soda or potash, which in their turn give a temporary relief, though without in any way arresting the disorder. By this time dyspepsia, like an insidious serpent, has fairly folded the victim within its embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure. Everything he eats disagrees with him, and seems to undergo some wondrous transformation. That which was served up at table as haggia, seems converted, two hours afterwards, into a ball of knotted

tow—a mutton-chop becomes a fiery crab, rending the interior with its claws—and even rice-pudding has the intolerable effrontery to become revived as a hedge-hog. After that come nausea and vomiting. You derive no benefit from the food you swallow. From twelve-stone weight you dwindle down to ten. Your countenance becomes ghastly, your eyes hollow, and you totter prematurely on your pins. The mere notion of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if you had no strength for anything. You are pensive, moody, and irritable. Your mind loses its elasticity and power; and when you sit down to compose, instead of manly matter, you produce nothing but the dreariest of drivel.

Such, without any exaggeration, is dyspepsia. It is a malady for which the pharmacopœia affords no certain cure, and which, in numerous instances, sets the skill of the physician at defiance. In fact, even the ablest practitioners exhibit themselves as empirics when they are called upon to deal with the stomach. They have no more insight into the matter than the old wife who prescribes camomile-tea or an infusion of nettle-tops—nay, we incline to the opinion that the old wife knows more about such things than do our modern Sangrados. The latter may treat you with zinc and arsenic, nux vomica, or nitrous acid, but you will not be one whit the better for their applications. Camomile, on the other hand, is a natural tonic, and may avail somewhat as a restorative, but not when the disease is at its worst. Then as to diet, it is really painful to observe the disagreement that prevails among the faculty. One doctor recommends total abstinence from vegetables, and adherence to plain animal food. Another tells you that without a due proportion of vegetables the stomach will not regain its tone. "Take a glass or two of dry sherry daily," quoth one medico, "and something light for lunch—brown bread and butter,

and a shrimp or so—nothing worse than an empty stomach. My good friend, you are too abstemious—you absolutely require a stimulant." "Do you drink wine?" quoth a gaunt teetotaller, with a voice that might emanate from a sepulchre; "no wonder, then, that your digestive organs are deranged! Alcohol, sir, is but another word for the most virulent of all poisons. Shun sherry—avoid amontillado—let brandy be as a thing accursed! Drink water only, the best of all solvents; and so shall it be well with you both here and hereafter." What is a poor fellow to do when he finds the faculty at loggerheads, and as much divided in opinion as was once the Catholic Church with regard to the observance of Easter? They may not differ as to the nature and cause of the malady—it is when they try to effect a cure that they find themselves comparatively helpless. Nor is it fair to blame them, for rare indeed are the cases in which dyspeptic patients will surrender themselves to their charge without conditions. "I shall faithfully obey your prescriptions, Doctor," says one patient, whose pangs are at times so severe that he writhes like a lob-worm on the hook; "only you must remember that I cannot afford to strike work. *Laborare est orare*. What would become of my business if I were to absent myself in time of session?" "Physic and drench me as you please," says another; "neither to pill nor potion will I object; but I would as soon go down in a diving-bell as undertake a voyage in a yacht!" "A pedestrian tour for six weeks through Switzerland!" cries a third: "carrying my own knapsack, I suppose! Why not tell me to put peas in my shoes and make the pilgrimage to Loretto?" "I am writing a book," quoth a fourth, to whom dinner is a thought of dread; "and I shall not stir hence till I have finished it, and, moreover, corrected the proof-sheets." We do verily believe that there are few cases of dyspepsia so

bad that they might not be overcome by timely and continuous exercise; but, as we have already said, it is a peculiarity of the disease that it engenders an intense hatred of exertion, and the main difficulty is to persuade the patient to struggle against this torpid feeling. It is not wise to press him to undertake all at once some physical labour which would act as a severe strain to the thews and sinews. It is not a Milo who has to be put into training, but a Sybarite, who could no more lift a new-born calf than he could support the world upon his shoulders.

This is, no doubt, a melancholy picture; but to confess the truth, we have no desire that it should be otherwise. Eager students, literary men, and professional devotees, stand greatly in need of warning and advice; for rarely do we pace the street without encountering some sallow-faced miserable-looking object—spent, worn, and attenuated—from whose cheek the healthy bloom has prematurely departed, and whose enfeebled gait and lack-lustre eye show that he is a victim to the pangs of remorseless dyspepsia. It is all very well to tell us that this is pre-eminently the age of intellectual exertion, and that the man who seeks distinction must win it through extraordinary labour. Granted; but what are we to think of a system of training,

the inevitable result of which must be a break-down in the midst of the career? Body and mind are so mysteriously and intimately united, that if you neglect the former the latter cannot choose but suffer; for the body is the visible machine which must be kept in order and be properly tended, else the mental product will be greatly and grievously deteriorated.

Such, then, is the malady; not necessarily, as we have said, the result of excess or of riotous living, but traceable in almost every instance to neglect of the primary laws for the preservation of the natural health. Many who read these pages will doubtless, from their own experience, admit that we have accurately stated the causes, and by no means exaggerated the symptoms, of the disease; and for them there is a plentiful harvest of hope if they will only avail themselves of the curative means within their reach; for the stomach, however offended, is not altogether an implacable organ, and many a sallow student who has been sorely vexed by dyspepsia, has ere now plumped out into a comfortable parson, and can play such a knife and fork as would strike terror into the soul of a vegetarian. But, in describing the MALADY, we have covered our allotted space; and must reserve for another paper the consideration of the CURE.

BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

WHEN that well-known British traveller, Leo Rusticus, Esq., pays his visit to Oxford with his interesting daughters about Commemoration time, and makes the tour of the university under the eyes of criticising undergraduates, he usually finds his way at last into Christchurch Cathedral. True, there is very little to be seen there, for it is about the ugliest possible of collegiate churches; still, it is a cathedral, and therefore, like other cathedrals, to be "done" as a duty. And feeling this, like the British Lion in general, he does it. There, amongst other objects of interest, the attendant verger will point out to him (if he does *his* duty) in the north aisle, high up against a pillar, a small bust, with a Latin inscription underneath, and a queer-looking diagram stuck rather awkwardly on one side of it, which the young ladies will probably at the first glance take for a sun-dial, but which is in truth an astrological calculation of a nativity. "Burton, sir," says the verger, succinctly pointing up to it—"author of the *Anatomy*—formerly student of this house." The young ladies conclude him to have been some medical celebrity; but papa, with the superior information for which the gentlemen of the family of Rusticus have always been distinguished, volunteers a word of explanation—" *Anatomy of Melancholy*, you know, my dears." Neither of the dears knows much about it; but the verger strikes in. "Yes, sir," says that worthy, "he was a very melancholy gentleman, and is supposed to have destroyed himself; and that's his horrorscope." Miss Leonina, not at all disposed at present to anatomise melancholy, skips on to the next monument; and papa, after a nod intended to imply that the whole subject is familiar to him, thinks it as well to follow. He knows he has the book upon his library shelves

at home, and has an impression that it is considered a clever thing; but he is by no means prepared to undergo an extempore examination as to its contents. He has seen the work so often alluded to, and in such high terms of praise, that he has little doubt but that all the educated world are perfectly well acquainted with it, and that his own ignorance on the subject is highly inexcusable. He need not judge himself so hardly. If he were to question in succession all the Fellows of the college where he will dine to-day as to their own personal acquaintance with the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he would scarcely find more than one among them who had read the book. He would discover that their knowledge of it, like his own, had been gained from passing allusions to it in other writers, or bibliographical notices in booksellers' catalogues. They will all have heard, no doubt, that it was the only book that could get the great Samuel Johnson out of bed two hours before his wont in the morning; but its present effect upon the early rising of Oxford would be admitted to be quite appreciable.

The truth is, that Burton's book is what everybody has heard of, and few people have read. Its popularity was always uncertain, and subject to ebbs and flows. At its first appearance it seems to have been quite what we should now call the book of the season. The author himself, in his Address to the Reader prefixed to the fourth edition, tells us that "the first, second, and third editions were suddenly gone, eagerly read, and not so much approved by some as scornfully rejected by others." Whether the author profited or not, in a pecuniary way, by this rapid sale, the booksellers, according to Antony-a-Wood (not an authority always to be trusted), got an estate by it, having disposed of no less than eight

editions—five in Burton's lifetime. It afterwards fell into comparative neglect. Mr. Steevens remarks that it "is not noticed by either Addison, Pope, or Swift; nay, it even escaped the notice of that excursive reader, Arbuthnot, who was familiarly acquainted with more books than the preceding triumvirate ever heard of." It rose again into temporary demand, owing to the laudatory notices of it by Johnson, Warton, and others—the price of a copy rising in consequence, says Steevens, "from one shilling and sixpence to a guinea and a half," but soon relapsed into comparative neglect; and although it has always had its enthusiastic readers and admirers, the reading public in general has been content to take its merits upon trust. Such is the fate at present of many an author's works more worthy than even old Burton to be ranked amongst our English classics. There they are, in rows along the walls of our libraries, like ladies of a certain age in a ball-room, well known by name and sight, and highly respected, but whom no gentleman has the hardihood to take in hand. It would be an interesting branch of literary statistics, and might lead to some rather startling results, to ascertain what proportion of professed admirers of Shakspeare have any intimate acquaintance with his plays beyond what Mr. Kean has given them, or how many who talk familiarly of the great Lord Bacon ever read a line of his, except in a quotation. Southey once said that if his library (14,000 volumes) were necessarily cut down to nineteen, it should consist of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton; Jeremy Taylor, South, and Thomas Jackson, as divines; Lord Clarendon, Isaak Walton, Sir Thos. Brown, Fuller's *Church History*, and Sidney's *Arcadia*. There can be very little doubt that a small travelling library so selected—say for a modern English gentleman going out for ten years to China—would at least have one

important recommendation—most of them would be, to all intents and purposes, new books, and would probably last him a long time.

We will not make any apology, in these days of æsthetic revivalism, when we are all wearing our grandmothers' hoops, and going back to worse than our great-grandfathers' superstitions, for a re-introduction of our readers to Robert Burton and his *Anatomy*. A book which fascinated men of such different minds as Samuel Johnson and Charles Lamb, Lord Byron and Archbishop Herring, does not deserve to lie unread. Possibly the terms in which Byron speaks of it may seem to recommend it especially to the taste of the present day. "The book," says he, "in my opinion, most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read with the least trouble, is Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused. But a superficial reader must take care, or his intricacies will bewilder him. If, however, he has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted—at least in the English language."* We cannot so far endorse this statement of Lord Byron's as to recommend a reading-up of the *Anatomy* in order to enable any ambitious friend to shine as a talker at a modern intellectual dinner-party. We doubt very much whether, even in the poet's own day, such an undertaking would have repaid an aspirant to conversational eminence. Such authorities as Peter Lombard, and Jerome Cardan, and Lipsius, and Paracelsus, or even Lucian (and these are household names compared with some of Burton's out-of-the-way acquaintances), if introduced in conversation either in this or the last generation, would be likely to win for a man little re-

* MOORE'S *Life of Byron* (Murray, 1832), vol. i. p. 144.

putation except for pedantry. But if the volumes seem to have been rather overrated as a storehouse for talkers, they were no doubt found exceedingly useful for another class, quite as important, and very nearly as large, —the writers who “wished to acquire the reputation of being well read with the least trouble.” Burton’s brains have been well picked in this way since his death; and it is a pity that he could not have returned for a while in his own person to detect and castigate, in his own peculiar style, those who availed themselves of his prodigious reading, and excursive forays into all manner of unknown literary districts, to gain for themselves the credit of original research. Hearne calls the book, in his day, “a common-place for filchers.” Anthony Wood says the same; “it is so full,” says he, “of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time, and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for scholastical discourse and writing. Several authors have stolen matter from the said book without any acknowledgment.” It may seem almost treason to place Milton in the foreground of these; but there can be no doubt but that at least the idea, if not some of the imagery, of *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are taken from the “Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain,” or “The Author’s Abstract of Melancholy,” which Burton prefixed to his book; though the dazzling wealth of language and fancy with which Milton has clothed the thought has no prototype in his quaint predecessor, whose verses, nevertheless, have considerable beauty of their own. We may presume that most of the plunderers to whom Wood and others allude have escaped the notice of posterity because the stolen property has passed into oblivion with the

rest of their work: the only thief who appears to have been convicted and executed is Sterne. Dr. Ferriar brought him to justice; and if any proof were required of the little acquaintance which the reading world in Sterne’s time had with the remarkable work of Burton, it may be found in the fact that amongst all the admirers of *Tristram Shandy* not one seems to have recognised the borrowed feathers of wit and fancy which the writer so unblushingly paraded. It seems to a reader of the present day almost incomprehensible that one who possessed such remarkable original powers as Sterne did, should have ventured to risk his reputation as an author by such bold plagiarisms as those, for instance, which Dr. Ferriar points out in the “Fragment on Whiskers.”* Nothing can satisfactorily explain it, but an impudent confidence that the literary triflers of the day, who delighted in his clever *double-entendres*, and took out their scented handkerchiefs at his tinsel sentiment, would have only sneered at the officious bookworm who should be so troublesome as to refer them to an old musty folio for the source of some of their favourite’s originalities.

But it is time to introduce our present readers to Burton himself. Of his life, unfortunately, little is known beyond the very driest facts. That he was a younger son of an old Leicestershire family, educated at Sutton Coldfield and Nuneaton grammar-schools, entered as a commoner of Brasenose at the age of seventeen, and thence elected a student of Christchurch, are not particulars which help us much towards a picture of the man. It was within the walls of the latter college that he appears to have passed his life, with only occa-

* *Tristram Shandy*, vol. v. ch. i. orig. edit., “The Lady Baussiere rode on,” &c. We refer our readers to *Ferriar’s Illustrations of Sterne* for the comparison of this passage with the original in the *Anatomy* (part iii. sect. 1, memb. 8): “Show some pity, for Christ’s sake,” &c. Other instances of Sterne’s obligations to Burton are, Mr. Shandy’s letter to Uncle Toby, with its obsolete medical practices; his philosophical consolations upon Uncle Toby’s death; his notions on government; the story of the Abderites raving about “O Cupid, prince of gods and men,” &c.

sional visits to the country. There he wrote the *Anatomy*, and there he died and was buried. He was presented by his college to the vicarage of St. Thomas in Oxford; together with which he held, from the gift of private patrons, first the rectory of Walesby in Lincolnshire, and afterwards that of Seagrave in Leicestershire, but at neither of these places does he ever appear to have resided.

"I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, *mihi et Musis*, in the university, as long almost as Xenocrates at Athens, *ad senectam fere*, to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study. . . . For thirty years I have continued a scholar—left to a solitary life and my own domestic contents; saving that sometimes (*ne quid mentiar*), as Diogenes went into the city and Democritus to the haven, to see fashions, I did for my recreation now and then walk abroad, look into the world, and could not choose but make some little observation."

The character which Wood gives of him is somewhat contradictory; "as he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous* person; so by others, who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain dealing, and charity. I have heard some of the ancients of Christchurch often say that his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile; and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets, or sentences from classic authors, which being then all the fashion in the university, made his company the more acceptable." There is no doubt but that he was what we should now call a very eccentric character; he had probably injured his health by close reading, and had that morbid self-consciousness which has often been the bane of scholars. There seems also to have been a certain amount of affectation in his character. He was not content with assuming the name of "Democritus junior" in his book,

but appears to have worked himself up into the notion that he really bore some resemblance to the original Democritus. The character which he draws of his prototype in the "Address to the Reader," which serves as the long preface to his *Anatomy*, is applicable in almost every particular to his own tastes and pursuits as described both by himself and others. The philosopher of Abdera was, he says,

"A little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness; . . . wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life; a great divine, according to the divinity of those times, an expert physician, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as *Diacosmus* and the rest of his works do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandry, saith Columella. . . . In a word, he was *omnifarium doctus*, a general scholar, a great student; . . . a man of an excellent wit, profound conceit, . . . wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw."

The philosopher of Christchurch resembled his model in very many points of this character, and perhaps believed himself to resemble it even more completely. "He was an exact mathematician," says Wood, "a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, a thorough-paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well." That he was also an able divine, and possessed sufficient medical knowledge to have set him up as a very respectable physician, is evident from the testimony of his remarkable book. As to Democritus's love of husbandry—"if my testimony were ought worth, I could say as much of myself," writes Burton. "I am *vere Saturninus*; no man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fish-ponds, rivers, &c." But there is one curious

* i.e. in the old sense of the word, "whimsical, capricious."

habit recorded of him, which seems to show that he studied for the character, and was quite willing that the world of Oxford should recognise in him the eccentricities as well as the learning of the original Laughing Philosopher: "Nothing could make him laugh but going to the bridge-foot and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter."* It is impossible not to see in this an absurd copy of Democritus at the haven of Abdera. Probably the facilities of modern railway traffic, which have interfered so seriously with the profits of the Oxford Navigation Company, have also had a depressing effect upon the jocosity of the bargemen; for Democritus himself would find a difficulty in catching a joke upon Folly Bridge now.

It is a great pity that more anecdotes of Burton have not been recorded, for he must have been a singular character as well as an amusing companion. We can fancy that, if he had been fortunate enough to meet with a Boswell, his biography might have been almost as amusing as the great Doctor's. Here is a quaint sketch of him which Hearne has preserved:—

"Aug. 2, 1713.—The Earl of Southampton went into a shop and inquired of the bookseller for Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Mr. Burton sate in a corner of the shop at that time. Says the bookseller, 'My lord, if you please, I can show you the author.' He did so. 'Mr. Burton,' says the Earl, 'your servant.' 'Mr. Southampton,' says Mr. Burton, 'your servant.' And away he went."†

He died at his rooms in Christchurch, Jan. 6, 1689; so near the time which he had himself foretold some years before from a calculation of his own nativity, that, as we are told by Antony Wood (who never misses an opportunity of saying an ill-natured thing), "several of the students did not forbear to

whisper among themselves, that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." He was buried, as we have seen, in the cathedral, with a short Latin epitaph, said to have been composed by himself, and which is not free from the tinge of vanity and affectation which marked his character:—

"Pandis notus, panceloribus ignotus,
Hic jacet Democritus Junior,
Cui vitam dedit et mortem
Melancholia."

The only known productions of his pen, besides that which has handed him down to fame, were a Latin comedy called *Philosophaster*, acted at Christchurch in 1617, of which no copy is known to exist; and some epitaphs in Latin verse, which are by no means equal in neatness and elegance to the elegiac lines, "*Ad librum suum*," prefixed to the *Anatomy*. But it is probable that other productions of his pen existed in MS. (and may exist still), since in his will he leaves to the disposal of his executors "all such books as are written with my own hands." He made a bequest to the Bodleian Library of a curious collection of pamphlets and tracts, historical and miscellaneous, very many of which are probably unique.

A few glances at hazard into the pages of the *Anatomy* will be enough to enable any one to understand the secret of the enthusiasm with which it has been regarded by some readers, and the neglect which it has experienced at the hands of others. Every page is loaded with quotations; and, what with the Latin and the italics, has such a learned and technical look, that one can easily imagine many a rambler in an old library shutting such a book in hopeless dismay. The amount of Latin in the text itself is considerable, though sometimes the author has the consideration to translate his quotations, and remit the original to the footnotes; but there is quite enough

* GRANGER'S *Biog. Hist.*

† HEARNE'S *Reliquiae*, edit. Bliss, vol. i. p. 288.

even in the allusions to make the book unsatisfactory except to a classical scholar. Indeed, so full is it of sentences in the more learned tongue, that Nicholls* says, "It had been doubted whether it was originally written in Latin or English." Burton seems at least to have had some hesitation in the choice; he almost apologises to himself and his readers for using the vulgar tongue: "It was not mine intent to prostitute my muse in English, or to divulge *secreta Minervæ*, but to have exposed this more contract in Latin if I could have got it printed. Any scurrile pamphlet is welcome to our mercenary stationers in English, but in Latin they will not deal." When he gets upon the subject of abuses in the Church (which he probably considered as among Minerva's secrets), and wishes to lash out into that classical billingsgate of which critics were once so fond, he gives us whole pages of original Latin.† It is not fair to say of it, as has been said, that it is a mere cento of quotations, though it is true that such is the title which Burton himself bestows upon it in his preface, perhaps with some little affectation of humility—"I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers writers." He professes also, though only half in earnest, to use the shield of authority against those who might feel offended at the severity of his satire,—"*It is not I, but they, that say it.*" Yet, while the author thus guarded himself against ill-natured critics by this self-denying ordinance at the outset, he would have been little pleased to have heard this term applied to it by any one except himself. If it be a cento, it is not to that fact that it owes either its interest or its reputation. No work ever more fully illustrated the words of Horace—

"*Tantum series juncturaque pollet.*"

Burton could say with the greatest

truth—"The matter is theirs most part, and yet mine;—that which nature does with the aliment of our bodies, incorporate, digest, assimilate, I do—*concoquere quod hausit*—dispose of what I take. The method only is mine own." It is this method—this *lucidus ordo*—which is at once the merit and the charm of the book. To make it a detraction from Burton's claims as an author, that he collected his materials instead of manufacturing them, is much like complaining of a successful architect, that, after all, he did not make his own bricks.

But full indeed it is, in every sense, of rich material collected from all sources. One does not know whether most to admire the wealth of the learning or the originality of many of the applications. Heathen Classics, Fathers of the Christian Church, Arabian physicians, German scholars, Dutch historians, travellers and philosophers of all nations and ages, are pressed into the service—frequently only a few words from each, fitted into the context in a sort of literary mosaic, wonderful to examine. Never was criticism less happy than that of Granger, that "if he had made more use of his invention, and less of his commonplace book, his work would perhaps have been more valuable than it is." No one would have been more disgusted at so mistaken a compliment than Democritus himself. He would have us believe, indeed, with that affectation from which no author seems quite to escape, that he wrote his treatise somewhat in haste:—

"I was enforced, as a bear doth her whelps, to bring forth this confused lump; I had not time to lick it into form, as she doth her young ones, but even so to publish it as it was first written, *quidquid in buccam venit*; in an extemporean style (as I commonly do all other exercises), *effudi quidquid dictavit genus meus*; out of a confused company of notes, and writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak."

* *Hist. of Leicestershire*, vol. iii. part i. p. 558.

† See part i. sec. 2, memb. 3, suba. 15.

It is remarkable to find so acute a critic as Dr. Ferriar accepting this statement of Burton's as a true history of his authorship, and believing that he poured his quotations out on paper as fast as they came into his head. On the contrary, Burton's arrangement is, as has been already observed, a peculiar excellency in his book, and shows it to have been the careful labour of probably many years.

The professed object of the book is to anatomise the passion of Melancholy; to trace its nature, its causes, and its possible cure. If any one shall ask the reason for his choice of a subject—

"I write of melancholy, by being busie to avoid melancholy."—"I can peradventure affirm with Marius in Salust, that which others hear or read of I felt and practised myself: they get their knowledge from books, I from melancholising. . . . I would help others out of a fellow-feeling; and as that vertuous lady did of old, being a leper herself, bestow all her portion to build an hospital for lepers, I will spend my time and knowledge, which are my greatest fortunes, for the common good of all."

Perhaps we have a truer reason, or at least one which had its share in leading him to authorship, in the confession that he was conscious of a considerable store of out-of-the-way reading, which might make an entertaining book;—"I had a kind of imposthume in my head, which I was very desirous to be unladen of, and could imagine no fitter evacuation than this." Burton's medical studies must excuse the metaphor, which is certainly rather professional than delicate; but we must not allow its apparent humility to be caught at as a precedent; there are a great many authors the contents of whose brains can never have been such a burden to them as to justify the "unlading" of them upon the public. He writes under the name of Democritus junior, because the original Democritus cut up and anatomised beasts—

"To find out the seat of this *atra bilis* or melancholy, whence it proceeds and how it is engendered in men's bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, by his writings and observations teach others how to prevent and avoid it. Which good intent of his Hippocrates highly commended, Democritus junior is therefore bold to imitate, and because he left it imperfect, and it is now lost, *quasi succenturiator Democriti*, to revive again, prosecute, and finish it in this treatise."

He had another reason for his choice of an *alias* :—

"Never so much cause of laughter as now: never so many fools and madmen. 'Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days; we have now need of a Democritus to laugh at Democritus, one jester to flout another, one fool to flout at another,—a great Stentorian Democritus, as big as that Rhodian Colossus: for now, as Salisburiensis said in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*—the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors; *Voluptas Sacra* (as Calcaquinius wittily feigns in his Apologues) are celebrated all the world over, where all the actors were madmen and fools, and every hour changed habits, or took that which came next."

He admits that some might object against him that he, as a benefited divine, might have more fitly written sermons; but of that class of works he "saw no such great need;" there being already "so many commentaries, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons, that whole teams of oxen cannot draw them." The reader of Burton need only turn to the "Cure of Despair" in the last division of his treatise, in order to feel assured that if the writer had thought fit to devote his extraordinary stores of learning and powers of composition to pulpit oratory, Donne would have had a formidable rival in his less known contemporary. But the pulpit was not his favourite line; and it was probably rather his studentship at Christchurch than his deliberate choice which led him to take holy

orders. "I am," says he, "by my profession a divine, and by mine inclination a physician." Yet he entertained the idea of some future publication more in the way of his calling.—"If this my discourse be over-medicinal, or savour too much of humanity, I promise thee that I will hereafter make thee amends in some treatise of divinity."—One feels curious to know what sort of sermons he preached to the good people of St. Thomas's in Oxford, and whether, on the one hand, he took any pains to adapt his powers to their level, or they, on the other, had any distinct appreciation of their learned vicar. The only thing recorded of him in connection with his parochial duties there, so far as we are aware, is, that he built the south porch of the church A.D. 1621, and always administered the bread at the Holy Communion in the wafer form.

He professes to find the disease of which he treats—"melancholy madness"—so universal amongst mankind, that almost no condition is free from it. "You shall find that kingdoms and provinces are melancholy, cities and families, all creatures, vegetal, sensible, and rational—that all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune. Folly, melancholy, madness, are but one disease; *delirium* is a common name to all. All fools are mad, though some madder than others. And who is not a fool? who is free from melancholy? who is not touched more or less in habit or disposition?" In fact, the whole of this portion of his preface is but a sermon upon the text of the Stoic philosopher, that all men were mad—Stoics themselves included. He sets to work to establish this thesis in the most comprehensive manner. Solomon, he shows, was a fool by his own confession (Prov. xxiii. 2), and St. Paul himself admits that he was occasionally no better. Socrates, after consulting all the philosophers in order to find out a wise man, came to the conclusion "that all men were fools;" and other

philosophers say the same of him. As to learned men in general, you have only to listen to their deliberately recorded opinions of each other to be convinced that they are the greatest fools in the world. He cunningly anticipates a possible retort of the reader on this point—"Democritus, that common flouter of folly, was ridiculous himself." He quotes an old law maxim, to the effect that "all women are ordinarily fools;" but let no fair reader feel aggrieved, for such are all men also. Of all estates, and of all ages, "youth is mad—*stulti adolescentuli*; old age little better—*deliri senes*." The only man whom he would allow to have a taste of wisdom is Theophrastus, who regretted his own death "because he was just then beginning to be wise"—at one hundred and seven years old; which, as Burton observes, was rather late in the day. But not only individuals—"kingdoms, provinces, and politick bodies, are liable likewise, sensible and subject to this disease." Those who lived to see the French Reign of Terror might have well discussed such a theory in a more earnest strain than Burton's. Bishop Butler, walking in his garden with his chaplain in those terrible days, turned round to his companion after an interval of meditation, and asked him seriously whether he thought it possible for nations, like men, to have fits of insanity? There were phenomena in that Revolution which were sufficient to justify the bishop's speculation. Our present author pushes his argument still further. Even animals have this melancholy madness. "Put a bird in a cage, he will die for sullenness; or a beast in a pen, and take his young ones or companions from him, and see what effect it will cause." And even what he calls "vegetals" are liable (so he will have it) to the same diseases. Lead is "saturnine by nature;" and a plant, if removed, will pine away.

Of course, our author observes, his is not the popular doctrine. On the contrary, we all think our-

selves wise; and this is, in truth—and he quotes Solomon, Pliny, and Seneca to the point—the most indisputable symptom of folly. Never was a wiser age than his own, he says, if one could take its own testimony.

"In former times they had but seven wise men; now you can scarce find so many fools. Thales sent the golden *trifos*, which the fishermen found, and which the oracle commanded to be given to the wisest, to Bias, Bias to Solon, &c. If such a thing were now found, we should all fight for it, as the three goddesses did for the golden apple—we are so wise. We have women politicians, children metaphysicians; every silly fellow can square a circle, make perpetual motions, find the philosopher's stone, interpret Apocalypse, make new theoricks, a new system of the world, new logic, new philosophy, &c. We think so well of ourselves, and that is an ample testimony of much folly."

After a very long exordium—which is, however, one of the best parts of the book—he proceeds to treat of melancholy as to—1. Its nature; 2. Its causes; 3. Its symptoms. He gives a most elaborate synopsis, as a kind of index to the work, in which all the heads of his discourse are indicated in their sections, members, and sub-sections. Whether this was for his own amusement, or as a kind of solemn joke upon the subtleties of the schoolmen's logical divisions and subdivisions, one can scarcely tell; certainly he could not expect many of his readers to enter upon the study in the severely philosophical spirit which such an apparatus implies—"to take up melancholy as a science," in modern Oxford language. At any rate, modern students will be rather apt to run on delighted with the rich flow of quaint anecdote and quotation, bewildered in a pleasant maze (for Burton's digressions are of the longest and boldest), than to pause from time to time to take up the several steps of the discussion, or observe carefully that "sub-section 7" is a branch of "member 3." It is only the critical reader

of Burton who will feel himself bound to this more systematic, and less luxurious proceeding.

After premising that no man is free from disease of some kind—a position which we believe is still held by the faculty—he proceeds to a preliminary "digression" as to the anatomy of the body and of the mind. The first we may leave unnoticed: medical technicalities are not lively reading at the best, and the anatomical science of two hundred and fifty years ago is not very valuable. He has certainly done his best to give his readers something of the poetry of science, even in dealing with this very technical subject; showing how "the brain" in the highest region is, as it were "a privy counsellor and chancellor to the heart," which (in the second region the chest) "as a king keeps his court, and by his arteries communicates life to the whole body;" while in the third or lower region "the liver resides as a legate *a latere*," and the lungs is "the town-clerk or crier, as an orator to a king; annexed to the heart to express his thoughts by voice." The anatomy of the soul is more curious, though it is about the hardest reading in the book, and has no doubt turned back many a lazy reader who has opened Burton in search of amusement. But we will not stop now to examine how "there be in all fourteen species of the understanding." Let us proceed to ascertain what this "melancholy," *atra bilis*, is. There is one species of it "in disposition," "which comes and goes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, &c." with which this treatise will have nothing to do; in this sense, "melancholy is the character of mortality." It is melancholy proper, "in habit, *morbus chronicus*," with which we have to do. Burton accepts what he calls the "common" definition of it, "a kind of dotage without a fever, having for his ordinary companions fear and sadness, without

any apparent occasion.* Those who are most liable to it are persons either "of a black, or of a high sanguine complexion" (which gives rise to different forms of the disease, which shows itself in more violent symptoms in the latter temperament); but, indeed, our author goes on to say, "I cannot except any complexion, any age, condition, sex or age, but fools and stoics, which (according to Synesius) are never troubled with any manner of passion." We do not know how far the philosophers may be pleased with an exemption granted in such company, but it may be some comfort to the fools in these days of universal wisdom. On the other hand, we fear that some of our very saturnine and disagreeable friends, if they study Burton, will shelter themselves under his authority, and set down to their superior genius what is due to their bad digestion. "Generally," saith Rhasis, "the finest wits and most generous spirits are, before other, obnoxious to it." It will be a great temptation to those who feel themselves "dull, heavy, lazy," "uncheerful in countenance and not pleasant to behold" to plead that these are the tokens of a superior mind, when they find it

here remarked of the same characters that "their memories are for the most part good, they have happy wits and excellent apprehensions." Even the authority of Aristotle is quoted to the same effect. There may be an unpleasant amount of truth in the theory. The temper which sees a sadness and a weariness in all things is the scourge of a higher nature than the buoyant animalism which finds delight in every hour of existence. There may be a moral lesson in discontent. "Ennui," says a preacher of no ordinary powers,† "is one of the signatures of man's immortality." It is "a thing," says another writer,‡ "which fools never know, and clever men only dispel by active exertion." *Omnia vanitas* has more than one interpretation.

As to the causes of melancholy, the author runs into some very fantastic digressions. "How far the power of spirits and devils doth extend, and whether they can cause this or any other disease, is a serious question, and worthy to be considered." Testimonies from various writers, of whom few readers will have heard, are produced in support of both sides of the question; but the author's sympathies are plainly

* It has been more than insinuated, by Dibdin and others, that the author of this *Anatomy*, the prey of so many literary pirates, was himself, to a certain extent, a copyist. That there were abundance of treatises on melancholy, in all languages, before the appearance of this book, is of course true; and that he made free use of them in the way of reference and quotation, he declares himself in his ample footnotes. It would require a research into forgotten literature almost as laborious as Burton's own, to refute this charge effectually. But the definition of melancholy just quoted from his pages, affords a convenient opportunity of showing, by an examination of one particular instance, how far the author was likely to take anything at second-hand. One of the books to which he is thought to have been indebted is *A Treatise of Melancholie*, by Timothy Bright, M.D., first printed in 1586. [The work is very scarce, and the British Museum has only an imperfect copy.] There is no question but that Burton made use of the book, for he quotes from it, or refers to it more than once. And there are several passages in the old physician's word from which at first sight it might appear that the later writer had borrowed. For instance, Bright's definition of melancholy is "a dotage of the reason through vaine feare, procured by fault of the melancholic humour." Now, upon comparing this with Burton's, as given above, it will be seen that the terms are the same. But when we come to examine the process by which the later author arrives at his definition, we see that Bright got his term "dotage" from Areteus; "of the reason" from Montaltus, Albertus, Bottonus, &c.; "feare," as a necessary ingredient, from Hercules de Saxonia, &c.; and "black choler," or "the melancholic humour," as the cause, from Paul of Ægina. Both had probably recourse to the same authorities, and hence the resemblance.

† F. W. Robertson. ‡ Sir Bulwer Lytton (in a letter to Lady Blessington).

with the demonologists. Some strange speculations on the subject he cannot indeed admit, as, for instance, that these devils are corporeal, as David Crusius and others would have it; Bodine even being so particular as to note that "in their proper shapes they are round." Leo Suavius, a Frenchman, will have "the ayre to be as full of them as snow falling in the skies;" and Paracelsus "stiffly maintains" that "the air is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils"—a very uncomfortable doctrine. Not that they are invisible at all times and to all people; "that holy man Ketellus, in Nubrigensis, had an especial grace to see devils, and to talk with them." Facius Cardan, father of the great physician, an. 1491, 13th August (the son, who records it, is very properly exact as to the date), "conjured up seven devils in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy of complexion, and some pale;" nay, we are told a few pages further on that he had ~~one~~—"an aerial devil"—"bound to him for twenty and eight years." Was it to learn physic that he served this apprenticeship? Burton is careful not to commit himself to the truth either of these philosophers' speculations or of their personal experiences; but he declares his own belief that "whirlwinds and tempestuous storms, which our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, are more often caused by those aerial devils in their several quarters"—*tripudium agentes*—"rejoicing in the death of a sinner." How far they are influential in producing melancholy he leaves undecided; but he thinks that this humour has been rightly termed by Serapion "*balneum diaboli*, the devil's bath," as inviting him to come into it.

Besides evil spirits and magicians, their servants, he holds that the stars may be a disposing cause. The conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Libra, or Saturn and the moon in Scorpio, is significant of future madness or melancholy. There can be no question as to Burton's own belief in judicial astrology. He apologises for it gracefully—"Nam et doctis hisce erroribus versatus sum"—and professes that he does not carry his belief to an extreme. The stars "do incline, but not compel—*agunt, non cogunt*;" but he will not waste time in arguing with those who "will attribute no vertue at all to the heavens, or to sun or moon, more than to their signs at an inn-keeper's post;" to his view, "the heaven is a great book whose letters are the stars, wherein are written many strange things for such as can read."

Passing from these more fantastical speculations, we come to certain causes of Melancholy more commonly recognised. Worse than all devils or witches, or adverse conjunctions of the planets, are the malignant Genii of Diet and Air. Six non-natural* things there are, "so much spoken of amongst physicians," in which lie the causes of all diseases, this of "black choler" included; and these are, Diet, Air, Secretions, Exercise, Sleep, and the Passions. Of these, Diet stands first in the opinion of all physicians. "It is the mother of diseases, let the father be what he will," says Fernel, the great French physician. Burton supplies a very full collection of precepts as to what particular articles of food are to be chosen or avoided; but as he is impartial in his quotations from all the celebrated authorities in ancient medicine, and as doctors proverbially disagree, the result to the anxious inquirer is not altogether

* The term *non-natural* was fashionable in the medical science of that day. It was applied to such cases of disease as were not congenital. A namesake of the author of the *Anatomy*, John Burton, M.D., of York, wrote a *Treatise on the Non-naturals*, in 1788.

satisfactory. "Gomesius doth immoderately extol sea-fish, which others as much vilifie;" "Messarius commends salmon, which Bruerinus contradicts;" Paulus Jovius "commends lampreys, and saith none speak against them but *inepti* and *scrupulosi*—some scrupulous person." Carp is a fish of which, says our author, "I know not what to determine;" it "hath a taste of mud, as Franciscus Bonsuetus poetically defines in his *Liber de Aquatilibus*" (and as we can prosaically confirm from personal experience); nevertheless, "Freitagius extols it for an excellent wholesome meat," "and so do most of our country gentlemen." The present Leo Rusticus, Esq., prefers Scotch salmon, we are bound to say in justice to his taste. Venison is still "a pleasant meat, in great esteem with us at our solemn feasts;" and we conscientiously dissent from the dictum, though it were fortified by the opinions of a thousand physicians, Greek, Latin, French, or English, that it is "a melancholy meat, and begets bad blood." No doubt, as Burton says, it ought to be "well prepared by cookery;" and it could only have been the atrocious culinary arrangements in the kitchen at Christchurch in his days that could have induced the assertion that it is "generally bad, and seldom to be used." On another point we are quite willing to agree with him; we recommend no dyspeptic student to eat *horse* (not if he knows it). Even "young foals" we should be shy of recommending as an article of diet, although "commonly eaten in Spain, and to furnish the navies often used." Some revelations as to certain tins of preserved meats supplied to her Britannic Majesty's ships lead us to think that these delicacies are still in vogue with navy contractors. Wine is set down by the authorities as a great cause of head-melancholy. "Guianerius (*Tract.* 15, c. 2) tells a story of two Dutchmen to whom he gave entertainment in his house, that in one

month's space were both melancholy by drinking of wine; one did naught but sing, the other sigh." A melancholy Dutchman keeping up a perpetual chant must have been a guest that no one but an experimental physician would have entertained long. One great delight in reading old Burton is that you never feel certain when Democritus, in telling his gravest stories, is not laughing at you in his sleeve;—not an agreeable feature in the conversation of a living philosopher, but at which your self-conceit takes no offence in one whose only personality is a title-page. Beer, on the other hand, our author strongly commends, though in opposition to authorities: "'Tis a most wholesome and a pleasant drink," "and much the better for the hop, that rarefies it, and hath an especial vertue against melancholy." It may be very fairly surmised that Christchurch brewed good ale in those days, and that Democritus junior patronised the tap. He had sense enough, no doubt, to recognise the truth of one golden rule in the matter of dietaries, which he quotes as being as ancient as Hippocrates—that what a man relishes most commonly agrees with him.

Unwholesome air, excess or defect of sleep and exercise, and other neglects of the body, are set down as proximate causes of melancholy. So also, disordered passions, which are dwelt on at considerable length in Aristotelian fashion. On the great question of the connection between matter and spirit—"how the body, being material, worketh upon the immaterial soul"—he is content to refer us to Cornelius Agrippa and Lemnius in their treatises on occult philosophy. We cannot boast of an acquaintance with these learned writers, but can guess that they leave the humiliating fact pretty much as they found it. It is a most anomalous and inexplicable state of things, that merely because a man's internal cooking-apparatus is a little out of order, he

should go nigh to hating all his neighbours, and making all his neighbours hate him; that a good digestion should be the root of nine-tenths of the moral virtues: but so it is. And when will society listen to the plea which our honest anatomist puts forth on behalf of those unfortunate mortals, who find their moral and intellectual being "so tied and captivated by their inferior senses?" "This melancholy," says he, "deserves to be pitied of all men, and to be respected with a tender compassion." Pity, indeed! we wish the unfortunate dyspeptic may get it. No—if a man wants pity, let him break his leg, and get laid up comfortably for six weeks. Then he shall enjoy all the luxury of concentrating upon himself the interest and sympathies of a whole household—nay, a whole neighbourhood. Bright eyes shall watch him, eager to anticipate his every wish, fair hands shall minister to his necessities, and fairy forms hover about, slaves to his bidding. But let him get up in the morning, sound in wind and limb to all appearance, with nothing particular to complain of, only feeling as if he had got the whole world upon his shoulders, like Atlas, and was on the point of breaking down under it—heavy as if with the shadow of some unknown calamity—with all the little troubles of life magnified in his mental focus, like those hideous water-monsters in the hydro-oxygen microscope—"agelastos, mæstus, cogitabundus"—looking as if he had newly come forth of Trophonius's den—(do we not know the symptoms as well as old Burton?)—and see how much pity or respect such an unhappy sufferer is likely to meet with from this present hard-hearted generation. Democritus had surely experienced the tender sympathies of some of his Christchurch friends when he wrote as follows:—

"It is an ordinary thing for such as are sound, to laugh at this dejected pusillanimity, and those other symptoms of melancholy, to make themselves merry with them, and to wonder at such, as

toys and trifles which may be resisted and withstood if they will themselves; but let him that so wonders, consider with himself, that if a man should tell him on a sudden that some of his especial friends were dead, could he choose but grieve? or set him upon a steep rock, where he should be in danger to be precipitated, could he be secure? Yea, but you infer that such men have a just cause to grieve, a true object of fear: so have melancholy men an inward cause, a perpetual fume and darkness, causing grief, fear, suspicion, which they carry with them—an object which cannot be removed, but sticks as close, and is as inseparable, as a shadow to a body; and, who can expel or overrun his shadow? Remove heat of the liver, a cold stomach, weak spleen—take away the cause, and then bid them not grieve nor fear, or be heavy, dull, lumpish: otherwise counsel can do little good: you may as well bid him that is sick of an ague not to be dry, or him that is wounded not to feel pain."

So much for the nature and the causes of melancholy; the second part of our treatise concerns its cure. A hard matter, the author tells us, but not impossible. He notices some proposed remedies only to reject them. He advises—and we trust our present readers will agree with him—not to have recourse to what, by a rather curious anticipation, he calls "magnetical cures"—or, in more plain language, "diabolical means"—that is, spells, charms, incantations, and the like. Sorcerers, he says, are common enough in every village—"and they have commonly St. Catherine's wheel printed in the roof of their mouth, or in some other part about them"—a trade-mark which it may be useful thus to note for the protection of the ingenuous public who attend modern *séances*, and by which we recommend them to make a point of testing the genuine article—taking care not to get their fingers bitten. Paracelsus will have it that no one shall take it in hand to deal with melancholy, who is not at once "a magician, a chymist, a philosopher, and an astrologer." Burton is cautious as to giving any decided opinion of his

own as to the possibility of such means of cure, but he holds them to be plainly unlawful. He admits, nevertheless, that there is a supernatural *Vis medicatrix*, to which we may lawfully apply, and of which all "vertue of stones, herbs, plants, seeds, &c." are but "intermediate ministers;" and he weaves very gracefully together, in his own peculiar style, the acknowledgment of the heathen poet—"A *Jove principium*"—the moral contained in the fable of Hercules and the waggoner, and the golden precept which was so fully recognised by the good physicians of old—Galen, Crato, Lælius, and their followers—"Sine oratione et invocatione DEI nihil facias."

The sovereign cures for melancholy are to be sought in accordance with what we have seen of its nature and its causes. Greater than all wizards, astrologers or physicians are the "three Salernitan doctors"—Dr. Merryman, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet"—

"Si tibi deficient medici, medici tibi fiant
Hæc tria,—mens keta, requies, moderata diæta."*

This was one of the celebrated maxims of the school of Salerno, which, under the Lombard princes, rose to the highest renown throughout Europe. It was there that the Arabian chemists and physicians taught the secrets of the East. Paris for sciences, Bonn for law, Orleans for successful writers, Salerno for medicine,—is the distribution of Thomas Aquinas. The maxims of this school were condensed into a convenient set of aphorisms in rhymed Latin verse of the twelfth century, and were translated into various languages. On the precept quoted above, Burton rests as the foundation of all sound treatment of this terrible disease. "Make a melancholy man fat," saith Rhasis, "and thou hast finished the

cure." Let him that is vexed with this Nemesis of the body, look well to his diet above all things. And in this, says Burton very sensibly, "I conclude our own experience is the best physician—let every man observe and be a law unto himself." He reminds us of the Emperor Tiberius's remark, which we have since freely translated into a proverb, that "a man after thirty is either a fool or a physician." He approves of the Roman custom of taking the chief meal at the close of the day; a point of medical discipline in which our physicians of the last generation made a perverse step backwards, tormenting the unhappy dyspeptic with raw mutton-chops at one o'clock. On the other hand, Burton and his learned authorities forbid a variety of dishes, which modern experience more reasonably concludes, under limitations, to be conducive to easy digestion; much more so than the cut-and-come-again at what our ancestors used to call "wholesome roast and boiled." In nothing did the national obstinacy and prejudice of Englishmen maintain its ground longer against reason and conviction, than in the deeply-seated belief in the virtues of the national cookery. No doubt our hereditary jealousy of France had much to do with it.

"Water," says Burton, "should be good." "Rain-water is purest;" next in merit is "that which riseth in the east and runneth eastward, from flinty, chalky, gravelly ground." We confess to a very limited experience of water as a beverage, except under the modifications admitted by our temperance poet in June last; † certainly, if we drank it, we should like it good. There used to be some in Burton's time, "in Turkey, Persia, India (as our merchants observe), as good as our beer;" but that, we are afraid, has

* See *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*; or *the School of Salerno*, &c. 4to. London: 1649. This edition has a very indifferent translation of the Latin maxims into English verse. Burton appears to have quoted from a Latin prose version.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. lxxxix. p. 749.

been drunk out long since. "The Choaspis in Persia was preferred by the Persian kings before wine itself." Something depends, no doubt, on the quality of the Persian wine; we have tasted home-made British, to which any water—even "still, white, and thick, like that of Nilus in Ægypt"—would have been preferable.

Good air again, is an essential point in the case. Upon this Burton makes a long and amusing digression, carrying his reader all round the habitable globe in search of it, where we shall not follow him. A good situation should be chosen for a house, bearing in mind that "the best soile commonly yields the worst aire." "A dry sandy spot"—"rather hilly than plain"—"a cootswold country"—with a pleasant prospect, are what he would recommend; the last alone "will ease melancholy, as Gomesius contends." "Our country gentlemen" are too apt, in his mind, to "build in bottoms, or near woods." Some, indeed, "suppose that a thick foggy air helps the memory;" and (we fear the compliment is rather malicious to the sister university) "Camden commends the site of Cambridge because it is so near the fens." But of all remedies, *change* of air is that which works wonders. "No better physic for a melancholy man than change of air and variety of places, to travel abroad and see fashions." It is no new fancy of our fashionable physicians to order their patients, who are suffering from the complications of nervousness or indigestion, to the sea or to the German baths; their predecessors in the dark ages appear to have attached quite as much weight to such prescriptions. No need to quote Rhasis, Montaltus, Celsus, &c.; let one testimony from "that great doctor," Lælius, a Fonte Eugubinus, stand for all; he notes at the end of several of his recorded consultations, and doubtless with perfect truth—"Many other things helped; but change of air was that which wrought the cure, and did most good."

Exercise, both of body and mind, is almost of equal virtue in the curative process. All nature, says the philosopher, delights in exercise. "The heavens themselves run continually round; the sun riseth and setteth; the moon increaseth and decreaseth; stars and planets keep their constant motions; the air is still tossed by the winds; the waters ebb and flow, to their conservation no doubt, to teach us that we should ever be in action." The whole of this chapter, which treats of "Exercise rectified," is rich in anecdote and allusion, "to the sweet content and capacity of the reader," as Burton himself says of other books; but we must not now linger over it. He holds all amusements to be innocent, which have an innocent intent; even stage-plays and dancing,—"howsoever they be heavily censured by some severer Catoes"—are allowable, he thinks, to frail mortality in search of recreation. He will subscribe heartily, he says, to King James's declaration in favour of "May-games, wakes, and Whitsun ales." Yet he is not ignorant that there are higher and better things, even as relaxation, for the mind. The Christchurch student knows no delight like that which he enjoys amongst his favourite books—"so great pleasure, such sweet content than is in study." He would himself prescribe no better remedy, in most cases, than "the learning of some art or science." This method of cure will hardly become so popular as change of air and liberal amusement. The modern Æsculapius may safely counsel to the pale invalid who has had too much work or too much idleness, a moor in Scotland or a trip to Ham-burg, and pocket his fee with the consciousness of having at least given a palatable prescription; but it would be striking out a novel line, and one which would perhaps hardly pay, to advise him forthwith to "demonstrate a proposition in Euclide his five last books, extract a square root," or even to study "that pleasant tract of Machometes Bragledi-

nus, *De Superficierum Divisionibus*," or "read Scaliger, *De Emendatione Temporum*, and Petavius, his adversary, till he understand them." The reader fancies he sees the smile on Democritus's face here; has all the rest of this grave advice been really badinage? He is not much reassured by what follows: "If those other do not affect him, and his means be great, to employ his purse and fill his head he may go find the philosopher's stone." They who are scarcely so ambitious as to embark upon this last discovery, may amuse themselves with lighter experiments; as, for instance, "Cornelius Dribble his perpetual motion;" or that friend of whom "Marcellus Vrenken, an Hollander," makes mention as being "about an instrument" (perhaps he has finished it by this time) "*quo videbit qua in altero horizonte sit*"—by which he can see what is going on under another horizon. The temptation held out to human curiosity in this last invention would seem to be almost irresistible.

Sleep, in the next place, should be attended to; Paracelsus holds it to be "the chiefest thing in all physic." "Some cannot sleep for witches and fascinations;" it may be so with some of our present readers; it may possibly have been so with ourselves, when we were "*callidus juvenis*;" but those days are past. The spell of fascination is not woven that can now distract our philosophical repose. "To read some pleasant author till he be asleep," is open to objection unless your bed-curtains have been steeped in a fire-proof solution; but of all recipes against wakefulness we must protest against that of *Ætius* (even though he be the man who was "thrice consul"), who orders the patients "a sup of vinegar as they go to bed." "Rhasis seems to deliberate about it." Burton does not, apparently; "I say, a nutmeg and ale, or a good draught of muscadine, with a tost or a nutmeg, or a posset of the same." We say so too—anything but the vinegar.

Last, and not least, in the cure, are, "mirth, music, and merry company." First, indeed, of the Salernitan trio, walks Dr. Merryman. His prescriptions are "that sole *nepenthes* of Homer, Helena's boue, Venus's girdle, so renowned of old." This atrabilious plague "begins with sorrow (saith Montanus), it must be expelled with hilarity."

We are also furnished with several excellent philosophical arguments as remedies against discontent, some of them more ingenious than practical. Are we melancholy from imprisonment or loss of liberty? We are to remember that no man is free; all are slaves—"lovers to their mistresses, rich men to their gold, courtiers generally to lust and ambition, and all slaves to our affections." As to imprisonment—"we are all prisoners; what is our life but a prison? In Muscovy and many northern parts they are imprisoned half the year in stoves; they dare not peep out for cold; at Aden, in Arabia, they are penned in all day long with that other extreme of heat." We in England are imprisoned by the sea. As to banishment, that should be no cause for melancholy; "to a wise man there is no difference of climes; friends are everywhere to him that behaves himself well; and a prophet is not esteemed in his own country." Our author has no sympathy with nostalgia. "'Tis a childish humour, to hone after home, to be discontent with that which others seek; to prefer, as base Islanders and Norwegians do, their own rugged island before Italy and Greece, the gardens of the world." If, in spite of such impregnable arguments, any true Briton be still apt to prefer "his own rugged island," we can only give him the advice with which Burton concludes his chapter—"Read Peter Alcionius his two books of this subject."

To the remedial powers of physic, technically so called, Burton is not altogether complimentary. He finds good authorities who maintain that those tribes who are so happy as

not to have invented doctors, live the longest, and have the best health. "Dismarius Bleskenius, in his accurate description of Island" (Iceland), assures his readers that "without physic or physician they live many of them 250 years." Certain ancient writers, in their description of our own island, observe, "that there was of old no use of physick among us, and but little at this day, except it be for a few nice idle citizens, surfeiting courtiers, and stall-fed gentlemen lubbers; the country people use kitchen physic." He reminds us that Plato made it a sign of a corrupt commonwealth, "where lawyers and physicians did abound;" and he tells us how one Canonherius, "a great doctor himself, one of their own tribe," proves by sixteen arguments that physic is "no art at all; no, not worthy of the name of a liberal science, but full of impostors, and does generally more harm than good." "The devil himself was the first inventor of it;" for Apollo claims it,—“and who was Apollo but the divell?” His banter upon this subject is very amusing, both here and elsewhere in his book; but he checks himself at last, and recants—"lest some physician should mistake me, and deny me physick when I am sick." Apollo, he confesses, was worthily deified, and the art is noble and divine. Still, "a discreet and godly physician" will prefer diet to medicine; and it has been often found, as Lælius records in his consultations, that "after a deal of physic to no purpose, left to themselves, they have recovered."

He has also, scattered here and there, a few words of sound advice to the patient. Not to be "too nigardly miserable of his purse;" nor "too bold to practise upon himself;" and above all things to have confidence in his physician. Wonderful

is the power of Imagination, both in producing and removing such diseases as this treatise deals with. "*Plures sanat, in quem plures confidunt*," says Cardan; and this is admitted by great physicians to have been a notable secret of their success.

It is not probable that many sufferers will have recourse to the pharmacopœia of the seventeenth century. It contains some strange items, both simples and compounds, which modern science has either lost or neglected. Much to be desired were that stone called Chelidonium, "found" (in those days) "in the belly of a swallow, which will cure melancholics," and "make them amiable and merry." Or that species of loadstone which, "taken in parcels inward, it will" (*some say*), "like viper's wine" (another desideratum), "restore youth." All precious stones and jewels "have excellent vertues to pacifie the affections of the mind; and our fair students will learn with great satisfaction that this is the philosophical reason why men" (and we suppose women) "so much covet to have them." For the future, when the bride has a passion for sapphires, we shall know that she only values them for their power to inspire pure and chaste thoughts; if she rather affect topazes, it can only be in the hope that this stone "will increase wisdom," as Cardan promises; or if she has a fancy for a set of emeralds, it must be that, like Mercurials, she admires the emerald "for his virtues in pacifying." Even a parure of diamonds becomes a laudable object of female ambition, when we remember that, in the philosophers' system, "it calmed anger, and strengthened wedded love; and hence was called the Stone of Reconciliation."* Of the much-vaunted powers of Paracelsus' *aurum potabile*—potable gold†—grave doubts are to be entertained.

* See a pleasant chapter in De Barrera's *Gems and Jewels*, part iv. c. 1.

† Here is the receipt, if any curious reader likes to try it, from the Paris pharmacopœia:—"Dissolve half an ounce of pure gold in two ounces of *aqua regia* (nitro-muriatic acid), employing a gentle heat; add one ounce of oil of rosemary; shake the mixture, and the gold will quit the acid and unite with the oil, giving

It must have been a pretty-looking medicine; and we presume that the idea is still preserved in the Dantzic liqueur known as gold-water, with its floating particles of gold-leaf. The author is doubtful as to the virtue of amulets. He had been even more incredulous; but—

"Being in the country in the vacation time not many years since, at Lindly, in Leicestershire, my father's house, I first observed this amulet of a spider in a nut-shell lapped in silke, &c., so applied for an ague by my mother. . . . Among all other experiments, this, methought, was most absurd and ridiculous; I could see no warrant for it. *Quid araneæ cum febre?* for what antipathy! till at length, rambling amongst authors, as often I do, I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Aldrovandus. I began to have a better opinion of it, and to give more credit to amulets, when I saw it in some cases answer to experience."

It is quite consonant with modern practice and experience that for this complaint there is "no more present remedy than a cup of wine or strong drink, if it be soberly and opportunely used." But we cannot hold with Avicenna's opinion, that to be drunk is "excellent good physic;" or recommend, with Magninus, that a patient "should be so once a-month at least," even though such a grave philosopher as Seneca advises it. The sober reader will incline, with Burton, to think that such doctrines can only be maintained by "heathens and dissolute Arabians." He might have found, however, that such bacchanalian maxims were popular in his favourite school of Salerno:—

"Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini,
Hoc ter mane bibas iterum, et fuerit
medicina."

And again,

["*Singula post ova, pocula summa nova.*"]

The explanation given of this latter maxim is, "Because an egg descend-

eth but slowly downward, and drink causeth it to descend."*

There are some other remedies suggested which bespeak a very vigorous practice amongst the ancient faculty. "Cardan prescribes rubbing with nettles till they blister the skin, which likewise Basardus Visontinus so much magnifies." "Cauteries and hot irons in the suture of the crown" may also be used; and certainly, if that kind of treatment does not make a man lively, it is hard to say what will. Also (this must be in extreme cases), "'tis not amiss to bore the skull with an instrument, to let out the fuliginous vapours." "Guianerius cured a noble man in Savoy by boring alone, leaving the hole open a month together." Gordonius (a canny Scot, we opine, rather of the slow and prudent school, compared with his more dashing contemporaries) "would have this to be tried last, when no other physick will serve."

A large portion of Burton's treatise is taken up with a discussion of the symptoms, causes, and cure of love-melancholy (for "Love is a species of melancholy"); but on this branch of the subject we decline, for more reasons than one, to enter, except to extract the following result of a post-mortem examination of a lover, "related out of Plato":—

"Empedocles the philosopher was present at the cutting-up of one that died for love; his heart was combust, his liver smoakie, his lungs dried up, insomuch that he verily believed his soul was either sod or roasted through the vehemency of love's fire."—Part iii. Sect. 2, M. 3, S. 1.

As we have before observed, it is often hard to discover when Burton is in earnest, and when he is merely indulging in a grave banter. Probably he did not always know himself. His mind was so abundantly

a beautiful yellow colour. Decant it from off the acid, which remains at the bottom, and mix with fifteen ounces of rectified spirits of wine."

* *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni.*

stored with all varieties of reading, from the most fantastic cabalistic lore to the grandest and truest wisdom, that it was hard—or he was too dreamy—to separate the fanciful from the real. The canons of credibility were not so definitely fixed in his time as they are in ours. He does not care to emancipate himself altogether from the creed of the vulgar of his own day; rather, his was a mind which found congenial food both in what has been called “the follies of science,” and in the marvels of unlettered credulity. Of his belief in judicial astrology we have seen something already; he is unwilling to doubt the existence of *Lamias* and *Incubi*. Birds of Paradise that live on air and dew—the bleeding of a corpse at the touch of the murderer—the “manifest” raining of lemmer rats in Norway—are all brought forward as recognised facts, in the way of illustration. In the middle of a grave digression touching the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the question as to whether the planets are inhabited, he stops to wonder whether “those two *green children* which Nubrigensis speaks of in his time, that fell from heaven, came from thence.” And he seems to treat this quite as much as a matter of scientific observation as Jupiter’s moons—which, he tells us, “I have seen myself.” There are those who surmise that Herodotus was smiling to himself when he remarked gravely that he knew more than he cared to tell about certain Egyptian mysteries; and we willingly leave to such sagacious critics the task of getting at the real mind of Democritus junior.

We have been the more willing to re-awaken, as far as this slight sketch may serve, the interest once felt in Burton’s remarkable book, because he seems on the whole to have had less than justice done to him by professional critics in modern days. Hallam coldly says—“I have not found much pleasure in glancing over the *Anatomy*,” and complains of its being clogged with

excess of reading. A critic who had only found time to “glance over” a book of this character, had scarcely a right to give an opinion *ex cathedra* upon it, and can only be excused by the dire necessity that binds critics who undertake the whole range of literature to say something. Dibdin says, “it is, in a great measure, a task to peruse.” We suspect that professed bibliomaniacs are apt to read a book “from beginning to end” after a fashion of their own—skipping the intermediate portion, and confining their attention to the title page and colophon. Bishop Kennet remarks—“This author is said to have laboured long in the writing of this book to suppress his own melancholy, and yet did but improve it; and some readers have found the same effect.” Their idiosyncrasies must have been almost as peculiar as that of a certain “melancholy Duke of Muscovy,” whom Burton mentions, “who was instantly sick, if he came but in sight of a woman.”

We have some confidence that any reader whose tastes are not entirely of the modern school, and who may be tempted to take down and dust the volumes of the *Anatomy*, will find that he has his reward. By no means let him accept this attempt of ours to put something like a popular dress upon *Democritus junior* as a substitute for that worthy himself. Nothing is further from our wish than that any one who has not yet made his acquaintance, should content himself with an introduction in a review. At any rate, we may claim in this instance to stand acquitted of the offence of “forestalling and regrating,” which many a modern author may bring against his reviewers; if we do not succeed in making readers for Burton, at least we shall not have lured any away.

Note.—Charles Lamb is well known to have been an admirer of the *Anatomy*. It was one of the books which he advised every one to read in the folio edition. The

following are printed by him as "Extracts from a Common-place Book, which belonged to Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*." More than one critic has been deceived by them; but they are evidently nothing more than clever *jeux d'esprit*, quite in Lamb's style; the imitation is excellent:—

"I, Democritus junior, have put my finishing pen to a tractate, '*De Melancholia*,' this day, Dec. 5, 1620. I bless the Trinity which hath given me health to pursue my worthless studies so far, and make supplication with a *Laus Deo* if in any case these my poor labours may be found instrumental to weed out black Melancholy, lurking cares, hartegrief, from the mind of man. *Sed hæc volo magis quam expecto.*

"I turn now to my book. *I nunc, liber—*goe forth my brave *Anatomy*. child of my brain-sweat, and yee candidi lectores, lo! here I give him up to you; do with him what you please, my masters. Some, I suppose, will applaud, commend, cry him up (these are my friends): he is a *flos rarus*, forsooth, a none-such, a Phoenix (concerning whom see Plinius and Mandeville, though *Ficinus de Monstris* doubteth at large of such a bird, whom Montaltus confuting, argueth to have been a man, *malæ scr-*

pulositatis, of a weak and cowardly faith. Christopherus a Vega is with him in this). Others again will blame, hiss, reprehend in many things, cry down altogether my collections for crude, inept, putid, *post cœnam scripta*. Coryate could write better upon a full meal, verbose, inerudite, and not sufficiently abounding in authorities."

"This morning, May 2d, 1662, having first broken my fast upon eggs and cooling salades, mellowa, water-cresses, those herbs according to Villanova's prescription, who disallows the use of meat in a morning, as grossa, fat, hebetante, feral, altogether fitter for wild beasts than men, *a contra* commended this herb diet for gentle, active, conducing to contemplation in most men, I betook myself to the nearest fields. (Being in London, I commonly dwell in the *suburbæ*, as airiest, quietest, *locimusis propriores*, free from the noises of carroches, waggons, mechanic and base workes, spectacles of outlandish birds, fishes, crocodiles, Indians, mermaids, adde quarrels, fightings, wranglings of the common sort, *plebs*, the rabble, duelloes with fists, proper to this Island, at which the stilleto'd and secret Italian laughs.) Withdrawing myself from these buzzing and illiterate vanities, with a *bezo los manos* to the city, I begin to inhale, draw in, snuff up, as horses with *dilatatis naribus*, snorte the fresh aires with exceeding great delight."

THE PERSIAN WAR OF 1856-57.

THE scene of the Persian war lies midway between Russia and India. Its history fills up the blank between the siege of Sebastopol and the siege of Delhi. No general account of this war has yet been published, although the journal of the late Captain Hunt of H.M. 78th Highlanders gave a description of that portion of it in which Outram and Havelock were engaged. This has been read with interest by the public, and with an especial interest by those who, like the present writer, have enjoyed both in the field and cantonment the genial humour and constant flow of spirits that rendered Captain Hunt the soul of every society into which he was thrown. The journal has been edited by Mr. Townsend, author of *Russell's Modern Europe Epitomised*, and prefaced by an account from that gentleman's pen, of Persia, and "the differences between Persia and England." After four chapters devoted to this appropriate preface, the editor presents Captain Hunt's Narrative with the following brief introduction:—"War having been decided upon, naval and military expeditions were despatched to the Persian Gulf. One of these, in which the gallant Havelock, whose heroic achievements in India have since made his name a household word amongst us, took part, as described in these pages. The author went through the campaign, of which he gives the following account." We can fully appreciate the motives which may have induced Mr. Townsend to avoid intruding upon Captain Hunt's province as historian; and if the narrative had related to well-known events, such as the Russian war, his introduction would have sufficed. But we think, in the present case, it would have been better to explain more fully from what point Captain Hunt's Journal started, as there can be no doubt he

would have done had he survived to publish it himself. The Persian war may be divided into two parts of equal importance. The first part comprises the sailing of the original expedition in November 1856 under the lamented General Stalker, and its proceedings up to the arrival of Sir James Outram, to assume command of the force in the end of January 1857. The second part comprises "Outram and Havelock's Persian campaign." We have introduced the subject of *Outram and Havelock's Persian Campaign*, by Captain Hunt, to show what part of the Persian war has not hitherto been described, and also to acknowledge the assistance received from that work regarding the expedition to Mo-hammerah, which the present writer did not witness.

The cause of all the differences which have occurred between England and Persia—two powers whose interests are so identical—may be comprised in the one word, Herat. This principality—it does not aspire to the dignity of a kingdom—lies in the very centre of Asia, and its fortunes might be supposed little entwined with those of the mistress of the seas. There are, indeed, several links in the chain. Herat is situated between Russia and India. It does not adjoin Russia, for Persia comes between them. It does not adjoin India, for Afghanistan comes between. Still Persia might act on Herat, Herat on Afghanistan, and Russia, that mysterious power which ever and anon haunts the reveries of our Indian statesmen, might act through all three on India. This is the pith of the train of reasoning which has induced us to spend many millions of treasure, and many valuable lives, in Afghan and Persian wars. Herat, in one of those dangerous epigrammatic phrases, has been called the key of India. It is no more the key of India than the

gateway of a nobleman's deer-park is the key of his castle. An army advancing from the westward toward India must certainly occupy it. But if Herat refused to throw open her gates, the capture of a central Asian city ought not to present many difficulties to a general who aspires to measure swords with the British in their own dominions. Herat occupied, the invader, so far from having found the key to success, has all his difficulties before him. "Deserts," said Napoleon, "are the most formidable frontiers for a state, mountains the next, and rivers the least of all." But India has a river, a desert, and a range of mountains on her north-west frontier; and five hundred miles of badly-watered, thinly-populated Affghan territory lies between this triple barrier and Herat. There may be many a purling brook and many an oasis among its hills and sandy plains; but the country is generally barren, and our own army, during the Affghan war, was constantly in great want of supplies, and we never concentrated a tenth of the force which would be assembled for an invasion of India. England, however, objects to Herat becoming a Persian province, lest Persia should give Russia a free passage through its territories. We may, however, be sure that the very last people, the English not excepted, whom the Persians would desire to see in Herat, if it was her own, would be the Russians; but if Herat is independent, the natural bribe which Russia would offer Persia for a free passage through Persia proper would be to put her in possession of this coveted dependency. If Russia ever attempt that tremendous march from the Caspian to the Indus, she may bribe and overawe the Persians, Turcomans, Heratees, and Affghans, or pit them against one another at first; but she will find that Nicol Jarvie's description of the Highlanders might well be applied to the central Asian tribes: "They may quarrel among them-

selves, and gie ilk ither ill names, or may be a clash wi' a claymore, but they are sure to join in the long run against a' civilised folk that wear breeks on their hinder ends, and hae purses in their pouches." If Eastern diplomatists—those at least who desire their country's good, and not to find work for themselves—would sometimes reflect on this inevitable conclusion to their well-woven schemes and elaborate treaties, what trouble and difficulties they would avoid!

In 1838 the Persians besieged Herat, but were repulsed after a long struggle. For eighteen years the place was left to its own devices, and was the scene of several revolutions to which, as an Affghan principality, it had every right. In 1855, the Shahradah Mahomed Yusuf, the rightful heir to the throne, gained possession of his inheritance. Mahomed Yusuf had a leaning towards the Persians, and is supposed to have encouraged the advance of a Persian army on Herat, with a view of putting down the anti-Persian party. The latter, however, under a chief called Erakhan, were in a majority, and the prince had to take refuge in the Persian camp. Herat was besieged, and fell in October 1856. The Persian monarch demanded that for the future money should be coined in his name, the Khootbeh, or prayer for the sovereign, be read in the mosques on Friday, and a certain amount of tribute paid yearly. Our ambassador had before this quitted Teheran owing to an insult offered to him by the prime minister; but this was a temporary and personal difference, which would probably have been smoothed over had not the Persian court been well aware that their proceeding regarding Herat must bring on a rupture at any rate. War was declared in a proclamation, dated 1st November 1856, by Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India.

Two modes of operation were open to the British Government. One was to march an army across Aff-

ghanistan, and expel the Persians from Herat. The difficulty and expense attending such an expedition (which was, however, seriously proposed) would have been enormous. It would have irritated the Affghans, and probably brought on another Affghan war. In fact, it would have been braving all those difficulties of climate and country, which we have just alluded to as being the real safeguard of our Indian frontier. The other plan was to send an expedition by sea to the head of the Persian Gulf, and seize Bushire, the maritime capital (such as it is) of Persia; from thence operations might be directed against the interior; and a march from Bushire to Teheran, the capital of Persia, would not be more difficult than a march from our Indian frontier to Herat.

That part of the northern shores of the Indian Ocean, which lies west of the Indies, as well as the shores of the sea of Oman and straits of Ormuz, are of a most desolate character. Sandy plains alternate with low rocky ranges, entirely destitute of verdure, save when a few date trees cluster round brackish wells. Rain seldom falls, as if the clouds declined to waste their fertilising treasures on such a thankless soil. Two thousand years ago Alexander the Great returned from his Indian expedition across this miserable country. His generals in vain remonstrated with him on the difficulties he would encounter; they only stimulated his desire to achieve what was reckoned impossible by ordinary mortals. He placed part of the army on board a fleet, under the orders of his favourite Nearchus, and despatched them from the Indus, with orders to sail for the Euphrates, and to collect all the information which could be obtained regarding the coast. Part of the journal of this voyage has been preserved, and is extremely interesting. At some of the villages on the coast, the inhabitants lived on nothing but fish. Fresh or salt fish served them for animal food, and cakes made of

flour ground from dried fish was their substitute for bread. The jaw bones of whales were considered a valuable building material, and their cattle fed from mangers, filled with fish instead of hay or corn. The sailors were greatly terrified by the whales which sported around them. We are told that "on one occasion the whales appeared so formidable that the mariners suffered the oars to fall from their hands. However, the admiral encouraged them, and ordered them, whenever they saw any of these monstrous fish approach, to direct the beaks of their ships exactly towards them, as if they were to engage an enemy in a sea-fight; as also to row stoutly, and to make as great a noise as they could, as well with their voices as their oars. The mariners thus instructed recovered from their fright, and upon a signal given plied their oars manfully, and when they came near the fish, not only shouted as loud as possible, but sounded their trumpets, and beat the sea vehemently with their oars, whereupon the whales, who were now just under the beaks of their ships, terrified with the strangeness of the sound, sunk down to the bottom of the deep. The sailors rejoiced exceedingly at the unexpected deliverance, and with one voice applauded the wisdom and courage of the admiral." Nearchus brought his fleet to the head of the Persian Gulf, with less damage and difficulty than Alexander accomplished his land journey; many of the army perished miserably in the desert, or by the hands of the barbarous tribes whose country they traversed.

It was by the same track which Nearchus followed, but with more efficient means than oars propelling their vessels, that the British expedition sailed for the Persian Gulf.

The rendezvous for a force intended to invade Persia from India in this manner would of course be Bombay, where there is an ample harbour, and abundance of all kinds

of military stores. From Bombay to the Straits of Ormuz, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, is 100 miles, and from Ormuz to Bushire 400 miles. The sea is generally calm, except during the south-west monsoon, which blows from the beginning of June till September. Even this rarely rises to a gale, and it is only the lazy and timid crews of the native craft who are afraid to navigate those seas at all times of the year.

The immediate arrangements for organizing the expedition were necessarily intrusted to Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, a nobleman, whose natural capacity for administration had been developed by ten years' experience at the head of an Indian Government. The headquarter army staff was also composed of able and practical men, so that every detail necessary to the efficiency of an army in the field was foreseen and provided for. The expedition got under weigh on the 12th and 13th of November. Most of the soldiers were on board sailing transports, but they were taken in tow by vessels belonging to the Indian Navy, or hired steamers. The force comprised H.M. 64th Regiment (destined for a more arduous struggle under Havelock the following year); the 2d Bombay Europeans, 4th and 20th Native Infantry; two squadrons 8d Native Cavalry, and one squadron Poona Horse; 3d Troop Horse Artillery; 3d and 5th Light Field Batteries; two companies Sappers and Miners, with a considerable staff of Engineer officers and an Engineer Park. The entire number of fighting men was 5670, of which 2270 were Europeans, with 3750 followers, 1150 horses, and 430 bullocks. There were eight Indian Navy steamers, seven steam and thirty sailing transports of the largest size. Major-General Stalker of the Bombay army commanded the expedition. The fleet glided smoothly "o'er Oman's waters," doubtless much to the astonishment of any Persis that happened

to be flying over at the time. On the 21st, headquarters reached the Straits of Ormuz, and waited four days at anchor to reassemble the transports, and make a fresh departure for Bushire. The fleet proceeded slowly up the Persian Gulf, owing to strong north-westerly breezes which retarded the progress of steamers with two or three large transports in tow, but proved invigorating to European troops after a residence in the tropics. On the 5th December, however, all the force was at anchor in Bushire roads, with the exception of one or two sailing vessels whose tugs had cast them adrift. As the declaration of war was made at Calcutta on the 1st November, it had not reached Bushire, three thousand miles distant, before the arrival of General Stalker. The Persian governor of Bushire, whose sway extends all along the coast, is styled Durrya Bey, or Lord of the Seas. He expressed, and probably felt, considerable surprise at a fleet ten times larger than had ever before been seen in his waters, suddenly casting anchor in Bushire roadstead. He, of course, knew that a dispute was pending between England and Persia; and the unusual frequency with which steamers bearing despatches for Captain Jones, the British resident at Bushire, had been arriving and departing may have roused his suspicions. The Indian Government, although it gave the Persians very slender warning of when it was going to begin, made all its own preparations with a praiseworthy deliberation. Besides the collecting of troops and warlike stores at Bombay, Captain Wray, assistant quartermaster-general, and a commissariat officer, had been despatched to the Persian Gulf in October to spy out the land. Among other places, Captain Wray visited Bushire, provided with compasses, measuring-chains, and all the necessary implements for taking a survey. This cool attempt to map out the fortifications of a town for whose capture a siege train had been already embarked, was more than the Resident's

sense of propriety could permit. The appearance of these military strangers, moreover, created considerable excitement both among the authorities and population of Bushire. Captain Jones was not sorry when he had them safely re-embarked after a few hours' sojourn ashore. He himself remained at his official residence until the expeditionary force arrived, removing his office on board one of the men-of-war on the 5th December, just five weeks subsequent to the declaration of war, and three days previous to the bombardment of Bushire. But no insult was offered to him, and the governor politely escorted him to the pier. This may have been partly owing to the Resident's personal popularity among the Persians, but their conduct contrasts favourably with that of the infamous Chinese mandarins who murdered English officers protected by a flag of truce. As the governor declined to surrender, preparations were made to disembark the land-forces. The town of Bushire is situated at the extremity of a small peninsula, pointing to the north-west, with the sea on one side, and a creek which joins the sea at an angle of about 30° on the other. The landward face is protected by a thick wall of inferior masonry, twenty feet high, flanked by circular bastions, which stretches across the peninsula where it is about three quarters of a mile wide. The sea and creek faces of the town have circular bastions partially connected by curtain walls. A bar across the mouth of the creek prevents vessels of more than 200 tons from entering it, and the coast shelves so gently that our frigates could not approach nearer than 1200 to 1400 yards. For six miles south of Bushire the coast is fringed by a coral reef, about twenty yards from the shore, mostly uncovered at low water, and interfering very much with a landing even from small boats. It then trends in an easterly or inward direction, forming a bay called Hattileh Bay, whose beach is free from any barrier of coral. This was se-

lected as the point of debarkation, which commenced at eight o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 7th. Just as a few infantry had descended into the boats, and the officers and men whose turn had not yet come were sitting down to breakfast, a tremendous discharge of artillery from some of the frigates shook the astonished transports. All rushed on deck, and telescopes were in high demand to discover the unfortunate objects of this terrible demonstration, which continued for a quarter of an hour. It seemed principally directed at a clump of lofty date trees, but no living creature was sitting or moving beneath their scanty shade, nor had the date trees themselves given any known cause for offence. Five men, who in the hazy mirage rising from the sand could scarcely be distinguished from camels, were approaching, but far out of range, for Sir William Armstrong had not yet imparted to the world his invaluable secret for killing our fellow creatures, and burning their houses, at a distance of five miles. The fact is, that sailors will be sailors, as boys will be boys; and our gallant tars, who had a hard day's work before them, took this little bit of noisy pleasure, which it must be confessed was innocent enough, before settling to business. They then gave themselves no rest till well on into the night, and all the horses and men had been safely landed. No tents, or baggage of any kind, were brought ashore. The troops bivouacked on the sand.

Early next morning a small party was sent to reconnoitre the road to Bushire, while the main body were getting under arms. They discovered on the coast a square earthwork, not newly erected, but the remains of some old Dutch settlement. In this a party of the enemy, about 400 strong, had taken up their position, and opened a smart fire of matchlocks as the reconnoitring party approached. The latter, accordingly, fell back a little, and awaited the advance of General Stalker with the main body.

The redoubt which the enemy occupied was nearly a square in form, with the rear resting on the beach. It was so extensive that it would have been almost impossible to have driven the garrison out by shelling from our field-pieces, and time was of importance. Any delay at this outpost would have encouraged the garrison of Bushire itself. The ditch was of considerable depth, but there was a breach in two or three parts of the parapet on the side which directly faced the land, and the debris had so filled up the ditch below that an entrance could be effected without the use of scaling-ladders. The General formed his force so as to encircle the redoubt as much as possible, and prevent escape; while two columns, one of the 2d Bombay Europeans, and the other of the 64th regiment and 25th Native Infantry, were to give the assault, the former at the north-east angle, the latter on the east or landward side.

The few cavalry with the force were placed close to the sea, on the right of the line, so as to cut off the garrison from escape along the beach, in the direction of Bushire. The 4th Bombay Rifles were ordered to touch the coast on the other side of the redoubt with their left, to cut off any parties who might try to escape in the opposite direction.

They did not at first quite carry out this order, and a good many Persians eluded them by creeping along under the rocks which overhang the beach.

The columns of the 64th and 20th, under Brigadier Stopford of the 64th, clambered up the sides of the ditch and parapet almost simultaneously, under a heavy matchlock fire. The Brigadier was shot dead on the parapet; Utterson and Warren, of the 20th N. I., were mortally and Captain Wood severely wounded. Several soldiers also fell, but the whole was over in a few minutes. The 1st Bombay Europeans had an easier breach to enter by, and got in with few casualties.

The enemy ran out at the rear the work, and a good number made off along the beach before the rifles discovered what was going on. At last the latter lined the rocks which adjoin the beach, and poured a destructive volley on the fugitives, who would not listen to, and probably did not understand, the demands to surrender, conveyed orally in English and Hindustani, or symbolically by waving of white handkerchiefs and turbans. Colonel Malet, with his cavalry, when he saw, by the red-coats appearing on the top of the parapet, that the fort was in our hands, passed in rear of it by the beach, and cut up some of those who had run the gauntlet of the rifles. One of his troopers was about to cut down a Persian, when the latter held up his hand for mercy, and Malet ordered him to be spared. As he passed on, however, the wretch whose life he had just saved, snatched a matchlock from a bush where it lay concealed, and killed his benefactor by a shot from behind. Colonel Malet was much liked in the army, and an excellent officer. His melancholy death, as well as that of Colonel Stopford, who was a thorough soldier, threw a gloom over the force.

The ground inside of the fort was much broken, and covered with the ruins of old houses. Several Persians had concealed themselves in the hollows and irregularities thus formed. When discovered, they never seemed to have an idea of asking mercy, but made a bolt of it, and were killed by the soldiers. One young fellow of about sixteen was dislodged by a soldier of the 2d Europeans, and shot down while running away. In his dying struggle he raised himself on one arm, and avenged himself by sending a bullet through the thigh of his slayer, who died from loss of blood in a few minutes, as the femoral artery was cut through.

The garrison was not composed of regular soldiers, but of men from the tribes near Bushire, especially of the Tungistanees, under their chief, Akbar Khan, whose two sons

and half the clan were left on the field. Akbar Khan, when afterwards called on to take the field, replied that they had better first send husbands for all the wives in his clan. The fate of these men did not afford much encouragement to the surrounding population to take up arms against the British. They were regarded, with much justice, as having been recklessly sacrificed by the Governor of Bushire, who threw these undisciplined levies, with a few rounds of ammunition for their matchlocks and a few bags of dates for food, into an isolated post, where they were easily cut off, and which there was really very little use of occupying at all. Some of the neighbours went so far as to say that the Governor, being a pure Persian, looked upon the slaughter of two or three hundred Tungistanes, who were half Persians half Arabs, as no great loss to the world at large, or the Persian empire in particular.

The British soldiers and camp followers partook largely of a store of dates which were collected in the fort, until a report spread that they were poisoned. This caused a panic, which fortunately turned out to be ill-founded, for no one suffered in consequence.

The force bivouacked in the neighbourhood of the captured fort of Bushire. The dead were buried, and the wounded sent on board ship, as soon as possible.

It was arranged between the general and admiral that the fleet should bombard Bushire on the following morning, while the troops advanced and took up a position opposite to the land face. The town and roadstead were concealed from our camp by a slight rise in the ground; but at an early hour the sound of heavy guns came booming through the still morning air, and showed the combat had begun. The barking, however, was worse than the biting, for the shallowness of the water near Bushire kept the belligerents at a distance of 1200 or 1400 yards from each

other, and neither the rickety masonry of Bushire nor the stout timbers of the frigates sustained any very permanent injuries from the interchange of iron missiles. The British residency at Bushire, which had been specially marked out as *not* to be touched by our gunners, came in for a couple of 68-pounder shot clean through it, certainly the heaviest damage done to any house in the town. The troops left their bivouac, which was about five miles from Bushire, at nine o'clock, and advanced in a single column for three miles; they then formed up into line, and took a position less than a mile from the land face.

The Governor had been summoned to surrender on the previous day, and declined doing so, but was requested to heave down his flag whenever he should change his mind. It was evident that, if he did not yield, a short siege would be necessary, for the wall, which stretched across the land face, and could not be breached from the ships, was quite continuous and rather high for escalade, and the town was far too large for ten times the number of ships to reduce it by bombardment. A party of sappers and miners were drawn up under Major Hill, the commanding engineer, to occupy some broken ground opposite the right of the wall, where a good lodgment for commencing siege operations could be effected; but the Governor and his counsellors had stood on the rampart while the troops advanced in line along the peninsula, with their whole front toward him, and his heart gave way. "They stretch from sea to sea," said one councillor. "Their guns are innumerable," said another. "They will kill us all if we resist," said a third. The Governor humanely resolved not to sacrifice any lives by a defence which could only have one conclusion, and pulled down his flag, or rather ordered the flagstaff to be cut down, agreeably to the inconvenient fashion of his country, which gives the victors the trouble of putting it up

again, in order that *their* flag may wave over the captured town.

Just before the town surrendered, an exciting but tragic episode occurred. The troops were drawn up parallel to the landward-front, not quite in line, but with the left echeloned forward; they occupied about one-half of the breadth of the peninsula, at the end of which Bushire is situated. A petty chief, with eight followers, had been paying a visit to the Governor of Bushire that morning, to give him information, and to take orders about calling out the tribes or militia of the adjoining country. The chief did not desire to cast his lot with the garrison; his style of warfare was to perplex an enemy by rapid movements in the open plain, not to fight cooped up by walls and battlements. He was mounted on a fine Arab mare, and accompanied by his followers, dashed suddenly out from the Bushire gateway. The little band passed like wind across the plain, making straight for the left centre of our line, where there was a break occasioned by the Rifles and a couple of guns having been thrown forward to the left-front. Those two guns gave them a volley of grape, and the Rifles discharged several shots at them, as did the 2d Europeans, near whom they passed—all escaped except two, one of whom Brigadier Homer dismounted with his stick, while Captain Aitcheson, his brigade-major, cut down the other. Every one thought, and we hope every one was glad to think, that the gallant little band had safely ridden their daring race, when a small party of cavalry appeared right in their path. They had been detached to examine a village on the left of the column as it advanced, and were closing up to the front just as the fugitives had safely got to the rear of the main body. The horses of the Persians were blown by a gallop of more than two miles, for dear life, across the sandy plain, while those of the troopers were perfectly fresh; and just as life and liberty seemed within their

grasp the chief and his men were set upon and slain by these fresh assailants. As their fatalistic countrymen said afterwards,—"Their appointed hour had come."

The garrison of Bushire were by no means easy in their minds as to the fate which awaited them. Their ideas of capturing a fort comprised a wholesale massacre of the vanquished, from which women and children were not necessarily excluded. They were all brought out, to the number of about 2000 regular troops, and, after laying down their arms, were made to sit down in rows on the ground, and so passed the night under a guard. Their state of mind could not have been an enviable one, as, on every change of sentries or movement among the guard, they shouted "Imaun," mercy, as if the signal had been given for their execution. General Stalker, however, did not even think it worth while to take the trouble of securing them as prisoners, and the next day they were dismissed. Their muskets were all stamped with the Tower mark, and had been presented by the English to the Persian Government in former days, when we wished to strengthen Persia as a barrier against Russia. We were, in fact, now pulling down, what it had been the policy of a previous generation to build up, at no small trouble and expense; but it is not in eastern diplomacy alone that statesmen must do and undo as expediency requires.

The North-eastern shore of the Persian Gulf is very flat for about thirty miles from the sea, when a range of hills rises very abruptly from the plain. Through these some difficult passes lead to the central plateau, which composes the greatest portion of the Persian dominions. Wheeled vehicles are never used for the purpose of carrying merchandise across these hills. The steep narrow paths on the direct routes are sometimes barely practicable for a laden mule; but there are more circuitous routes by which artillery

can be taken, as the Persians themselves brought a considerable train from Shiraz to the low country during this war. The country both above and below the passes is barren, not always from the want of natural fertility, but from the absence of population; for there are large districts which in former days were thickly inhabited, but now are almost perfect deserts. There has been a process of decay going on in these regions (including the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, of which the Persian Gulf is a continuation), not altogether to be accounted for by the evils of misgovernment, for we have no proof that the Government has deteriorated, or at any rate deteriorated in the proportion in which the population has died out. Nineveh and Babylon have long been buried beneath the earth, save when some descendant of savage tribes, whom Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus never heard of, has scraped away the dust from above their palaces. Persepolis, situated between Bushire and Shiraz, has never so entirely lost her ancient glory as to have required a foreign hand to bring their faded relics to the light of day; but total silence reigns amid the ruins of the city from which Alexander the Great took 25,000 mule-loads of plunder. Shuster, a small town at the confluence of the Kanon and Dizful, stands on the site of Shusan the palace, whence King Ahasuerus wrote orders to the rulers of a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, to every province according to the writing thereof, and laid a tribute upon the land and upon the isles of the sea. Within the present century the population of the town of Bassorah, situated about forty miles below the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, has dwindled from 100,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. A small village called Koma, situated at the junction of these two rivers, occupies the site of the Garden of Eden; but the spot is now much more like the Eden of Martin Chuzzlewit than the Eden of the Bible. On the spot

where there flourished every tree that is pleasant to the eye and good for food, a few tall dates and yellow reeds alone remain; while of all the beasts which Adam named, pigs and mosquitos alone seem to linger in the cradle of their race. The staple article of food along the upper shores of the gulf and banks of the lower Tigris is dates. These are consumed in great quantities both by man and beast. Horses, dogs, and camels all enjoy this nutritious food; and the little foxes, as they wander of a morning among the date groves, instead of attempting to reach the clusters hanging high above their heads, or in their disappointment pronouncing them sour, wait patiently till a breeze of wind rustles among the fan-like branches and shakes the ripened fruit. The dates for general use are not preserved separately like those which usually find their way to this country, but they are thrust into bags made of mats, and soon adhere to one another, forming a sticky paste.

With the exception of a regiment of native infantry, the British force was not quartered in Bushire itself, but in an intrenched camp which they constructed about a mile and a-half from the walls. This was a more healthy locality, and more convenient for obtaining a good supply of water, as all the other water used in the town has to be brought a distance of two miles. The water-carriers are usually women, who thus become capable of undergoing great bodily fatigue. This accomplishment was much prized by our Belooch soldiers, who are accustomed to leave all the hard work at home to be done by their better halves. Several matrimonial alliances were entered into by them, as they considered that any one who had the good fortune to obtain the hand of a Bushire beauty became possessed both of a wife to solace his cares and a donkey to carry his burdens.

The liberated garrison of Bushire took the road to Shiraz, which is situated above the passes, about 150 miles from Bushire. Being un-

armed, they kept well together, for the Persian soldier is not on very good terms with his countrymen. The blame does not entirely rest with the poor soldier, for he must live, and his superiors do not always give him a sufficiency of the staff of life, so he occasionally helps himself to what should be provided in a regular way. The soldiers are also sometimes called in to assist in collecting taxes, which are not more willingly paid in Persia than elsewhere, especially if the governor of a district, in addition to the king's taxes, wishes to levy a small rate for his own private expenses. The liberated prisoners, therefore, did not altogether expect to be received by their countrymen as gallant but unfortunate defenders of their country. They had only got out of the fire into the frying-pan, and the unarmed party from Bushire kept together to Shiraz, where they were again reorganised, and furnished with arms sent from Teheran.

We have already stated that the Persian Government, although they heard of the capture of Bushire before receiving the absolute declaration of war, had still been not altogether ignorant that some such operation was contemplated by the British. They had been informed by the officials on the coast of the constant passing to and fro of our steamers, and straws of that kind gave an indication of the wind which was likely to blow. About five regiments (or 4000 men) had been collected at Shiraz under an officer called the Shorja-ool-Moolk, and the feudal chiefs, especially the Eel-Khaneh, or chief of the "Eels," or wandering tribes, had been summoned to his standard. These Eels form a nomade population in the midst of the regular settled inhabitants. The term "Eel" denotes a nomade tribe; "Eelyant" a man belonging to an "Eel." The Eelyants pass the summer in the high ranges of hills where there is plenty of food for their cattle; as winter and its snows approach they sow some patches of grain, and then descend to the low

country, where they remain until the spring is well advanced, and the pastures and corn are springing up luxuriantly from ground well moistened by the melting snow.

The Government had also collected some supplies of flour and ammunition at the villages of Boras-joon and Chahkota, in the low country—the former forty-five, the latter twenty miles from Bushire. The amount of ammunition would not be considered as indicating a very provident spirit on the part of any other government than that of Persia, for there were not above one thousand rounds of cannon shot, and some fifteen or twenty tons of gun-powder; but as all this had to be brought on the back of mules by difficult roads for three hundred miles, it was of considerable value. General Stalker resolved to send out a party to destroy the stores at Chahkota, which were lodged in a small fort. The magazine at Boras-joon was in a larger fort, which a few men might hold out for two or three days against any force not provided with siege artillery; and as there was no transport with the British force, it was impossible to undertake anything where a large supply of ammunition, and a few days' provision, would require to be carried for some distance.

The General sent all the cavalry (three squadrons), and two Horse artillery guns, to Chahkota on the morning of the 24th December. As they approached the town, no hostile intentions on the part of its chief were discerned. The inhabitants of Chahkota and most villages near Bushire are Arabs by descent and language, and have little sympathy with their Persian sovereigns or fellow subjects. The chief or "Sheikh," Hossein by name, would no doubt have made us very welcome to the stores (supposing he had no chance of being able to appropriate them himself); but there was a Persian commissary in charge, before whom he considered it necessary to make some show of attempting to save the property committed

to his care. Accordingly, when Colonel Topp, after the usual complimentary inquiries, proceeded to business, the sheikh listened with well-feigned astonishment to his questions regarding the whereabouts of the ammunition. "What could have put such an idea into the head of General Stalker as to suppose that there was any magazine in the wretched little fort of Ohahkota? The Colonel might look round and see," &c. &c. When at last he was told we would look round, and burn the whole fort if we did not find a magazine, the sheikh gave the commissary a look, which implied, "I have done all I could, and you see it is no use," and slowly moved towards the magazine. Lieutenant Goodfellow of the Engineers made arrangements for destroying it; but to avoid injuring the fort, or rather the sheikh's apartments, which were in it, and the village generally, a quantity of the ammunition boxes were carried out to the open plain—the villagers being called on to assist in transporting them, which they did willingly enough, when the object was explained to them. They still more willingly availed themselves of permission to carry away as much grain and flour as they could, before it was burned, or attempted to be burned, for grain is not easily destroyed when collected in large quantities. The explosion which took place on the ignition of several tons of gunpowder was very fine. The troops returned to Bushire before nine o'clock that evening. The guide who accompanied them, a man of twelve or fourteen stone weight, rode all the distance, upwards of forty miles, on a small donkey; yet such is the endurance of these little beasts, that it seemed quite fresh to the last. They are the usual baggage animals attached to Persian regiments, and answer the purpose well, as one man can look after fifteen or twenty of them on a march.

In the beginning of January the Shooja-ool-Moolk descended the hills

from Shiraz and established himself at the small town of Borasjoon, some forty-five miles from Bushire. The inhabitants of this latter place used to be constantly predicting an attack on the English camp, as the Shooja was said to have orders to drive the infidels into the sea. The English would have been only too happy to have seen the Shah himself, with the whole army of Persia at his back, advancing on their entrenchments, and never indulged in too sanguine expectations of the force from Shiraz proving their mettle. Towards the end of January, however, great excitement was created in our camp by intelligence that her Majesty had appointed Sir James Outram to command the Persian expeditionary force, and that his arrival with large reinforcements sufficient to admit of active operations being commenced, might be shortly looked for. General Stalker was also directed to collect all the land-transport he could from the surrounding country and Bagdad, Bussorah, or any of the posts of the Gulf where it was procurable.

Sir J. Outram arrived at Bushire without having any plan, or any data on which to form a plan of future operations—one blow, indeed, was well-nigh decided on. The town of Mohummerah, situated at the junction of the rivers Karun and Shat-ul-Arab (as the united Tigris and Euphrates is called), was the only military position of the Persians, besides Bushire, accessible by water. It commands the channels of both the Shat-ul-Arab and Karun (which are navigable for the largest ships), and was occupied by a considerable number of infantry and artillery, under an uncle of the Shah's. The capture of Mohummerah was therefore desirable, as a blow from which some moral results might be expected, and which could be struck with comparative ease; the river affording facilities for taking the troops up to the field of action. It was further necessary to have our communications up the Shat-ul-Arab

clear, as we hoped to draw supplies of provisions and baggage animals from that quarter if the war continued; and commissariat-officers had already been despatched to form depots at Bagdad and Bus-srah.

When Sir James, however, heard of the position which had been taken up by the Shooja-ool-Moolk, he resolved first to march out and drive him from it, with some hopes of catching him at the foot of the hills in such a position that defeat would entail the loss of his artillery and baggage. Our force assembled at six o'clock on the third of February, and comprised nearly all the Bushire garrison fit for active campaigning, about 3500 men, including 300 cavalry and 18 guns.

The night was pitch dark; the march lay over a tract of sand for eight miles. So noiseless was the tread of men and horses on this soft soil, that not a sound of any kind could be heard by a person at more than a couple of hundred yards from the column; not even the rumble of the artillery was distinguishable: and stragglers could only recover their position by seeing the lights of a fusee or tinder as a soldier comforted himself with a pipe of caven-dish, or an officer perfumed the midnight air with a full flavoured havannah.

Soon after daylight the force reached Chahkota, where they halted for some hours. The march was resumed in the afternoon, and continued till ten o'clock, when the troops bivouacked near some wells at a village called Khooshab. The night was stormy, and the troops without shelter, but the cold, fortunately, was not intense.

After about three hours marching next morning, the town of Boras-joon, embedded in date trees, was descried. On a gentle slope above the town some tents and appearances of encampment could be indistinctly seen, and a good many people moving amongst them. A careful search through our glasses enabled us to discover that this was

an abandoned camp, and the people inside were all villagers carrying away what plunder they could. As we approached, a large party of about 400 horse, who had been hidden by rising ground, were seen moving away to the right in a long straggling line. The badly-mounted men, with a few camels and baggage-ponies, were making the best of it in the distance, along a road leading over the undulating country at the foot of the hills, which are only about three miles from Borasjoon. The well-mounted horsemen—and some of them (including of course those of higher rank) were mounted on excellent Arab and Persian horses—moved very slowly, and indeed were for some time stationary, till our cavalry was summoned to the front, and trotted towards them. The Persians showed no alarm at our approach, and only accelerated their pace sufficiently to keep a distance of two or three hundred yards between us. Many of them dismounted in order to discharge their matchlocks with a better aim, and three men of the 3d Cavalry were wounded by their bullets. The ground was very stony, and interspersed with the korear or wild-plum tree, and our cavalry were ordered to desist following the enemy, whom they could hardly have caught under favourable circumstances over such an unsuitable country, which got worse as it approached the hills. Unfortunately the rear-guard of cavalry had been brought to the front also, and some of the more daring Persian horsemen got round unobserved to the rear of the column, and cut up the bearers of a doolee (or litter) who had loitered a little behind the rest of the baggage. From the information received at Borasjoon, it appeared that the Shooja-ool-Moolk and Eel-Khanee had passed the preceding night there with a force of about 6000 men, of whom 800 might be cavalry, and six guns. They had known of our advance the previous afternoon, and talked of

meeting us in their camp, which was slightly, but very slightly intrenched. On the near approach of our force that morning the hearts of the Persian leaders failed them. They had received terrible accounts of the destructive powers of the English guns, and exaggerated rumours of the actual numerical force under the English banners. The Shooja with his regular troops and guns fled along the base of the hills to a place called Dalikeh, twelve miles from Borasjoon, while the Eel-Khanee with the cavalry retired into the hills, with every nook and corner of which his followers were personally well acquainted. The British soldiers, who had confidently expected that the "old General meant to give them a treat" after their long marching, were terribly disappointed to gain so few trophies, and still more in gaining them so easily. The new-comers occupied the still warm lair of their opponents for two days without interference. Sir James considered it on the whole not judicious to follow the Persians to Dalikeh, where they occupied a strong position in a gorge of the hills, so a return march was commenced on the night of the 7th. Sir James always marched at night, a habit resulting from his Indian experience, but not so convenient or agreeable either to officers, men, or, above all, to the transport service, as marching in the day, when the climate is a temperate one like that of Persia in the winter months.

The Shooja-ool-Moolk got over his fears when he found himself not pursued on the day he left Borasjoon, and began to consider how his conduct would be viewed at Teheran. On being appointed to the command he sent some gasconading addresses to the Shah, yet on the first blush he ran away. He now wrote to the Eel-Khanee, proposing that a joint night-attack should be made, but without expecting the Eel-Khanee to take him at his word. This would have given him an excuse at Court, for

he could then have thrown the blame of not engaging on the Eel-Khanee. The latter, who was up to these tactics, did not fall into the trap, but at once wrote back to express his willingness to join in any attack on the English. The Shooja, thus obliged to fight, left Dalikeh with his men at about six o'clock on the 7th, or just a couple of hours before the British were leaving their camp. The latter, having scarcely any baggage, did not take long to move off their ground. A small party waited to destroy the ammunition which had been abandoned by the Persians at Borasjoon; it was not of a quality our artillerymen would condescend to use. The common shot were very rusty, and not very round—the powder so coarse that it might have been calculated at the rate of twelve grains to an ounce. The soldiers during the two days of their stay at Borasjoon had been amusing themselves by exploding small trains and bags of powder in every direction, but several thousand pounds still remained. These were piled up all ready, and set on fire soon after the last soldier had marched out of the entrenchment. This was at nine o'clock, long after the sun went down, and the lurid glare could be seen for many miles around. It startled the Persians on their march. Had they been discovered, and was it a signal fired from some enormous gun? As it was not repeated, a little reflection enabled them to guess the true cause.

At Borasjoon the Shooja and the Eel-Khanee united their forces about ten o'clock at night. The British marched slowly in pitch darkness for three hours, and the infantry were beginning to drag their limbs heavily, and the troopers to nod, occasionally awakening with a sudden start as they nearly lost their balance, when a few musket-shots in the rear called all to the alert. Sir James Outram set off at a gallop to ascertain the cause of these hostile demonstrations, but was thrown

from his horse and stunned. The Chief of his Staff, Colonel Lugard, ably supplied his place, and it was an occasion to tax the energy and self-possession of a commander. The Persians threw out light bodies of horse, who surrounded the English army, firing their matchlocks and making loud cries. The troops were much distracted and alarmed by finding an enemy whom they could hear plainly enough, and who might be pretty numerous, to judge by the noise he made, but whom they could not see, and who surrounded the whole army. The Brigadiers ordered the guns attached to their brigades to open fire on the enemy, and a desultory cannonade was commenced. It was very fortunate that none of our own troops opened fire on each other like the American regiments at Big Bethel, for they were somewhat separated at the beginning of the action. At last Colonel Lugard caused all firing to cease, and collected the troops into a hollow square, with the baggage in the centre. It is much more easy to narrate the fact of this movement being effected, than to carry it out on a pitch dark night with an enemy hovering round. By method and decision, however, the troops were brought into position, and before two o'clock all was still and motionless in the English square. About one o'clock the enemy had brought up five guns, and either by accident or by judging distance correctly, though that is not easy in the dark, they got our range well, without seeing the effect of their fire. Several soldiers and camp followers were killed and wounded, among others Lieutenant Greentree of the 64th regiment lost his leg; but the Persians soon tired of cannonading troops who sullenly refused to return their fire, which did not look as if it was doing much damage, and the night ceased to be illumined by the broad flashes of their guns. The English soldiers were in constant fear lest their foe should escape the punishment which awaited his audacity, if the dawn found him still within their reach. They were agreeably disappointed when the morning light showed a considerable force within long cannon range. The Shooja-ool-Moolk's idea of military tactics was peculiar. He drew up his infantry, which was about the same numerical strength as the English, in two wings of three battalions each. These wings (for no conceivable reason, as the ground was quite level) were more than half a mile apart. The cavalry under the Eel-Khanee formed a third body at a respectful distance of more than a mile, evidently waiting to see how the day would go before exposing themselves to the shock of battle. The English guns were moved up to the front and poured murderous volleys into the enemy's right column, while our infantry were getting into line. The hollow square formation was exchanged for one in two lines facing the enemy—a small party of infantry and cavalry being left to protect the baggage from scattered detachments of horse who kept hovering round in the distance. Our cavalry had been lying all night beside their horses, watching the glare of the Persian guns, and wondering whether they would have an opportunity to seize them as trophies. They were allowed to advance a little too soon, or else anticipated their orders, for before the infantry had advanced to within musket-shot, the cavalry had gallantly, almost rashly charged the enemy. The 3d Bombay Light Cavalry cut its way completely through a perfectly formed square, on the right wing of the Persian; for the Persian infantry had been trained to the manœuvres of European armies. This rough usage, and the terrible artillery fire they were subjected to, quite broke up the right wing before our infantry had a chance of even firing a volley. The left wing of the Persians, which was the farthest away, marched off to their right, without any pretence of making a stand, and thus gradually

joined the discomfited right wing, and the whole array became a disorderly stream of fugitive infantry, two of their guns left sticking in the sand, and their mounted brethren and the other three guns quietly walking away in the distance, without offering to make any diversion in their favour. The Persian infantry had not sufficient discipline to enable them to rally when broken, but sufficient to keep them together in masses for our artillery to play on with fearful effect. It was the terrible fire of our eighteen guns, rather than the cavalry charge which disorganised them. No troops could have stood it long; the only course open to them was either to assume the offensive, or retire to some piece of ground where they could await our attack less exposed to the artillery fire. But it was quite clear that the Persian officers, although they might understand their drill on parade, had not so far completed their education as to have any idea of manœuvring on the battle-field, and once the retreat was commenced they soon became mingled with the common herd of fugitives. The action was one of artillery and cavalry alone, so far as the British were concerned, the infantry merely looking on. The pursuit was kept up for three miles by the cavalry and horse-artillery, with great slaughter. Some of the wounded Persians fired on our troops after their lives had been spared, which so exasperated them that no quarter was given; one batch of about forty, who collected on a small hillock and made signs of wishing to surrender, were cut down to a man.

The action was over by eleven o'clock, and the force passed the remainder of the day at the village of Khooshab, near the field of battle. At nine o'clock another weary night march was commenced across the muddy plain, the rain descending in torrents. After moving slowly for four or five hours the guide lost his way, and the troops had to halt two dreary hours wishing for day. The

guide was by some suspected of treachery; but as the night was so dark as to render objects undistinguishable at ten yards, and the country a dead uncultivated level which could be traversed in all directions, it does not seem necessary to attribute to him any worse crime than that of losing, not the right road, for there was no road to lose, but the right direction. At daylight the march was resumed, until a small village and fort called Chaghedrik, twelve miles from Bushire, was reached, where a halt was ordered till four o'clock, when the force again moved forward to Bushire. The intrenched camp with tents standing had been left partly in charge of some sailors from the ships, who, like all Jacks ashore, were rather fond of creating a sensation, and insisted on taking our jaded columns for the Persians, not absolutely to the extent of firing on them, but they seized the opportunity of raising alarming cries, copiously interlarded with nautical terms. Their favourite expression was "Pass up the cavalry," as if cavalry could be passed up like a water bucket to extinguish a fire. The troops arrived all safe at last through the mud and sailor outposts to camp. The British loss in this action was nearly a hundred killed and wounded; that of the enemy at least seven hundred left dead on the field; an immense quantity of arms and ammunition were also abandoned. Our readers may remember the amusing instance given by Hajee Baba of lying on a great scale, when the Persian commander concocts his despatch after an engagement in which three Russians are killed. As a proof that the lively author of that amusing work has not overdrawn his picture, the following extract from the *Teheran Gazette*, an official publication of the Persian Government, is given. The translation is by Captain Taylor, Political Secretary to Sir James Outram.

"According to an express sent by Shooja-ool-Moolk, it appears that the English army, consisting of five regiments and ten guns, marched on

the 3d February 1857 to Ohar-Kota, four fursucks from Bushire, to work some injury to the army under Shooja-ool-Moolki before it could join the other Moslem troops. The Shooja-ool-Moolk with three thousand infantry, three hundred cavalry, and twelve guns, on the 4th contemplated a night attack on the enemy.

"When he had proceeded four miles from Barns-jaru the rain began to fall heavily. The English advanced about four miles from Char-Kota, where they entered holes and went behind irregularities of the ground.

"The Moslem troops having no shelter from the rain, and finding their own encampment nearer than that of the enemy, went back, proposing to return to the battle.

"As the English army were under cover, they reached Borasjoon next morning.

"On the night of the 7th the Shooja-ool-Moolk, at the head of three thousand picked infantry and eight guns, attacked the English, whose advanced guards, becoming aware of their movements, fired a signal gun. The British, unable to remove the enormous quantity of their ammunition (owing to the rain), blew it up, and returned towards Bushire.

"The victorious Persian army pursued the English to within two and a half fursucks (fourteen miles) of Bushire, where reinforcements, consisting of two regiments, four hundred cavalry, and ten guns, came out to their relief; on which they turned back again and wanted to fight. Though the strength of the victorious army did not exceed three thousand infantry and eight guns, still they heeded not the overpowering numbers of the enemy, but eagerly rushed forward to the slaughter. They fought heroically for four hours, beginning at daylight; and twice breaking through the English square, entered their lines, and strove vigorously. It is also reported that General Stalker, who first arrived at Bushire, was killed in that action, but it requires confirmation.

"Among the Persian officers Mahomed Koolee Khan Surteep was wounded with a grape shot; and Alee Khan Surteep of the Karagoozaloo regiment received a sword wound when he penetrated into the English ranks; but I thank God neither of them have come to harm.

"Owing to the intensity of the rain, each party was obliged to desist from further warfare, and returned to its own camp, leaving on both sides several guns sticking in the mud. An accurate account of the killed and wounded could not be obtained, owing to the inclemency of the weather; but the killed on the side of the English must have been from seven or eight hundred to one thousand, and, on the side of the Persians, from three to five hundred. The Sukeseechee-bashee, who has proceeded to the field of battle, will shortly write a true account of the affair, and (D.V.) it shall be published in the next number of the Gazette."

The month of February was one of no importance in the general conduct of the campaign, and passed in comparative idleness by all but the transport service and quartermaster-general's department. General Outram had determined on the capture of Mohummerah as his next operation, but it was not till the middle of March that the necessary preparations were completed. Mohummerah is about thirty hours' sail from Bushire, and the force told off for its capture consisted of about 3500 men, 2000 being left as a garrison for Bushire. It was Sir James Outram's intention to have placed General Stalker in command of the garrison of Bushire, but that officer, in a moment of mental derangement, put an end to himself. No cause but the above could be assigned for this act on the part of one who had just acquired such distinction by the success with which he conducted the expedition to Persia, and whose kind heart and gentlemanly manners won the regard of all.

One week afterwards, Commodore Ethersey, commanding the naval

forces in the Persian Gulf, followed this fearful example. He was an excellent officer; and his melancholy end, following so soon after General Stalker's, cast a gloom over the whole expedition.

The garrison of Bushire was placed under the command of General Jacob of the Bombay Artillery, who arrived in Persia soon after the expedition to Borasjoon. This officer had already developed talents of the very highest order, both as a soldier and administrator, and might have risen to great distinction had he not been cut off prematurely soon after his return to India, in the following year.

Another officer joined the Persian field force about the middle of February. He was then unknown to fame, and not destined to see the beginning of another year. But a few months sufficed for Major-General Have-lock to achieve a name, which will last while the English language is read or spoken.

Mohummerah lies on the north side of the river Karun, close to its junction with the Shat-ul-Arab, here from 600 to 800 yards wide. It is about thirty miles from the sea. There were no defences at the mouth of the river; but for a quarter of a mile, both above and below the junction of the Karun, some excellent earthworks had been thrown up, and were lined with artillery and musketry. To take Mohummerah it was necessary to sail up the Shat-ul-Arab past the embouchure of the Karun, and land the troops on the left bank, so that a very heavy fire would be encountered from these defences. The left or east bank of the Shat-ul-Arab, for sixty miles from its mouth, belongs to Persia, the right bank to Turkey, which further up possesses both sides. The delicate question arose whether it was not breaking the laws of neutrality to sail up such a river in hostile guise. We had no intention, certainly, of firing upon the Turkish side; but we intended to pound the Persian shores with all our might; and the Persians evidently could not be expected to

offer their cheek to the smiter: but if they returned our fire, every cannon-ball that passed over our heads would land on the Turkish side of the river; and it was reported that several Turks were actually killed in this manner, for they naturally crowded the banks to witness a spectacle such as they had never seen in their lives before, and we hope will never see again. Either with or without permission from the Turks, the English frigates steamed up the Shat-ul-Arab, and the well-laden transports followed.

Had the Persian gunners worked their guns properly, the vessels ought never to have passed the embouchure of the Karun.

No doubt the advantage, as regards weight of metal, was on our side; but the batteries which sheltered the Persian guns and gunners were admirably constructed of a clayey earth, and able to stand a far heavier battering than the wooden walls of our frigates. Nevertheless the latter, with little injury to themselves, but not altogether unscathed, had very sensibly reduced the enemy's fire after three hours' cannonade; and the transports with the troops on board were ordered to pass up the river to the spot selected for disembarkation above the batteries.

This they did without any accident; and the water being very deep close to the bank, they soon had discharged their living cargoes. The Persians offered no opposition, beyond a few musket-shots, to the landing.

The ground was a good deal intersected near the river by small irrigation canals for supplying the date groves, so the troops got clear of these and halted, while the general reconnoitred. The enemy had a large force, some five or six thousand men, but they had lost heart at finding their batteries were unable to cope with our ships. The tremendous size of our 68-pounder shot astonished and terrified them not a little; and more than one specimen of these iron messengers

were brought to the Shazadah commanding, that he might see what sort of work was going on in the batteries. They seem to have given him a disrelish for the combat altogether; and before Sir James had made his preparations for attack, the Persian army, which he at first descried drawn up as if for battle, had retreated up the right bank of the Karun, leaving all their camp-equipage and stores as booty to the conquerors. The loss on our side in this action was ten men killed, and Lieutenant Harris and thirty men wounded, all belonging to the Indian Navy. The enemy had upwards of three hundred killed—most of the wounded escaped. "The few found by us," says Captain Hunt, "were taken care of, though so perfectly misunderstood was this kindness at first, that, imagining they were only reserved for greater torture, they for some time resisted all kind of treatment, even water, from the hands of their conquerors." From this we may conclude that the modern Persians have not altered the treatment of prisoners which is represented in the old sculptures from Nineveh at the British Museum—where successful generals are seen amusing themselves, after a victory, by cutting off the heads and limbs of their captives.

A strong moral effect was produced by the capture of a place like Mohummerah, which the Persians imagined they had rendered impregnable, by the massive batteries they had erected, the number of guns they had placed in them, and the strength of the garrison. But this was the only blow which we could have struck after the capture of Bushire without invading the country, where the wide plains and precipitous mountains would have proved more formidable obstacles than the opposition of their inhabitants. It is true that these obstacles are by no means insurmountable, or an invasion of Persia from Bushire, right up to Teheran, an impossibility, if necessity demanded it; but an expedition of the kind would

require to be conducted with great judgment, and cause a heavy drain on our resources. Fortunately for both countries, our English statesmen and the Persian plenipotentiary who had been sent to Europe to treat for peace, had discovered, even before the capture of Mohummerah, how unwise it was to continue the struggle; but the news of the preliminaries of peace having been signed, did not reach Sir James Outram in time to prevent blood being spilt in vain at Mohummerah—just as, in 1814, the news of the abdication of Napoleon reached the English and French armies too late to prevent the battle of Toulouse.

After the action at Mohummerah, the English army could not follow the Persians, for they had no means of providing the necessary land-carriage. But as the retiring army was certain to follow the course of the Karun, both for the sake of water and because they were known to have supplies at Ahwaz, a hundred miles higher up, the General ordered three flat-bottomed river steamers, under the command of Captain Rennie, of the Indian Navy, to ascend the Karun, and annoy the enemy if he could find opportunity. Three hundred of the 64th and 78th regiments, under the command of Captain Hunt, embarked on the steamers, and left Mohummerah on the morning of March 29. The river Karun, flowing from the high range of the Backliari Mountains, is subject to periodical inundations from the melting of the snows. For the last hundred miles of its course it flows through a rich level soil, like that of Egypt, and irrigation alone is required to make its banks rival those of the Nile in fertility. Yet the following is Captain Hunt's account of it a short way above Mohummerah: "The Karun is here about one hundred yards wide, and from twelve to twenty feet deep, with a powerful current, its banks fringed on both sides with dwarf poplar and willow jungle, which extends but a little distance from the bank. Beyond, nothing is seen but the wide desert,

here and there patched with tufts of coarse grass. Such is the prospect as far as the eye could reach, the date-trees even ceasing after leaving Mohummerah three or four miles, and no sign of cultivation or human abode appears to give animation to the dreary wilderness, seldom trodden by the foot of man. Game, however, of many kinds abounds, and immense flocks of duck and teal are always on the river. The lion, too, is said to be not unfrequently found in the jungle upon the banks."

Captain Rennie went up the river to Ahwaz, where there is a barrier of rocks, the only impediment in the navigation of the river for a hundred miles. Here the remains of an ancient bridge, which is said to have spanned the river in the time of Alexander the Great, are still to be seen. The party actually saw the Persian army there; but the latter retired at their approach, and, after destroying some magazines of powder and provisions, Captain Rennie returned to Mohummerah on the 4th March. The same day Sir James Outram received a despatch, informing him that peace had been concluded at Paris, and the Persian war was at an end. Sir James immediately commenced operations for evacuating Mohummerah, which was finally quitted in the beginning of May. The place is very unhealthy during summer, and we had no object in retaining a garrison there. The General himself proceeded up the Tigris to Bagdad to confer with Mr. Murray, the British ambassador to Persia, who was to return to that court, and receive an apology for some insults offered to him before the interruption of diplomatic intercourse between Great Britain and Persia. A very curious incident occurred during the voyage of the *Planet*, a small river steamer which followed the one conveying Sir James. There were some horses on board belonging to Major Kemball, the consul-general at Bagdad, one of which got loose and leaped overboard just at dawn.

The steamer was then about half-way to Bagdad, and getting under weigh after anchoring as usual for the night. The horse was not missed for half an hour, but was then descried ashore in what seemed very unpleasant proximity to a splendid lion. The lion circled round and round him, always closing in. The horse remained motionless, beyond turning his head sufficiently to watch the lion's movements. Suddenly the latter gave a tremendous bound, but the horse was too quick for him, and escaped with a slight scratch; but instead of galloping away, he only went a hundred yards and again stood still. The lion commenced his former tactics with a similar result, only his bound was less vigorous this time. The horse did not even yet take completely to his heels: he seemed either tied by some strange fascination, or inclined to tantalise an enemy, from whom a few minutes' canter would have entirely freed him. Again the lion commenced his circles; but ere they were narrowed to springing distance a party had landed from the steamer, and the instant the horse descried them he came galloping down as fast as he could, while the lion stalked breakfastless away towards the jungle.

The voyage from Koma (where the Tigris and Euphrates join, and form the *Shat-ul-Arab*) to Bagdad is about thirty miles. Not one single house is passed on either bank during the whole of this journey. We doubt if there is any other part of the world—the Great Desert not excepted—where so great a distance could be traversed without seeing some permanent human habitation; yet this is not a desert, condemned by an unproductive soil, an absence of water, and a tropic sun, to hopeless sterility. It is a desert whose soil is rich and climate genial—a desert through which mighty rivers roll their fertilising treasures to the ocean. Perhaps when the West has been filled up, the overflows of European population may turn to-

wards the East, and quarry amid the ruins of Babylon for materials to build new cities in the Mesopotamian plains.

Bagdad is the capital of a Turkish pachalic, or district under the government of a pasha. The country nominally swayed by this functionary is enormous, comprising a great part of Arabia; but in reality he can scarcely make himself obeyed beyond the walls of Bagdad, and frequently trusts to the English consuls to transmit his despatches to Bussorah, the second town of the district; for messengers between the British officials are more civilly treated by the Arabs than those of the Turkish Government. Sir James Outram found Bagdad a more convenient place than Bushire at which to wind up his diplomatic functions, as the posts from England are a week sooner in arriving. He had nearly completed his business, which, as it only referred to the return of the embassy to Teheran, was of no great importance, when he received one morning a packet containing intelligence of fearful import. It was the first news of the Indian mutiny and massacre at Delhi. Sir James at once perceived that his experience and services might be required in a wider field than he was now engaged in, made his final arrangements regarding the treaty with Persia as rapidly as possible, and started with his Staff for Bushire the beginning of June. He there handed over the command of the forces in Persia to General Jacob, and proceeded to win fresh honours and rewards in India, which we trust he may be long spared to enjoy.

General Jacob had no enemy to contend with in the field. His principal attention was directed to providing effective shelter for the troops against the burning sun, which strikes so fiercely on the Persian Gulf for four months of the year. By the energy of Colonels Hill and North, and the officers of the Bombay Engineers, this was so well accomplished that the mor-

talidity among the troops was no greater than if they had been in a temperate climate. The occupation of Bushire lasted till October, when it was made over to the Persians. A single native infantry regiment remained at the small island of Karrack till the beginning of 1858.

So ended the Persian war of 1856-57. Like the little child in Southey's "famous victory," our readers may ask, "And what good came of it at last?" And we cannot tell, any more than the old man could, except that it certainly was not a "famous" victory. It is not much to boast of, that, by an expenditure of two or three millions sterling, we equipped a force sufficient to harass the shores of a barbarous empire, which had not a single war-galley. We made the Persians give up Herat; but what benefit either Her Majesty's Indian or English empire received we cannot comprehend. What little interest we have in Persia should be friendly, and make it an object to strengthen her; but by depriving her of Herat, we of course weakened her, and alienated her affections. Formerly English officers used to drill the Persian battalions; but lately a whole staff of Frenchmen have been summoned to Teheran. By making Herat independent we have added one more to the turbulent principalities of Central Asia, and therefore made one more chance of a disturbance. This would matter little to the English public or Indian ryot (who, as he has to pay the war charges, is a principal party interested), were it not for the unfortunate inclination our statesmen evince to meddle in these matters, which concern them not.

The British Embassy returned to Teheran in July, and a mission under Lieut.-Colonel Taylor was despatched to Herat to see the former dynasty re-established, and the Persian occupation properly terminated. This object was successfully accomplished, and we trust these are the last Englishmen who will visit that inland principedom in

an official capacity, until a Teheran and Herat railway, with branch lines to Bokhara and Samarcand, shall give Central Asia some closer ties with the civilised world than it at present possesses, or perhaps cares to enjoy.

There were two circumstances so disposed of by Providence at this time as materially to sustain our empire in the East: one was the conclusion of the war with Persia; the other, the commencement of the war with China. The first sent the 64th and 78th regiments, with the gallant Havelock, to Bengal, and saved Lucknow from the fate of Cawnpore. The war with China had summoned a large force from Great Britain, who were diverted from their course at Singapore, and placed under the Indian government by orders of Lord Elgin. Our statesmen have taken measures to prevent another Indian mutiny. We trust that public opinion will prevent our statesmen from commencing another Persian war.

THE MEMORY OF MONBODDO.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—*The Looking-Glass.*

1.

'Tis strange how men and things revive
Though laid beneath the sod, O!
I sometimes think I see alive
Our good old friend Monboddo!
His views, when forth at first they came,
Appeared a little odd, O!
But now we've notions much the same;
We're back to old Monboddo.

2.

The rise of Man he loved to trace
Up to the very pod, O!
And in Baboons our parent race
Was found by old Monboddo.
Their A B C he made them speak;
Then learn their *Qui, quæ, quod*, O!
Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh, and Greek
They knew as well's Monboddo.

3.

The thought that Men had once had tails
Caused many a grin full broad, O!
And why in us that feature fails,
Was asked of old Monboddo.
He showed that sitting on the rump,
While at our work we plod, O!
Would wear th' appendage to the stump
As close as in Monboddo.

4.

Alas! the good lord little knew,
 As this strange ground he trod, O!
 That others would his path pursue,
 And never name Monboddó!
 Such folks should have their tails restore^d,
 And thereon feel the rod, O!
 For having thus the fame ignored
 That's due to old Monboddó.

5.

Though Darwin may proclaim the law,
 And spread it far abroad, O!
 The man that first the secret saw,
 Was honest old Monboddó.
 The Architect precedence takes
 Of him that bears the hod, O!
 So up and at them, Land of Cakes!
 We'll vindicate Monboddó.

6.

The Scotchman who would grudge his praise,
 Must be a senseless clod, O!
 A MONUMENT then let us raise,
 To honour old Monboddó.
 Let Noel Paton make the plan,
 While Rogers* gives the nod, O!
 A Monkey changing to a Man!
 In memory of Monboddó.

Note.—Johnson thus describes Lord Monboddó to Mrs. Thrale: "He is a Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts."—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 73, note.

* The reverend "getter-up" of the Wallace Monument, &c. &c.

A DAY AT ANTWERP.

RUBENS AND RUSKIN.

It was on a mellow evening towards the close of last September that I entered Antwerp for the second time, after the lapse of many years. There is always a feeling of sadness attendant upon revisiting a place which has been the scene of much past enjoyment, and I was in no humour for jingling into the venerable city with half-a-dozen other passengers in a railway omnibus. I preferred strolling quietly over the old draw-bridges which span the ditches of those memorable fortifications, whose green banks were reflected with marvellous precision in their sluggish waters. There was some fête in the outskirts of the town, to which merry groups of gaily-dressed women and children were hastening. The old familiar *carillon* rung gaily out from the cathedral, the net-work of whose pinnacles stood bathed in light, against the evening sky. I turned to the right out of the Place du Mier, crossed the site of the ruined Bourree, and soon found myself on the Place Verte (which autumn was already beginning to strew with "lyart leaves"), immediately opposite the cathedral. It may seem paradoxical, yet I believe it is true, that one charm of the most glorious monuments of Gothic art consists in their incompleteness. That truncated tower, patched with rude brick-work amidst its rich and gorgeous ornament, appeals more powerfully to our sympathies than its finished and perfect neighbour. It tells of aspirations unfulfilled, of the schemes of ambition crumbling into dust, of the struggle, the defeat, and the disappointment which are incident to humanity. But it is not my intention to moralise; I seek only to call up pleasant memories of the past in my own mind, and to awaken similar recollections in those who have shared like pleasures in bygone years. The old cities of Belgium, with their historic associations, their gorgeous architecture, and their rich treasures of art, are enchanted ground. The wealth of Bruges has departed. Her streets are deserted, and her quays are desolate. But the gratitude of a crippled soldier has endowed her with riches that pass not away with the vicissitudes of fickle commerce, and the name of Memling survives, whilst those of her merchant princes are forgotten. Mechlin and Ghent are rich in priceless treasures; but queen over all is Antwerp. The *carillon* has again rung out. The shadow is deepening over the grave of Quentin Matsys, and there, close beside it, stands his most fitting monument—that iron canopy over the well by the grand portail of the cathedral, which has been a crown of glory to him for four centuries. How simple the design! how exquisite the workmanship! Four slender columns, meeting in a Gothic arch of beautiful proportion, support the figure of a pigmy warrior, who hurls down his gage of defiance, alike against the tyranny of Philip and the cruelty of Alva—the insensate rage of the iconoclasts who profaned the fair temple of God, which he seems to guard, and the fouler bigotry which defaced His image in the fairer temple which He had himself created. Round the pillars, branches of holly, green and immortal through ages of misery and bloodshed, intertwine themselves in fantastic wreaths, graceful as that "pleached bower," in which Beatrice hid to listen to her cousin Hero; and their young and vigorous shoots point upwards, appealing to Heaven from the oppression of man. Such is the legend worked by the prophetic hand of Quentin Matsys, a quarter of a century before the Emperor Charles V.

was born; and there it stands to this hour, clear and sharp as on the day when he hammered out the iron on his anvil.

In this country Quentin Matsys is little known, except by his picture of "The Misers," in the royal collection at Windsor, and the legend, always told to visitors, that he was a blacksmith, who was inspired by his love for a painter's daughter to become an artist. To call Matsys a "blacksmith" is just as inappropriate as it would be to call Flaxman a stonemason. He was a poet who gave the exquisite creations of his fancy to the world in iron, as Peter Vischer did in bronze, and Cellini in silver. That love made him a painter, is a legend we would not willingly lose, and its truth is confirmed by the inscription on his tomb, "Connubialis amor de mulcibre fecit Apellem;" but that he was an artist of a high order long before he ever handled a brush, is proved by this most beautiful work. After Rubens, his name is greatest among the artists of Antwerp. But Rubens has filled Antwerp so full of his glory that one is hardly conscious of any presence but his. It is here only that he can be seen. To judge of Rubens by his pictures in the Louvre, is like judging Shakespeare by *Julius Cæsar* and *All's Well that Ends Well*, without having read *Hamlet* and *As you Like it*. I confess that the pictures in the cathedral, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross," do not impress me so much as some of those which are now deposited in the Museum. This may very probably arise from a defect in my own capacity for appreciation. In examining the works of most painters, we can sit down and quietly analyse our own feelings; we can ask ourselves whence arises the pleasure which we experience; we can select beauties for admiration, and defects for criticism; but before a great work of Rubens we are carried away by the torrent of his genius; we feel our own nothing-

ness in the presence of a power mighty as the ocean, solemn as the mountain solitude, terrible as the storm. Bind the wave—bow down the mountain—note in musical division the voice of the thunder-cloud, and then you may be fit to criticise the work of Rubens.

A school of art has, within the last few years, arisen amongst us, whose principles are diametrically opposed to those of Rubens. Of this school Mr. Ruskin is the apostle, and Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt are the two most eminent disciples. Their principle is simple and intelligible enough. It is that the duty of the painter is to represent with the utmost attainable historical accuracy the event which he depicts; that all deviations into the realm of imagination are wrong, not merely artistically, but morally; that the picture should approach as nearly as possible to the fidelity of the photograph; that the archetype of the painter is not the poet, but the short-hand writer. That this is no exaggeration will at once be apparent to any one who will be at the pains to refer to Mr. Ruskin's observations upon the cartoons of Raffaele, to Mr. Millais's picture of "The Carpenter's Shop," and Mr. Hunt's of "Christ Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple." At the opposite pole may be placed "The Adoration of the Magi," by Rubens, in the first room as you enter the Museum at Antwerp. When the Saviour of the world "took upon himself to deliver man," He entered upon His earthly career in a home of the humblest poverty, and He terminated it by an ignominious death, reserved for the vilest and most odious malefactors. All divines agree that these events were necessarily part of the great scheme of redemption. They have naturally become familiar subjects for the painter. With regard to the first, the information vouchsafed to us is confined to a few verses in two of the Gospels.* We know that a humble handicraftsman, journeying

* Matt. ii. 1 : Luke ii. 4-7.

with his wife, sought shelter in her utmost need in a crowded inn — that it was denied — that they took refuge in a stable — and there, without human aid, with no other accommodation than that provided for beasts of burden or draught, a child was born, and laid by its exhausted mother in the manger of the cattle. Here our information ends. It would probably be difficult to find any Pre-Raphaelite daring enough to act up to his own principles in the representation of this scene, with all its accessories. If he did, he would produce a picture which might possibly be hung up in the board-room of a lying-in hospital to move the feelings of the charitable, but which few would recognise as the Nativity of our Lord, and those who did, if a particle of religious feeling remained in their minds, would turn away from it with loathing and disgust.

Now, how has Rubens dealt with this subject?—To regard his "Adoration of the Magi" as the representation of anything that ever did, or ever could take place, would be simply absurd. Assuming that the wise men's offering, recorded in the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, was the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in the 72d Psalm, a question which must be left to scholars and theologians, Rubens has set at defiance the chronology of Scripture. The "kings of Tarshish and of the Isles, of Sheba and Seba," did not commence their journey until the appearance of the Star in the east, which announced that the birth of our Lord had taken place.* They journeyed to Judea; they sought and obtained an interview with Herod: time must have been consumed in making inquiries. All these facts are distinctly recorded in holy writ. It is therefore clear that a considerable period must have elapsed before they could find themselves in the presence of our Lord and His virgin mother. The language of St. Matthew negatives

the supposition that this interview took place in the stable. "When they were come *into the house*, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."† Yet Rubens places the scene in the stable, and introduces the head of an ox into the corner of the picture. He is right in doing so, though in violation of historic accuracy. The humility, the peacefulness of Christianity, the lowly origin which the Saviour of the world had selected for Himself, all the circumstances that appeal to the gentlest feelings of humanity are thus called up by the genius of the painter; whilst the gorgeous apparel of the aged monarch, who offers gold and frankincense — the stately presence and lingering doubts which still lurk in the countenance of the dusky Abyssinian prince, the deep devotion of the younger king, who waves a censer as he prostrates himself before the Child, which lies in the lap of its mother, all the pomp and circumstance which attend upon them, — shadow forth the march of the religion of the lowly Jesus over thrones and palaces, over powers and principalities, till from the corruption of Rome and the cruelties of Spain a second birth almost as lowly took place, and kings might again bow their heads before the humble Christianity of the crowded city and the lonely glen. This is the story, as told by Rubens the poet. Gazing upon his canvass, we lose our consciousness of the marvellous skill of the painter in our admiration of the still higher genius which claims kindred with that which glows upon the page of Milton and of Dante.

It is to be regretted that the good old Scotch word "Makkar" has become obsolete. "Poet" has lost the signification which properly belongs to it. It is no longer the maker, the creator, unless the crea-

* Matt. ii. 2.

† Ib. ii. 11.

tion is in verse. A poet may be anything from Dryden to Edgar Poe. A painter may paint anything from the "Transfiguration" to the "Scape-Goat." We want some word which shall designate the quality of mind which creates a world of its own, be these creations in words or in colours, in marble or in metal, the link which unites Burns with Rembrandt, Dante with Michael Angelo, Cellini with Quentin Matsys, and all with each throughout the great brotherhood of genius. Of this power it is almost impossible to over-estimate the share which Rubens possessed. Turn from the picture we have just been contemplating, and look at the one which hangs immediately opposite—the last act of the same sacred drama, a picture too awful to criticise, almost too terrible to gaze upon. Yet there, in the midst of that scene of horror, Rubens, with true poetic feeling, has introduced the loveliest of female heads—the Magdalen kissing the feet of Christ,—love and beauty mingling with agony and death—Cordelia weeping over Lear.

There is, however, in one respect a marked distinction between the nature of the genius of Rubens and that of the great men with whom we have been comparing him. He has, as far as I know, given no indication of the possession of, or indeed of any relish for, wit or humour. His world was a world of grandeur, awe, terror, beauty, and love. His was a grave and stately nature, more akin to Milton than to Shakespeare or Dante. Look at his "St. Teresa interceding for Souls in Purgatory," and after gazing on the terrors of the souls "condemned to frost or fires," observe the cool green landscape, the hill and valley, and silver waters reminding one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames, where Collins sung his requiem to the soul of Thomson, and then say if the mind of Rubens was not akin to that which produced *Comus* and *Il Penseroso*, as well as *Paradise Lost*.

There is stateliness and grandeur in every step of the genius of Rubens; his landscapes are rich with wood and water, and palaces glowing in golden sunshine; his horses might have been yoked to the chariot of Apollo; his lions and his eagles are the very forms that Jove himself might have assumed; his children are young demi-gods; his women are as nearly divine as they can be without ceasing to be human, though gentlemen of delicate constitution and Pre-Raphaelitic taste for scragginess may call them coarse.

Mr. Ruskin has devoted a chapter of his last volume to give to the world his mature views upon Rubens, and one or two other men whom most people have been in the habit of considering painters of some note. He begins by a discussion of the Reformation, and its effects upon the religious aspect of the world. The Reformation, he tells us, was a failure. Protestantism is but "a half-built religion, daubed with untempered mortar." "Palsied Catholicism" is but a "falling ruin of outworn religion, lizard-cranied and ivy-grown." The "mind of modern Europe is faithless and materialised." Religion in England is "polite formalism;" in Germany, "rationalism;" in France, "careless blasphemy;" in Italy, "helpless sensuality." What this universal damnation of everybody and everything has to do with Rubens, it may be difficult to say; but Mr. Ruskin informs us that "the whole body of painters [Rubens, of course, amongst them] fell into a *rationalistic chasm*," whatever that may mean. They had "no belief in spiritual existence, no interest or affections beyond the grave." This is puzzling enough; but to make it still more obscure, Mr. Ruskin appends a note upon belief and knowledge, in which he upsets all preconceived notions as to both. Most people entertain some respect for old proverbs, and the exceptional "wisdom of the child that knows its own father" has cer-

tainly become proverbial. Mr. Ruskin denies the truth of this venerable saying altogether, nay more, he expresses his surprise that it should ever have obtained credence; he says—"It never seems to strike any of our religious teachers, that if a child has a father living, it either *knows* it has a father, or it does not: it does not 'believe' it has a father. We should be surprised to see an intelligent child standing at its garden-gate, crying out to passers-by, 'I believe in my father because he built this house,' as logical people proclaim that they believe in God because He must have made the world."* Now I quite agree with Mr. Ruskin, that we should be both surprised and sorry to see any intelligent child annoying the passers-by in the way suggested, and it ought certainly to be taught better manners by its supposed father. But if the child cried out to the passers-by, "Here is a house which must have been built by somebody, and therefore I believe in the existence of a bricklayer," he might be a disagreeable little prig, but he would be a not inapt disciple of Paley. Mr. Ruskin appears not to see that the building of the house has nothing to do with the paternity of the child, whilst an intelligent first cause may be as logically inferred from the creation of the universe, as the existence of a bricklayer from the building of the house. This is certainly rather strange reasoning in a graduate of Oxford. If a child were to assert very positively "Mr. Ruskin is my papa, I *know* that Mr. Ruskin is my papa," we might take him on our knee and say, "My dear, how do you *know* that Mr. Ruskin is your papa?" And if the little urchin replied, "I know Mr. Ruskin is my papa, because he is very kind to me, and gives me food and clothes and great big books, full of very pretty pictures, which I like very much, and I try to read them because he tells me I ought, but I can't under-

stand them, and don't believe I ever shall," we might pat his head and say, "My dear little boy, what you say is a very good reason for *believing* that Mr. Ruskin is your papa, but you cannot *know* that he is; and when you are a little older we will read what Mr. Ruskin says about 'knowledge,' and about 'belief,' and about '*πίστις*,' and '*πειθῶμαι*,' and '*πίστεύω*,' and about 'fides' and 'fio,' and 'confido' and 'credo,' and we will try and understand it; and if we succeed, we shall do a great deal more than ever Mr. Ruskin did himself, and perhaps we shall find that his 'fides,' after all, is 'fides fidis,' and has nothing to do with either 'fio' or 'confido,' but is 'closely connected' with a 'fiddlestick;' and now, my dear, go and play with 'Fido.'"

Mr. Ruskin has put some of his choicest morsels into his notes. There is one "very precious" at page 325. He tells us, as a final conclusion from all that he has written before, that "colours generally, but chiefly the scarlet, used with the hyssop in the Levitical law, is the great sanctifying element of visible beauty, inseparably connected with purity and life." Now, if this means that Baron Rothschild, in a scarlet coat, riding after his stag-hounds, is a more beautiful object, and engaged in a pursuit more conducive to purity and life than the same Baron Rothschild in a black coat, negotiating a loan, or canvassing the "down-shore freemen" of the City of London, I quite agree with Mr. Ruskin. But is an Oxford hood more sanctified than a Cambridge one? Is a colonel of the Life Guards holier than a colonel of the Blues? Is a man with red hair better than a man with black? Are red noses "sanctifying elements of visible beauty inseparably connected with purity and life?" and, above all, is the scarlet lady a type of purity? The attempt to connect moral excel-

* Vol v. page 255, note.

lence with external colour is like determining how far it is from London Bridge to Ladyday, or resolving the relationship between a bulldog and a window-shutter. But Mr. Ruskin dives into still deeper mysteries: he tells us that colour is less important than form, because on form depends existence—on colour only purity. "Under the Levitical law neither scarlet nor hyssop could purify the deformed: so, under the natural law, there must be rightly-shaped members first, then sanctifying colour and fire within." Now, what does this mean? Is it a mystical allusion to the uniform of the red Zouaves, or the full-dress pantaloons of the 11th Hussars? Mr. Ruskin then branches off into a discussion on Love (!), of which he says colour is the type, in "all its modes of operation," whether "true," "faithful," "well fixed," "sexual," "shallow," "faithless," "misdirected," "corrupting," "degrading," "base," "lofty," "rash," "coarse," "untrue," "reverend," "irreverend," "intense," "dark," "sensual," "statuesque" or "grave," into which he plunges in defiance of Mrs. Grundy, and forgetfulness of the Consistory Court. Into this labyrinth, however, I dare not follow him, but must go back to the love of Rubens, which was a love for his own wife, or conjugal love—oddly enough, the *only* kind of love not specifically named in Mr. Ruskin's catalogue. It is not, however, altogether neglected, for he steps out of his way to express peculiar contempt for a manifestation of that passion in Rembrandt.

"Rembrandt," he says, "has also painted (it is, on the whole, his greatest picture so far as I have seen) himself and his wife in a state of ideal happiness. He sits at supper with his wife on his knees, flourishing a glass of champagne, with a roast peacock on the table!"* Now, I devoutly trust that the happiness of the glorious Dutchman

was *not* ideal, but *real*. It is a noble picture. The broad, honest face of the miller's son is round, and as he raises his glass, full, not of frothy champagne, but of the genuine juice of the rich vineyards of his own country. One might fancy him to carol the jocund song of a kindred

"I've a wife o' my ain,
I'll gae shares wi' naeboddy;"

whilst his proud happy wife (a dainty shy damsel) seems to say, "This is the man who shall live with me and himself immortal. I am my own husband; I love him, and am not ashamed of it." The picture," says Mr. Ruskin, "is a sneer, "not inaptly representing Faith and Hope of the seven last centuries." Not a bad Faith and Hope either. Faith is love, Hope is immortality.

A still more glorious picture, that in which Rubens has immortalised the purest and noblest of the domestic affections, and Mr. Ruskin selects for especial probatation and contempt. It is the most fitting memorial, over his own tomb in the Church of St. Jacques. The principal figure is his wife of his youth, Isabel Brandt, in the full glow of her maternal beauty—

"Love in full length, and life, not love;
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name
But something better still, so very real
That the sweet model must have been
The same."

Dark-haired, dark-eyed, and smiling with wifely and motherly affection, she is the harvest of love in all its ripeness. Rubens painted this picture when he was considerably above fifty years of age, and after the death of Isabel Brandt, time had not dimmed the glow of his early passion. To her, first in his heart, he gives the first place in his immortality. Close beside her sits Helena Fourment, the girl-wife of his declining age. There is no jealousy in that gentle breast.

* Vol. v. p. 258.

soft eyes seem to turn fondly from her own child towards her who had gathered the first full vintage of her husband's love. She it was who placed this picture over his grave. Behind them is Rubens himself, in full armour, waving the banner of St. George. How proudly, how grandly he speaks the consciousness of power! Furl thy triumphant banner, great, glorious Peter Paul Rubens, thy victory is won. Put off thy gorgeous armour; thy battle is over. Lay that noble head down in the dust by the wife of thy youth; thy immortality is secured. Pilgrims shall come and bow at thy shrine, fitting worshippers. From the banks of the Tamar shall come one whose soul was instinct with grace and beauty. From beside a river sluggish as the Scheldt—from beneath the shadow of a cathedral magnificent as thy own, shall come one on whose sickly frame and heavy brow genius had shed a ray whose brightness is not dimmed even beside thine. Nor shall other pilgrims be wanting. A Cockney shall pack up his carpet-bag, roll down Brixton Hill in an omnibus, book himself by the "Baron Osy," and where Reynolds and Etty bowed in reverend worship, Ruskin shall stand and scoff.

I had been looking for some time at "The Communion of St. Francis," in the Musée, when, as I turned away, I observed a young man engaged in copying Valentino's "Le Breton." There was something peculiar about him which attracted my attention, and when I came nearer I discovered that he was painting, not with his hands, but with his feet. A short cloak or cape hung over his shoulders and concealed his want of arms; he held his brush between the first and second toes of his right foot; his palette, maul-stick, and a sheaf of spare brushes, were held not ungracefully in the left, and he worked rapidly, easily, and well. When the clock struck twelve and announced the hour at which the pictures in the cathedral are open for exhibition, he laid down his

brush, cleaned his palette, packed up his colours and brushes (all with his feet), and then put on his shoes and walked out of the Museum. A quarter of an hour afterwards I found him again seated in the cathedral busily engaged on a copy of "The Descent from the Cross." One of the stones of the floor under his stool had slightly sunk, making his seat unsteady, and as he was obliged to balance himself without any assistance from his feet, which were engaged upon his picture, this of course required immediate remedy. He took out his handkerchief, folded it into a little compact bundle, and tucked it under the leg of his stool, and then resumed his work. An accidental circumstance now gave me an opportunity of entering into conversation with him: his manner was easy and gentlemanly, and his remarks those of a cultivated and intelligent man. There was neither embarrassment from any consciousness of his misfortune, nor display of the marvellous skill which enabled him to overcome it. He used his feet in every way as most men use their hands, and it seemed as natural and easy to him to do so. Yet, what struck me as very remarkable, though painting with great delicacy and skill, his foot looked all the time just as awkward an instrument as one's own. After some conversation he offered me his card, put his foot in his pocket, took out one of those little wallets which everybody now carries, slipped the elastic band off with his toe, selected a card from several, placed it on the back of the case, put his foot again into his pocket, took out a pencil, and in a far better hand than the compositor has to decipher before this article can go to press, added the address, "Anvers, 5^e Section, 126 Rue des Images," to the name of "Charles Felu, Artiste Peintre." So completely had he overcome all appearance of awkwardness that a lady whom I happened to sit next to at the *table d'hôte* told me that she had conversed with him for a considerable time without dis-

covering that his legs were not arms. I have no doubt he shaves himself, for, contrary to the prevailing custom amongst artists,

"His chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble field at harvest-home;"

a light mustache being the only evidence of beard that was allowed to remain on an intelligent, pensive, and rather handsome face.

My day at Antwerp ended in the comfortable *Hôtelrie* of Saint Antoine, to whose courtyard I was welcomed by the gambols of three

little white Spitz dogs who might have known that their grandmamma, little Madame Blanche, used to coax me, years ago, out of the greater portion of the sugar which was destined for my *café noir*, and who were quite ready to pay me the same disinterested attention themselves. As I sat in the old courtyard and watched the smoke of my cigar curling up amongst the leaves of the orange-trees, I determined to ask the readers of *Maga* to sympathise with the pleasure I had enjoyed during my day in Antwerp.

PEREGRINE.

PHAETHON.

NOBLE in presence, though a cloud of grief
Hung shadowy-dark upon his brows; all else
Redundant with warm youth; his radiant locks
Fair as a girl's, when stealing shades embrown
The wavy yellow, and the fine glint of gold,
Like fire-dust, sparkles in her sunlit hair;
The while, from underneath his brooding brows,
Flashed eager expectation, mixed with pain,
And wonder, and delight—a surging sea,
Phaethon, by the Sun's great portals stood.
There paused he, for a while incredulous
Of that huge architecture piled by gods;
For such to earthly houses seemed that pile,
As field or forest, when a bird escapes,
To the one room which was his world. But soon
He clomb the mighty threshold, and right on,
Through court, and vestibule, and shining hall,
And many a sweep of golden gallery
Fared, as men walk an unfamiliar road
In dreams, not doubting—till he reached the King.

Him found he throned beneath a mimic sky
Cerulean, tricked with beaded adamant
For stars, and here and there ethereal steam
Curled into cloud, or, what than snowy cloud
Is fairer, of the ambrosial mists that move
In the god-haunted regions far from earth.
There, in mid choir, the orb Artemis
Lamp of the night, hung silvern, like that moon
Watched through her tears by a deserted maid
All night, who never tires of watching it,
But feigns a friendliness in that cold eye,
That only feeling heart in all the world.
Such, and so beautiful in form and face,
Most lustrous of her starry satellites,

Shone the soft image of the lunar queen ;
 Who there and then had vanquished Phaethon
 With passion, but that his enraptured eyes
 Clung to the amber dais, and to him
 The sun-god, throned upon a lucent chair
 Of ivory, compact with studs of gold,
 Most wondrous ; and beneath his raiment's hem
 Peered a rich work of pearl and chrysolith,
 Fit entertainment for the feet of gods,
 But all how void and bare to him that sat
 In night-imaginings, clothed with calm
 Unutterable, through all his ample heart
 Sated with office and the fiery cares
 That haunted his day-labour. For, indeed,
 Couched in those large and melancholy eyes,
 Brooded an awful emphasis of rest ;
 That tranquil self-perfection, without pain,
 Which, in their far-off musings, mortal men,
 Though eloquently nurtured, find no name
 To intimate, not even in sacred verse.
 So that, in sense and soul preoccupied
 With state thus grand, the child of Clymene
 Knew not, nor heeded if he knew, the hours,
 Discoursing harp with harp celestial song ;
 Nor where the Seasons stood with lifted arms
 Columnar to the broad blue canopy—
 Spring, flowery-zoned, and Summer, wreathed with corn ;
 Autumn, with vine-blood splashed from heel to thigh ;
 And Winter, bending over beard of snow.
 So, ere he well returned into himself,
 From the weird influx of those dreamy orbs,
 Went forth the voice of Phoebus :—" Phaethon,
 Hither of mortal foot the first arrived,
 Not strange, to no inhospitable halls
 Thou comest ; rather as a child comes back
 From distant lands, this many a year desired.
 Falsely he spake, who taught that Deity
 Hath force to override a father's love.
 I too have marked, 'mid yonder evil brood,
 Dark under-questionings, and close surmise,
 Lip-muffled, tamper with thy name and mine.
 Heard have these ears the open taunts of men,
 Who brand me in their petty blasphemies,
 The forged pretext of thy mother's shame,
 Bid thee go prove thy bright original.
 Courage ! thou shalt not hence without a boon,
 One that may well their slanderous tongues confound.
 Thou from these realms demand whatever gift,
 And I thy father will see justice done.
 Spare not, but ask—I swear by ninefold Styx,
 Dread oath, inviolable to gods and men."

Then leapt the heart of Phaethon for joy ;
 For now before him, circumstantial, true,
 Loomed the fulfilment of old phantasies
 Nourished in airy boyhood, on the banks
 Of rivers or in bowery solitudes,

Whether by thought mapped out, or lighted on
Through lofty visitation felt in sleep ;
And readily he drew near unto his sire
And spake, appealing to that swerveless oath :—

“ My father, for thy words rhyme well with hope
Not questionless till now, if this be true,
And I thy child indeed, sprung from thy loins,
Shame were it to respond unroyally
To thy most royal prelude, and to ask
Aught facile or profanely pitched too low
For thy large heart and the reflected pomp
Whereof to-day I am called an inheritor.
That were an argument of craven blood,
Not worthy my great lineage. But do thou
Make me but once the splendid charioteer
Vicegerent of thy wain, the lamp of worlds ;
So shall my vast renown of embassy
Flash wide conviction both on gods and men,
And those false tongues put down eternally
Who vex the child of the Eternal Sun.”

He ended ; but the brows of Phœbus lowered ;
And, stung with the anguish of a god, he spake :—

“ Child, thou hast asked a hard and a perilous thing,
A thing to be denied even to Zeus.
Woe worth the moment when I swore by Styx
To this most dire completion of a will
So wayward ! Thou hast asked a boonless boon,
Not knowing that thou dost aspire to die,
Scared with a ruinous elemental roar
Too late, and sepulchred in floods of fire.
For who of mortal or immortal brood
May wield at will the horses of the Sun,
Not lightly tamed, even by me, their lord ?
O glean a little wisdom while thou mayest !
Is there not somewhere something to be found,
Sufficient to wipe out this fatal boon ?”

So Phœbus ; but the child of Clymene
Stood firm, appealing to the swerveless oath ;
And all night long Apollo, with knit brows,
Heavy of soul and sore disquieted,
Through his wide palace wandered up and down ;
And, like the erring phantasm of a man
Slain traitorously and cast into the deep,
Who, for the dread want of a little earth,
Cannot find rest, so rest was none for him.
But the other, dreaming of the day's emprise,
Couched without care and in the bloom of sleep,
Lay till the early twilight, then rose up
Flushed for the boon, and found his glorious sire
Pacing beneath a pillared portico,
Still pausing when he passed the silver plains
Of two huge valves, embossed with graven gold,
Work of Hephæstus, and descript with all

Which earth and heaven and Nereid-haunted deep
 Foster in wave or field or azure sky.
 And ever as he paused he sighed, as if
 Boding but little good to anything
 In earth or heaven or Nereid-haunted deep.
 Soon conscious of his child, he turned, and there
 Urging divine dissuasion, half in tears,
 Spake ; but that other would not. And they moved
 Together, led by rosy-fingered Dawn,
 In silence, till they reached the empyreal gates,
 Which, to weird lutes receding, gave to view
 Authentic heaven surpassing voice or dream ;
 For lo ! the awful chariot of the Sun,
 Flaring upon their front, itself a sun,
 Wrought from metallic ores unutterable ;
 And all the streaming surface intersown
 With rainbow-flames of keen-eyed jewellery,
 And the long burnished axle thick with gold,
 And wheels, a countless order, each like each,
 Armed with a central star, and diamond-rimmed,
 Blinding to men, save whom the gods keep whole.
 For as with us plain earth is soiled and dull,
 Matched with the marquetry of Indian kings,
 So blurred and swarthy to celestial gems
 Are earth-born ruby, pearl, or amethyst,
 Opal, and tender sapphire, queen of stones.
 Far up the vault a dazzling pavement, arched
 Of diamond, chymic wonder, tracked with lines
 Thrice-glistening, the diurnal route of wheels,
 Scaled to the zenith ; and on either side
 The myriad constellations sprang like flowers
 Glased in the cloudless hyaline. Anon
 Came forth that famous team, caparisoned,
 Four, and each fulminous with glancing flame,
 Yet childlike, each, to the light-handed Hours
 Who held him. Twain about the golden pole,
 Obsequious to long use, their station took,
 And twain, with gleaming traces, in the van,
 And in a moment they were linked for speed.

But Phaethon stood silent—that white reach
 Thwarting the blue serene, a belt of fire,
 And all the flaming equipage unrolled,
 In their essential lustre, form, and size,
 So far transcended the pale counterfeit
 Nursed in his dream ; and once he half drew back
 For terror ; nor the faint recoil escaped
 The Sun-god, who made parley yet once more :—

“ Son, for thine hour is coming, not yet come,
 Let for dear life a noble prudence trench
 On blind un wisdom rushing to its doom.
 Fly from this venture—for I know that Death
 Will ride at thy right hand upon the Car.
 Yet, yet, take warning ; ask another boon.”

He ended ; but the child of Olymene,

Through shame and curst ambition, stood to his quest.
 And the god, condescending to his child,
 Smeared face and hands and raiment with a chrism
 Known to none else, most sovereign to repel
 Tempestuous inroad of the fiery clime
 Breathed by that fierce quaternian in the front,
 And dashed in billowy flame from the echoing wheels.
 Then, breathing on the brows, made all his mien
 Godlike, severe, and large to look upon,
 And placed the glittering reinage in his hands,
 And helped him to his throne upon the Car ;
 But, ere he parted, spake a farewell word :—

“Slack not the rein, nor from tense watch decline
 Thine eyelids, lest thou find a doom not sought,
 Maugre this fireproof chrism and godlike mien.
 For know that underneath thee, where thou goest,
 Swims earth, far-planted in the vacuous gulf,
 Whose yawning interval both knees and brain
 Sickens. A league above this pontal ark,
 Now seeming one with heaven, the dizzy sphere
 Rolls a pernicious round, swarming with stars—
 Bale overhead, and deep bale at thy feet,—
 In temperate self-distrust thy safety dwells.
 Swerve not a hair lest thou abandon life ;
 The heaven's revolving fabric all day long,
 Here in palatial splendour shall wait round,
 Skirting the wide horizon, till I meet,
 If the Fates will, thy duly westering wheels,
 So night shall be divine indeed, while we
 Slide with melodious music, unaware,
 Back to these roseate realms, where men behold
 Daily the soft sweet horizontal lights
 Slow deepening into spears of tender flame.
 Farewell ! may happy omens speed thy path !”

He ended ; and the Hours with one accord
 Stept sideways, and let go the willing steeds.

Then soberly and well did Phaethon
 Hoard up and use that warning of the god,
 “Slack not the rein, nor from tense watch decline
 Thine eyelids”—so he watching slackened not rein,
 But, from the godlike increase given to him,
 Maintained an equal nerve, though sore afraid.
 Nor even thus with all his power had curbed
 That chivalry divine, but that the god
 Infused a soul more governably mild
 For that one voyage, making their defect
 Somewhat incline, for easier vassalage,
 To his son's lifted virtue. So he passed
 Safe on his course, and all the heaven drank light,
 And, touched with splendour, wine-dark ocean smiled,
 Heaving with ships, black hull and snow-white sail ;
 And each land went to its accustomed work—
 Of peace where peace, and war where there was war.
 Nor omen of disaster rose at all,

Till, as he neared the blazing cope of noon,
 Where the steeds flagged a little, as is their wont,
 For steeper seems a hill just ere the bend—
 Even at the point where Nature seems to pause
 And listen while the sultry hour goes by—
 Flat weariness ached through him, and he thought
 How boonless were the boon if this were all;
 Nor did he cease repeating to himself,
 "How worthless is the boon if this be all!"
 Broad is the way: the steeds are tame enough;
 Till, hungered with hot zeal, he seized the thong;
 Then whirled it, curling it beneath the flank
 Of the two vanward; thence with sharp recoil
 Crossing the arched necks of the hindmost two.
 And lo! the sudden insult dug like steel
 Into the one heart of the fiery four.
 They in a moment knew the vulgar hands
 That held them, and their lordly eyes wept fire
 For anger at the ungenerous pilotage;
 And each dilated nostril panted fire,
 And the sides, heaving through their sleek expanse,
 Stared with a noble horror, foaming fire;
 While, raving up the causeway, hoof and wheel,
 With screams and anvil-thunder, a deafening din,
 Rained earthward and to heaven a storm of fire.
 So to the summit, from whose brows the team,
 Thrice-maddening, prone adown the diamond arc
 Swept, and a triple whirlwind of white fire,
 Blown skyward, sloped upon the charioteer,
 Whom yet the chrism preserved invulnerable,
 Nor even his eyelids faltered in white fire.
 But, as a sick man stares, who, from some wound,
 Smit with red fever and delirious dream,
 Thinks himself bound upon a wheel of fire,
 Whirling, whirling for ever, and passes through
 Cycles of anguish ere his eye can wink—
 So, with like fascination, in the eyes
 Of Phaethon was fixed a straining stare,
 Yea, one to be remembered afterwards
 By any that had seen it, man or god.
 And though his brain shook, yet he could not wink;
 And though his brain reeled, yet he could not fall.
 Fixed were his feet, and o'er the ebbing reins
 Drooped the spent fingers from the nerveless wrist.
 Yet motionless, and with no quivering drooped,
 He standing like a statue of pale Fear;
 While louder and more loud the affrighted stars
 Cried from their burning vault, or seemed to cry,
 Doom in his ears, and anger and fell revenge.

Then Ganges, and a troop of Eastern streams,
 Flew backward, each one to his cradle cave;
 Then the tall glaciers of the Polar Zone
 Flushed crimson to the roots of their cold realm;
 For all the fur-crowned Scandinavian hills
 Night-shrouded half the months, tier over tier,
 Blazed in the gloomy North, like beacon-bells

Lit for world-wasting Furies who bear down
 In convoy, with wild omens of the end.
 And all the peopled plains sent up a smoke
 Of harvests reaped by fire, and flaming towns,
 Till the hot clamour of those masterless wheels
 Rang deadlier, mingled with the loud-voiced curse
 Of men by myriads overcome with hell.
 And a long cry came to the ears of Zeus,
 Where in full conclave of the gods he sat;
 And, while he doubted, a great rainy heat
 Fell slant and sudden on the Olympian walls,
 And all the ceiling glared like molten gold,
 And the rich cloisters like a forest glowed
 Of resinous pines, with every trunk ablaze.
 And Zeus and all the gods rose up together,
 And saw the wide earth smoke, and the Sun's car,
 Wrecked by false rule of ignominious hands,
 Flare from the crystal zenith a long white glare.
 And lo! a change in the great Father's eye
 Flashed darkly, and his face a moment writhed
 With anger, as when taint of iron-rust
 Writhes hideously a drinker's lips, anon
 Whitened with cold inexorable wrath.
 Mute stood the gods, while each in blank suspense
 Stared on his fellow, wondering what should come.
 He, turning to a sheaf of thunderbolts
 Which lay there, piled for use, in the council-hall,
 Chose one, thrice tempered, in itself a sheaf,
 Needing no second to enforce the doom;
 Then leaning from his tower—"So perish all
 Wild upstarts sworn with empire not their own"—
 Shot once. And Phaethon, caught in mid career,
 And hurled from the Sun to utter sunlessness,
 Like a flame-bearded comet, with ghastliest hiss,
 Fell headlong in the amazed Eridanus,
 Monarch of streams, who on the Italian fields
 Let loose, and far beyond his flowery lips
 Foam-white, ran ruinous to the Adrian deep;
 And still the unbalanced chariot flared right on,
 Till, from the main line swerving, the vast heap
 Fenceless, and falling a stupendous fall,
 Horses and chariot, in the Western Sea
 Plunged, and the rushing shower of that fell hiss,
 Heard ghastlier than a myriad-throated storm
 Of Pythons strangled in their noisome lair,
 Seemed to drink up with lips the shuddering world.

Scarce had the sound expired, ere gods and men
 Heard wonderingly a beat of iron wings;
 For Darkness, with a beat of iron wings,
 Vaunting herself sole mistress of the world,
 Sprang from that watery pyre; and heaven grew black
 Before her, and man's earth, being breathed upon,
 Smouldered in silence till the fires died out.
 Dark was that night and long, as is the length
 Of two nights and a summer day between,
 And all the while men saw not with their eyes

The face of wife or child, or friend or foe,
 And all the while men spake not each to each.
 But as a captive, in some gloom-bound cell
 Under the level of a stormy lake,
 Feels that the roof has shifted and the walls;
 And, where he finds himself, there crouches down
 Mute, and in horror lest his blood's quick beat
 Rive up the ruin and let in the lake—
 So, with clenched hands, they, crouching whisperless
 Feared lest a heart-vibration should unbind
 Loud dooms that rocked in ambush overhead.

Meanwhile Apollo, through that dire eclipse,
 Dwelt in the dim light of his azure halls,
 Likest in beauty to the perfect form
 Stamped on the soul of some great statuary
 Waking and sleeping, who with touch divine
 Breathes life and love into the chill dead stone,
 And warms it with the warmth of his own soul;
 Till some one finds him in the cold grey dawn
 Laid mute by the mute marble, his long toil
 Just ended, and the mighty brain at rest. ||
 Like to that dream which made the dreamer die.
 So proud, so beautiful in pensive pain,
 Sat Phœbus, veiled in dark divinity,
 Dreadly repentant, as a god repents,
 Nor yet so wholly wrapt in self-remorse,
 But that at times his gloomy veins would feel
 Wild frenzies, ruminant of wrong to Zeus—
 Zeus, saviour of the world by that one stroke—
 But loss is loss, though worlds be profited;
 And deep love will remember, there and here.

But when the long dread night was overpast,
 Came to Eridanus, the lord of streame,
 Clymene, and the weeping Heliades,
 And Phaethon they found, or what seemed he.
 There, with his eyes in ashes, and the once
 So radiant locks by cruel thunder scathed,
 Recumbent in the reeds, a charred black mass,
 Furrowed with trenchant fire from head to foot;
 Whom yet with reverent hands they lifted up,
 And bare him to the bank, and washed the limbs
 In vain; and for the burnt shreds clinging to him,
 Robed the cold form in raiment shining white;
 Then on the river-marge they scooped a grave,
 And laid him in the dank earth far apart,
 Near to none else; for so the dead lie down,
 Whom Zeus, the Thunderer, hath cut off by fire.
 And on the tomb they poured forth wine and oil,
 And sacrificed much substance thirty days:
 Nor failed they to record in distich due,
 How from a kingly venture kingly fall
 Resulted, and a higher than human fame.
 And there, amid those comely services,
 Brake into song the weeping Heliades:—

" O that much sighing could these lips restore,
And make them bloom with kisses as before !
But Phaethon returns no more, no more !"

And answer made the childless Clymene :—

" O that this love, which on thy welfare fed,
Could with new pangs renew that lovely head !
My Phaethon, my child, is dead, is dead !"

And yet again the weeping Heliades :—

" O to be guided to that sunless shore,
There clasp the glimmering Phaethon o'er and o'er !
Since Phaethon returns no more, no more !"

And once more sang the childless Clymene :—

" O if to that dark land I might be led,
Loose his dear life, and leave mine own instead !
My Phaethon, my child, is dead, is dead !"

So ever sang the weeping Heliades,
And so made answer childless Clymene.
Cyncus the while, half-brother and whole friend,
Sat housed in lamentation far apart,
Brooding alone, discomfited with ills ;
He oft in the night-season, chill with stars,
Sat moaning in the thickets, and by day
Sat moaning in the thickets, till his voice,
By reason of long sorrow, conceived a key
Sweeter than any harp : and tales grew rife
Of him that sang so sweetly. Dream in peace ;
Yea, waste thyself long while in tender song,
Cyncus ;—the bending woods listen for love,
And old Eridanus flows faint with sound,
But, ah me ! for thou singest in vain, in vain !
Heart cold is Persephassa, and her ear
Cold and impenetrable by plaintive song.
Cold is the dust of thy familiar friend !

P. S. WORSLEY.

THE ART-STUDENT IN ROME.

MR. WESTMACOTT, R.A., Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy, delivered, during the past season, a lecture to the students on the benefits and the disadvantages of a Roman residence. Our fellow-countryman, Mr. Gibson, long a denizen in Italy, is known to have expressed the deliberate opinion, that the public monuments erected in England are inferior to those found in other countries, that English sculptors are deficient in early education, and that it is desirable that our art-students, by the opening of a Branch Academy in Rome, should be brought into more immediate contact with the best works of classic times. With this opinion, expressed by Mr. Gibson,—than whom no man living is better entitled to a hearing,—we entirely concur. But as its terms were by no means flattering to our English artists, or to the professors under whose tuition our students had been reared—as, moreover, this severe judgment had acquired additional weight by repetition in the House of Lords—we were not surprised that some member of the Royal Academy was found to vindicate the British schools, and to insist on the advantages of a London residence. Mr. Westmacott accordingly made himself the champion of things as they are. He obtained an easy, but withal a worthless victory. It was of course not difficult to secure a response from home sympathies. Every reference to his own services—every hint delicately pointed to the genius he recognised around him—was sure to be echoed with applause. But we are bound to say that we have seldom listened to a lecture more vague or more vacillating. The utmost we could get from it was this—that Rome was good and that London was good, provided a person had not too much of either. It is doubtless one of the evils incident to an institution deriving prestige from Government sanction, that its professors will seldom speak boldly. But some one should be found publicly to declare and make it known that France, that Russia, and even the smaller states in Europe, have already established in Rome, for the culture of the higher departments of arts, academies with pensioned students, while England has hitherto denied to her artists any commensurate advantages. It is not surprising that our English school of sculpture and painting has suffered accordingly. Rome is, for art, the capital of the world. It is, indeed, itself a world—a community of sculptors, painters, architects, assembled from all the nations of the earth, surrounded by historic associations the most thrilling, in the midst of monuments the most inspiring. It is of the advantages of such a residence that we now propose to speak.

Most travellers are acquainted with the "Greco," renowned for coffee, tobacco, noise, and dirt. Let us turn in at early morning, and already shall we find a few artists breakfasting betimes by candle-light. The Germans flock in, a boisterous crew, accompanied by a rough dog—bearded, sturdy fellow, having little in common with their spiritual brethren of Munich and Dusseldorf. Towards half-past seven, when daylight in the winter months has fairly established itself, the Nestor of British sculpture, and others of the English school, begin to congregate. The first quarter of an hour, devoted to the satisfying of hunger, generally passes away in silence, broken only by a few detached, desultory words. But at the important stage when cigars commence to be handed round, and the more weighty portion of the repast is disposed of, the cup is idly sipped at lengthening intervals. At this auspicious moment do ideas

begin to flow, do thoughts flock along the awakened morning brain, eager in pursuit of art, and earnest in the love of the noble and the true. Often have we sat by and listened to high discourse of gods of Greece, theories of ancient mythologies, mingled with bold speculation touching more modern creeds. Often have we lent an attentive ear to passing yet profound criticisms upon the renowned statues of the Capitol and the Vatican—the anguish of the Laocoon, the proud defiance of the Apollo, the pathos of the dying Gaul. It has been no ordinary privilege thus to enter into the artist mind, caught in the freedom of unreserve, when reason and fancy and speculation play together in hours of undisguised social converse, mingled with anecdote, pointed by playful satire, and made merry by hearty laughter. In such seasons as these art seems clothed in living personalities: thoughts which had slumbered as dead abstractions in the mind walk freely abroad; ideas in their first germs are thrown out and paraded on private view, ere they take their public stand in marble or on canvass; and thus the inward workings of the painter's or sculptor's genius are unconsciously revealed, and the artist himself becomes the interpreter to his works. This "Café Greco" is thus, as it were, an academy of art and a school for criticism. And we deem it no small advantage that the professors and students of all countries—the painters, the architects, and sculptors of every diversity of style, classic, medieval, Christian, landscape, and domestic—can freely intermingle, talk openly of their works without fear of plagiarism, invite friendly criticism in defiance of jealousy and rivalry. Towards noon there is a second and minor gathering. After the "mezzo giorno" comes a sequel of coffee, flavoured sometimes with a "petit verre de cognac." In the evening, again, following the *Ave Maria*, dinner or supper is a larger and more general assemblage. Then

is heard a general strife of tongues and clatter of cups; the news of the day is noised from mouth to mouth; the American brogue breaks loose into a republic of discord; and painters, poets, and whiskered genius in questionable guise, glory in the biggest of words and the thickest of smoke. Then, at length, the coffee drunk to the dregs, the short pipe reduced to its ashes, and the last joke worn threadbare, the medley throng gradually clear away—some for social whist, others to solitary work.

To the sculptor the advantages of a Roman residence are undoubted. Rome has for years held within her walls some of the most famed professors of the art. Canova, writing from the banks of the Tiber, says: "Italy is my country—is the country and native soil of the arts. I cannot leave her—my infancy was nurtured here." It was among the seven hills, in the immediate presence of the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Vatican, that Canova's genius found a fitting and abiding home. Thorwaldsen, again, born in the far north, obtained, at the age of twenty-three a pension from the Academy of Copenhagen, started at once for Rome, fixed his studio near the Piazza Barberini, and founded, as is well known, his classic style upon the great originals of the Capitol and the Vatican. We find, also, that our own countryman, Flaxman, toiled for five continuous years in order to lay in store sufficient means for the Roman journey upon which he had set his heart. During a seven years' residence in the land of poets he executed his famed outlines of Homer, *Æschylus*, Dante, and other works. And now that these three great sculptors—Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Flaxman—are gone, Rome still finds in Mr. Gibson a worthy successor. Like those great men whose mantle he inherits, he came at an early age to Italy, and formed his style upon the Grecian master-works. In the studios of Canova

and Thorwaldsen he laboured, and in the midst of the antique marbles have the last forty years of his life been passed. He knows how much he owes to Italy; and therefore it is that he has urged upon the Government of his country the foundation of an English academy in Rome, wherein pensioned students should be nurtured in the higher walks of the plastic and pictorial arts. Speaking from personal observation, we can say there is no city comparable to Rome as a place for artistic study. It may be a minor, yet certainly it is by no means an unimportant matter, that the ardour of the youthful mind is kindled by the immediate presence of the great originals themselves. Casts from statues are often faulty; and no one will pretend that the congregated plaster copies at Sydenham can be looked upon with precisely the emotion awakened by the marbles of the Vatican. Standing before the Apollo, the Laocoon, or the Dying Gladiator, it is not merely a question of what the eye can see, but how much the imagination will realise. We may rest assured that Byron would never have written his immortal lines at the foot of a chalk-white Venus. Mechanical products of but yesterday cannot have about them the halo of antiquity. A statue which has felt the chisel of Phidias, which, as god or goddess, has been worshipped in temples, which had to endure for long ages a nation's overthrow, and then, for a second time, rose into life, is necessarily encircled with a thousand memories, and grows eloquent in eventful story. To adapt an oft-repeated saying, the society of such works constitutes of itself a liberal education. Actual history seems handed down in bodily shape; the poetry of mythology is seen in the most perfect of forms; and thus, the mental horizon extended indefinitely from the immediate point of view, art becomes, as she ever should be, the entrance-gate to noble knowledge.

The society likewise found in Rome, notwithstanding the fox-hunting on the Campagna, and the small gossip inevitable among idlers and loungers, is somewhat, it must be admitted, of an intellectual cast. Conversation round the dinner-table, in *cafés* and at evening receptions, almost necessarily concerns itself with the pictures, the ruins, and the church ceremonies which during the day have been seen or studied. In the political stagnation which has long become chronic in the Eternal City, people naturally surrender their thoughts to refined *dilettante* excitement; and the arts, without hostile competition from foreign topics, come not merely to amuse the passing hour, but grow into the grave business of life. Men are permitted to move in the ideal world of pictures and statues without incurring the charge of mere elegant trifling or the neglect of more serious duties. Refined minds can here give themselves wholly to æsthetic culture—walk among ruins without troubling about political economy, saunter along the byways of Tivoli, Albano, or Frascati, mingle among a picturesque peasantry, without discussing the theory of Malthus on population, freed from the trouble of reading a single page in *The Wealth of Nations*. Men, thus severed from the turmoil of an agitated intellect, glide gently along the more secluded paths of life, grow calmly meditative, simple in their tastes, yet subtle in their enjoyments, living in daily converse with the silent past, and finding companionship in thoughts which steal away to sheltered retreat. It is in an existence thus harmoniously set that the arts can best be cultivated. To sit under the arch of a ruined aqueduct, and think of Rome's decay; to listen, at vesper twilight, to the plaintive chant of nuns; to gaze from Pincian Hill on St. Peter's dome, or on Hadrian's massive pile, angel-guarded;—at each hour and at every step thus may the student dote on pictures

and taste of poetry. And if, perchance, it be his blessing to meet with choice companionship, what reward in listening to suggestive words, what gathered strength in sympathy, and how does sensitive thought gain redoubled value as it finds in some congenial mind a fit response!

We dwell upon these considerations because, in our experience, it is neither in Paris, in London, nor other of the great capitals of Europe, that this same artistic attitude of life can be cherished. In Rome, the Prophets and Sibyls of Michael Angelo, the Madonnas and Saints of Raphael, the Cæsars of the Palatine, and even the gods of Greece, are made our daily companions. We come home, after a morning in the Vatican or a walk in the Forum, and talk of the heroes of antiquity, and dwell upon the personal creations of the artist's imagination, as if they had just been our associates. By living thus closely side by side with the great painters and sculptors, we grow intimately acquainted with the lineaments of their genius; we recognise, and even anticipate, each movements in their thoughts; we enter into their inner life; and thus at length we can speak of their works as of the doings of a friend whose motives are understood, whose character is endeared by familiar intercourse. The student who holds himself as an alien from the works toward which he would aspire, who looks on as a distant stranger, denied near companionship, must necessarily rest content to serve in outer courts. He will be a hireling and perhaps a slave to genius, but can never, in the immunity of liberty, enter upon equal rights. We must dwell hour by hour with the great master-works, they must become partakers in our thoughts, till our ideas are at length fashioned upon them. We must look at pictures so intently that, closing the eye, their form lives again in the mind's vision. It is thus that the mind grows consonant with the noblest examples, that

well-stored memory feeds creative imagination, and the intellect, habituated to the thoughts of the greatest masters, accustomed to the facile use of grand ideas, is able at length to emulate what first it but strove to imitate. Upon this point Sir Joshua Reynolds has written with his usual wisdom: "Instead," says he, "of copying the touches of those great masters, copy only their conceptions; instead of treading in their footsteps, endeavour only to keep the same road; labour to invent on their general principles and way of thinking; possess yourself with their spirit; consider with yourself how a Michael Angelo or a Raphael would have treated this subject, and work yourself into a belief that your picture is to be seen and criticised by them when completed: an attempt of this kind will rouse your powers."

A residence in Rome we consider essential to the formation of that "grand style," for which, it must be confessed, our English school has hitherto shown itself so unequal. We have already quoted the recently-expressed opinion, that in the province of sculpture our public monuments evince the lack of thorough education. We do not hesitate to say that our most ambitious works in the sister art of painting show a like deficiency. Fuseli's big, eloquent words, uttered in lectures before the students of the Royal Academy, became mere vaulting ambition, when translated into his own pictures. The large scenic works by Barry in the Adelphi, which he fondly hoped would have redeemed his country's art, are monstrous rather than grand. They show, it is true, a certain rude uncultured power, which, allied to a purer style, might have secured intrinsic excellence. To complete a melancholy catalogue, we must mention the weak pretentious conceptions painted by Sir James Thornhill, in the dome of St. Paul's, recently restored, and now taking permanent rank with the profuse meretricious works of the Italian decadence.

Haydon, too, was another lost misguided genius, shipwrecked in London after a tossed life without anchorage. And coming down to the present moment, our English House of Commons is voting larger sums than were ever received by Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican. And with what result? Why, the production of fresco-paintings which want the best qualities of the fresco-art, the multiplication of pretended historic works which are deficient alike in historic dignity and architectural fitness. And then, lastly, the other day, in the hall of Lincoln's Inn, is unveiled a noble composition by Mr. Watts, possessing, it is true, just the qualities to which the frescoes at Westminster can make no claim, yet betraying, on the other hand, we are bound to say, in cast of draperies and the putting together of individual figures, powers wholly unequal to contend with the difficulties inherent to so arduous an attempt. Such, then, has been, and still is, the present state of historic art in this country.

It is to the lasting honour of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he strove, in his public discourses, to create within the English school a passion for the grand historic style. He well knew the deficiency upon which we have insisted. He felt it painfully even in his own person. Thus, on his arrival in Rome, he made the following confession: "I found myself," he says, "in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted. I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was at the lowest ebb,—it could not indeed be lower,—were to be totally done away with and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as a little child. Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again—I even affected to feel their merits, and to

admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter, Raphael, was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world." That matters have not improved since the days of Reynolds, we have sufficient assurance in the teaching and practice of our English Pre-Raphaelite school. To denounce Raphael, and to reverse all that he established, is the lasting glory of some at least among our British painters, with Mr. Ruskin as their guide.

We have seen that the great sculptors, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Flaxman, and Gibson, made lengthened trarriance in Rome, the essential capital of their art. In painting, the aspirants to the grand historic style owe, as we have seen, a like allegiance. Barry, under the kind patronage of his friend Burke, spent in the Italian capital five years, and received from Reynolds—previously, as we have already seen, a student in the Sistine and the Vatican—a letter with these remarkable words: "Whoever has great views," says Reynolds, "I would recommend to him, whilst in Rome, rather to live on bread and water than lose those advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican." We do not hesitate to say that historic painting, in its noblest form, is for us in England almost a lost art. The grand Italian style was not easily arrived at: it took three hundred years for its maturing. The works of Raphael and Michael Angelo were no accidental phenomena—no mere exceptional results without previous pedigree or antecedents. They were the consummation of anterior centuries; they were the perfecting of pre-existing methods; they were the concentration of Italian genius which had long been struggling into freedom and power.

Italy was the cradle of the arts; the Church the patron; Rome the capital to which all talent crowded for fame and reward; and the Vatican, as the palace of the popes, became naturally the place of honour. It is no mere capricious fancy which exalts the fresco paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo into the pre-eminence they so long have occupied. They were enthroned by history; they have ever since been worshipped by posterity; and it is now too late to overturn the unanimous verdict of mankind. It was these works which our own simple Reynolds, with the true-minded artists of all countries, came to study. And he tells us, in the closing words to his last discourse, that it was cause for self-congratulation to know himself susceptible of the emotions which such grand conceptions were intended to incite.

But labour is the price which the gods have set upon all things excellent. Michael Angelo, if any man, had a right to rely on genius, yet of himself he said that all was due to study. The original drawings of the old masters, now so widely known through photographic reproductions, ought to convince every tyro in the arts that unflagging industry can alone secure a high position. Pictures painted with a command which at first sight might imply facility — Raphael's "School of Athens," for example — are yet discovered to be the result of long and careful elaboration. Minute studies have been made for every figure; separate drawings for the complex masses of drapery; accurately shaded outlines were executed for the hands and feet. In the collection of the Archduke Albert in Vienna is a well-known sketch for the Transfiguration: the Apostles nude, with other more detailed studies on a larger scale, marking with utmost precision the anatomy of limbs which subsequently imposed drapery would wholly conceal. The artists, indeed, whose creations have borne the scrutiny and obtained the admiration of all

succeeding ages, seem never to have relented one moment from their labours, nor their pencil to have paused a single instant over the busy work. Folio volumes contain the drawings of Leonardo in Milan; and no forms of human face, whether in beauty or caricature, seem to have escaped the keenness of his observation. And all these accumulated materials were made to subserve a well-conceived and maturely calculated purpose. These sketches are not the mere mechanical product of the hand — the head was working while the fingers were executing. Lines were combined into symmetrical composition; forms were balanced in just proportion and thrown into bright position; and thus the picture was matured from step to step by long study and careful forethought. In conclusion, we wish it to be ever remembered that the works which have so long stood before the world as examples of the grand style of art did not take their origin in mere happy chance, in fortuitous combination of circumstances, or in a daring stroke of ambitious genius; but that Leonardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo laboured arduously, even to the completing of minute details; that to them, as to all true workers, life was short and art long, for high was their aim, and the absolute perfection towards which they aspired still ever retreated at their approach into infinite distance.

And if, in the present day, we would strive after the same goal, we must walk in the same path. There has not yet been discovered, even in this nineteenth century, a royal road to art. On the contrary, the old avenues of approach would seem to be blocked up, and aspirants now stumble along a beaten but broken way, sometimes guided in wilfulness, sometimes scrambling in haste, or sometimes groping in ignorance, till at last they wander widely astray, and at length are more or less contentedly lost in pleasant places, glorying in a low order of remunerative success. But

we again repeat, if the arts of sculpture and of painting are to rise in this country to any high pitch of excellence, it is by fulfilling the laws which art herself imposed upon the Greek sculptors and the Italian painters as the conditions of success. We do not for a moment presume to limit the possibilities of future progression; still it is not too much to assert that the fundamental principles of art are already fully and finally established. The rules which must guide the sculptor throughout all time are put lastingly on record in the statues of the Vatican; and the principles of pictorial composition can be fully deduced from the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Stanze and the Sistine. It is the mere presumption of untutored youth which would pretend, in the present day, to the making of any signal discoveries or would attempt radical revolution. It is a mere Cockney art which opposes the Roman school; it is, after all, but a narrow *coterie* which, by new-fangled dogmas, sets at nought the judgment of three centuries.

Thus, we think, it becomes desirable, on many grounds, that the scene of action and study should be extended, and that pupils should exchange a London for an Italian residence. No one will contend that our English modes of life or habits of mind are conducive to æsthetic culture. In our large cities—the pride of our modern civilisation—counting-house drudgery, with parish business, the reading of the daily penny paper, the attendance on improvement and sanitary committees, suffice to make for our prosperous commercial man a crowded anxious day. And so the morning passes in busy work. At the dinner-table conversation usually turns upon hackneyed topics of popular interest—“High Church,” “Low Church,” “Parliamentary Reform,” “vote by ballot,” interspersed with the pleasing polemics provoked by *Essays and Reviews*. A man who should venture across the cloth to indulge in poetic or artis-

tic observations touching Apollo, Psyche, the Sibyls, or other such topics, would be taken as light-headed. The paths of actual life are too eagerly crowded to allow of quiet retreat into the byways of fancy; the pressure of events is too urgent, the light of day too coldly crude, for men to step aside to gaze on sleeping Endymion in the moonlight. Our very prosperity is unpoetic, and few of the boasted products of civilisation can pretend to the picturesque. Mr. Hawthorne felt this the other day when he laid the scene of his last romance in Italy. No author, he tells us, without trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a fiction about a country where there is no shadow, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight. He chose Italy, he says, as the site of his fancied creation, because it afforded a sort of poetic and fairy precinct wherein ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers might find ruins to make them grow. The difficulties which Mr. Hawthorne shunned are seen even in the facilities which other writers have found. Our present English school of novelists—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and others—are strong in the merits which, from a more imaginative point of view, are taken for blemishes. Such writers daguerrotype actual scenes just as they are; they photograph the details of the homely cottage by the wood, or the clattering mill on the running stream; they paint with a Pre-Raphaelite love of ugliness the horrors of the crowded city; they thus give in word pictures, enhanced by high lights and darkened with black shadows, the tumultuous life which is now throbbing around us. After such high-seasoned food, Addison, we fear, tastes flavourless.

This literal art, whether it be the art of romance writing or that of picture-making, has of course a sterling worth, which we would not for one moment deny to it. But

yet, no one will pretend that it is all that may be fairly hoped for in the wide domain of creative genius. The worthy Pickwick and the inimitable Mrs. Poyser, whatever may be their other qualifications for posterity, are not in their own persons precisely fitted for Greek or Carrara marble; and we must confess that we do not desire to see Miss Becky Sharp with her devoted "Jos," immortalised in fresco in the robing-room of the house of Lords. Each style is good of its kind, and everything should be assigned its fitting place. All we contend for is this, that if Englishmen will have marble statues in public streets, at least let not the works be of a character which a first-class tailor or shoemaker would be ashamed to own. And if our Houses of Parliament are to be enriched by frescoes, let us have some regard to the dignity which befits a nation's history. It would seem to be generally supposed that the qualification for a historic painter is nothing more than access to a few family portraits, to a curiosity shop of old clothes, with a suit or two of medieval armour. It is no wonder that Raphael is superseded and abused.

It is full time, we think, that a certain class at least of our students should change the scene of their studies. It is needful that "high art" should become for them something more than a name; and in order to eradicate the lower styles by which they have been so long surrounded, English youths of the best promise should, as we have said, be brought into the immediate presence of those great masters who strove to embody the noblest of thoughts in the grandest of forms. It is only, as we have seen, in Rome the student can be fired into ardour by the contemplation of the greatest efforts of pictorial genius, and feel how mean are those lower methods, how unworthy those minor details, by which inferior artists seek to captivate the eye and to allure the multitude. It is chiefly in this

ancient centre of the world's history—in the very midst of wrecks of a vast empire, temples, and arches, and theatres, where the very soil seems gorged with blood, and tears, and agony, and every crumbling stone is a monument to a people's power—it is in this seat of decaying empire that the artist can best raise his contemplation to the true historic level, where things of to-day and of yesterday, in the presence of past centuries burdened with heroic story, sink into relative proportion. And it is with a mind thus solemnised, with thoughts thus raised, with tastes thus cultured, that the student will be fitted duly to value and humbly to rival the works of the great Italian masters.

In this spirit alone, best caught by an Italian residence, can the "grand style," in its full meaning, be rightly estimated. A mind raised to this pitch can be satisfied only by true excellence—the noblest forms of nature brought under the treatment of the purest art. Herein lies the secret of the best art products, and herein likewise the difficulty. For who shall determine which are the noblest forms of nature, when nature, in all her forms, is so marvellous? And how shall the inexperienced student decide which are the purest modes of art, when each in turn is supported by authority? The case is perplexing, but, we think, less puzzling in Rome than elsewhere. In sculpture, the supposed pensioner, brought under the direct tuition of the Greek and Roman schools, may safely ignore, at least for a time, later and lower examples. The painter studying the compositions of Raphael and Michael Angelo, under the sanction of Reynolds, Barry, Fuseli, and others, has little else to do than to shut out all distraction, and give himself up to diligent work. But the task he has set himself is by no means easy, for the reward he seeks is high, and can be attained by few. His hand, in drawing, must learn certitude and power. The greater the difficulty

of a foreshortening, the more complete facility must he show in its mastery. The larger the scale of the work, the less must he flinch in its execution. The path trod by Michael Angelo can only be followed by a race of giants. But what he learns from Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other of the great masters, is after all only the method—manual or mental; that which pertains to direct originality must be fostered within himself. And herein, again, lies a difficulty—how far he may copy, and wherein he must create; to what degree he may fitly surrender himself to the mind of others, and at what period in his growth he must rely on his own individuality. At first, we think, he will be bound to submit, in some measure, to the servitude which adheres to the literal letter; but ere long it will be required that he enter upon the freedom which pertains to the adopted spirit. And, for this end, we think his studies should have these two primary objects—first, the great masters should teach the student how rightly to see and to copy nature; and, secondly, how best to frame his "style."

We need scarcely say that it is not every form in nature which is suited for translation into art. Providence has many other, and perhaps more important ends in view, than the making of pictures; and the worthy individuals, men and women, who pass most respectably through the duties of ordinary life, are not one and all necessarily suited to the dimensions of the historic canvass. The great masters knew this full well, and their study of nature took a corresponding direction. They seem to have been guided by certain innate ideas of beauty, dignity, and fitness; to have selected those forms which stood as the exponents of noble thoughts; and at times to have made individual shapes bend to their will. All this, indeed, was the purpose of their repeated and tentative studies. They compiled from various models the collective

results for which they strove; they threw out those blemishes or lower elements which marred each individual example; they combined the perfections which were scattered abroad, but never concentrated into one focus; and they thus caught at last the perfect idea, the type of beauty, at which nature aims with inconstant step. This, in short, constituted their study of nature; herein lay their philosophy; and, in great measure, in this consists the glory of their art. We know, indeed, of no other basis upon which a noble, historic, or sacred style can be formed. Unfortunately, or perhaps, for the sake of creative genius, most fortunately, the portraits of illustrious men have been often lost, and the individual characters, in the sacred narrative at least, have in no way been handed down in bodily aspect. It therefore becomes essential that the artist should so study nature that he may reclothe in fitting guise those great men who have been lost to our view. The painters of the middle ages did this, and the Grecian sculptors likewise. The portrait of Homer, so oft repeated, is probably ideal. The heads of the Apostles and of Christ, the figures of prophets, and often even of the Christian saints, as painted by Leonardo, Raphael, and the other Italian masters, are, in fact, little more than the embodiment of the painter's ideas—his mental conceptions thrown into bodily form; the artist, instructed by his studies, working after the discovered methods of nature, and becoming in turn himself a creator. That alone, in fine, is the true study of nature which enables the painter or the sculptor, in the sphere of his art, to work after the spirit of nature.

But it requires a gifted eye to see the poetry which dwells in nature. The remark has been so oft repeated as to become commonplace; yet it remains for ever true that the most ordinary incidents may be turned to deep instruction, and that the forms which are scattered along our

daily paths are replete with beauty. Yet it requires, as we say, the intuition of a gifted mind, the cunning of a practised hand, to transmute into the poetry of art the ruder and more hackneyed ways of the outer world. It was the glory of Italian art that whatever she touched she exalted. It is said of Michael Angelo that the beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty, and that the hump of his dwarf was impressed with dignity. Leonardo, as we have seen, sought in nature for the typical, and rose by successive steps to the divine. His St. Peter is a shrewd, zealous man—a head for which it is not difficult, even in the present day, to find a model. His St. John belongs to the higher order of spiritual intuition; and so, lastly, the painter reaches from perfected humanity, to indwelling divinity, and seeks to express in the head of Christ the God incarnate. Raphael, in his great works in Rome, was actuated by the same noble aim. In his *Madonnas*, painted in Florence too, he strove to exalt the loveliness of woman into a direct object of adoration. And in all these examples the desired end was attained, through an anxious, devoted, philosophic study of nature. The ordinary forms of life were not sufficient for the purpose. Raphael, in a well-known passage, tells us, that even in his day beautiful women were scarce, and that he found it needful to appeal to a certain ideal within his own mind. How far such an ideal is in-born with genius, or to what extent the conception is an induction from observation, it were difficult precisely to determine. The whole question has so little in common with our English mode of thought—is so foreign to the practice of our English artists—that the public would probably look upon its discussion with indifference. The student, however, happily severed, at least, for a time, from home bias, will be thrown into a more congenial atmosphere, and insensibly will acquire in Rome,

Florence, and other cities of Italy, that noble treatment of nature which the great masters have shown to be essential to historic and sacred subjects.

We have said that the renowned works in Rome are the best examples of what is technically named "style." The precise meaning of this term it would perhaps be difficult to define. It is a word, however, in its application not limited to the province of art. We speak of manners and of men as good in style. There is a pure style in music, an elevated style in the drama, and so, in like manner, there is a noble and true style in sculpture and painting. And, on the other hand, there is, of course, just the reverse. There is, we regret to say, such a thing as a mean and a corrupt style. The genius of an artist, for example, may be undoubted: his works may have a certain order of merit, and yet it is quite possible that his "style" may be wholly meretricious. This was, in some measure, the fault of Canova in sculpture; and in painting this same want of style has been the misfortune of many of our English artists, otherwise possessed of undoubted talent. West, Haydon, and others, obtrude low nature on the most solemn or stately occasions. We feel in their pictures that we are not always in the company of gentlemen; that we are holding intercourse with men who have forced themselves into positions for which they are not fitted by birth, education, or social standing. The "style," in short, is bad. And in many, if not in most of our English works, when not actually bad, it fails of being positively good, or, at least, of attaining to the best. For this state of things there is surely no inherent necessity. The remedy, we believe, indeed, to be within easy reach. Travelling is now attended with so few difficulties, a foreign residence may be made so inexpensive, that there is little excuse for the maintenance of uncouth methods and

manners. Our English artists only require daily association with the best Grecian and Italian works; they only want to make Phidias, Raphael, and Michael Angelo their companions in youthful years, when their style is still in course of formation, and all that falls beneath the purest standards would, we may reasonably hope, be effectually eradicated.

Glancing at another branch of our subject, we cannot but point to Rome as the natural centre of the "Catholic," or so-called "Christian," school. The Church of the Catacombs, the Church of the Martyrs, the Ship of St. Peter tossed upon troubled waters, still finds refuge within the walls of the Eternal City. From century to century the pilgrim has hither bent his steps; and from all nations of the earth have crowded multitudes who sought assurance to their faith or consolation in their suffering. The convents and monastic orders scattered over the wide world here find in Rome a common focus; the distant missionary, planting a church in the isles of the Pacific or on the plains of Tartary, points to the Roman Propaganda for his authority. Every church in Catholic Christendom owns the sway of the great Basilica of St. Peter; and thus the seven hills of the ancient city, crowned with the campanile of convents and churches, has long claimed the allegiance of the ecclesiastic, moved by piety or swayed by ambition, and of the civil ruler who sought to add to temporal dominion the sanction of spiritual power. Rome is strong, too, in the spell of imagination. The mind reverts to the early days when the Church was first planted—when persecution and death were the reward of faith—when the Christian victim graced the Roman holiday—when from within the vast sweep of the Flavian amphitheatre rose the loud shout of exaltation as the martyr sealed his testimony with his blood; and then come to the memory, in the course of succeeding ages, the times

of final and signal triumph. Imagination now revels in glowing pictures of wealth and power and pomp: popes, who trampled on the necks of kings; humble saints approaching on bended knees; genius rearing temples the most noble; gifted artists, emblazoning, in characters of gold and in forms of unearthly beauty, the victory of that Church which at length obtained undisputed supremacy. It is here, in Rome, that the so-called "Christian" artist can live in that rapt attitude—can indulge in those visions of saints and of angels—can cultivate that mystic faith and fervour which was found triumphant in Beato Angelico, and in other devout Pre-Raphaelite masters. This is a phase of faith which in other portions of Europe may be growing day by day more impossible; but in Rome we look upon this emotional worship, this imaginative and poetic colouring to belief, as natural and almost inevitable. With a certain order of dreaming, impressible minds, art, in all her visions and heavenly revealings, ceases to be a fiction, and grows into a reality, is not so much a refined enjoyment as the required food for an insatiable craving. Men of this frame of intellect are almost of necessity found in the Eternal City; for, as we have said, by the law of natural selection, Rome is their home. In Dusseldorf we all know there has been a "Christian" school, and in Munich are many important religious works. But we have always felt that north of the Alps the "Christian artist" is out of his appointed latitude. And, accordingly, the great disciples of this pictorial faith have always tended to southern migration. It was in Rome that the school of Veit, Cornelius, and Overbeck, took its origin. It was in this bosom of the Catholic Church that they became Romanists. It was in the midst of Christian temples, it was in the presence of Angelico, Perugino, and Pinturicchio, that they refashioned

and reanimated that medieval style which, once a derision, they have at last succeeded in making a devotion. Our English school of Pre-Raphaelites has, of course, nothing in common with these their modern German forerunners; and we do not think that a Romish revival of the medieval is for British art greatly to be desired. Still we deem a Christian school of religious painting, purged from any possible corruptions of Romanism—a reformed art which, it must be confessed, has hitherto claimed scarcely an existence in any Protestant community—to be for England a high desideratum. Our boasted Protestantism has suffered, we think, especially in former times, from being cold, bald, and unpictorial. At all events, religion is the most worthy theme that can engage the painter's pencil; and any national school which practically ignores the sublimest emotions which stir the human breast, denies to itself the highest inspiration, and renounces the noblest sphere of its mission. But, from the considerations which we have urged, we think it is greatly to be feared that any attempt to create such a school in academies north of the Alps will be more or less futile. The divine unction will be wanting. It is in the deep fountain of the Italian middle ages, it is before the shrines of Madonnas and saints, that inspiration must be sought.

There is yet another style of pictorial art to which we must advert before we close. It must be admitted that, in the present aspect of our English school, historic landscape is at a discount. It is now the fashion almost to despise the imaginative scenes of Wilson and Louthburgh. The subjects now most in vogue with our rustic rural painters are hedgerows and lanes in Devonshire, and pebbly trout streams in North Wales. Yet Turner, whom most people still affect to admire, chose to enhance, it will be remembered, some of the grandest landscapes in nature by an

appeal to historic association and the pictorial adaptation of mythologic fiction. It is one of the good practical services rendered by Turner's fairy enchantments, now happily so well seen at South Kensington, that they transport the mind from the smoke and din of London streets to the romance of Italy and the golden splendour of the southern sun. "Lake Avernus," "Æneas with the Sibyls," "Caligula's Palace and Bridge," "The Bay of Baïæ," "Apollo and the Sibyl," take us to that wreck of glory, to that sea-worn shore, where the crumbling ruins are mantled by the clambering vine, and the shadowed grotto is curtained by dripping verdure hanging in cool festoons. Turner's "Ancient Italy," too, is that land "which was the mightiest in its old command, and is the loveliest." And in "Dido building Carthage," and in "The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire," we are taken into the far off region of historic romance, where fact is lost in the haze of fiction, and actual forms are blended into that poetic halo—the atmosphere, in fact, wherein the genius of Turner loved to bask and bathe himself. Whoever has indulged in these poetic reveries; whoever has walked the shore of Salerno and Amalfi, or paced, on the road to Naples, the streets of that "City of the Dead;" whoever has wandered through the Roman Forum by moonlight, or ridden over the Roman Campagna, heaving and swelling as a troubled sea, wreck strewn; whoever, we say, has tasted of these high and subtle delights, must recognise that the field of Italy is the sphere for the imaginative artist, who would love to people the landscape of a beauteous nature with the glowing memories of the past. Our English park-scenery is stately, our country mansions are venerable, our rural districts of simple beauty; but there is something about the gardens of Albano and Frascati, the villas and palaces of Rome, and the byways of desolated Italy, which incite the imagination

still more exquisitely, and touch the feelings with a deeper pathos. What a hushed quietude and delicious languor steal over the day-dreams of our walk as we saunter along the moss-grown paths, ilex-shaded, of these suburban villas! We tread a softer turf, we look into a more liquid sky, we listen to a gentler sound, the dripping of the fountain, or the slumbrous evening breeze among drooping leaves. In those dark shadowy pines, what sheltering wings spread against the heat of day, what deep gloom for our seclusion! And then, again, those avenues of cyprus, how solemn, like dark funeral tapers, or as a slow black-robed procession marching towards some distant shrine! And here below, among the undergrowth of less ambitious wood, what wayward wanderings of wild fancy, what bold playful flights of vegetative exuberance, how much prodigality of resource, assuming, in hours of undisguised ease, the indolent attitudes of repose — a wilderness of tangled vegetation, deep in coolest shade! Trees, too, there are which wander into the distance, more independent in their mode of life, straying away from the companionship of close clustering arms, to sport in open sunshine on the flowery sward. It is an Eden — but Eden since the fall, for Malaria keeps demon-watch over the loveliness. And thus Italy, long under the curse of tyrants, and her air polluted by the breath of crime, is ever, even in beauty, veiled in tragedy, and hours of love are oft avenged in treacherous death. And this is the drama of the Italian landscape, this the deep background of mystery, this the dark historic association which gives to every ruin its witching hold on the imagination. The crushed arch, the broken aqueduct, and the fallen column, tell of a nation's overthrow; the very stones seem graven with imperishable story; the deep furrows of their decay mark the rude tread of the conquering barbarians,

and the sun which gilds the ruin sinks red in the blood of a suffering people. We have said enough to show why Turner, Wilson, Gaspar Poussin, Salvator Rosa, and Claude gloried in that land where native poetry and history revel in the midst of beauty. And men of kindred genius will for all time seek the same congenial soil.

It might, perhaps, have been supposed that a paper on "the Art-Student in Rome" would have indulged in more anecdote and less of dissertation. We might, indeed, have interspersed pleasing pictures of sketching tours at Tivoli or among the Sabine hills; we could have drawn picturesque portraits of the rustic peasantry; girls standing at the fountain, matrons with the distaff tending flocks upon the mountain-side, or sitting beneath the ilex shade in the heat of day; we might have planted a sketching-stool among the silvery spray of Tivoli or Terni, where the iris looks down upon the "hell of waters" as "love watching madness;" we might have taken hand in hand with sketching-book the sonnets of Petrarch or the tales of Boccaccio, and in the pauses of our work fallen into the melody of verse, the romance of rapturous story, interwoven with wild notes of song caught from the mountain echoes. Such days, bright in these delights, are long to be remembered. For if the mind loves to cherish some one period of its former history more than others, it is, we think, those hours when the poetic nature first kindled into sensitive enjoyment, when the still slumbering powers of fancy, stirring with undefined longings, found in a world of beauty a sphere of unimagined bliss, saw in the laughing landscape the answer to youthful gladness, and in the passing shadow the flittings of far off sorrow. If the artist's life be envied, it is for scenes of subtle refined emotion such as these, where-with minds of grosser frame are not permitted to intermeddle. The painter may be denied, perchance,

the luxuries bought by gold, but he is chosen for nature's favourite and playmate, and shares the bounties which are showered upon the lilies of the field. He may boast of no high birth or long lineage, but his is the heritage of the sky. The poet, in the well-known lines of Schiller, comes too late to take his part in the division of the world, and the gods, in recompense, make him a denizen of the heavens. And surely, if in any favoured spot of earth the artist be given a charmed existence, it is in the clime of Italy. The sun showers richly his golden rays and the moon her silvery beauty; the landscape is fertile in the olive and the vine; and life moves onward in tranquil contentment, devoid of care. Nature is everywhere making pictures, and man weaving a romance. And the student has but to surrender himself to the poetry of the passing hour to make his mind a welcome habitation for all the beauteous thoughts that flock on every side; and thus fostering in himself the artist growth, his works will be true to the nature that lives around him and the genius which prompts within.

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DEMOCRACY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"WHAT do they think of us in England?" was said to be one of the questions of late most frequently heard in America. And what, we should like to ask, do they imagine that we think of them? That they are the greatest and noblest people on the face of the earth? That they are just, moderate, and dignified in peace, and strong and irresistible in war? Do they picture us as viewing their government as a thing to be envied by the rotten old monarchies of Europe? Do they fancy that they are impressing all nations with the belief which they profess themselves to entertain of the immeasurable advantages of the constitution of the Union over every other constitution that the world has seen, and that we are lost in admiration of the system which has led inevitably to their present condition in the cabinet and the field? Or do they not know that we must feel as all men feel in viewing the exposure of the empty pretensions of a bully, and that we cannot even pretend to keep our countenance when the exploits of the Grand Army of the Potomac are filling all Europe with inextinguishable laughter? If everybody is amused when Ancient Pistol is made to eat

his leek, swearing horribly as he chews it, why should we be grave when a whole nation of Ancient Pistols are enacting a screaming farce, and moreover, a farce containing a moral for all mankind?

This moral might have been conveyed in a tragedy. The American people might have felt all the earnestness they have so spasmodically endeavoured to simulate. They might have sent out armies animated with the old Puritan resolution: men who would have testified convincingly to their faith in the cause, with a valour claiming respect even in defeat. In such a case we need not say that we should have granted their claim in full measure. Though we should none the less have deduced political lessons from the fate of the Union, yet we should have commented on them in sorrow, feeling that even political wisdom might be too dearly bought by the sufferings of a noble race. But at present the tragic element is altogether wanting. Whether we regard the attempt of the North to re-establish by force a Union founded on consent—their Congress seeking to maintain the war by a tax which includes in its operation the seceded States—their orators still parad-

ing, in lieu of argument and eloquence, the old stage properties of the star-spangled banner and the Genius of Liberty, which have done service on so many Fourth of July—their newspapers raving defiance to England in one column, and publishing records of the utter worthlessness of their troops in another—their President and Commander-in-Chief impelled to premature action by these infallible journals—Mrs. Beecher Stowe writing letters to Lord Shaftesbury teeming with sanguinary philanthropy—that rabble of Bobadils which they called their army, with its “Fire Zouaves,” and its Irish regiments “stripped to their pants,” all in desperate career the wrong way, led by those immortal three months’ men of Pennsylvania; where we know not whether to pity most the officers who lead such men, or the men who are led by such officers,—all is farce of the very broadest stamp. No satirist ever invented such a gigantic joke as the editor of the *New-York Herald*, rolling his eye in a fine frenzy, as he threatened Great Britain and Spain with the vengeance of the troops “better than French,” whose fastest runners were even then beginning to spread dismay in Washington.

Independent of motives of humanity, we are glad that the end of the Union seems more likely to be ridiculous than terrible. To the American people we wish nothing but good. But for our own benefit and the instruction of the world we wish to see the faults so specious and so fatal of their political system, exposed in the most effective way. The faults of a system that expires nobly and pathetically are apt to be forgotten in the romance of its end. Had the Union died silent, resolute, devoted, grand, in future ages republican poets and painters might have loved to depict Freedom shrieking at the scene, as she did when Kosciuszko fell. But it is impossible to conceive that anything great or noble was involved in the catastrophe of the

grand army of the Potomac, that the muse of history will seriously concern herself even with the Fire Zouaves, or that any poet or painter, whether American or European, will ever depict Liberty as quitting the earth arm-in-arm with the Last of the Presidents. And the venerable Lincoln, the respectable Seward, the raving editors, the gibbering mob, and the swift-footed warriors of Bull’s Run, are no malicious tricks of fortune played off on an unwary nation, but are all of them the legitimate offspring of the great Republic.

In past centuries, philosophers and historians were used to feel and grope their way towards political truth with speculations on theories of government. For ages these were only speculations, for mankind seemed to acquiesce in the sentiment of obedience to constituted power. As alchemists in rags dreamed of the absolute, so sages dreamed of equality, of rights of man, of social contracts, of the duties of princes—while all around them the people, ignorant and careless of politics, lived under whatever dispensation Heaven had pleased to bestow, acquiesced in any despotism not absolutely intolerable, as in gravitation, and were dependent for good or bad government on the chance dispositions of their rulers. But the conceptions of these speculators were not without fruit. In the American and French revolutions, in the wars of the French republic and empire and the changes that have ensued from them, and in the constant efforts in our own country to transfer power to the people, we see these theories in action. And now the present day gives us the result. In broad characters, statesman, historian, and philosopher may study, not theories, but facts; they may view,
“With eye serene, the very pulse of the machine”—

and even those unreflecting politicians who would disregard the warnings of what might be cannot shut their eyes to what is.

In Austria absolutism has its choice between concession and destruction. In Naples and Rome the alternative was neglected, and the attributes of despotism have vanished, as the coins in the Eastern story turned to withered leaves when the magic spell ceased. Over the semi-barbarous peoples of Russia and Turkey the ruling power is still absolute. Judging from these facts taken alone, we might infer that absolutism is only possible, in our time, in the absence of intelligence. But in France we see a people boasting to be more advanced in civilisation than Germans or Italians apparently content to be ruled with a rod of iron. And we know that the reason why such a state is possible to them is, that they have learnt by a tremendous experience to dread the excesses of liberty more than the excesses of power. The empire is not loved, and could not endure, but that there is a class of order in France that prefers it to red-republicanism. Yet, in choosing between the principles whose conflict is represented in the upheavings of society in the present century, the friends of democracy might retort that the system they plead for has never, in France, had a fair trial, and that the excesses of liberty there were owing, not to any vice inherent in the principles of the Revolution, but to the natural violence of the rebound from previous tyranny and long mis-government; and that for those excesses despotism itself was thus ultimately responsible. Thus, it would have been still possible for them to dream of their ideal, but that America has furnished the example necessary to supplement former experience. Here we saw the liberty which enthusiastic sages imagined, realised under the most favourable conditions. A century of mild rule had fostered the principles of freedom planted by the Pilgrims, who had gathered them amid the abundant crop of the great civil wars of King and Parliament. The independence of the Confederate States ensued from a struggle

in which there was nothing exasperating, from whence the machinery of law and order emerged unharmed, and which had secured to the new nation respect at home and abroad. There was no old nobility to be swept out of the way, and to bear to other lands the tale of spoliation and of wrong. When the royal authority disappeared, there was a clean page to write the constitution on. It was framed with deliberation; the deficiencies of the existing Confederation served as a warning, its merits as an example; and the chief who, at the outset, presided over the destinies of the Republic was a man of pre-eminent influence, great good sense, and remarkable moderation. The nation, thus provided with all political safeguards, commenced its career on a theatre where no rival powers existed to perplex or disturb, and where illimitable territory and inexhaustible supplies of material wants were security against the poverty and discontent which form the severest trial and knottiest problem of governments. Yet, thus dandled and nursed — one might say coddled — by Fortune, the spoiled child Democracy, after playing strange pranks before high heaven, and figuring in odd and unexpected disguises, dies as sheerly from lack of vitality as the oldest of worn-out despotisms.

Amid the crash and chaos of governments and peoples, England still rears her head a landmark for the wrecks of nations. The constitution whose origin goes beyond the ancient records of the state is still fresh, vigorous, and elastic, maintaining freedom amid the rush and whirl of this age as it did five hundred years ago. We still offer to the political *Œdipus* the grand enigma whose solution is liberty; while the constitution framed in the time of our fathers, by the light of all experience, to be the shame of the past, the glory of the present, the example of the future, is gone like a bubble on the stream. From our own history we learn how liberty can come to make her home with a

people. She does not seek to rise by a sudden bound on the ruins of despotism, for that we know leads only to anarchy, and through anarchy back again to despotism. She establishes herself by steps slow and successive. Her path, like the path of a planet, is the result of opposing forces. It is the process of winning privileges from the governing power, and of maintaining them when won, that constitutes liberty. And when all are won—when the governing power is bankrupt—then liberty has already departed, leaving only a shadow which a breath will dissipate.

But when a people already free from restraint take counsel how to produce that balance of powers whose regulated vibrations shall define the bounds of liberty, the process that we have passed through is exactly reversed. With us it was at first the people's scale that kicked the beam. In this other case, it is the scale of the government that flies upward. The people now have not to take, but to give. Power is not to be won from the government, but conferred upon it; and the people are much more apt at taking than giving power. And this is the case which American institutions illustrate.

That the people shall bear their full share in legislation, and that the laws so made shall be impartially administered, are important steps towards good government, but still only steps. The laws so made must be executed with certainty and promptitude. But a government that rests only on the moral influence derived from the support of the people, can be efficient only so long as the nation is of one mind respecting the laws that are to be executed. Laws framed for the general benefit are frequently opposed to the desires and interests of classes or sections of the community. The suppression of discontent must be provided for; unpopular taxes must be levied; and, to this end, the executive must be armed with material force. For a government that depended only

on moral support would, in the case of contending interests, be dependent on a majority; and if, before acting, it should wait to ascertain and appeal to the majority, it would never act at all. Its action must be independent of all disturbing influences; and thus a strong executive becomes an essential condition of liberty. But a government that is independent and strong may assail liberty; and how to prevent that, is a problem that we have practically solved, by committing to the government the power of the sword, and retaining for the people the power of the purse. The strength of our executive needs not to be exactly defined, because the force necessary for the defence of the country will always be more than sufficient for the assertion of the laws. But in America, where no foreign enemy was feared, and where, consequently, the people must tax themselves for the support of the executive with the single object of internal government, the measure of strength that should be allotted was much more nicely calculated. And the limitation of the powers of the President and the mode of his appointment, formed, accordingly, the grand difficulty of the framers of the constitution.

It is impossible to doubt that those statesmen intended to allot due influence to each power of the state. It is true, the foundation they professed to raise it on was what they somewhat paradoxically termed the sovereignty of the people. But, whatever meaning they may have attached to the phrase, they certainly would not have interpreted it to signify the supremacy of the mob. There were men among them—Washington himself, for instance—proud, dignified, even aristocratic in temperament, severe in discipline, and of steady judgment; and such are not friends to the domination of the many. And one especial object of their labours was to remedy the want of a paramount executive power in the existing confederation of states. But the spirit

raised in the revolution was too strong for them. The doctrines of the freedom and equality of all men, however serviceable in a revolt against monarchy, were found very embarrassing in the effort to frame a strong government. Men who had borne a considerable part in the revolution were bound to show the world a constitution not only more perfect, but also essentially different, from that which they had repudiated. Thus, whatever their natural predilections might be, their own successes dictated their course. Moreover, a powerful influence was exercised on them by the States' legislatures, too jealous of the executive that was to be paramount, to permit it to be strong. These considerations obliged the constructors of the Union to cast their weight into the scale with the sovereignty of the people. They treated their President as a very disagreeable necessity. They restricted his powers, not only by narrow limits, and by checks and counterchecks on the exercise of authority, but by the conditions of office. The man thus to be elevated from amongst the people was, in four years, to sink back again amongst the people. No opportunity would thus be allowed for him to extend his powers beyond their limits by his personal influence. To confer on him the appearance of independence, they caused him to be chosen by electors, who were presumed to be free in their judgment. But when the electors themselves came to be elected, who could answer for the constituency? So it came to pass that the electors were merely the nominees of particular interests, who had already made their own selection of a candidate for the presidency. "Experience," says Duer, an American writer on constitutional jurisprudence, "has proved that the electors do not, in fact, assemble for a strictly free exercise of their own judgments, but for the purpose of sanctioning the choice of a particular candidate previously designated by their party leaders. In

some instances the principles on which they are constituted have been so far forgotten, that the individual opinion of the elector has been submitted to the dictation of those by whom he was chosen; and, in others, the electors have even pledged themselves beforehand to vote for a candidate prescribed to them by the managers of their party; and thus the whole foundation of the elaborate theory on which this part of the constitution was built has been subverted in practice." In this way the choosing of a chief officer of the state came to resemble a gigantic Marylebone election, where the candidate who solicited the votes of his countrymen could claim insignificance as a merit, and could make it his highest aim to be, not the impartial executor of the laws, but the obsequious representative of a party. Thus, fearing to make the executive their master, the Americans tried to make it their servant, and ended by making it their puppet.

Founded on consent, the government, in the absence of adequate controlling power, continued to exist by consent. We have said before that a government dependent on the moral influence thus derived can be efficient only so long as the nation is of one mind respecting the laws to be executed. As party spirit runs higher, the executive is more and more weakened, and its action retarded. Of late years the strife of party has been inordinately fierce and persistent, and it culminates every four years in the election of a president. The danger to the executive, in such a condition, is foreshadowed in a passage of Washington's Farewell Address, which, as much as any portion of that celebrated document, attests his sagacity and foresight.

"There is," he says, "an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and in governments of

a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

There would seem to be, theoretically, no impossibility in a government founded on consent, yet strong enough to be independent. The sovereign people might abdicate some of their sovereignty to strengthen the hands of their executive, keeping, of course, the approved security against the misuse of force. Trust in human nature must be bestowed somewhere in a government—a great deal must be left to the moderation and virtue of the depositaries of power. And it would seem safer to confide in the conscientiousness of a selected official than in the chance impulses of the multitude. But the Americans did not think so. They fancied they saw in the weakness of the executive the measure of their own liberty—accordingly it was left weak; party spirit grew strong, and the dissolution of the fabric was a question only of time and occasion.

With laws made with the concurrence of the people, administered by officers independent both of people and government, and executed by an authority strong to enforce, but not to contravene them, it would, at first, seem as if we had all the conditions of a free constitution. Yet there may still be an important, perhaps fatal, defect. For the laws themselves, though framed in accordance with the letter of the constitution, may be opposed, not only to the wishes, but to the rights of a portion of the community.

They may even be opposed to the general interests of the community. Thus, the executive may be forced to support the laws, in conformity with the constitution, against the general interests. But this is not liberty—it is oppression; and it will depend on the magnitude of the interests involved, and the spirit and power of the oppressed, whether civil war shall or shall not ensue. Hence, to fulfil, as far as may be, the conditions essential to the maintenance of liberty, the constitution must provide for something beyond the balance of the powers of the state. It must endeavour—and it can only endeavour—to secure a predominance of wisdom, independence, justice, and public spirit, in the national councils. It is not sufficient that all classes should be represented, for some might, and would, predominate to the detriment of others; but there must be a sufficiency of the higher intellect that looks beyond class interests to the wide horizon of the general welfare. If it were not so—if the mere impulse given to a constitution at the outset would suffice, and if once adjusted, it might be set going like a watch, with a certain result, then the Farewell Address of Washington would be a dead letter. For why should he so earnestly implore the people to maintain that which was able to maintain itself?

Thus, as might have been anticipated, liberty, the dream of generous philosophy, the love of which is so passionate a sentiment in the human breast, and the realisation of which has so rarely been accomplished, for the delight and example of mankind, is of too fine an essence to be secured by any framework of rules or limitations devisable by statecraft. Its existence depends, not on the action of a definite ascertainable machinery, but on a continued accession of vital influences. And these influences are among the noblest, and therefore among the rarest, attributes of man.

In our own history the conflict has

been unceasing between crown and people for the possession of power. In a struggle involving the interests of all England, it was inevitable that the champions should be the best that all England could produce. The great names ranged on each side, of those who resisted the encroachments of the crown or stemmed the advance of democracy, are among the greatest in the world. This proves that our constitution has fulfilled its most important and most delicate office—that of bringing the best of the spirit and intellect of the nation to the service of the state. So important an end is it, that the most illogically-constructed government in the world, fulfilling it, would become more than tolerable, while the most perfect theory, which did not evolve this result, must be merely a plausible blunder.

It is notorious that this end has not been fulfilled by the American constitution. Nor was it rational to expect that it should be. Statesmanship is born of the collision of great principles or of important interests. No such result can be produced where power is all on one side. When the people have everything, they need no champions. Therefore, in America, patriotism means flattery of the people; party spirit is the spirit of rapine; and debates, instead of eliciting wisdom and truth, are the ignoble squabbles of mediocrities. Where, in American history for the last forty years—that is to say, ever since the impulse of the Revolution died out—are we to look for her great statesmen? Yet in that period there is no great nation in Europe that has not produced men who have secured an enduring fame by their assertion of great principles, or by the influence they have exerted on the destinies of nations. And it is not true, as has been said, and quoted with applause, that the nation is happiest which has no history, for such happiness is stagnation or worse. The spirit that presides over the public life of

America has made itself felt over the whole nation. The higher minds stand aloof from politics, as Bayard would turn from a modern prize-ring. The meed for which he had been used to contend with noble knights—the smiles of ladies, the favour of anointed kings, and immortal honour—is now a bag of coin handed to the victor in a pot-house. So the best Americans either betake themselves to other pursuits, or roam disconsolately over the world, where they see their equals winning honour in the field from which they are for ever excluded.

That men of this class should countenance the violent measures of the North is at first sight unaccountable. It is difficult to imagine that intellectual men should either be friendly to a system which extends its theory of equality to intellect, and thus neutralises their natural superiority; or should wish to establish, in its grossest form, the supremacy of a numerical majority, by the forcible subjugation of the great minority which constitutes the South. It is quite possible, however, that while giving their voice to the North, they may neither be friendly to the Union, nor desirous of seeing the South subjugated. They may wish to see the natural aristocracy to which they belong raised to its proper position in the state. They may consider that, by quiet separation, the Union might, with increased compactness and unanimity, recover much of its vitality, and that the system they suffer under might be indefinitely prolonged. And they may view the present convulsion of that system as the necessary preliminary of those political changes which, it is natural to suppose, they must ardently desire. To suppose this is not to impugn their patriotism; for if we have made our views clear in this paper, it is evident that they may look on such a crisis as now exists as necessary for the regeneration of their most important institutions. They may there-

fore accompany the movement with the expectation of finding an opportunity to control it. But we do not suppose that any men possessing the powers requisite for statesmanship can really believe that, if by force of arms the reluctant South should be dragged back to the Union, the Union will be thereby restored on its original basis. Successful coercion would be a greater revolution than the acknowledgment of secession—this only lops the branches, while that strikes at the root. Nor do we imagine that any such men as these are to be found in the ranks of the Abolition party. Clever people may belong to that party. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is a very clever woman, and has written a very clever novel; but she is, by the success of that novel, committed to sentiments more adapted to fiction than to politics. She evidently looks on the South as a vast confederation of Legrees, keeping millions of virtuous Uncle Toms in horrible subjection; and quotes Mr. Wendell Phillips as if she believed that mischievous monomaniac to be an inspired apostle. But statesmen must ask themselves how the difficulty presented by the condition of the African race would be solved by setting them free. What is to become of the liberated slaves? and how is their labour to be replaced? are questions the very first to be asked, but which we must not expect a crazy Abolitionist to answer. But such considerations do not occur to those enthusiastic philanthropists who testify to their love of the negro by their hatred of the planter. The destruction of armies, the ravage and ruin of territory, are as nothing, in their heated fancy, compared with the success of their plan. And if secession were accomplished their plan would be at an end, for they would then have no more concern in the liberation of the slaves of the South than in a crusade to set the Georgian and Circassian ladies free from the haunts of the Bosphorus. Thus, under

present circumstances, their fanaticism has become sanguinary; they are pledged to their course, and will follow it with all the desperate recklessness and tenacity with which weak minds will cling to their only chance of notoriety.

Supposing, therefore, as seems to be the case, that men of all classes take part in the measures of the North, we must suppose that those of the highest intellect among them do not share the opinions most vociferously asserted. Yet, after all, their opinions are not, just now, the most important. The motives of those on whom the duration and magnitude of the war depend—not the wise men, nor the politicians, nor the men in office, but the sovereign people—those are what it is of most concern to understand. And we think that in attributing their present war-fervour to exalted motives we should overshoot the mark. In the absence of great motives, people are apt to magnify small ones. We must remember that the multitude have been bred up in impatience of opposition. They have also been trained to despise the South. They might have been content to separate, but they could not bear to see the South take the initiative. Opposed and humiliated as they have been, their impatience and contempt have produced vindictiveness, which seeks only to injure, and which forms a cause of action fortunately rather violent than durable. We must consider also the wound the national vanity received in the falsification of all the boastings that have so long formed the debased currency of their patriotism. Unless the dollar had been suddenly blotted from the Transatlantic system, we can conceive no change so bewildering to the Transatlantic mind as the rupture of the Union and mutilation of the star-spangled banner. It is as if a fire-worshipper should wake up some morning, and find the sun vanished from the heavens, and two pallid wavering moons supplying the place of the luminary. But, happily, neither is

wounded vanity to be counted on as a durable element of strife.

There is a class of writers in the North who make it their business to discuss, not the philosophy (for they are too impractical for that), but the logic of the quarrel. Like Tybalt, they fight by the book of arithmetic. They array facts, quote precedents, put cases, draw inferences, and transcribe passages from the writings of constitutional lawyers, to prove that the case of secession was not contemplated by the original legislators of the Union. One proves that the Union is not a league or a confederation; another demonstrates that it is a compact, and subject to the law of compacts. Not satisfied with this discovery, he further decides it to be a "transitory convention," which, under present circumstances, sounds like an unfeeling sarcasm; and also that the present generation of Americans, as successors to the original framers, are "in privity," whatever that may be. All are clear that no State can secede from the Union. And all the while, in grim mockery, the hostile ranks line the Potomac. Imagine Mr. Jefferson Davis being required to recant his proclamation, and return to his allegiance because a Northern reviewer has discovered that the Union is a "transitory convention." Fancy Beauregard laying down his arms on being satisfied on the same authority that he is "in privity." The intentions of the original framers are also triumphantly quoted as contrary to secession. It never seems to occur to the gentlemen who resort to this argument, that the main intention of those legislators must have been to devise a constitution, not for the sake of the constitution, but for the common good. The dilemma is simply this:—Either the Union means supremacy over all the States, whether they like it or not; or it is binding only on such States as choose to continue to form it. If optional, the mode taken to secede is as legitimate as any other, where none are provided. But, if union

means supremacy over all, then secession is impossible by any method whatever without entailing the destruction of the Union. The Union, say the logicians, is to be perpetual, because the Articles of Confederation have decreed it. No doubt they have decreed it—just as, if it had so pleased them, they might have called spirits from the vasty deep. For whither does this doctrine of perpetuity lead? It implies, that, though the Union should embrace the whole continent of America, and, after that, the whole world, still the whole world must be the Union bound by Hamilton, Madison, & Co. It implies that, though it should lead to general discontent, general hatred of the common tie, and general ruin, still the intention of the framers is paramount. It implies that, though thirty-three States should withdraw from it, still the thirty-fourth State shall consider the others as rebels, and must continue its forlorn career in the paths of the Constitution till the Union shall be superseded by the Millennium. But the truth is, that a Unionist cannot move without stumbling over a paradox, the entire crop of those logical difficulties springing from the great root-paradox of a supreme government existing by consent.

This doctrine of perpetuity is derived from the Articles of Confederation only. The subsequent articles of the Constitution say nothing about it. There exists, in a document not quite inaccessible to Unionists, something important, stated by no less a personage than George Washington, President of the convention which framed the Constitution, and therefore an indisputable judge of its intentions. In his farewell address, written in 1796, he says of the Union—

"Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorised to hope that a proper organisation of the whole,

with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. *It is well worth a full and fair experiment.*"

This is, we presume, sufficient proof to any but the Northern mind, that the framers were not so presumptuous and absurd as to deny to posterity the right of judging of its own interests, and to conceive their work, the aim of which was the general good, to be, when once executed, paramount to the object it was intended to provide for.

It is because the English people have not adopted one or the other paradox, and testified a lively desire for the subjugation of the South, that the North have so virulently assailed them, and threatened them with the loss of that ardent friendship which has sprung up in its bosom—we presume, since the Crimean war. At the first dawn of the present dispute, we did not trouble ourselves much about it. We do not commonly take much interest in the domestic politics of America, because, with the exception of slavery, they do not often involve a principle interesting to the world in general. Where none such is at stake, foreigners do not feel it to be their special vocation to watch adventurers who are playing at politics, any more than if they were playing at thimblery. A foreign public is not even deeply interested in the great question of whether it shall be Johnson or Thompson who shall enjoy the privilege of appointing his friends to be tide-waiters and postmasters. As the quarrel advanced, and it became evident that South Carolina was about to secede, we, as a people loving order and subordination, and believing that secession had set up intolerable pretensions, and was the work of a faction only, were inclined to side with the North. But when we found ourselves required to show our regard for America by esteeming nine millions of Americans as pirates, rebels, and enemies of the human race, we began to reconsider the

subject; a course to which we were, not gently stimulated by the language of the Northern press. Our conclusions, as a people, generally are, that the course of the North is a mistaken one. As to the loss of their prestige—by which title they seemed to understand the power of bullying any state with which they had diplomatic relations—that cannot be expected greatly to concern us. Nor do we share their anticipations of the consequences of the breach in their political system. We do not expect the whole continent to fall through the gap. America will still appear unchanged, we are confident, on the map of the world. The valleys of New England, the corn-fields of the South, the prairies of the West, will not wither though the same flag do not wave over all of them: the South will send its cotton to the North, and will buy Northern manufactures in return, whether Davis or Lincoln shall rule in Virginia. And if, when the fever is over, the people should prove to have learnt docility without losing energy, and if the system which may replace the Union should be better calculated to call forth the elevated national qualities which are now revealed to us by faith rather than by sight, neither we nor they will have reason to lament the change, even though accomplished by means so rude.

We hope that the greatest possible amount of benefit will follow the least possible amount of calamity, and that all that is best in the nation may pass unscathed through the furnace of war. But we cannot pretend to agree with those who consider this war as especially lamentable and terrible, and to anticipate from it nothing but evil. It bears at present but little appearance of a civil war, resembling in all respects a contest between distinct nationalities. Actual hostilities are restricted to a narrow belt of country. The blood shed has, in comparison with the magnitude of the hostile forces, as yet been insignificant. Outrages have been

few, and devastation confined to the space between the western armies. The overthrow of the Federal Government leaves the States' system of administration untouched for the security of justice. The thin upper crust of union is broken through, but firm footing is found close under it. Nations have often struggled through worse revolutions than this without eliciting extraordinary compassion. The kingdom of Naples is a prey to robbers, who commit the most atrocious acts; yet we do not regret the expulsion of the King, even though the expedition of Garibaldi has at first borne such unwholesome fruit, because we think the evils endured to be transient, compared with a despotic dynasty. And in the hope that this contest may end in the extinction of mob rule, we become reconciled to the much slighter amount of suffering that war inflicts on America.

In the beginning of this article ~~we~~ represented that, judging from all example, modern intelligence will prevent any people from submitting to despotism, except as a temporary refuge from anarchy. ~~We~~ have also attempted to show that the evils of democracy are not accidental, as might be concluded from the example of the French Re-

volution; but inherent, as is shown in the result of the experiment conducted, under the most favourable circumstances, in America. That example should teach both rulers and peoples moderation. Monarchy should be willing to concede—subjects sparing in demand. Unyielding despotism over an intelligent people leads directly to democracy. Democracy in its dissolution is exposed to the risk of despotism. We have sought to show that the middle state is, even in theory, the best, and that power not born of the people may, as it passes into constitutionalism, be the surest guarantee of liberty. And we have written in vain if we have not also deduced a moral for those who would seek to improve our own condition by assimilating our institutions to those of America. Our own agitators, in their clamour for reform, are descending towards universal suffrage. Universal suffrage means, the government of a numerical majority, which means oppression—which means civil war. What civil war, even in its mildest form, means, we know from the *Times'* correspondent; and most heartily do we, in concluding this article, echo his wish—"God defend us from mob law."

MEDITATIONS ON DYSPEPSIA.

NO. II.—THE CURE.

EDUCATION — education — education ! That is the cuckoo-cry which for many a long year has been audible through the breadth and length of the land ; and innumerable schoolmasters—noble and ignoble, at home and abroad—have lent the aid of their philanthropic voices to the increment of the general whoop. Honourable members whose own literary performances would disgrace a drayman, have selected that topic for special elucidation from the hustings, and have rested their claim to the confidence of their countrymen and constituents upon their preternatural zeal for the intellectual enlightenment of the people. Peers, whose acquaintance with Priscian was the reverse of intimate, and whose private studies were rarely extended beyond the scope of the racing calendar, have attested from many platforms their ardent aspirations for the general distribution of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Sages and mountebanks, philosophers, and impostors, have alike declaimed, harangued, and written upon the subject ; probably with the more confidence because they were quite aware that no one would be rash enough to contradict them. And in furtherance of the good work, have we not annual meetings of a society for the promotion of social science, affording glorious opportunities for the ventilation and display of male and female empiricism ?

Let it not be supposed that we are base enough to carp at those fine demonstrations of enthusiasm. We, too, are social reformers ; but the reforms which we most strenuously advocate are not to be found in any catalogue of the *ologies*, though they are of the utmost importance as affecting the amenities and promoting the comforts of existence. With all respect for the

authority of the sapient sanhedrim who proposes to teach everything to everybody, we opine that a man may pass creditably through this world of ours without any profound knowledge either of algebra or trigonometry ; and we cannot reasonably associate political economy with hammering on the anvil, or speculative theology with a diligent plying of the spade. The aim of education is not to make philosophers of the million, but to teach them how they may best perform their duty in their allotted spheres, and to instruct them in the arts which, applied to daily use, ameliorate the condition even of the poorest, and minister materially to their welfare. When the promoters of mechanics' institutes and the like have become fully impressed with the truth of that axiom, and are resolved to shape their course accordingly, then, but not till then, shall we acknowledge the useful character of their labours. Three-fourths, at least, of the lectures announced for delivery at our county towns have reference to subjects utterly unsuited to the comprehension and attainments of the audience to whom they are addressed. They effect no permanent good, for they merely convey a smattering ; and they are almost universally calculated to foster that spirit of self-conceit, bordering upon arrogance, of which our beloved countrymen are by nature endowed with a sufficient store. We say advisedly that there is ample room and urgent need for the exertions of lay teachers of a very different stamp and calibre from the peripatetic lecturers who now meander through the towns. Let the attention of the mechanics and artisans be directed to the regulation of their own homes, the improvement of their habits, and the increase of their domestic comforts—let them be exhorted, through

precept and example, to cultivate those humble arts which tend so much to beautify and adorn existence, but without a knowledge of which even comparative wealth can bring no additional happiness—let physical improvement, as is right and proper, precede intellectual culture; and so, in the process of time, shall we escape the reproach of being, with all our boasted education, a slatternly and neglectful people.

It is full time that the truth should be spoken. We in Scotland are, in so far as regards domestic arts, very far behind nations with fewer opportunities of instruction and less absolute means at their command. Not merely the working classes, but a large section of the middle orders, are lamentably deficient in civilisation. Buckle has missed the blot. That humorous rogue, with all the will in the world to be pungent, has gone in the wrong direction. Like the disguised prince in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, he has expended his pepper upon the cream tarts, and therefore most righteously has he been bastinadoed. He has been pleased to be jocose upon fasts, without in the least degree comprehending the nature of those peculiar observances; but of feasts he has said nothing; wherefore we set him down either as a thorough ignoramus, or as an animal destitute of a palate. Indeed we are rather at a loss to comprehend, from his argument, what significance he attaches to the term civilisation. According to our ideas, the degree of civilisation to which a people has attained is not to be estimated by reference to their religious creed or ritual, or the peculiar form of the government under which they are contented to live. It depends upon their habits, their attainments, their social dispositions and order—not upon their church-going propensities, or the method of their interpretation of the law which they acknowledge to be divine. Had Mr. Buckle accused the Scots of being backward in civilisation on the

ground of their deficiency in the social arts—had he averred that the people were generally ignorant of the first principles of culinary science—that they were slow to adopt those appliances which mainly tend to the preservation of health and comfort—that they obstinately disregarded ventilation, and were as sparing in their use of water as if they had to draw it from wells in an arid wilderness,—he would have done good service to the State, and secured a reasonable amount of backing, even though sturdy patriots, who believe in Caledonian perfectability, might have abused him as a southern calumniator. But he has done nothing of the kind. He has elaborately constructed from his own fancy a picture of a gloomy, morose, ill-conditioned, and fanatical people, living in this world under perpetual terror of awful torments in the next, and walking in blind obedience to the dictates of a tyrannising priesthood, who have all the will, though not the power, to renew the horrors of the Inquisition. Such a caricature as this is simply provocative of laughter; and accordingly we requite Mr. Buckle for his pains with the guerdon of a hearty guffaw.

But we shall not, through exorbitant fondness for the land that gave us birth, slur over the manifold deficiencies of the people. We are not now compiling a treatise upon the national character. Our subject—an ample one without indulging in digressions—is dyspepsia; but we do not wander from it when we point out what peculiar causes exist among us which engender and aggravate the disease. In a previous article we attempted to sketch the sort of banquet most commonly given, under the guise of hospitable entertainment, by persons of a certain station in society, possessed of comfortable incomes, though not actually endowed with wealth. It will be acknowledged by all who are conversant with domestic economy, that such dinners, whatever may be their quality, are expensive, and that, in point of fact, a much better repast

could have been furnished at a lesser cost. Such is almost invariably the case in households which are indifferently regulated, and where neither the master nor the mistress are competent to the arrangement of a scientific dinner. To those who can afford such a luxury, the services of a good housekeeper are invaluable; but by many families that is unattainable; and the task of selecting the dishes is too often devolved upon the cook, whose ideas in range are as limited as is the kitchen apparatus. But on that score we have nothing to add. Be the faults of such a banquet what they may, at least these cannot be traced to niggardliness, or any purely economical consideration.

Let it, however, be distinctly understood that our description so far is not intended to apply exclusively to Scotland. Our sketch was a general one of the staple British banquet, which all habitual diners-out may examine at leisure, and applaud or condemn as it tallies with or contradicts their experience. The faults of overcrowding, insufficient service, bad selection of viands, indifferent cookery, and the mixture of incongruous wines of inferior quality, are not peculiar to the north alone — nay, we are bound to say that dinners of this sort are, upon the whole, better regulated in Edinburgh than in London. We have noticed them, mainly because we are convinced that a decided improvement, as well as a considerable saving, might be effected, if less regard were paid to ostentation and more to comfort, which, after all, is the thing to be studied by the kindly and hospitable Amphitryon.

We might have said a great deal more on the subject, and extended the scope of our observations to the domestic practice of other classes of the community; but we refrain from doing so, because we feel that we are trenching upon perilous and private ground. All the world over a hearty welcome is held to be a sufficient excuse for any defi-

ciencies in the cheer; and base it is to ridicule or criticise the commissariat of the man whose provender you gratuitously devour. But it is quite a different matter when we have to deal with persons whose profession it is to cater for the public entertainment. We need have no scruple whatever in exposing their errors, ignorance, and shortcomings; for they demand a price for all that they furnish, and we are entitled to institute a close reckoning into the value of that which is set before us. We do not deny that we approach this topic with something like a personal feeling, because in the course of the last six weeks we have been more than once treacherously and cruelly betrayed, and our digestive powers, which we had fondly hoped had been restored, by a blessed curative process, to their pristine energy, have been partially disordered by the vile preparations which we have encountered in various hosteleries. Again we have felt, though in mitigated measure, the incipient clawings of dyspepsia; and we have shuddered to think how entirely the health and happiness of the lieges may be and often is left without control or responsibility in the hands of ignorant and unscrupulous victuallers. For that most crying evil no remedy can be found, save through the forcible expression of public opinion; and we earnestly entreat every man who knows the value of a sound and healthy stomach, to consider the present state of our inns and lodging-houses, with a view to their immediate reformation. Let it be remembered that, in many instances, no choice is left to the traveller. In the remotest districts of the country — indeed everywhere out of the large towns — inns are few and far between, and so far from there being any kind of competition for custom, the wayfaring man is often glad to avail himself of the merest apology for a shelter. That is no doubt inconvenient; still it affords no reasonable ground for complaint. We can-

not expect to find well-furnished and commodious hotels in places which are little frequented during the greater part of the year; and after all it is no great hardship to be lodged for a night or so in an attic, provided the bed is clean, the roof watertight, and the window-sash movable so as to admit the current of the air: But we have a right to expect that the food set before us shall be at least wholesome of its kind, and that the beverage which the host undertakes to supply, and for which he charges an unconscionable price, shall not be of the nature of poison. Luxuries we do not demand; neither do we expect that the bill of fare shall extend over the whole range of the animal and vegetable kingdom. We do, however, expect to see placed upon the board such viands as are attainable within the district, and that they shall be so dressed as neither to excite disgust nor to occasion subsequent ailment. It would be in vain to ransack the cellar for rare or curious vintages, but we are entitled to expect that the landlord, if he professes to keep any sort of wine, shall supply us with decent port and sherry, or otherwise that his ale shall be good and his whisky wholly unexceptionable. In a word, we look for Christian treatment at the hands of a man who charges hotel prices for admittedly inferior accommodation.

Vain, alas, in the great majority of cases is that hope and expectation! Go to a country inn, either in the Lowlands or the Highlands, and the odds are that they set before you such a dinner as even Ugolino in the extremity of his famine would have hesitated to attack. Fish, by some singular dispensation of Providence, is never to be had, especially at the seaports, except during the salmon and herring season, when you can get nothing else, and your gorge rises at the repetition. If you are so far left to yourself as to order a beefsteak, be sure that it will prove as tough as the bullhide on the shield of Ajax. The mutton that

is served up to you at five, formed this morning part of the corporation of a highly respectable ram, who took his last nibble of the clover just as you were stepping into the boat after breakfast. It was not the early carol of the lark, but the death-skraigh of those wretched anatomies of chickens, that roused you from your morning slumbers. But we shall not continue the picture, charged as it is with horrors. Where the absolute means are wanting, no one would be so unreasonable as to cavil at scanty fare; but in a country where the supplies are abundant, such miserable preparation, or rather lack of it, is wholly inexcusable, and more than justifies the taunts which, even now, are launched against Scottish entertainment. Great as has been the national progress in many material respects during the last fifty or sixty years, we question if the condition of the country inns is one whit better now than it was when Samuel Johnson made his famous pilgrimage. Worse cookery, we venture to say, is to be found nowhere in Europe; and we speak after a tolerably long and wide cosmopolitan experience. There is not an *auberge* or *gasthaus* in the most sequestered districts of France or Germany in which you will not be far better served than in a Scottish inn of much loftier pretensions—not because their supply is better, or indeed nearly so good, but because the foreign women know how to cook, and take a pride and pleasure in their vocation. English wayside cooking has, no doubt, its assailable points, but for comfort and cleanliness commend us to an English inn. The choice may not be great, but what is produced is almost always perfect of its kind. The bread, the butter, the home-brewed, the eggs, and the bacon, would of themselves constitute a banquet that might have pleased the palate of Apicius; and all are set down with a neatness and taste that absolutely gives a fillip to the appetite; whereas, with us, there is scarce a perceptible zone

between luxury and absolute sordidness. These are harsh words, but will any one venture to impugn them? Let us see. We are writing these lines in Edinburgh, a city of luxury, wherein, at a hundred houses of common resort, you may command the best entertainment. For culinary excellence and refinement, we are proud to say that it is not surpassed by any capital in Europe. But pass beyond its environs—go out some six or seven miles into the country, for a drive, or for the inspection of any of the scenes rendered classical by the muse or by the relics of the olden time—order dinner to be prepared at the inn where your horses must necessarily be baited—and, our life for yours, the result will be that you never will renew the experiment. There is not far from this city one of the most perfectly exquisite specimens of medieval art in the form of a chapel that anywhere exists. It is situated in the midst of scenery of surpassing beauty, and a long summer's day would scarce serve to weary the enthusiastic tourist. No stranger coming to Scotland, at any period of the year, departs without having visited it. A commodious hotel there might make the fortune of the proprietor; whereas, as matters are now arranged, you could hardly be more indifferently victualled at Leudburn or the Kirk of Shotts.

As already stated, we write feelingly, because we have recently endured some hours of excruciating agony in consequence of having incautiously accepted an invitation to assist at a Presbytery dinner. A more agreeable set of men than were assembled on that occasion you could hardly hope to meet with; but had the mistress of the inn been the mother of four unplaced probationers, she could not have exerted herself more strenuously to make vacancies throughout the bounds. Over the enormity of that woman's cookery we shall charitably throw a veil; nor do more than chronicle our disgust at finding the following notice

appended to a detailed report of the proceedings in a local newspaper: "The dinner was supplied by Mrs. M'Punshion in her usual style of excellence, and appeared to give universal satisfaction." Universal satisfaction! Why, a South Sea Islander would have turned from the ghastly banquet with abhorrence; and the famous Celtic caddy who felt no inconvenience from swallowing a dram of aquafortis, would have sputtered like a wild-cat had he tasted the abominable fluids that were circulated in the dirty decanters.

Let no man, therefore, however sound may be his digestion, flatter himself that he can pass through life without occasionally experiencing symptoms akin to dyspepsia. The modes of poisoning are manifold; and twelve bad meals taken in succession may cut short your career as effectually as a dose of arsenic. Men are not at all times "masters of their fate." Eating is an absolute necessity; but you cannot always control the quality of the food. We have been shut up for a whole week in a lodging-house, subsisting upon rations far less wholesome than those served out to the convicts in a jail, and the consequence has been an attack of acidity that has made us wretched for a month. It is easy to suggest that a man placed in such circumstances might prolong existence by confining himself to bread, butter, and cheese. The idea is plausible; but how if the bread is sour, the butter rancid, and the cheese like gutta percha? But, you will say, how is it that, if the diet be so bad, the natives do not suffer? Don't they? Inquire after their health, and you will find that four out of five are afflicted with stomachic torments. Go into the shop in a small town where drugs are vended along with stay-laces, Birmingham jewellery, and cheap railway novels, and you will find on the counter half-a-dozen different kinds of pills warranted to be specific for dyspepsia. Bushels of these are annually swallowed by people who ought to enjoy the very

best of health, and would do so, were they only to regulate their diet, improve their style of cookery, and occasionally open their windows; and as for the carbonates, they are consumed in the provinces by the ton. The labouring classes escape because their diet is remarkably simple, Porridge disagrees with no one, and sowens are certainly salutary. But sour bread, tough mutton, dough dumplings, and tea like a decoction of senna, carry woe and pain to the interior of many a tradesman who piques himself on his gentility for maintaining a drudge to do the whole domestic work, cooking included, for a stipend of thirty shillings by the year.

But enough of this. We have written ourselves out of what we confess to have been rather a sulky humour, and now approach, calm and appeased, to the more cheerful consideration of the cure.

Far from us be the audacity of impugning the soundness of the system pursued by any section of the medical faculty. We delight in doctors, who are the best friends of frail humanity, and the least quarrelsome fellows you can meet with anywhere, except when they wrangle among themselves. No other class of men enjoy life with so keen a zest and relish, or are so indefatigable in their efforts to promote the happiness and welfare of mankind. They are, too, we say it in all seriousness, the most disinterested of mortals; for although disease is their harvest, we find them always true and faithful monitors, warning us against the evil habits that tend to the destruction of health; and if we were wise enough to profit by their maxims, to live rationally, and to avoid all manner of excess, few would be the fees accruing to the successors of Machaon and Podalirius. But doctors differ. No doubt they do; but what is implied by that insinuation? Is not society made up of differences? Theologians, judges, lawyers, political economists, philosophers of every imaginable kind, and

practical men of every degree, down to the very tillers of the soil, agree in one thing only—which is, to differ. Difference is the soul of the universe, the source of all improvement—even Quakers would give up the ghost from plethoric obesity if they did not occasionally refresh themselves by promoting a row in the conventicle. Who so pugnacious as a parson? And if those to whom the cure of souls is committed cannot always abstain from belabouring their cassocked brethren, why should we expect more temperance from the men who have the cure of bodies? For ourselves, we acknowledge freely that few things give us greater delight than a regular medical set-to. The combatants are never yokels—they are always well matched in the ring, in splendid training, and full of pluck and science. There is no foul hitting, but each champion directs his fist right at the knowledge-box of his antagonist, and frequently it is difficult to decide which of them is entitled to the honour of having drawn the first claret. The worst of it is that neither of the combatants will give in. They are such gluttons that no amount of punishment suffices to extinguish their wind; and when darkness has settled upon the earth, and the rushlights in the lanterns have burned out, the umpire has no option save to declare that the battle has been fairly drawn.

This kind of pugilism—or, to vary the metaphor, contention—may appear to some aged persons highly indecorous; but there can be no doubt whatever that the public have been gainers thereby. Unappreciably fractional was the number of the victims whom the amiable Madame Laffarge sent to the grave compared with those who were scientifically poisoned, not more than thirty years ago, by practitioners who administered mercury. The use of the lancet, once employed on every trifling occasion, is now almost universally condemned—an anathema which, we venture to

think, has been pushed to the extreme, since, in some cases of acute attack, blood-letting operates as a sure relief when other medical means are unattainable. Monstrous drastic doses are no longer in fashion; and it is tacitly admitted that a deluge of apothecary's stuff does not tend to promote longevity. Without presuming to express any opinion on the merits of homœopathy, we cannot ignore the fact that we are largely indebted to the followers of Hahnemann for having earnestly and consistently protested against the copious administration of drugs. Whether their infinitesimal globules are really efficacious or not, is a question for men of science to decide. We, who are not scientific, distinctly refuse to commit ourselves one way or the other, just as we abstain from avowing a disbelief in the reality of apparitions, though personally we were never favoured with any supernatural communication.

But doctors, however skilful, cannot work absolute miracles. Quacks, no doubt — as witness their advertisements — pretend to absolute infallibility, and recommend their nostrums as immediate and effectual remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. But they are, almost without exception, rank and impudent impostors, for whose sake we are tempted to regret the abolition of the punishment of the pillory. The true practitioner, on the contrary, is as modest as he is wise, and never undertakes to perform what he knows to be practically impossible. Few are the maladies that will not yield to proper treatment if they are taken in time; but it is astonishing how prone we are to neglect the earlier symptoms, and to delay having recourse to medical advice until the disease has fairly established itself within the system. That is peculiarly the case with regard to stomachic affections, which men are apt to consider casual and trifling, until some fine day or other they awake to the conviction that their digestive organs are seriously dis-

ordered; and then, indeed, they rush to the doctor, confessing their sins, and demanding an immediate remedy. That is, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as asking him to perform a miracle. He knows very well that extreme functional derangement is not curable by any speedy process, and that the pharmacopœia does not contain the Medean recipe, by means of which old Æson was restored. He knows that the curative process, of whatever kind it may be, must bear some proportion to the extent and endurance of the ailment; and that a radical change in the habits of the patient is more likely to prove efficacious than the administration of tincture or of potion. Dyspeptic people oftentimes take serious offence at what they consider to be the apathy of their medical attendants in not plying them with frequent prescriptions, whereas they ought to feel profoundly thankful that they have for their advisers men of sense and probity, who adhere to the maxim, that all kinds of medicine, unnecessarily taken, are hurtful to the human frame.

It may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that no person afflicted by dyspepsia can hope to recover if he obstinately persists in remaining at home and persevering in his former habits. After the complaint has reached a certain stage, even change of diet will not restore him; the stomach rebels against bread and water quite as violently as against beef and claret, and abstinence is of no avail. The great organ, in a healthy state, will digest any kind of food that is not positively deleterious — if seriously dis-tempered it strikes work altogether, and favours arrow-root as little as venison. When the curative process has fairly commenced, attention to diet is doubtless of the utmost importance; but let no man flatter himself that he can starve his stomach into subjection. Recollect it is not now a question of preserving, but of restoring the health. Means much more strin-

gent than any dietetic arrangement must be adopted in order to exorcise the demon who has got possession of your body.

It is quite possible that exercise and change of air might have that effect without resorting to any other mode of treatment. But, as we had occasion to observe in our former paper, all sort of exertion is abhorrent to the victim of advanced dyspepsia. You cannot coax him into action. The bare idea of a walk of four miles is enough to make him nervous. He no longer derives delight from the contemplation of beautiful scenery, and he would not stir thirty yards from his hotel to inspect the rarest picture gallery or most celebrated cathedral of the world. He may once have been addicted to sporting, but that taste has departed from him. He can gaze unmoved at the most promising trout stream without experiencing a desire to wet a fly in the water; and he invariably excuses himself from going out to the moor, either on the plea of occupation at home, or on account of the inclemency of the weather. This is no hypothetical case, nor is it by any means an uncommon one. The athletic Titan has, all of a sudden, been metamorphosed into a tottering pantaloon.

To ask a person in that condition to throw a knapsack over his shoulder and scale a mountain, would be as absurd as to request Mr. Bright to perform a saraband on the tight rope. His system requires thorough bracing and renovation, and that must be effected by some process less violent and repulsive than pedestrianism. At this point the differences of the doctors become very apparent. One practitioner is decidedly in favour of sea bathing. Another pronounces for Malvern and hydropathy. A third confidently recommends a course of mineral waters. Water is the agent relied on by all the three, but they differ as to its application. Possibly they are all of them right, and a radical cure may follow the adoption

of any of the modes; but it does seem to us that the two first are liable to some little criticism.

Of the bracing effect of salt-water baths there can be no doubt; but men are not Tritons, and cannot dwell for ever in the sea. Two dips *per diem* is the outside that our climate will permit; and that is not enough to cleanse and purify the blood. Sea-bathing during convalescence is a splendid strengthener; but it will not purge out the radical evil; and therefore we regard it rather as an auxiliary than as a positive means of cure.

Such strong and enthusiastic testimony has been borne to the value of hydropathy by highly educated men, who have chronicled their own sensations, that we must, per force, give credence to the efficacy of that system. Yet ever and anon a shadow of scepticism steals over our mind, for the practice of packing in wet sheets does not tally with our preconceived ideas, or quite reconcile itself to our reason. It was the tradition of our youth and the belief of our manhood that dry clothes were to be preferred to wet ones, and for the last two summers (as they were satirically misnamed) any gentleman who had a fancy for hydropathy might have had enough of it and to spare, by simply putting on his hat and sallying forth without an umbrella. Few were the days on which he could not secure the luxury of a thorough soaking, without the trouble of uncasing himself, and getting a hulking fellow to tie him up in linen, and besprinkle him from a water-pot as though he were a vegetable marrow. It is said that by this process all impurities are brought out through the pores of the skin, and what are called *crises* superinduced; and we have heard more than one excellent person assert with exultation that, after a tight course of packing and asperging, they have brought forth as fine a crop of boils and blains as could have been exhibited in Egypt during the prevalence of the plague. Some people may regard such a re-

sult as eminently satisfactory, but we cannot aver with truth that we feel any anxiety to emulate the leopard in his spots. Notwithstanding all that we have heard, we retain our belief that one cold bath every morning — plunge or shower, or both combined — is as much ablation as is good for the human frame; and even though we were tempted by the offer of having Undine for our attendant, we should steadfastly refuse to remain for half the day in perpetual dripping.

That seems to us to be the weak, or, at any rate, the debatable point of hydropathy. All the rest of the treatment — early hours, active exercise, plain, wholesome food, and unlimited goblets of the pure element — are unexceptionable; and we cannot doubt that such establishments as those of Malvern and Ben Rhydding are admirably calculated to renovate the system, and to bring back health to the debilitated invalid. But we are by no means certain that it is the best remedy for dyspepsia, however well it may be calculated to counteract other forms of disease.

A course of mineral waters is the third kind of remedy; and that it is far superior to the others, if the water selected — which is a matter of the utmost consequence — agrees with the constitution of the patient, we do most religiously believe. For these papers do essentially embody and set forth our own personal experiences. He who addresses you, gentle reader, has been for a long time a sufferer from severe dyspepsia, brought on by habits too sedentary, and aggravated, perhaps, by toils and cares, inevitable and beyond control. He has felt, in his own person, many of the sensations which he has described; and that he feels them no longer, but absolutely revels in the luxury of renovated health, is owing to the benefit he has received from a six-weeks' course of mineral waters in Germany. It is proper that he should state so much; but to be more specific would be imprudent, because

that kind of cure should never be resorted to without competent medical advice, and to rush blindly to one spring on the faith of another person's recommendation would be as stupid a blunder as pilfering the prescription which your neighbour has received from his doctor, and applying it for your own relief, without considering the parity of symptoms or the state of the development of the disease.

It seems to be a doubtful question whether the virtues of mineral springs were fully understood by the ancients. Ovid, in his "Fasti," when referring to the springs of the Numicus, has the following couplet:—

"Invenies Illic, qui Nestoris esibat annos:
Quæ sint per calices facta Sibylla suos."

But, alas, the context seems to favour the notion that the Quirites were tossing off Falernian, or, more probably, the filthy Sabine. The waters of Lethe, if mineral, must have been decidedly apoplectic, and those of Phlegethon were flaming punch. Numa the Wise, we apprehend, did quaff a salutary tumbler or two before breakfast; for so, in despite of Niebuhr and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, we must interpret his matutinal visits to the grotto of the nymph Egeria. But then the ancients — confound them — had gizzards as hard as turkeys. They never slew themselves by intellectual work, as many of us are induced to do; but took everything easy, and made even hydropathy a luxury, as is shown by the distich:—

"Balnea, vina, Venus, mortalia corpora sol-
vunt;
Sed vitam faciunt, balnea, vina, Venus."

Charlemagne was probably the first eminent medieval character who brought the springs into fashion, for he regularly took a course of the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle; and it must have been delightful to see Oliver, Orlando, and the other Paladins cooling their coppers of a fine morning with rummers of the sparkling elixir.

England boasts of Cheltenham, Harrogate, and Leamington, all of them doubtless springs of rare excellence, but decidedly nauseous and unpalatable. Now, although for the sake of health we would not hesitate to drink a daily quart of brine, we desiderate a more agreeable fluid, being of opinion that the mouth is generally the best judge of what is good for the interior, and holding, moreover, that very potent purgatives are not the best for eradicating the complaint. In Scotland we have but few watering-places, and none of remarkable efficacy. Strathpeffer, Moffat, and the Bridge of Allan are nevertheless much resorted to, and in their respective seasons, crowds repair to the wells and guzzle water without stint or measure. No discretion is observed by those daring deglutators of the element. The prevalent notion seems to be that the more tumblers a man can swallow, the speedier will be his cure; and, to judge from the quantity consumed, one would naturally suppose that the patients were afflicted with an unappeasable hereditary thirst. No symptoms of hydrophobia there, but a vigorous contention for the pitcher. Now this is a vast mistake. All kinds of mineral water should be used cautiously and in moderation, and never without medical assurance that they are strictly suitable for the removal of the complaint. Such waters, being for the most part highly medicated in nature's laboratory, may prove really dangerous to persons who take them under the vague idea that the draught cannot prove otherwise than wholesome—a notion very common among the peasantry, who regard "the well" as a specific for every sort of disease. But none of the Scottish Spas has more than a local reputation; and for healing waters the invalid must pass beyond the seas that encircle Great Britain.

Germany is the land of fountains specially dedicated to Hygeia, and the number of these is legion. Not uncelebrated have they been even in this country; for who has for-

gotten that amusing volume, *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, which all at once made famous the villages of Schwalbach and of Schlangenbad? Beautiful are the Taunus Mountains, not far from the storied Rhine; but less estimable are they for their beauty than for the aquatic. There, in a thousand perennial cisterns, deep down in the bosom of the kindly earth, are stored the blissful waters that can restore strength to the debilitated frame, renew the elasticity of the limbs, refresh the weary spirit, and reanimate the vital energies! There lies the true physic, compounded by the hand of nature, which no art of the apothecary can rival.

But, excellent as is their virtue, they must not be rashly approached. Each spring has its peculiar quality; and a thorough knowledge of this has become of itself an important department of science. Necessarily there are but few physicians who have studied minutely the properties of so many waters; and our best home practitioners, though very frequently recommending their patients to try the efficacy of the baths and springs of Germany, rarely indicate the spot, referring them to some foreign authority, for whose skill and attainments they can vouch, and who, beyond deciding on the proper spring, can give minute directions as to the amount of water to be taken and the diet which must be rigidly observed. Again we say, all honour to our doctors; for in acting thus, they act nobly and disinterestedly, and maintain by deed as well as by word the brotherhood of science throughout the world! And, as if to make security doubly sure, the physician of the highest repute for his knowledge of the various springs of Germany—we see not why we should abstain from naming so eminent a man as Dr. Spiess—resides in Frankfort, away from local influences, and as entirely unswayed by considerations apart from the condition of the consulting patient, as was the ancient oracle of Delphi.

Thus the patient who seeks the waters for health has every advantage — if he chooses to avail himself of them — that human skill can devise ; but he must remember that the cure is always conditional upon his own prudence and abstinence, and that, if he violates the prescribed regulations, he may possibly find himself in a worse condition than if he never had lifted the salubrious water to his lips.

In Scotland, while quaffing mineral waters, nobody seems to think that regimen is of the least importance. The natural fluid is considered merely as an equivalent for Epsom salts or the like ; and the gentleman whose ailments are really attributable to a superfluity of toddy never dreams of retrenching his evening potations by the amount of a single tumbler. The sole alteration in his habits amounts to this, that he rises an hour or so earlier than was his wont, floods his stomach with a great deal of unsavoury water, and tries to show, by his performances at the indifferent *table d'hôte*, that his appetite has been wonderfully improved. Absolutely he had much better have stayed at home, and, at the cost of a daily penny, afflicted himself with an ounce of Epsom. Very different is the system pursued at the German watering-places, where the minutest attention is paid to the proper regulation of the diet. Certain kinds of food, which at other times may be taken with impunity, do more than neutralize the beneficial qualities of the waters — they give rise to new disorders. Thus fruit, however ripe, and uncooked vegetables in the form of salads, are strictly forbidden ; and the patient who is rash enough to infringe the rule, very soon experiences sensations which ought to convince him of its strict propriety. Fat and oily substances are also deleterious, and even the use of butter should be temporarily discontinued. For this reason, the richer kinds of fish, such as salmon, carp, and eels, are deemed to be objectionable fare ; but by the piscivorous Briton that hardly can

be looked upon as a hardship, seeing that the river fish of Germany are poor even of their kind, and would be quite unpalatable but for the poignant and exquisite sauces with which culinary ingenuity surrounds them. Wine, especially of the lighter kinds of Rhenish, is not expressly interdicted ; but the dyspeptic water-drinker ought, for his own sake, to be careful how he avails himself of the license ; for everything that can engender acidity is obnoxious to his cure, and indifferent Rhenish might, at a pinch, be taken as a fair substitute for vinegar. As, however, a stimulant moderately employed, is in no wise hurtful to the stomach, but rather promotes the recovery of the digestive powers, a thimbleful of cognac in cold water will be found a wholesome beverage. Temperance is the grand rule, and it applies even to the use of the mineral springs. The physician carefully prescribes the amount and number of the doses ; and the patient, even though he should be the rankest radical that ever inveighed against irresponsible authority, will find it his interest to submit at once to the Esculapian despotism. It is quite possible for a teetotaler to err on the side of swilling. Many persons besides Ophelia have suffered from unconscionable hydro-metrical debauches ; and the sin of intemperance may be committed by the most zealous votaries of the pump.

The watering-place to which we were directed to proceed, is famous for its ferro-saline springs, situated in a beautiful valley, close to a palatial town, which, once petty and neglected, has of late years greatly increased in size, and now offers excellent accommodation to the thousands of visitors who, during the summer and autumnal months, flock thither for health or recreation. Extensive pleasure-grounds, with bosky thickets and parterres of the most lovely flowers — quaint old gardens, wherein the orange, pomegranate, and oleander blossom in the open air — sylvan walks through fo-

rests of beech and pine, enchanting for their coolness and their shade—all are open to the public; and night and morning one of the best assorted musical bands in Germany ministers to their delight. Then there are spacious reading-rooms, balls, illuminations, and various other kinds of amusement, free of any charge or contribution—an instance of princely generosity which, at first blush, utterly amazes the unsophisticated stranger, who marvels from what sources such costly entertainment is defrayed. If he pushes his curiosity so far as to inquire into particulars, he will probably be informed that the whole expenses are undertaken by THE BANK—a joint-stock company, which must drive a tolerably profitable business, judging from the munificence of their outlay. That particular bank has, however, certain notable advantages, for it gives no credit, has no bad debts, and deals entirely in ready money. In short, it is an establishment where *rouge-et-noire* and *roulette* tables are open all day long. A deplorable state of matters, you say; and the observation is strictly true. There is no worse or more seductive vice than gambling; nevertheless it is not our intention at present to commence a homily on the subject. We have not yet quite forgotten the year 1845, when a very large number of us in Great Britain—staid, sober, reputable, church-going people—took a hand in the game of speculation, and played it too with quite as much eagerness and determination as yonder whiskered individuals, who are staking their napoleons on the colours. Let the memory of those times, and the consciousness that we ourselves are anything but infallible, restrain us from Pharisaical denunciations; and—hark in your ear, our scrupulous friend—if you are minded to enter those dens of iniquity, which you hardly can avoid doing as you make your way to the reading-room, see that you previously clear your pockets of every florin, else it is just possible

that the demon may tempt you to hazard a piece or two on the sly, which would be an awful instance of backsliding in a ruling-elder of the kirk.

Most delightful it is on a balmy morning of June to start from your couch ere yet the heat of the day has commenced, and, after a cold ablution, to wend your way through paths lined with flowering shrubs, to the fountain, where the attendant nymphs dispense the sparkling element. No wretched pumping apparatus, like those exhibited on the counters of the gin-palaces, is there. Through a basement of polished pebbles the beautiful clear water bubbles up into the basin, and in the glass it shines and sparkles like diamonds dissolved in dew. Drink it, wasted and weary man!—drink it with a grateful heart, and render thanks and praise to Him who is the giver of all good things!

There is one peculiarity connected with the drinking of the waters which deserves special notice. Exercise, proper diet, and regular hours are, as we have observed, taken in conjunction, almost certain preservatives against dyspepsia. But strong exercise, such as is highly salutary for the body when in sound health, interferes with the effect of the waters. The explanation of this phenomenon probably is, that the waters are intended to have, and ought to have, a specific effect upon the internal organs, which are then in a state of derangement. Violent exercise is calculated to induce an over-activity of the skin, obviously tending to a different form of secretion. Under the hydropathic mode of treatment, which directly assails the cuticle, long walks, during the intervals when you are relieved from the wet sheets, *may* be of the greatest possible benefit. But very gentle exercise indeed suffices for the recipient of the German spa; who, if he has the needful time at his disposal, and repairs ^{thither} early in the season, may hope to be able to take the moors in August, free of all dyspeptic symptoms, and, if he

is so minded, cultivate the calves of his legs until they emulate those of a Highland chairman. This is quite in accordance with hygienic rule and principle. The strange feeling of lassitude which accompanies confirmed dyspepsia, cannot be overcome by mental resolution. It is a bodily symptom—a clear indication that there is something wrong with the springs of the vehicle, which must be repaired before it will move with its former ease and regularity, and any attempt at over-exertion would probably result in a breakdown.

Thus far and no further shall we pursue the theme. We have attempted to describe the nature of the insidious dyspeptic disease, have shown how it is generated, and have indicated the method of its cure. It is an affection of the body which may be greatly aggravated by mental depression; but, in most instances, it may be clearly traced to sedentary habits, lack of exercise, and an irregular mode of living. It is the malady that peculiarly afflicts students and professional men, and the seeds of it may be sown years before it arrives at a formidable maturity. Parents and guardians, who are ever anxious to stimulate the laudable ambition of their youthful charges, would do well to remember the advice of honest Roger Ascham against overstraining the bow, and to take care that they do not injure the bodily health and enfeeble the intellects of those whose welfare they are desirous to promote, by urging them to undertake tasks beyond their strength and capacity, and by denying them that wholesome recreation which is suitable to their years. "I heard myself," says that shrewd educational writer, "a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study for some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie for some time fallow maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the crop cometh thin up, the

ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faule. So those who never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methinks, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation and ceasing from their books, or else they mar themselves, when base and dumpish wits can never be hurt with continual study."

Observations such as these are of exceeding value at this moment, when the examination system has been pushed to such a length that every man of sense is beginning to discern its pernicious absurdity. If it is expected that the young men who offer themselves as candidates for appointments in some branches of the public service shall really have a competent knowledge of the subjects prescribed for examination, difficult it is to comprehend how they can find time for needful sleep and refreshment. As for teaching them to think, which is the highest aim of education, the possibility of thought is precluded by such an exorbitant amount of cramming, that the amount of knowledge they do receive remains practically useless. Instead of rearing men of intelligence and aptitude, we are doing our best to create a race of prigs and pedants, feeble in mind as in body, and certain to show themselves incapable when any extraordinary emergency shall arise. Would that the devisers of such fantastic schemes could appreciate the true meaning of the noble lines of the German poet—

"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen;
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt!
Auf, bade, Schüler, unverdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth."

When we behold around us the number of pale and emaciated

beings who seem to be tottering to their graves ere yet they have reached the meridian of mankind, and reflect how many more have fallen victims to habits of unremitting study, we cannot but deplore a system which leads to such disastrous results. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," is an exhortation banished from remembrance; we give no heed to the words of Solomon, wisest of the kings of Israel, "And, further, by these, my son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." The youth ambitious of obtaining a kirk buries himself in an attic, and reads from morning till past midnight without intermission, until disease fastens on his frame, and then, instead of mounting the pulpit, he is measured for a grave in the kirkyard. The lawyer in splendid practice looks forward to the dignity of the bench, and meanwhile labours to accumulate a fortune. The work proves too much for him; he allows himself neither rest nor exercise, falls into bad health, disappears from the bar, and lo, in the obituary a notice that the famous Mr. Pleydell is no more! Who is that poor fellow coughing by the side of the Lake of

Como? That, sir, is the celebrated author over whose works you have laughed and wept alternately. Pressed by the booksellers, he has wrought himself into a consumption, and never will again behold the primroses blossoming in the lap of May.

Take warning, then, ye men of sedentary habits, and despise not the voice of a friend who exhorts you to take care of your stomachs. Strive to keep health while you have it: and in order to keep it, rise up early in the morning, and take a due amount of exercise; attend to your work with diligence, but not in such exorbitant measure as to fatigue or irritate the brain; seek cheerful company, be moderate in your diet, indulge not in deep potations, but give not in to the pestilent heresy of the abstainers,—so may your days be long and happy, and old age, when it comes to you, lay its burden lightly on your shoulders. And, ye dyspeptic ones, for whose benefit these articles have been chiefly written, take heart and despair not, for the cure is yet within your reach. Nature offers to you freely the most inestimable of her gifts. Seek the healing waters, and again you may be whole and sound.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG Dr. Rider lived in the new quarter of Carlingford: had he aimed at a reputation in society, he could not possibly have done a more foolish thing; but such was not his leading motive. The young man, being but young, aimed at a practice. He was not particular in the mean time as to the streets in which his patients dwelt. A new house, gazing with all its windows over a brick field, was as interesting to the young surgeon as if it had been one of those exclusive houses in Grange Lane, where the aristocracy of Carlingford lived retired within their garden walls. His own establishment, though sufficiently comfortable, was of a kind utterly to shock the feelings of the refined community. A corner house, with a surgery round the corner, throwing the gleam of its red lamp over all that chaotic district of half-formed streets and full-developed brick fields, with its night-bell prominent, and young Rider's name on a staring brass plate, with mysterious initials after it. M.R.C.S. the unhappy young man had been seduced to put after his name upon that brass plate, though he was really Dr. Rider, a physician, if not an experienced one. Friends had advised him that in such districts people were afraid of physicians, associating only with dread adumbrations of a guinea a visit that mis-comprehended name; so, with a pang, the young surgeon had put his degree in his pocket, and put up with the inferior distinction. Of course Dr. Marjoribanks had all the patronage of Grange Lane. The great people were infatuated about that snuffy old Scotchman—a man behind his day, who had rusted and grown old among the soft diseases of Carlingford, where sharp practice was so seldom necessary; and no opening appeared for young Rider except in the new district, in the snug cor-

ner house, with the surgery and the red lamp, and M.R.C.S. on a brass plate on his door.

If you can imagine that the young man bowed his spirit to this without a struggle, you do the poor young fellow injustice. He had been hard enough put to it at divers periods of his life. Ambition had not been possible for him either in one shape or another. Some people said he had a vulgar mind when he subsided into that house; other people declared him a shabby fellow when he found out, after the hardest night's thought he ever went through in his life, that he durst not ask Bessie Christian to marry him. You don't suppose that he did not know in his secret heart, and feel tingling through every vein, those words which nobody ever said to his face? But he could not help it. He could only make an indignant gulp of his resentment and shame, which were shame and resentment at himself for wanting the courage to dare everything, as well as at other people for finding him out, and go on with his work as he best could. He was not a hero nor a martyr; men made of that stuff have large compensations. He was an ordinary individual, with no sublimity in him, and no compensation to speak of for his sufferings—no consciousness of lofty right-doing, or of a course of action superior to the world.

Perhaps you would prefer to go up-stairs and see for yourself what was the skeleton in Edward Rider's cupboard, rather than have it described to you. His drag came to to the door an hour ago, and he went off with care sitting behind him, and a certain angry pang aching in his heart, which perhaps Bessie Christian's wedding-veil, seen far off in church yesterday, might have something to do with. His looks

were rather black as he twitched the reins out of his little groom's hands, and went off at a startling pace, which was almost the only consolation the young fellow had. Now that he is certainly gone, and the coast clear, we may go up-stairs. It is true he all but kicked the curate down for taking a similar liberty, but we who are less visible may venture while he is away.

This skeleton is not in a cupboard. It is in an up-stairs room, comfortable enough, but heated, close, unwholesome — a place from which, even when the window is open, the fresh air seems shut out. There is no fresh air nor current of life in this stifling place. There is a fire, though it is not cold—a sofa near the fire—a sickening heavy smell of abiding tobacco—not light whiffs of smoke, such as accompany a man's labours, but a dead pall of idle heavy vapour; and in the midst of all a man stretched lazily on the sofa, with his pipe laid on the table beside him, and a book in his soft, boneless, nerveless hands. A large man, interpenetrated with smoke and idleness and a certain dreary sodden dissipation, heated yet unexcited, reading a novel he has read half-a-dozen times before. He turns his bemused eyes to the door when his invisible visitors enter. He fancies he hears some one coming, but will not take the trouble to rise and see who is there—so, instead of that exertion, he takes up his pipe, knocks the ashes out of it upon his book, fills it with coarse tobacco, and stretches his long arm over the shoulder of the sofa for a light. His feet are in slippers, his person clothed in a greasy old coat, his linen soiled and untidy. That is the skeleton in young Rider's house.

The servants, you may be sure, knew all about this unwelcome visitor. They went with bottles and jugs secretly to bring him what he wanted; they went to the circulating library for him; they let him in when he had been out in the twilight all shabby and slovenly. They would not be human if they

did not talk about him. They say he is very good-natured, poor gentleman—always has a pleasant word—is nobody's enemy but his own; and to see how the doctor do look at him, and he his own brother as was brought up with him, is dreadful, to be sure.

All this young Rider takes silently, never saying a word about it to any human creature. He seems to know by intuition what all these people say of him, as he drives about furiously in his drag from patient to patient; and wherever he goes, as plain, nay, far more distinctly than the actual prospect before him, he sees that sofa, that dusty slow-burning fire—that pipe, with the little heap of ashes knocked out of it upon the table—that wasted ruined life chafing him to desperation with its dismal content. It is very true that it would have been sadly imprudent of the young man to go to the little house in Grove Street a year ago, and tell Bessie Christian he was very fond of her, and that somehow for her love he would manage to provide for those old people whom that cheerful little woman toiled to maintain. It was a thing not to be done in any way you could contemplate it; and with a heartache the poor young doctor had turned his horse's head away from Grove Street, and left Bessie to toil on in her poverty. Bessie had escaped all that nowadays; but who could have forewarned the poor doctor that his elder brother, once the hope of the family—that clever Fred, whom all the others had been postponed to—he who, with his evil reputation, had driven poor Edward out of his first practice, and sent him to begin life a second time at Carlingford—was to drop listlessly in again, and lay a harder burden than a harmless old father-in-law upon the young man's hands—a burden which no grateful Bessie shared and sweetened? No wonder black care sat at the young doctor's back as he drove at that dangerous pace through the new, encumbered streets. He might have broken his

neck over those heaps of brick and mortar, and it is doubtful whether he would have greatly cared.

When Dr. Rider went home that night, the first sight he saw when he pulled up at his own door was his brother's large indolent shabby figure prowling up the street. In the temper he was then in, this was not likely to soothe him. It was not a much frequented street, but the young doctor knew instinctively that his visitor had been away in the heart of the town at the book-sellers' shops buying cheap novels, and ordering them magnificently to be sent to Dr. Rider's; and could guess the curious questions and large answers which had followed. He sprang to the ground with a painful suppressed indignation, intensified by many mingled feelings, and waited the arrival of the maudlin wanderer. Ah me! one might have had some consolation in the burden freely undertaken for love's sake, and by love's self shared and lightened: but this load of disgrace and ruin which nobody could take part of — which it was misery so much as to think that anybody knew of — the doctor's fraternal sentiments, blunted by absence and injury, were not strong enough to bear that weight.

"So, Fred, you have been out," said Dr. Rider, moodily, as he stood aside on his own threshold to let his brother pass in — not with the courtesy of a host, but the precaution of a jailer, to see him safe before he himself entered and closed the door.

"Yes, you can't expect a man to sit in the house forever," said the prodigal, stumbling in to his brother's favourite sitting-room, where everything was tidy and comfortable for the brief leisure of the hard-working man. The man who did no work threw himself heavily into the doctor's easy-chair, and rolled his bemused eyes round upon his brother's household gods. Those book-shelves with a bust at either corner, those red curtains drawn across the window, those

prints on the walls — all once so pleasant to the doctor's eyes — took a certain air of squalor and wretchedness to-night which sickened him to look at. The lamp flared wildly with an untrimmed wick, or at least Dr. Rider thought so; and threw a hideous profile of the intruder upon the wall behind him. The hearth was cold, with that chill, of sentiment rather than reality, naturally belonging to a summer night. Instead of a familiar place where rest and tranquillity awaited him, that room, the only vision of home which the poor young fellow possessed, hardened into four walls, and so many chairs and tables, in the doctor's troubled eyes.

But it bore a different aspect in the eyes of his maudlin brother. Looking round with those bewildered orbs, all this appeared luxury to the wanderer. Mentally he appraised the prints over the mantelshelf, and reckoned how much of *his* luxuries might be purchased out of them. That was all so much money wasted by the Cæsar before him. What a mint of money the fellow must be making! and grudged a little comfort to his brother, his elder brother, the cleverest of the family! The dull exasperation of selfishness woke in the mind of the self-ruined man.

"You're snug enough here," he exclaimed, "though you shut me in up-stairs to burrow out of sight. By Jove! as if I were not good enough to face your Carlingford patients. I've had a better practice in my day than ever you'll see, my fine fellow, with your beggarly M.R.C.S. And you'd have me shut myself in my garret into the bargain! You're ashamed of me, forsooth! You can go spending money on that rubbish there, and can't pay a tailor's bill for your elder brother; and as for introducing me in this wretched hole of a place, and letting me pick up a little money for myself — I, a man with ~~twice~~ the experience in the profession that you have —"

"Fred, stop that," cried the doctor — "I've had about enough."

Look here—I can't deny you shelter and what you call necessities, because you're my brother, but I won't submit to be ruined a second time by any man. If I am ever to do any good in this world—and whether I do any good or not," he added, fiercely, "I'll not have my good name tarnished and my work interfered with *again*. I don't care two straws for my life. It's hard enough—as hard as a treadmill, and never a drop of consolation in the cup; though I might have had that if I had been anything but a fool. But look here, I do care for my practice—I won't have you put your confounded spoke in my wheel again. Keep on in your own way; smoke and drink and dream if you will; but I'll stand no interference with my work—and that I tell you once for all."

This speech was uttered with great vehemence, the speaker walking up and down the room all the while. The bitterness of ingratitude and malice had entered into the young man's soul. All the wrongs which the clever elder brother, to whose claims everybody else was subordinated, had done to his family, rose upon the recollection of the younger; all the still bitterer sting of that injury which had been personal to himself; all the burden and peril of this present undesired visit, the discontent, the threats, the evident power of doing evil, woke the temper and spirit of the young doctor. It was not Fred's fault that his brother had made that mistake in life which he repented so bitterly. Bessie Christian's bridal veil, and white ribbons; her joyful face untouched with any pensive reminiscences; and the dead dulness of that house, into which foot of woman never entered, were not of Fred's doing; but passion is not reasonable. The doctor gave Fred credit unconsciously for the whole. He walked up and down the room with a whole world of passionate mortified feeling—vexation, almost despair, throbbing within him. He seemed to have made

a vast sacrifice for the sake of this brother who scorned him to his face.

"You're hot," said the disreputable figure in Dr. Rider's easy-chair, "much hotter than there's any occasion for. Do I envy you your beggarly patients, do you suppose? But, Ned, you never were cut out for the profession—a good shopkeeping business would have been a deal better for you. Hang it! you haven't the notions of a gentleman. You think bread and water is all you're bound to furnish your brother when he's under a cloud. As for society, I never see a soul—not even yourself, though you're no great company. Look here—I am not unreasonable; order in some supper—there's a good fellow—and let's have a comfortable evening together. You're not the man you used to be, Ned. You used to be a fellow of spirit; somebody's jilted you, or something—I don't want to pry into your secrets; but let's have a little comfort for once in a way, and you shall have the whole business about the old colony, and how I came to leave it—the truth and nothing but the truth."

It was some time before the victim yielded; at last, half to escape the painful ferment of his own thoughts, and half with a natural yearning for some sympathy and companionship, however uncongenial, he fell out of his heat and passion into a more complacent mood. He sat down, watching with a gulp of hardly-restrained disgust that lolling figure in the chair, every gesture of which was the more distasteful for being so familiar, and recalling a hundred preliminary scenes all tending towards this total wreck and shame. Then his mind softened with fraternal instincts—strange interlacement of loathing and affection. He was tired, hungry, chilled to his heart. The spell of material comfort, even in such company, came upon the young man. They supped together, not much to the advantage of Dr. Rider's head, stomach, or temper, on the follow-

ing morning. The elder told his story of inevitable failure, and strange unexplainable fatality. The younger dropped forth expressions of disappointment and trouble which partly eased his own mind. Thus they spent together the unlovely evening; and perhaps a few such nights would have done as much harm to the young doctor's practice as had he introduced his disreputable brother without more ado into the particular little world of Carlingford.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning Dr. Rider rose mightily vexed with himself, as was to be supposed. He was half an hour late for breakfast: he had a headache, his hand shook, and his temper was "awful." Before he was dressed, ominous knocks came to the door; and all feverish and troubled as he was, you may imagine that the prospect of the day's work before him did not improve his feelings, and that self-reproach, direst of tormentors, did not mend the matter. Two ladies were waiting for him, he was told when he went down-stairs — not to say sundry notes and messages in the ordinary way of business — two ladies who had brought two boxes with them, and asked leave to put them in the hall till they could see Dr. Rider. The sight of this luggage in his little hall startled the doctor. Patients do not generally carry such things about with them. What did it mean? What could two ladies want with him? The young man felt his face burn with painful anticipations, a little shame, and much impatience. Probably the sister who adored Fred, and never could learn to believe that he was not unfortunate and a victim. This would be a climax to the occupation of his house.

As the poor doctor gloomily approached the door of the room in which he had spent last evening, he heard a little rustle and commotion not quite consistent with his expectations — a hum of voices and soft stir such as youthful woman-kind only makes. Then a voice entirely strange to him uttered an exclamation. Involuntarily he

started and changed his aspect. He did not know the voice, but it was young, sweet, peculiar. The cloud lightened a little upon the doctor's face. Notwithstanding Bessie Christian, he was still young enough to feel a little flutter of curiosity when he heard such a voice sounding out of his room. Hark! what did she say? It was a profoundly prosaic speech.

"What an intolerable smell of smoke! I shouldn't wonder a bit — indeed I rather think he must be, or he wouldn't live in a place like this — if he were exactly such another as Fred."

"Poor Fred!" said a plaintive voice, "if we only can learn where he is. Hush, there is a footstep! Ah, it is not my poor fellow's footstep! Nettie, hark!"

"No, indeed! twenty thousand times sharper, and more like a man," said the other, in hurried breathless accents. "Hark! here he is."

The entire bewilderment, the amaze, apprehension, confusion, with which Dr. Rider entered the room from which this scrap of conversation reached him is indescribable. A dreadful sense that something was about to happen seized the young man's mind with an indescribable curiosity. He paused an instant to recover himself, and then went boldly and silently into the room which had become mysterious through its new inmates. They both turned round upon him as he entered. Two young women: one who had been sitting at the table, looking faded, plaintive, and anxious, rose up suddenly, and clasping her hands, as if in en-

treaty, fixed two bright but sunken eyes upon his face. The other, a younger, lighter figure, all action and haste, interposed between him and her companion. She put up one hand in warning to the petitioner behind her, and one to call the attention of the bewildered stranger before. Evidently the one thing which alarmed this young lady was that somebody would speak before her, and the conduct of the *situation* be taken out of her hands. She was little, very slight, very pretty, but the prettiness was peculiar. The young doctor, accustomed to the fair Saxon version of beauty given by Bessie Christian, did not at the first glance believe that the wonderful little person before him possessed any; for she was not only slender but *thin*, dark, eager, impetuous, with blazing black eyes and red lips, and nothing else notable about her. So he thought, gazing fascinated, yet not altogether attracted — scarcely sure that he was not repelled — unable, however, to withdraw his eyes from that hurried, eager little figure. Nothing in the least like her had ever yet appeared before Dr. Rider's eyes.

"We want to inquire about your brother," said the little stranger; "we know this was to be his address, and we want to know whether he is living here. His letters were to be sent to your care; but my sister has not heard from him now for a year."

"Never mind that! — never mind telling that, Nettie," cried the other behind her. "Oh, sir! only tell me where my poor Fred is?"

"So she began to fear he was ill," resumed the younger of the two, undauntedly; "though Susan will do nothing but praise him, he has behaved to her very shamefully. Do you happen to know, sir, where he is?"

"Did you say Fred — my brother Fred?" cried the poor young doctor in utter dismay; "and may I ask who it is that expresses so much interest in him?"

There was a momentary pause; the two women exchanged looks. "I told you so," cried the eager little spokeswoman. "He never has let his friends know; he was afraid of that. I told you how it was. This," she continued with a little tragic air, stretching out her arm to her sister, and facing the doctor — "This is Mrs. Frederick Rider, or rather Mrs. Rider, I should say, as he is the eldest of the family! Now will you please to tell us where he is?"

The doctor made no immediate answer. He gazed past the speaker to the faded woman behind, and exclaimed with a kind of groan, "Fred's wife!"

"Yes, Fred's wife," cried the poor creature, rushing forward to him; "and oh! where is he? I've come thousands of miles to hear. Is he ill? has anything happened to him? Where is Fred?"

"Susan, you are not able to manage this; leave it to me," said her sister, drawing her back peremptorily. "Dr. Rider, please to answer us. We know you well enough, though you don't seem ever to have heard of us. It was you that my brother-in-law gave up his business to before he came out to the colony. Oh, we know all about it! To keep him separate from his wife cannot do you any benefit, Dr. Edward. Yes, I know your name and all about it; and I don't mean indeed to suffer my sister to be injured and kept from her husband. I have come all this way with her to take care of her. I mean to stay with her to take care of her. I have not parted with my money, though she gave all hers away; and I mean to see her have her rights."

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie, how you talk!" cried the unfortunate wife, "You keep him from answering me. All this time I cannot hear — where is Fred?"

"Be seated, please," said the doctor with dreadful civility, "and compose yourselves. Fred is well enough; as well as he ever is. I

don't know," added poor Rider, with irrestrainable bitterness, "whether he is quite presentable to ladies; but I presume, madam, if you're his wife, you're acquainted with his habits. Excuse me for being quite unprepared for such a visit. I have not much leisure for anything out of my profession. I can scarcely spare these minutes, that is the truth; but if you will favour me with a few particulars I will have the news conveyed to my brother. I—I beg your pardon. When a man finds he has new relations he never dreamed of, it naturally embarrasses him at the moment. May I ask if you ladies have come from Australia alone?"

"Oh, not alone; the children are at the hotel. Nettie said it was no use coming unless we all came," said his new sister-in-law, with a half sob.

"The children!" Dr. Rider's gasp of dismay was silent, and made no sound. He stood staring blankly at those wonderful invaders of his bachelor house, marvelling what was to be done with them in the first place. Was he to bring Fred down all slovenly and half-awakened? was he to leave them in possession of his private sanctuary? The precious morning moments were passing while he pondered, and his little groom fidgeted outside with a message for the doctor. While he stood irresolute, the indefatigable Nettie once more darted forward.

"Give me Fred's address, please," said this managing woman. "I'll see him and prepare him for meeting Susan. He can say what he pleases to me; I don't mind it in the very least; but Susan of course must be taken care of. Now, look here, Dr. Edward, Susan is your sister-in-law, and I am her sister. We don't want to occupy your time. I can manage everything; but it is quite necessary in the first place that you should confide in me."

"Confide!" cried the bewildered man. "Fred is not under my

authority. He is here in my house much against my will. He is in bed, and not fit to be awakened; and I am obliged to tell you simply, ladies," said the unfortunate doctor, "that my house has no accommodation for a family. If you will go back to the hotel where you left the children"—and here the speaker gave another gasp of horror—"I'll have him roused and sent to you. It is the only thing I can do."

"Susan can go," said the prompt Nettie; "I'll stay here until Fred is ready, and take him to see them. It is necessary he should be prepared, you know. Don't talk nonsense, Susan—I shall stay here, and Dr. Rider, of course, will call a cab for you."

"But Nettie, Nettie dear, it isn't proper. I can't leave you all by yourself in a strange house," remonstrated her sister.

"Don't talk such stuff; I am perfectly well able to take care of myself; I am not a London young lady," said the courageous Nettie. "It is perfectly unnecessary to say another word to me—I know my duty—I shall stay here."

With which speech she seated herself resolutely in that same easy-chair which Fred had lolled in last night, took off her bonnet, for hats were not in these days, and shed off from her face, with two tiny hands, exquisite in shape if a little brown in colour, the great braids of dark brown silky hair which encumbered her little head. The gesture mollified Dr. Rider in the most unaccountable way in spite of himself. The intolerable idea of leaving these two in his house, became less intolerable, he could not tell how. And the little groom outside fairly knocked at the door in that softening moment with a message which could be delayed no longer. The doctor put his head out to receive the call, and looked in again perplexed and uncertain. Nettie had quite established herself in the easy-chair. She sat there looking with her bright eyes into the vacant air before her, in a

pretty attitude of determination and readiness, beating her little foot on the carpet. Something whimsical, odd, and embarrassing, about her position made it all the more piquant to the troubled eyes which, in spite of all their worldly wisdom, were still the eyes of a young man. He could not tell in the world what to say to her. To order that creature out of his house was simply impossible; to remain there was equally so; to leave them in possession of the field—what could the unfortunate young doctor do? One thing was certain, the impatient patient could no longer be neglected; and after a few minutes longer of bewildered uncertainty Dr. Rider went off in the wildest confusion of mind, leaving his brother's unknown family triumphant in his invaded house.

To describe the feelings with which the unfortunate doctor went fasting about his day's work—the manner in which that scene returned to him after every visit he made—the continual succession in which wrath, dismay, alarm, bitter disgust with the falsehood of the brother who, no further gone than last night, had pretended to confide in him, but never breathed a syllable of this biggest unconcealable secret, swept through the mind of the victim; all culminating, however, in the softening of that moment, in the tiny figure, indomitable elf or fairy, shedding back with dainty fingers those soft abundant locks—would be impossible. The young man got through his work somehow, in a maze of confusion and excitement—angry excitement, indignant confusion, determination to yield nothing further, but to defend himself and his house once for all from the inroads of what he angrily pronounced in his own mind, “another man's family”—yet, withal, a curiosity and interest which gave zest greater than usual to the idea of going home. When he was able at last to turn his horse's head towards his own dwelling, it was with feelings very different from the

usual unexpected blank of sullen displeasure. What he should find there, was a curious, exciting, alarming question; perhaps an entire nursery with Nettie in charge; perhaps a recusant husband, with Nettie mounting guard over him; perhaps a thrilling scene of family explanation and reconciliation. The day had been a specially long and hard one. He had been obliged to snatch a hurried lunch at one of his patient's houses, and to postpone his hard-earned dinner to the most fashionable of hours. It was indeed quite evening, almost twilight, when he made his way home at last. As he neared the scene of action, the tired man consoled with himself over the untimely excitement that awaited him. He said to himself with pathetic self-pity that it was hard indeed for a man who had earned a little repose to go in upon all the troubles of another man's family. He had denied himself—he had not undertaken upon his own shoulders that pleasing burden; and now what was he to be saddled with—the burden without the consolation—the responsibility without the companionship. All this Dr. Rider represented to himself very pathetically as he wended his homeward way. Yet it is astonishing, notwithstanding, with what alacrity he hastened upon that path, and how much the curiosity, the excitement, the dramatic stir and commotion made in his monotonous life by this entirely new unexpected incident, occupied his mind. With expectations highly roused, he drew up once more before his own house. It was surprising to him to see how exactly it looked like itself. The blinds half drawn down in the genteeliest calm as they always were—no faces peeping at the windows—no marks of an arrival on the pavement, or in the composed countenance of Mary, who stood holding the door open for him. He went in with a little thrill of curiosity; the house was very quiet—dead-quiet in comparison with the commotion of his

thoughts; so was the sitting-room where he had left Nettie resolutely planted in the easy-chair; there was nobody there now; the boxes were out of the hall, not a sound was to be heard in the house. He turned rather blankly upon Mary, who was going away quite composedly, as if there was nothing which she wanted to tell or he to hear.

"Where is my brother and the ladies?" said the amazed doctor.

"They all went off to the 'otel, sir, as soon as Mr. Rider came down stairs," said Mary, complacently. "I assured Miss as it was the best thing she could do, sir, for that I was 'most sure you'd never have the children here,—as to be sure there wasn't no room neither," said the doctor's factotum. "As soon as Mr. Frederick came down, she called a cab, did Miss, and took 'em both away."

"Oh! so they're gone, are they?" said the doctor.

"Hours and hours ago," answered Mary; "dinner'll be up in two minutes. But I wouldn't say much for the potatoes, sir. When a gentleman's irreg'lar, it's hard laws on the poor servants—nothink will keep, going on for two hours, and not take no harm; but all's quiet and comfortable in your room."

And with this assurance, which she evidently thought a very grateful one, Mary went off to get the doctor's dinner. He walked to the end of the room, and then back again, with solemnity—then threw himself into that easy-chair. "Blessed riddance!" said the doctor; but somehow he looked glum, wonderfully glum. There was no accounting for those blank looks of his; he who had been condoling with himself over the exciting scene he expected, so uncomfortable a conclusion to a long day's labour, how was it he did not look relieved when that scene was spared him? To tell the truth, when one has been expecting something to happen, of whatever description, and

has been preparing one's courage, one's temper, one's fortitude, in anticipatory rehearsals—when one has placed one's self in the attitude of a martyr, and prepared to meet with fiery trials—it is mortifying, to say the least, when one finds all the necessities of the case disappear, and the mildest calm replace that tragical anticipation: the quiet falls blank upon the excited imagination. Of course Dr. Rider was relieved; but it was with something mightily like disappointment that he leant back in his chair and knitted his brows at the opposite wall. Not for the world would he have acknowledged himself to be disappointed; but the calm was wonderfully monotonous after all those expectations. He was never so bored and sick of a night by himself. He tried to read, but reading did not occupy his mind. He grew furious over his charred chops and sodden potatoes. As for the tea Mary brought, he would have gladly pitched it at her by way of diversifying that blank evening with an incident. The contrast between what he had looked for, and what he had, was wonderful. How delicious this stillness should have been, this consciousness of having his house to himself, and nobody to interrupt his brief repose! But somehow it appears that human nature takes best with not having its wishes granted. It is indescribable how Dr. Rider yawned—how dull he found his newspaper—how few books worth reading there were in the house—how slow the minutes ran on. If somebody had chosen to be ill that night, of all nights the best for such a purpose, the doctor would not have objected to such an interruption. Failing that, he went to bed early, dreadfully tired of his own society. Such were the wonderful results of that invasion so much dreaded, and that retreat so much hoped for. Perhaps his own society had never in his life been so distasteful to him before.

CHAPTER III.

Next day Dr. Rider audibly congratulated himself at breakfast upon having once more his house to himself—audibly, as if it were really necessary to give utterance to the thought before he could quite feel its force. A week before, if Fred had departed, however summarily, there can be no doubt that his brother's feelings of relief and comfort would have been unfeigned; now, however, he began to think the matter over, and to justify to himself his extraordinary sense of disappointment. As he poured out his own coffee with a sober face, his eye rested upon that easy-chair, which had been brought into such prominence in the history of the last two days. He kept looking at it as he sipped that gloomy coffee. Fred had faded from the great chair; his big image threw no shadow upon it. There sat a little fairy queen, tiny as Titania, but dark as an elf of the East, putting up those two shapely tiny hands, brown and beautiful, to push aside the flood of hair, which certainly would have veiled her little figure all over, the doctor thought, had it been let down. Wonderful little sprite! She, no doubt, had dragged her plaintive sister over the seas—she it was that had forced her way into Edward Rider's house, taken her position in it, ousted the doctor; and she doubtless it was who swept the husband and wife out of it again, leaving no trace behind. Waking up from a little trance of musing upon this too interesting subject, Dr. Rider suddenly raised himself into an erect position, body and mind, with an involuntary movement, as if to shake off the yoke of the enchantress. He reminded himself instinctively of his brother's falsehood and ingratitude. After throwing himself a most distasteful burden on Edward's charity for five long dreary months, the bugbear of the doctor's dreams, and

heavy ever-recurring climax of his uncomfortable thoughts, here had Fred departed without a word of explanation or thanks, or even without saying good-by. The doctor thought himself quite justified in being angry. He began to feel that the suspicious uneasiness which possessed him was equally natural and inevitable. Such a thankless, heartless departure was enough to put any man out. To imagine that Fred could be capable of it, naturally went to his brother's heart.

That day there was still no word of the party who had disappeared so mysteriously out of the doctor's house. Dr. Rider went to his hard day's work vaguely expectant, feeling sure he must hear of them somehow, and more interested in hearing of them than was to be expected from his former low ebb of fraternal affection. When he returned and found still no letter, no message, the blank disappointment of the former night closed still more blankly upon him. When one is all by one's self, and has nothing at best but an easy-chair to go home to, and goes home expecting a letter, or a message, or a visitor, who has not arrived, and has no chance of arriving, the revulsion of feeling is not agreeable. It did not improve the doctor's temper in the first place. The chill loneliness of that trim room, with its drawn curtains, and tidy pretence of being comfortable, exasperated him beyond bearing. He felt shut up in it, and yet would not leave it. Somebody certainly might come even to-night. Fred himself perhaps, if he could escape from the rigid guardianship he was under; or was that miraculous Australian Nettie a little witch, who had spirited the whole party in a nut-shell over the seas? Never was man delivered from a burden with a worse grace than was Dr. Rider; and the matter had not mended in these twenty-four hours.

Next morning, however, this fear of fraternal suspense was assuaged. A three-cornered note, addressed in an odd feminine hand, very thin, small, and rapid, came among Dr. Rider's letters. He signalled it out by instinct, and opened it with an impatience wonderful to behold.

"SIR,—We are all at the Angel until we can get lodgings, which I hope to be to-day. I am utterly ashamed of Fred for not having let you know, and indeed of myself, for trusting to him. I should not wonder but we may have been under a mistake about him and you. If you could call about one, I should most likely be in to see you, and perhaps you could give me your advice about the lodgings. Neither of *them* have the least judgment in such matters. I am sorry to trouble you; but being a stranger, perhaps you will excuse me. I understand you are only at home in the evening, and that is just the time I can't come out, as I have the whole of them to look to, which is the reason I ask you to call on me. Begging you will pardon me, I remain,

"NETTIE UNDERWOOD."

"She remains Nettie Underwood," said the doctor unawares. He laughed to himself at that conclusion. Then an odd gleam came across his face. It was probably the first time he had laughed in a natural fashion for some months back, and the unusual exertion made his cheeks tingle. His temper was improved that morning. He went off to his patients almost in a good humour. When he passed the great house where Bessie Christian now reigned, he recalled her image with a positive effort. Astonishing what an effect of distance had floated over the apparition of that bride. Was it a year since he saw her and gnashed his teeth at the thought of his own folly, or was it only last Sunday? The doctor could not tell. He put Nettie's note in his pocket-book, and was at the hotel door punctually at one o'clock. It was in the principal street of Carlingford,

George Street, where all the best shops, and indeed some of the best houses were. From the corner window of the hotel you could see down into the bowery seclusion of Grange Lane, and Mr. Wodehouse's famous apple-trees holding tempting clusters over the high wall. The prospect was very different from that which extended before Dr. Rider's window. Instinctively he marvelled within himself whether, if Dr. Marjoribanks were to die—people cannot live for ever even in Carlingford—whether it might not be a disadvantage to a man to live so far out of the world. No doubt it was a temptation of the Evil One. Happily the young man did not take sufficient time to answer himself, but walked forward briskly through the mazy old passages of the old inn, to a room from which sundry noises issued. Dr. Rider walked in with the natural confidence of a man who has an appointment. The room was in undisturbed possession of three children—three children making noise enough for six—all very small, very precocious, with staring round eyes, and the most complete independence of speech and manners. The doctor confronted the little rabble thunderstruck; they were his brother's children, unrecognisable little savages as they were. One little fellow in a linen pinafore, was mounted on the arm of a sofa, spurring vigorously; another was pursuing his sister about the room, trying to catch her feet with the tongs, and filling the air with repeated loud snaps of disappointment. They intermitted their occupations to stare at him. "Look here—here's a man," said the youngest, meditatively beholding his dismayed uncle with a philosophic eye. "Can't some one go and tell Nettie?" said the little girl gazing also with calm equanimity. "If he wants Nettie he'll have to wait," said the elder boy. A pause followed; the unhappy doctor stood transfixed by the steady stare of their three pair of eyes. Suddenly the little girl burst out of the room, and ran

screaming along the passage. "Mamma, mamma, here's a man come," cried the wonderful colonial child. A few minutes afterwards their mother appeared, languid and faded as before. Perhaps she had been even prettier than Nettie in her bright days, if any days had ever been bright for Fred Rider's wife. She was fairer, larger, smoother than her sister; but these advantages had lapsed in a general fade, which transformed her colour into washy pinkness, made her figure stoop, and her footsteps drag. She came remonstrating all the way in feeble accents. It was not for her, certainly, that the doctor had taken the trouble to come to the *Blue Boar*.

"Please to sit down," said Mrs. Fred, and stood leaning on the table, looking at her brother-in-law with a calm curiosity, not unlike that of her children. "Nettie and my husband have gone out together; but now that we are all so happy and united," she continued, with a sort of feeble spitefulness, "I am sure it is quite a pity to trouble you. You could not take us in, you know. You said that very plain, Mr. Edward."

"It was perfectly true, madam," said the doctor. "I have not ventured on the step my brother has taken, and have naturally no accommodation for a family. But I am not here for my own pleasure. Your sister, I presume it is, wrote to me. I was requested to call here to-day."

"Oh, yes; Nettie is very self-willed—very; though, of course, we could not get on without her. She attacked Fred like a wild cat for not writing you: but I daresay, if the truth were known, you did not expect to hear from my husband," said the wife, recovering voice, and fixing a vindictive gaze upon her visitor, who felt himself betrayed.

"I came by Miss Underwood's instructions and at her request," said the unfortunate man. "We need not enter into any question between Fred and myself."

"Ah, yes, that is very safe and wise for you," laughed Fred's wife.

The doctor was deeply exasperated, as was only natural; he eyed the feeble helpless creature for a moment angrily, provoked to answer her; but his gaze became one of wonder and dismay ere he withdrew it. Surely of all incomprehensible entities, the most amazing is a fool—a creature insensate, unreasoning, whom neither argument nor fact can make any impression upon. Appalled and impressed, the doctor's gaze left that pretty faded face to turn upon the children. Dreadful imps! If Fred had only taken to evil ways after he became possessed of such a family, his brother could have forgiven him. While these thoughts passed through Dr. Rider's mind, however, deliverance approached. He heard Nettie's voice in the passage, long before she reached the door. Not that it was loud like the voices of this dreadful household; but the tone was sufficiently peculiar to be recognised anywhere. With a most penetrating clearness, it came through the long passages, words inaudible, only the sound of a voice, rapid, breathless, decided—with the distant sound of Fred's long, shambling, uncertain footstep coming in as the strange accompaniment. Then they entered the room—the one tiny, bright, dauntless, an intrepid, undiscourageable little soul; the other with his heavy, large limbs, his bemused face, his air of hopeless failure, idleness, content. Edward Rider gazed involuntarily from one to another of this two. He saw the sprite place herself between the husband and wife, a vain little Quixote, balancing these extremes of helplessness and ruin. He could not help looking at her with a certain unconscious admiration and amazement, as he might have looked at a forlorn hope. Thousands of miles away from her friends, wherever and whatever they might be, with Fred and his wife and children on her hands, a household of incapables—what was that little creature to do?

"Good morning, Dr. Edward,"

said Nettie. "I thought I should have been back sooner; but Fred is so slow, I cannot manage to get him along at all. We have found some lodgings a little way out of Carlingford, near that chapel, you know, or church, or something, that stands a little off the road; where it's open, and there's morning service, and such a handsome young clergyman. Who is he? We went into the chapel, and it's so fine, you would not believe it. Well, just a hundred yards from there is the house. Four rooms, exactly what I wanted, with a garden for the children to play in—quite quiet, and fresh, and pleasant. Tell me who the people are—their name is Smith. If they're respectable, I'll go back and take it. I can afford the rent."

"Near St. Roque's? They belong to the church there. I dare say they are all right," said the doctor, "but it is a long way off, and inconvenient, and——"

"That is just why I want it," said Nettie. "We never were used to conveniences, and none of us want to be much in the town, so far as I know. It is the very thing. Why has not lunch come up?—what do these people mean, Susan, by not attending to their orders? Ring the bell, Freddy—ring loud; and after lunch, as your drag is at the door, Dr. Edward, you'll drive me down to this place again, that I may secure it, won't you? I want to have a talk with you besides. Lunch, please, immediately. I ordered it to be ready at one—now it is half past. We can't have our time wasted this way. Dr. Edward, please, you'll stay."

The doctor gazed with ever-increasing amazement at the little speaker. Nobody else had spoken a word. Fred had nodded to him sullenly. Fred's wife had sunk back on the sofa—everybody seemed to recognise Nettie as supreme. He hesitated, it must be confessed, to put his grievances so entirely aside as to sit down in perfect amity with Fred and his household; but to re-

fuse to drive Nettie to St. Roque's was impossible. The blood rushed to the doctor's face at the thought. What the world of Carlingford would say to see his well-known vehicle proceeding down Grange Lane, through Dr. Marjoribanks' territories, under such circumstances, was a question he did not choose to consider; neither did he enter too minutely into the special moment at which his next patient might be expecting him. The young man was under the spell, and did not struggle against it. He yielded to the invitation, which was a command. He drew near the table at which Nettie, without hesitation, took the presiding place. A dull amount of conversation, often interrupted by that lively little woman, rose in the uncongenial party. Nettie cut up the meat for those staring imps of children—did them all up in snowy napkins—kept them silent and in order. She regulated what Susan was to have, and which things were best for Fred. She appealed to Dr. Edward perpetually, taking him into her confidence in a way which could not fail to be flattering to that young man, and actually reduced to the calmness of an ordinary friendly party this circle so full of smouldering elements of commotion. Through all she was so dainty, so pretty, her rapid fingers so shapely, her eager talk so sweet-toned, that it was beyond the power of mortal man to remain uninterested. It was a development of womankind unknown to Dr. Rider. Bessie Christian had exhausted the race for him until now; but Nettie was a thousand times more piquant than Bessie Christian. He gazed and wondered, and moralised secretly in his own mind. What was to become of the girl?—what could she do?

"You have left some of your things at my house, Fred," said the doctor, making an attempt to approach his sullen brother, who evidently expected no overtures of friendship.

"Yea. Mrs. Rider, you see, ar-

rived unexpectedly," said Fred, with confusion—"in fact, I knew nothing about it, or—or I should have told you—Nettie——"

"Nettie thought it best to come off at once, without writing," explained Fred's wife.

"What was the use of writing?" cried that little person. "You had written to Fred for six months without ever getting an answer. You made everybody unhappy round you with your fears and troubles about him. I knew perfectly he was quite well and enjoying himself; but, of course, Susan would not be convinced. So what was there for it but bringing her away? What else could I do, Dr. Edward? And to leave the children would have been preposterous. In the first place, I should have been miserable about them; and so, as soon as she found Fred was all right, would Susan; and something would certainly have happened—scarlet fever or something—and at the end of all I should have had to go out again to fetch them. So the shortest way was to bring them at once. Don't you think so? And to see us all here so comfortable, I am sure is enough to repay any one for the trouble. Fred, don't drink any more beer."

Nettie put out her tiny hand as she spoke to arrest the bottle. Fred stared at her with a dull red flush on his face; but he gave in, in the most inexplicable way; it seemed a matter of course to yield to Nettie. The doctor's amazement began to be mingled with amusement. To see how she managed them all was worth the sacrifice of a little time—unconsciously he became more fraternal in his thoughts. He spoke to foolish faded Mrs. Fred with a total forgiveness and forgetfulness of her spiteful speech. He hoped she would like Carlingford; he said something to the children. But it was not easy to

talk in presence of that amazing family party, the existence of which he had not dreamed of a few days ago. To see his brother at the head of such a group had, in spite of himself, a wonderful effect upon Dr. Rider. Their children, of course, must be supported somehow. Who was to do it? Was their father, grown incapable and useless in the middle of his days, to be forced into the current of life again? Was it a vague faith in Providence which had brought the helpless household here; or was it a more distinct, if not so elevated, confidence in Nettie? The doctor's heart sank once more within him as he looked round the table. Three helpless by nature—two equally helpless who ought in nature to have been the support of the whole—nothing but one bright ready little spirit between them all and destitution; and what could Nettie do to stave that wolf from the door? Once more Dr. Rider's countenance fell. If the household broke down in its attempt at independence, who had they to turn to but himself?—such a prospect was not comfortable. When a man works himself to death for his own family, he takes the pleasure with the pain; but when another's family threatens to fall upon his hands, the prospect is naturally appalling—and even if Fred could do anything, what was Fred's life, undermined by evil habit, to depend upon? Silence once more fell over the little company—silence from all but Nettie and the children, who referred to her naturally instead of to their mother. Fred was sullen, and his wife took her cue from him. Edward was uneasy and dismayed. Family parties suddenly assembled without due warning are seldom greatly successful; and even Nettie could not make immediate reconciliation and fraternal kindness out of this.

CHAPTER IV.

"Take me down this long pretty road. There must be delicious houses inside the walls. Look here, drive slowly, and let us have a peep in at this open door," said Nettie. "How sweet and cozy! and who is that pretty young lady coming out? I saw her in the chapel this morning. Oh," added Nettie, with a little sharpness, "she knows *you*—tell me who she is."

"That is Miss Lucy Wodehouse—one of our Carlingford beauties," said Dr. Rider.

"Do you know her very well?" asked the inquisitive Nettie. "How she stares—why does she stare, do you suppose? Is there anything absurd about my dress? Look here—don't they wear bonnets just like this in England?"

"So far as I am able to judge," said the doctor, looking at the tiny head overlaid with hair, from which the bonnet had fallen half off.

"I suppose she is surprised to see me. Drive on faster, Dr. Edward, I want to talk to you. I see Fred has been telling us a parcel of stories. It would be cruel to tell Susan, you know, for she believes in him; but you may quite trust in me. Is your brother good for anything, Dr. Edward, do you suppose?"

"Not very much now, I fear," said the doctor.

"Not very much *now*. I suppose he never was good for much," said the indignant Nettie; but he was said to be very clever when he first came out to the colony. I can't tell why Susan married him. She is very self-willed though you would fancy her so submissive. She is one of those people, you know, who fall ill when they are crossed, and threaten to die, so that one daren't cross her. Now, then, what is to be done with them? He will not go back to the colony, and I don't care to do it myself. Must I keep them here?"

"Miss Underwood——" began the perplexed doctor.

"It would save trouble to call me Nettie—everybody does," said his strange companion; "besides, you are my brother in a kind of a way, and the only person I can consult with; for, of course, it would not do to tell one's difficulties to strangers. Fred may not be very much to depend upon, you know, but still he is Fred."

"Yes," said the doctor, with a little self-reproach, "still he is Fred; but pardon me, the name suggests long aggravations. You can't tell how often I have had to put up with affronts and injuries because it was Fred. I shouldn't like to grieve you——"

"Never mind about grieving me;—I am not in love with him;—let me hear all about it!" said Nettie.

Dr. Rider paused a little; seeing the abyss upon the brink of which this brave little girl was standing, he had not the heart to aggravate her by telling the failures of the past. Better to soften the inevitable discovery if possible. But his hesitation was quite apparent to Nettie. With considerable impatience she turned round upon him.

"If you think I don't know what I am doing, but have gone into this business like a fool, you are quite mistaken, Dr. Edward," she said, a little sharply. "I see how it is as well as anybody can do. I knew how it was when I left the colony. Don't be alarmed about me. Do you think I am to be turned against my own flesh and blood by finding out their follies; or to grumble at the place God put me in?—Nothing of the sort! I know the kind of situation perfectly—but one *may* make the best of it, you know: and for that reason tell me everything, please."

"But, Miss Underwood, consider," cried the doctor in consternation. "You are taking responsibilities upon yourself which

nobody could lay upon you; you! young—tender” (the doctor paused for a word, afraid to be too complimentary)—“delicate! Why, the whole burden of this family will come upon you. There is not one able to help himself in the whole bundle! I am shocked!—I am alarmed!—I don’t know what to say to you——”

“Don’t say anything, please,” said Nettie. “I know what I am about. Do you call this a street or a lane, or what do you call it? Oh, such nice houses! shouldn’t I like to be able to afford to have one of them, and nurses, and governesses, and everything proper for the children? I should like to dress them so nicely, and give them such a good education. I don’t know anything particular to speak of myself—I shall never be able to teach them when they grow older. If Fred, now, was only to be trusted, and would go and work like a man and make something for the children, I daresay I could keep up the house;—but if he won’t do anything, you know, it will take us every farthing just to live. Look here, Dr. Edward: I have two hundred a-year;—Susan had the same, you know, but Fred got all the money when they were married, and muddled it away. Now, how much can one do in Carlingford with three children upon two hundred a-year?”

“Fred will be the meanest black-guard in existence,” cried the doctor, “if he takes his living from you.”

“He took his living from you, it appears,” said Nettie, coolly, “and did not thank you much. We must make the best of him. We can’t help ourselves. Now, there is the pretty church, and there is our little house. Come in with me and answer for me, Dr. Edward. You can say I am your sister-in-law, you know, and then, perhaps, we can get into possession at once; for,” said Nettie, suddenly turning, round upon the doctor with her brilliant eyes shining out quaintly under the little brow all puckered into curves of foresight, “it is so sadly expensive living where we are now.”

To look at the creature thus flash-

ing those shining eyes, not without a smile lurking in their depths, upon him—to see the triumphant, undaunted, undoubting youthfulness which never dreamt of failure—to note that pretty anxiety, the look which might have become a bride in her first troubles “playing at housekeeping,” and think how desperate was the position she had assumed, how dreary the burden she had taken upon her,—was almost too much for the doctor’s self-control. He did not know whether to admire the little heroine as half-divine, or to turn from her as half-crazy. Probably, had the strange little spirit possessed a different frame, the latter was the sentiment which would have influenced the unimagined mind of Edward Rider. But there was no resisting that little brown Titania, with her little head overlaid with its beautiful hair, her red delicate mouth closing firm and sweet above that little decided chin, her eyes which seemed to concentrate the light. She seemed only a featherweight when the bewildered doctor helped her to alight—an undoubted sprite and creature of romance. But to hear her arranging about all the domestic necessities within, and disclosing her future plans for the children, and all the order of that life of which she took the charge so unhesitatingly, bewildered the mistress of the house as much as it did the wondering doctor. The two together stood gazing at her as she moved about the room, pouring forth floods of eager talk. Her words were almost as rapid as her step,—her foot, light as it was, almost as decided and firm as her resolutions. She was a wonder to behold as she pushed about the furniture, and considered how it could be brightened up and made more comfortable. Gazing at her with his silent lips apart, Dr. Rider sighed at the word. Comfortable! Was she to give her mind to making Fred and his children comfortable—such a creature as this? Involuntarily it occurred to Edward that, under such ministrations, sundry changes might come over the aspect

of that prim apartment in which he had seen her first; the room with the bookcase and the red curtains, and the prints over the mantelpiece—a very tidy, comfortable room before any bewitching imp came to haunt it, and whisper suspicions of its imperfection—the doctor's own retirement where he had chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancies often enough, without much thought of his surroundings. But Nettie now had taken possession of that prosaic place, and, all unconscious of that spiritual occupation, was as busy and as excited about Mrs. Smith's lodgings at St. Roque's Cottage as if it were an ideal home she was preparing, and the life to be lived in it was the brightest and most hopeful in the world.

When Dr. Rider reached home that night, and took his lonely meal in his lonely room, certain bitter thoughts of unequal fortune occupied the young man's mind. Let a fellow be but useless, thankless, and heartless enough, and people spring up on all sides to do his work for him, said the doctor to himself, with a bitterness as natu-

ral as it was untrue. The more worthless a fellow is, the more all the women connected with him cling to him and make excuses for him, said Edward Rider in his indignant heart. Mother and sister in the past—wife and Nettie now—to think how Fred had secured for himself perpetual ministrations, by neglecting all the duties of life. No wonder an indignant pang transfixed the lonely bosom of the virtuous doctor, solitary and unconsolated as he was. His laborious days knew no such solace. And as he fretted and pondered no visions of Bessie Christian perplexed his thoughts. He had forgotten that young woman. All his mind was fully occupied chafing at the sacrifice of Nettie. He was not sorry, he was angry, to think of her odd position, and the duties she had taken upon herself. What had she to do with those wretched children, and that faded spiteful mother? Edward Rider was supremely disgusted. He said to himself, with the highest moral indignation, that such a girl ought not to be permitted to tie herself to such a fate.

CHAPTER V.

St. Roque's Cottage was considered rather a triumph of local architecture. A Carlingford artist had built it "after" the church, which was one of Gilbert Scott's churches, and perfect in its way, so that its Gothic qualities were unquestionable. The only thing wanting was size, which was certainly an unfortunate blemish, and made this adaptation of ecclesiastical architecture to domestic purposes a very doubtful experiment. However, in bright sunshine, when the abundance of light neutralised the want of window, all was well, and there was still abundance of sunshine in Carlingford in October, three months after the entrance of Fred Rider and his family into Mrs. Smith's little rooms. It was a bright autumn day, still mild, though with a crispness in the air, the late season

showing more in the destitution of the flower-borders than in any more sensible sign. It was a pretty spot enough for a roadside. St. Roque's stood on the edge of a little common, over which, at the other margin, you could see some white cottages, natural to the soil, in a little hamlet-cluster, dropped along the edge of the grey-green unequal grass, while between the church and the cottage ran the merest shadow of a brook, just enough to give place and nutriment to three willow-trees which had been the feature of the scene before St. Roque's was, and which now greatly helped the composition of the little landscape, and harmonised the new building with the old soil. St. Roque's Cottage, by special intervention of Mr. Wentworth, the perpetual curate, had dropped no intervening wall between its garden

and those trees; but not without many fears, had contented itself with a wooden paling on the side nearest the willows. Consequently, the slope of grass at that side, which Mrs. Smith was too prudent to plant with anything that could be abstracted, was a pretty slope with the irregular willow shadows swept over it, thin, but still presenting a pale obstruction to the flood of sunshine on this special afternoon. There a little group was collected, in full enjoyment of the warmth and the light. Mrs. Rider, still faded, but no longer travel-worn, sat farther up in the garden, on the green bench, which had been softened with cushions for her use, leisurely working at some piece of needlework, in lonely possession of the chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies round her; while on the grass, dropped over with yellow flecks of willow leaves, lightly loosened by every passing touch of wind, sat Nettie, all brown and bright, working with the most rapid fingers at a child's frock, and "minding" with a corner of her eye the possessor of the same, the tiny Freddy, an imp of mischief, uncontrollable by other hand or look than hers. A little lower down, poking into the invisible brook through the paling, was the eldest boy, silent from sheer delight in the unexpected pleasure of coating himself with mud without remark from Nettie. This unprecedented escape arose from the fact that Nettie had a visitor, a lady who had bent down beside her in a half-kneeling attitude, and was contemplating her with a mingled amaze and pity which intensified the prevailing expression of kindness in the mildest face in the world. It was Miss Wodehouse, in her soft dove-coloured dress and large soft checked shawl. Her mild eyes were fixed upon that brilliant brown creature, all buoyant and sparkling with youth. These wonderful young people perplexed Miss Wodehouse; here was another incomprehensible specimen—most incomprehensible perhaps of all that ever crossed her

mild elderly horizon with bewildering unintelligible light.

"My dear," said Miss Wodehouse, "things used to be very different when I was young. When we were girls we thought about our own pleasures—and—vanities of all kinds," said the good woman, with a little sigh; "and, indeed, I can't think it is natural still to see you devoting yourself like this to your sister's family. It is wonderful; but dear, dear me! it isn't natural, Nettie, such self-devotion."

"I do wish you wouldn't speak!" said Nettie, with a sudden start—"self-devotion! stuff! I am only doing what must be done. Freddy can't go on wearing one frock for ever, can he—does it stand to reason? Would you have me sit idle and see the child's petticoats drop to pieces? I am a colonial girl—I don't know what people do in England. Where I was brought up we were used to be busy about whatever lay nearest to our hand."

"It isn't Freddy's frock," said Miss Wodehouse, with a little solemnity. "You know very well what I mean. And suppose you were to marry—what would happen supposing you were to marry, Nettie?"

"It is quite time enough to think of that when there is any likelihood of it happening," said Nettie, with a little toss of her head. "It is only idle people who have time to think of falling in love and such nonsense. When one is very busy it never comes into one's head. Why, you have never married, Miss Wodehouse; and when I know that I have everything I possibly could desire, why should I?"

Miss Wodehouse bent her troubled, sweet old face over the handle of her parasol, and did not say anything for a few minutes. "It is all very well as long as you are young," she said, with a wistful look; "and somehow you young creatures are so much handier than we used to be. Our little Lucy, you know, that I can remember quite a baby—I am twice as old as she is," cried Miss Wodehouse, "and she is twice as

much use in the world as I. Well, it is all very strange, but, dear, you know, *this* isn't natural all the same."

"It is dreadful to say so — it is dreadful to think so!" cried Nettie. "I know what you mean — not Freddy's frock, to be sure, but only one's whole life and heart. Should one desert the only people belonging to one in the world because one happens to have a little income and they have none? If one's friends are not very sensible, is that a reason why one should go and leave them? Is it right to make one's escape directly whenever one feels one is wanted? or what do you mean, Miss Wodehouse?" said the vehement girl. "That is what it comes to, you know. Do you imagine I had any choice about coming over to England when Susan was breaking her heart about her husband? could one let one's sister die, do you suppose? And now that they are all together, what choice have I? They can't do much for each other — there is actually nobody but me to take care of them all. You may say it is not natural, or it is not right, or anything you please, but what else can one do? That is the practical question," said Nettie, triumphantly. "If you will answer that, then I shall know what to say to you."

Miss Wodehouse gazed at her with a certain mild exasperation, shook her head, wrung her hands, but could find nothing to answer.

"I thought so," said Nettie, with a little outburst of jubilee; "that is how it always happens to abstract people. Put the practical question before them, and they have not a word to say to you. Freddy, cut the grass with the scissors, don't cut my trimmings; they are for your own frock, you little savage. If I were to say it was my duty and all that sort of stuff, you would understand me, Miss Wodehouse; but one only says it is one's duty when one has something disagreeable to do; and I am not

doing anything disagreeable," added the little heroine, flashing those eyes which had confused Edward Rider — those brilliant, resolute, obstinate eyes, always, with the smile of youth, incredulous of evil, lurking in them, upon her bewildered adviser. "I am living as I like to live."

There was a pause—at least there was a pause in the argument, but not in Nettie's talk, which ran on in an eager stream, addressed to Freddy, Johnnie, things in general. Miss Wodehouse pondered over the handle of her parasol. She had absolutely nothing to say; but thoroughly unconvinced and exasperated at Nettie's logic, could not yet retire from the field.

"It is all very well to talk just now," said the gentle woman at last, retiring upon that potent feminine argument, "but Nettie, think! If you were to marry——"

Miss Wodehouse paused, appalled by the image she herself had conjured up.

"Marrying 'is really a dreadful business, anyhow," she added, with a sigh; "so few people, you know, can, when they might. There is poor Mr. Wentworth, who brought me here first; unless he gets preferment, poor fellow——. And there is Dr. Rider. Things are very much changed from what they used to be in my young days."

"Is Dr. Rider in the same dilemma? I suppose, of course, you mean Dr. Edward," cried Nettie, with a little flash of mischievous curiosity. "Why? He has nobody but himself. I should like to know why he can't marry — that is, if anybody would have him — when he pleases. Tell me; you know he is my brother-in-law."

Miss Wodehouse had been thinking of Bessie Christian. She paused, partly for Dr. Rider's sake, partly because it was quite contrary to decorum, to suppose that Bessie, now Mrs. Brown, might possibly a year ago have married somebody else. She faltered a little in her answer. "A professional man never marries till he has a position,"

said Miss Wodehouse, abstractedly. Nettie lifted upon her eyes that danced with mischief and glee.

"A profession is as bad as a family, then," said the little Australian. "I shall remember that next time you speak to me on this subject. I am glad to think Dr. Edward, with all his prudence, is disabled too."

When Nettie had made this unguarded speech, she blushed; and suddenly, in a threatening and defiant manner, raised her eyes again to Miss Wodehouse's face. Why? Miss Wodehouse did not understand the look, nor put any significance into the words. She rose up from the grass, and said it was time for her to go. She went away, pondering in her own mind those singular new experiences of hers. She had never been called upon to do anything particular all her gentle life. Another fashion of woman might have found a call to action in the management of her father's house, or the education of her motherless young sister. But Miss Wodehouse had contented herself with loving Lucy — had suffered her to grow up very much as she would, without interference — had never taken a decided part in her life. When any thing had to be done, to tell the truth, she was very inexpert — unready — deeply embarrassed with the unusual necessity. Nettie's case, so wonderfully different from anything she could have conceived, lay on her mind and oppressed her as she went home to Grange Lane.

As for Nettie herself, she took her work and her children indoors after a while, and tried on the new frock, and scolded and rehabilitated the muddy hero of the brook. Then, with those light fairy motions of hers, she spread the homely table for tea, called in Susan, sought Fred in his room up-stairs with a stinging word which penetrated even his callous mind, and made him for the moment ashamed of himself. Nettie bit her red lip till it grew white and bloodless as she turned from Fred's door. It was not hard to work for

the children — to support and domineer over Susan; but it was hard for such an alert uncompromising little soul to tolerate that useless bulk — that heavy encumbrance of a man, for whom hope and life were dead. She bit her lip as she discharged her sharp stinging arrow at him through the half-opened door, and then went down singing, to take her place at the table which her own hands had spread — which her own purse supplied with bread. Nobody there showed the least consciousness of that latter fact; nobody fancied it was anything but natural to rely upon Nettie. The strange household demeaned itself exactly as if things were going on in the most regular and ordinary course. No wonder that spectators outside looked on with a wonder that could scarcely find expression; and, half exasperated, half admiring, watched the astonishing life of the colonial girl.

Nobody watched it with half the amount of exasperation which concentrated in the bosom of Dr. Rider. He gazed and noted and observed everything with a secret rage, indignation, and incredulity impossible to describe. He could not believe it even when it went on before his very eyes. Doctor though he was, and scientific, to a certain extent, Edward Rider would have believed in witchcraft — in some philtre or potion acting upon her mind, rather than in Nettie's voluntary folly. Was it folly? was it heroism? was it simple necessity, as she herself called it? Nobody could answer that question. The matter was as incomprehensible to Miss Wodehouse as to Dr. Rider, but not of such engrossing interest. Bessie Christian, after all, grew tame in the Saxon composure of her beauty before this brown, sparkling, self-willed, imperious creature. To see her among her self-imposed domestic duties filled the doctor with a smouldering wrath against all surrounding her, which any momentary spark might set aflame.

THE BOOK-HUNTER'S CLUB.

THOSE who are so very old as to remember the Episcopal Church of Scotland, in that brief period of stagnant depression, when the repeal of the penal laws had removed from her the lustre of martyrdom, and she had not yet attained the more secular lustre which the zeal of her wealthy votaries has since conferred on her, will be familiar with the name of Bishop Robert Jolly. To by far the greater portion of our readers it may be necessary to introduce him more specifically. He was a man of singular purity, devotedness, and learning. If he had no opportunity of attesting the sincerity of his faith by undergoing stripes and bondage for the Church of his adoption, he developed in its fulness that unobtrusive self-devotion, not inferior to martyrdom, which dedicates to obscure duties the talent and energy that, in the hands of the selfish and ambitious, would be the sure apparatus of wealth and station. He had no doubt risen to an office of dignity in his own Church—he was a bishop. But to understand the position of a Scottish bishop in those days, one must figure Parson Adams, no richer than Fielding has described him, yet encumbered by a title ever associated with wealth and dignity, and only calculated, when allied with so much poverty and social humility, to deepen the incongruity of his lot, and throw him more than ever on the mercy of the scorner. The office was indeed conspicuous, not by its dignities or emoluments, but by the extensive opportunities it afforded for self-devotion. We have noticed his successor of the present day figuring in newspaper paragraphs as “The Lord Bishop of Moray and Ross.” It did not fall to the lot of him of whom we write to render his title so flagrantly incongruous. A lordship was not necessary, but it was the principle of his Church to

require a bishop, and in him she got a bishop. In reality, however, he was the parish clergyman of the small and poor remnant of the Episcopal persuasion who inhabited the odoriferous fishing-town of Fraserburgh. There he lived a long life of such simplicity and abstinence as the poverty of the poorest of his flock scarcely drove them to. He had one failing to link his life with this nether world—a failing that leaned to virtue's side; he was a Book-hunter. How with his poor income, much of which went to feed the necessities of those still poorer, he should have accomplished it, is among other unexplained mysteries. But somehow he managed to scrape together a curious and interesting collection, so that his name became associated with rare books, as well as with rare Christian virtues.

When it was proposed to establish an institution for reprinting the works of the fathers of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, it was naturally deemed that no more worthy or characteristic name could be attached to it than that of the venerable prelate who, by his learning and virtues, had so long adorned the episcopal chair of Moray and Ross, and who had shown a special interest in the department of literature to which the institution was to be devoted. Hence it came to pass that, through a perfectly natural process, the association for the purpose of reprinting the works of certain old divines was to be ushered into the world by the style and title of THE JOLLY CLUB.

There happened to be among those concerned, however, certain persons so corrupted with the wisdom of this world, as to apprehend that the miscellaneous public might fail to trace this designation to its true origin, and might indeed totally mistake the nature and object of the institution, attributing to it aims neither consistent with the

of saleable literature that they are valuable, rather than to the general consumer, they do not secure an extensive sale. Of this kind of literature the staple materials are old state-papers and letters, old chronicles, specimens of poetic, dramatic, and other literature—more valuable as vestiges of the style and customs of their age than for their absolute worth as works of genius—massive volumes of old divinity, disquisitions on obsolete science, and the like. It is curious, by the way, that costly books of this sort seem to succeed better with the French than with us, though we do not generally give that people credit for excelling us in the outlay of money. Perhaps it is because they enjoy the British market as well as their own that they are enabled to excel us; but they certainly do so in the publication, through private enterprise, of great costly works, having a sort of national character. The efforts to rival them in this country have been considerable and meritorious, but in many instances signally unfortunate. Take, for instance, the noble edition of Holingshed and the other chroniclers, published in quarto volumes by the London trade; the *Parliamentary History*, in thirty-six volumes, each containing about as much reading as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; *The State Trials*; *Sadler's and Thurlow's State-Papers*; the *Harleian Miscellany*, and several other ponderous publications of the same kind. All of them are to be had cheap, some at just a percentage above the price of waste-paper. Such publications have, in several instances, caused great losses to some, while they have brought satisfaction to no one concerned in them. A publisher has just the same distaste as any other ordinary member of the human family to the loss of five or ten thousand pounds in hard cash. Then, as touching the purchasers, no doubt the throwing of "a remnant" on the market may sometimes bring the book into the possession of one who can put it to

good use, and would have been unable to purchase it at the original price. But the rich deserve some consideration as well as the poor. It will be hard to find the man so liberal and benevolent that he will joyfully see his neighbour obtain for thirty shillings the precise article for which he has himself paid thirty pounds; nor does there exist the descendant of Adam who, whatever he may say or pretend, will take such an antithesis with perfect equanimity. Even the fortunate purchasers of the remnant are not always absolutely happy in their lot. They have been tempted by sheer cheapness to admit some bulky and unwieldy articles into their abodes, and they look askance at the commodity as being rather a sacrifice to mammon than a monument of good taste.

It has been the object of the machinery here referred to, to limit the impressions of such works to those who want and can pay for them—an extremely simple object, as all great ones are. There is, however, a minute nicety in the adjustment of the machinery, which was not obvious until it came forth in practice—a nicety without which the whole system falls to pieces. It was to accomplish this nicety that the principle of the club was found to be so well adapted. A club is essentially a body to which more people want admission than can gain it; if it do not manage to preserve this characteristic, it falls to pieces from want of pressure from without, like a cask divested of its hoops. To make the books retain their value, and be an object of desire, it was necessary that the impressions should be slightly within the natural circulation—that there should be rather a larger number desirous of obtaining each volume than the number that could be supplied with it. The club effected this by its own natural action. So long as there were candidates for vacancies and the ballot-box went round, so long were the books printed in demand and valuable to

their possessors. If there were 110 or 120 people willing to possess and pay for a certain class of books, the secret of keeping up the pressure from without and the value of the books was, to limit the number of members and participators to 100. There is nothing noble or disinterested in this. The arrangement has no pretension to either of these qualities; nor when we come to the great forces which influence the supply and demand of human wants, whether in the higher or the humbler departments, will we find these qualities in force, or indeed any other motive than common selfishness. It is sufficient vindication of the arrangement that it produced its effect. If there were ten or twenty disappointed candidates, the hundred were possessed of the treasures which none could have obtained but for the restrictive arrangements. Scott used to say the Bannatyne Club was the only successful joint-stock company he ever invested in—and the remark is the key-note of the motives which kept alive the system that has done so much good to literature.

To understand the nature and services of these valuable institutions, it is necessary to keep in view the limits within which alone they can be legitimately worked. They will not serve for the propagation of standard literature—of the books of established reputation, which are always selling. These are merchandise, and must follow the law of trade like other commodities, whether they exist in the form of copyright monopolies, or are open to all speculators. No kind of co-operation will bring the volumes into existence so cheaply as the outlay of trade capital, which is expected to replace itself with a moderate profit after a quick sale. The perfection of this process is seen in the production and sale of that book which is ever the surest of a market—the Bible; and when a printer requires the certain and instantaneous return of his outlay,

that is the shape in which he is most secure of obtaining it.

On the other hand, the clubs will not avail for ushering into the world the books of fresh ambitious authors. That paradise of the geniuses, in which their progeny are to be launched full sail, where they are to encounter no risks, and draw all the profits without discount or percentage, as yet exists only in the imagination. It would not work very satisfactorily to have a committee decreeing the issues, and the remuneration to be paid to each aspirant—ten thousand copies of Poppleton's *Epic*, and a check of a thousand pounds handed over out of the common stock, to begin with—half the issue, and half the remuneration for the *Lyrics of As-tyagus*, as a less robust and manful production, but still a pleasant, murmuring, meandering, earnest little dream-book, fresh with the solemn purpose of solitude and silence. No, it must be confessed our authors and men of letters would make sad work of it, if they had the bestowal of the honours and pecuniary rewards of literature in their hands, whether these were administered by an intellectual hierarchy, or by a collective democracy. Hence the clubs have wisely confined their operations to books which are not the works of their members; and to keep clear of all risk of literary rivalries, they have been almost exclusively devoted to the promulgation of the works of authors long since dead, whether by printing from original manuscripts, or from rare printed volumes.

It has been pleaded that this machinery might have been rendered influential for the encouragement of living authorship. It has been, for instance, observed, with some plausibility, that he who has the divine fervour of the author in him, will sacrifice all he has to sacrifice—time, toil, and health—so that he can but secure a hearing by the world; and institutions of the nature of the book clubs might afford

him this at all events, leaving him to find his way to wealth and honours, if the sources of these are in him. No doubt the history of book-publishing shows how small are the immediate inducements and the well-founded hopes that will set authors in motion, and a very large percentage of valueless literature proves that the barriers between the author and the world are not very formidable, or become somehow easily removable. The answer to the pleading we have alluded to is easy. Where the book demanding an introduction professes to be a work of genius, addressing itself to all mankind — if it really be what it professes, the market will get it. No production of the kind is ever lost to the world. There may be, on the other hand, special disquisitions on matters of science or learning intended for peculiar and limited audiences. For these there is an opening in certain institutions far older than the book clubs, and possessed of a far higher social and intellectual position, since they have the means of conferring titles of dignity on those they adopt into their circle — titles which are worn not by trinkets dangling at the button-hole, but by certain cabalistic letters strung to the name in the directory of the town where the owner lives, or in the numberless biographical dictionaries which are to immortalise the present generation. Yes, the author of an essay, especially in scholarship or science, will, if it be worth anything, find a place for it in the Transactions of one or other of the learned societies. It will probably keep company with, if indeed it be not itself one of, a series of papers which appear in the quarto volumes of the learned corporation's Transactions, merely because they cannot get into the octavo pages of the higher class of periodicals; but there they are, printed in the face of the world, whose inhabitants at large may worship them if they so please, and their authors cannot complain that they are suppressed. Whether the authors of

these papers may have been ambitious of their appearance in a wider sphere, or are content with their appearance in "The Transactions," it suffices for the present purpose to explain how these volumes are a more suitable receptacle than those printed by the book clubs for essays or disquisitions by men following up their own specialties in literature or science; and if it be the case that some of the essays which appear in the Transactions of learned bodies would have gladly entered society under the auspices of one or other eminent periodical, yet it is proper at the same time to admit that many of the most valuable of these papers, concerning discoveries or inventions which adepts alone can appreciate, could only be satisfactorily announced as they have been. And so we find our way back to the proposition, that the book clubs have been judiciously restricted to the promulgation of the works of dead authors.

This has not necessarily excluded the literary contributions of living men, in the shape of editing and commenting; and it is really difficult to estimate the quantity of valuable matter which is thus deposited in obscure but still accessible places. A deal of useful work, too, has been done in the way of translation; and where the book to be dealt with is an Icelandic saga, a chronicle in Saxon, in Irish Celtic, or even in old Norman, we confess to the weakness of letting the original remain, in some instances, unexamined, and drawing our information with confiding gratitude from the translation furnished by the learned editor. Without such aid we would have had, for instance, little advantage in that illustration of a great crisis in early Irish history called the Battle of Magh-Rath, and therefore we thankfully acknowledge our obligations to O'Donovan's translation, which, having the merit of being more literal than Macpherson's translations from the same language, begins in this wise:—

"I have seen an evil dream,
A week and a month this night;
In consequence of it I left my home
To narrate—to tell it.
My whelp, of estimable character,
Ferglonn, better than any hound,
Methought assembled a pack,
By which he destroyed Erin in an hour.
Pass thou a true judgment upon it,
O Maelcobhba! O Clerk!

That meal thou hast taken to-night
Is without pride—without honour;
A hen-egg from the King, who loves thee
not,
And a goose-egg to Maelcobhba.
I never had known
The noble position of the King of Oirghiall
Until I beheld Maelcobhba
Being honoured at the banqueting-house."

Let us offer one instance of the important service that may be done by affording a vehicle for transactions. The late Dr. Francis Adams, a village surgeon by profession, was at the same time, from taste and pursuit, a professed Greek scholar. He was accustomed to read the old authors on medicine and surgery—a custom too little respected by his profession, of whom it is the characteristic defect to respect too absolutely the standard of the day. As a physician, who is an ornament to his profession and a great scholar, once observed to us, the writings of the old physicians, even if we reject them from science, may be perused with profit to the practitioner as a record of the diagnosis of cases stated by men of acuteness, experience, and accuracy of observation. Adams had translated from the Greek the works of Paul of Ægina, the father of obstetric surgery, and printed the first volume. It was totally unnoticed, for in fact there were no means by which the village surgeon could get it brought under the notice of the scattered members of his profession who desired to possess such a book. The remainder of his labours would have been lost to the world had it not been taken off his hands by the Sydenham Club, established for the purpose of reprinting the works of the ancient physicians.

It is a thing so well known as to require mention only for the purpose of preserving regularity and sequence in these rather desultory remarks, that "The Roxburghe" was the father of the book clubs. We have elsewhere mentioned its origin, as a sort of annual solemnity, literary and convivial, for the purpose of commemorating that great crisis in the history of book-hunting—the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library. That affair, as its historian informs us, lasted for forty-two days. The commemorative anniversary represented neither the first nor the last of these, but, after solemn discussion, was fixed for the day which witnessed the disposal of the Valdarfer Boccaccio. This was the 17th of June. The day may occur to the reader as one very close to the commemoration of another great conflict. The Roxburghers, however, are not to be blamed for the conjunction, for they established their club in 1813, and are not responsible for the battle of Waterloo having been fought on the 18th of June two years later. It was a fundamental arrangement of the club that, at each commemoration, one of the members should distribute among his fellows a volume printed at his own expense for the occasion, either from some rare book, or from manuscript; further, the number of members was limited to thirty, and one black ball sufficed.

Nothing has done so much to secure the potent influence of clubs as the profound secrecy in which their transactions have generally been buried, downwards from the Vehm Gericht, the earliest institution of the kind, unless we are to count the Mystagoges of the Eleusinian mysteries as a club. In civilised times this secrecy has been preserved through that social rule which prohibits gentlemen from making public the affairs of the private circle; and it has been clenched by the powerful protection of the one, two, three black balls. It is singular that so small and exclusive a club

as the Roxburghe should have proved an exception to the rule of secrecy, and that the world has been favoured with revelations of its doings which have made it the object of more amusement than reverence. In fact, through failure of proper use of the black ball, it got possession of a black sheep, in the person of a certain Joseph Haslewood. He had achieved a sort of reputation in the book-hunting community by discovering the hidden author of *Drunken Barnaby's Journal*. In reality, however, he was a sort of literary Jack Brag. As that amusing creation of Theodore Hook's practical imagination mustered himself with sporting gentlemen through his command over the technicalities or slang of the kennel and the turf, so did Haslewood sit at the board with scholars and aristocratic book-collectors through a free use of their technical phraseology. In either case, if the use of these terms descended into a motley grotesqueness, it was excused as excessive fervour carrying the enthusiast off his feet. When Haslewood's treasures—for he was a collector in his way—were brought to the hammer, the scraps and odds and ends it contained were found classified in groups under such headings as these—"Garlands of Gravlty," "Poverty's Pot Pourri," "Wallat of Wit," "Beggars' Baldardash," "Octagonal Olio," "Zany's Zodiac," "Noddy's Nuncheon," "Mumper's Medley," "Quaffing Quavers to Quip Queristers," "Trampers Twattle; or, Treasure and Tinsel from the Tewksbury Tank," and the like. He edited reprints of some rare books—that is to say, he saw them accurately reprinted letter by letter. Of these one has a name which—risking due castigation if we betray gross ignorance by the supposition—we think he must certainly have himself bestowed on it, as it excels the most outrageous pranks of the alliterative age. It is called, "Green-Room Gossip; or, Gravity Gallinpt. A Gallimaufry got up to guile Gymnastical and Gynecratic Governments. Gathered and garnish-

ed by Gridiron Gabble, Gent., Godson to Mother Goose."

The name of Joseph Haslewood sounds well; it is gentleman-like, and its owner might have passed it into such friendly commemoration as that of Bliss, Orcherode, Heber, Sykes, Utterson, Townley, Markland, Hawtreay, and others generally understood to be gentlemen, and, in virtue of their book-hunting propensities, scholars. He might even, for the sake of his reprints, have been thought an "able editor," had it not been for his unfortunate efforts to chronicle the days of the club he had got into. The history, in manuscript, was sold with his other treasures after his death, and was purchased by the proprietor of *The Athenæum*, where fragments of it were printed some fifteen years ago, along with editorial comments, greatly to the amusement, if not to the edification, of the public.

In these revelations we find how long a probation the system of book-clubs had to pass through, before it shook off the convivial propensities which continued to cluster round the normal notion of a club, and reached the dry asceticism and attention to the duties of printing and editing, by which the greater number of book-clubs are distinguished. It was at first a very large allowance of sack to the proportion of literary food, and it was sarcastically remarked that the club had spent a full thousand pounds in guzzling before it had produced a single valuable volume. We have some of the bills of fare at the "Roxburghe Revels," as they were called. In one, for instance, we count, in the first course, turtle cooked five different ways, along with turbot, john dory, tendrons of lamb, souttee of haddock, ham, chartreuse, and boiled chickens. The bill was £5, 14s. a-head; or, as Haslewood expresses it, "according to the long-established principles of 'Maysterre Cockerre,' each person had £5, 14s. to pay." We might be tempted to offer the reader a fuller specimen of the historian's style; but unfortunately its

characteristics, grotesque as they are, cannot be exemplified in their full breadth without being also given at full length, so as entirely to exhaust the patience of even the gentlest reader. The accounts of the several dinners read like photographs of a mind wandering in the mazes of indigestion-begotten nightmare. When Dibdin protested against its publication, he described it a great deal too attractively when he called it "the concoction of one in his gayer and unsuspecting moments—the repository of private confidential communications—a mere memorandum-book of what had passed at convivial meetings, and in which 'winged words' and flying notes of merry gentlemen and friends, were obviously incorporated." No! wings and flying are not the ideas that naturally associate with the historian of the Roxburghe, although in one instance, the dinner is sketched off in the following epigrammatic sentence, which startles the reader like a plover starting up in a dreary moor:—"Twenty-one members met joyfully, dined comfortably, challenged eagerly, tipped prettily, divided regretfully, and paid the bill most cheerfully." On another occasion the historian's enthusiasm was too expansive to be confined to plain prose, and he inflated it in lyric verse:—

"Brave was the banquet, the red red juice,
Hilarity's gift sublime,
Invoking the heart to kindred use,
And bright'ning halo of time."

This, and a quantity of additional matter of like kind, was good fun to the scorers, and, whether any of the unskilful laughed at it, scarcely made even the judicious grieve, for they thought that those who had embarked in such pompous follies deserved the lash administered to them in his blunders by an unhappy member of their own order.

In fact, however, this was the youthful giant sowing his wild oats. It was not until the year 1827 that a step was taken by the Roxburghe Club which might be called its first exhibition of sober manhood. Some

of the members, ashamed of the paltry nature of the volumes circulated in the name of the club, be thought themselves of uniting to produce a book of national value. They took Sir Frederick Madden into their counsels, and authorised him to print eighty copies of the old metrical romance of *Havelok the Dane*. This gave great dissatisfaction to the historian, who muttered how "a MS. not discovered by a member of the club was selected, and an excerpt obtained, not furnished by the industry or under the inspection of any one member, nor edited by a member; but, in fact, after much *pro* and *con*, it was made a complete hireling concern, truly at the expense of the club, from the copying to the publishing."

The value of this book, as a contribution to English literature, has been attested by the extensive critical examination it has received, and by its being reprinted for sale. And this, by the way, suggests a practical answer to those who complain of the arrangement, essential to the club system, of limiting the number of the impression of each volume. There is, in the general case, no copyright in the book, and it is free to any one who thinks the public at large will buy it, to reprint it, and supply the market.

The printing of *Havelok the Dane*, followed, as it was, by another valuable old romance, *William and the Wer Wolf*, made the reputation of the Roxburghe, and proved an example and encouragement to the clubs which began to arise more or less on its model. It was a healthy protest against the Foggy Dibdinism which had ruled the destinies of the club, for Dibdin had been its master, and was the Gamaliel at whose feet Haslewood and others patiently sat. Of the term we have now used, the best explanation we can give is this, that in the selection of books, other questions, such as rarity or condition, being set aside, or equally balanced—a general preference is to be given to those which are the most witless, preposterous,

and in every literary sense valueless — which are, in short, rubbish. What is here meant will be easily felt by any one who chooses to consult the book which Dibdin issued under the title of *The Library Companion, or the Young Man's Guide* and the *Old Man's Comfort*, in the choice of a library. This, it will be observed, is not intended as a manual of rare or curious, or in any way peculiar books, but as the instruction of a Nestor on the best books for study and use in all departments of literature. Yet one will look in vain there for such names as Montaigne, Shaftesbury, Benjamin Franklin, D'Alembert, Turgot, Adam Smith, Malebranche, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Fenelon, Burke, Kant, Richter, Spinoza, Flechier, and many others. Characteristically enough, if you turn up Rousseau, in the index you will find Jean Baptiste, but not Jean Jacques. You will search in vain for Dr. Thomas Reid, the metaphysician, but will readily find Isaac Reed, the editor. If you look for Molinæus or Du Moulin, it is not there, but alphabetic vicinity gives you the good fortune to become acquainted with "Moule, Mr., his *Bibliotheca Heraldica*." The name Hooker will be found, not to guide the reader to the ecclesiastical polity, but to Dr. Jackson Hooker's *Tour in Iceland*. Lastly, if any one shall search for *Hartley on Man*, he will find in the place it might occupy, or has reference to, the editorial services of "Haslewood, Mr. Joseph."

Like other great human institutions, such as the British Constitution and the Russian Empire, the organisation of the book clubs did not come forth full formed from the ingenious brain of any inventor. Its success may be traced through various minor channels, which lose themselves in indefiniteness when we attempt to trace them to their absolute sources. The Roxburghe idea, that the annual commemoration festival should be an occasion for the members in their turn presenting a volume to the corporation, was a casual fortuitous suggestion, a

mere trifle, but it was a seed which fell in a good place, and produced an eminently valuable harvest. Though the Roxburghe, when taken in hand by Mr. Beriah Botfield and other ripe and good scholars, outgrew the pedantries in which it had been reared, and performed much valuable literary work, yet its chief merit is in the hints its practice afforded to others. The idea of keeping up the value of a book by limiting the impression, so as to restrain it within the number who might desire to possess it, was, no doubt, known before the birth of this the oldest book-club. The practice was sedulously followed by Hearne the antiquary, and others, who provided old chronicles and books of the class chiefly esteemed by the book-hunter. The very fame of the restricted number, operating on the selfish jealousy of man's nature, brought out competitors for the possession of the book, who never would have thought of it but for the pleasant idea of keeping it out of the hands of some one else. There are several instances on record of an unknown book lying in the printer's warerooms, dead from birth and forgotten, having life and importance given to it by the report that all the copies, save a few, have been destroyed by a fire in the premises. By judiciously adjusting the number of copies printed, the remarkable phenomenon has been exhibited of the rarity of a book being increased by an increase in the number of copies. To understand how this may come to pass, it is necessary to look on rarity as not an absolute and objective quality, but as relative to the number who desire to possess the article. Ten copies which two hundred people want constitute a rarer book than two copies which twenty people want. A book may be the sole remaining copy — in technical language, may be unique — but nobody has heard of it, and nobody wants it, so it stands quietly on its own shelf uncoveted. But let its owner print — say twenty copies for distribution

— the book-hunting community have got the "hark-away," and are off after it. In this way, before the days of the clubs, many knowing people multiplied rarities; and at the present day there are reprints by the clubs themselves of much greater pecuniary value than the rare books from which they have been multiplied.

The book clubs probably owe more to Sir Walter Scott than to any other man. In 1823 the Roxburghe Club made proffers of membership to him, partly, it would seem, under the influence of a wag-gish desire to disturb his great secret, which had not yet been revealed. Dibdin, weighting himself with more than his usual burden of ponderous jocularity, set himself in motion to intimate to Scott the desire of the club that the Author of Waverley, with whom it was supposed that he had the means of communicating, would accept of the chair at the club vacated by the death of Sir M. Sykes. Scott got through the affair ingeniously with a little coy fencing that deceived no one, and was finally accepted as the Author of Waverley's representative. The Roxburghe had, however, at that time, done nothing in serious book-club business, having let loose only a small flight of the flimsiest sheets of letterpress. It was Scott's own favourite club, the Bannatyne, that first projected the plan of printing substantial and valuable volumes.

At the commencement of the same year, 1823, when he took his seat at the Roxburghe (he did not take his bottle there, which was the more important object for some time after), he wrote to the late Robert Pitcairn, the editor of the *Criminal Trials*, in these terms:—"I have long thought that a something of a bibliomaniacal society might be formed here, for the prosecution of the important task of publishing *dilettante* editions of our national literary curiosities. Several persons of rank,

I believe, would willingly become members, and there are enough of good operatives. What would you think of such an association? David Laing was ever keen for it; but the death of Sir Alexander Boswell and of Alexander Oswald has damped his zeal. I think, if a good plan were formed, and a certain number of members chosen, the thing would still do well."*

Scott gave the Bannatyne a song for their festivities to the tune of "One Bottle More," and it is a wonderful illustration of his versatile powers in the admirable bibulous sort of joviality which he distils, as it were, from the very dust of musty volumes. Two of the strangest characters that literature ever produced, or who ever joined the book-hunt, are hit off in the following stanzas—the snarling Pinkerton, and Ritson, who had lived an unbeliever in eternal quarrels with the rest of his kind, but who on his deathbed found just one sin to repent of—an act of apostasy to his vegetarian faith, in having, when tired and wet after a long pedestrian journey, eaten a potato fried in fat:

"John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concerned,
I can't call that worthy so candid as learned;
He railed at the plaid, and blasphemed the claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
Celt and Scot shall be pleased with one volume more.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar,
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.

But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast beef, and print one volume more."

Scott printed, as a contribution to his favourite club, the record of the trial of two Highlanders for murder, which brought forth some highly characteristic incidents. The

* Notices of the Bannatyne Club, privately printed.

victim was a certain Sergeant Davis, who had charge of one of the military parties or guards dispersed over the Highlands to keep them in order after the '45. Davis had gone from his own post at Braemar up Glen Clunie to meet the guard from Glenshee. He chose to send his men back and take a day's shooting among the wild mountains at the head of the glen, and was seen no more. How he was disposed of could easily be divined in a general way, but there were no particulars to be had. It happened, however, that there was one Highlander who, for reasons best known to himself—they were never got at—had come to the resolution of bringing his brother Highlanders, who had made away with the sergeant, to justice. It was necessary for his own safety, however, that he should be under the pressure of a motive or impulse sufficient to justify so heartless and unnatural a proceeding, otherwise he would himself have been likely to follow the sergeant's fate. Any reference to his conscience, the love of justice, respect for the laws of the land, or the like, would of course have been received with well-merited ridicule and scorn. He must have some motive which a sensible Highlander could admit as probable in itself, and sufficient for its purpose.

Accordingly, the accuser said he had been visited by the sergeant's ghost, who had told him everything, and laid on him the heavy burden of bringing his slaughterers in the flesh to their account. If that were not done, the troubled spirit would not cease to walk the earth, and so long as he walked would the afflicted denouncer continue to be the victim of his ghostly visits. The case was tried at Edinburgh, and though the evidence was otherwise clear and complete, the Lowland jury were perplexed and put out by the supernatural episode. A Highland story, with a ghost acting witness at second hand, roused all their Saxon prejudices, and they cut the knot of difficulties by de-

clining to convict. A point was supposed to have been made, when the counsel for the defence asked the ghost-seer what language the ghost, who was English when in the flesh, spoke to the Highlander, who knew not that language; and the witness answered, through his interpreter, that the spectre spoke as good Gaelic as ever was heard in Lochaber. Sir Walter Scott, however, remarks that there was no incongruity in this, if we once get over the first step of the ghost's existence. It is curious that Scott does not seem to have woven the particulars of this affair into any one of his novels.

The editorial services of Scott, like everything about so great a man, are pretty well known; but one little book which he thus preserved has escaped general notice, though it is stamped as his by the advertisement, dated "Abbotsford, 1st April 1814." It was not edited for one of the clubs, being before their day; but it was of the kind affected by them, and was printed for private distribution in facsimile with its old title:—"The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine. With a New Morisco, danced by Seven Satyres upon the Bottome of Diogenes' Tubba. Imprinted at London by W. W., 1611." The author's name was Samuel Rowland, and his book, a collection of rhyming satires, is both valuable and curious, as containing powerful pictures of the humorists of the seventeenth century—that is to say, not of men who either wrote humorous literature, or did what we would now call humorous acts, but who adopted some perverse and generally mischievous and vicious peculiarity, which each resolved to carry out at all hazards as being his "humour." It was in this sense that Shylock silenced all arguments against cutting out the pound of flesh, by the "say, it is my humour." Scott, than whom no man could speak with more authority, says of Rowland:—"Our poet has given

us numerous instances both of the real and of the pseudo-humorist; and as he described the scenes in which he lived, and the follies which were acted before his eyes, it is interesting to observe that the various affectations of the retainers of Sir John Falstaff, as well as those of the Bobadil, Stephen, and Master Mathew of Jonson, and of the various comic characters portrayed by Beaumont and Fletcher, were not, as modern readers might conceive them, the fantastic creatures of the poet's imagination, but had in reality their prototypes upon the great scene of the world. The author has indeed portrayed examples of every species of affectation, from the bombastic vein of Ancient Pistol to the melancholy and gentlemanlike gravity of Master Stephen."

Anything new, however trivial it might be, from the pen of the Author of *Waverley*, would meet with a hearty reception at all hands. In the belief that it is virtually new, as not having been seen by perhaps above fifty people, we quote again from the introduction to Rowland's little book:—"It has been remarked that his muse is seldom found in the best company; and to have been so well acquainted with the bullies, drunkards, gamesters, and cheats whom he describes, he must have frequented the haunts of dissipation in which such characters are to be found. But the humorous descriptions of low life exhibited in his satires are more precious to antiquarians than more grave works, and those who make the manners of Shakespeare's age the subject of their study, may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowland."

Among those who contributed to place the stamp of a higher character on the labours of the book clubs, one of the most remarkable was Sir Alexander Boswell. He was a member of the Roxburghe, and though he did not live to see the improvement in the issues of that institution, or the others which

kept pace with it, he alone, and single-handed, set the example of printing the kind of books which it was afterwards the merit of the book clubs to promulgate. He gave them, in fact, their tone. He had at his paternal home of Auchinleck a remarkable collection of rare books and manuscripts; one of these afforded the text from which the romance of *Sir Tristrem* was printed. He reprinted from the one remaining copy in his own possession the disputation between John Knox and Quentin Kennedy, a priest who came forward against the great Reformer as the champion of the old religion. From the Auchinleck press came also reprints of Lodge's *Fig for Momus*, Churchyard's *Mirror of Man*, *The Book of the Chess*, Sir James Dier's *Remembrancer of the Life of Sir Nicholas Bacon*, the *Dialogus inter Deum et Evam*, and others.

The possession of a private printing press is, no doubt, a very appalling type of bibliomania. Much as has been told us of the awful scale in which drunkards consume their favoured poison, one is not accustomed to hear of their setting up private stills for their own individual consumption. There is a Sardanapalitan excess in this bibliographical luxuriousness which refuses to partake with other vulgar mortals in the issues of the public press, but must itself minister to its own tastes and demands. The owner of such an establishment is subject to no extraneous caprices about breadth of margins, size of type, quarto or folio, leaded or un-leaded lines; he dictates his own terms; he is master of the situation, as the French say; and is the true autocrat of literature. There have been several renowned private presses: Walpole's, at Strawberry Hill; Mr. Johnes's, at Hafod; Allan's, at the Grange; and the Lee Priory. None of these, however, went so distinctly into the groove afterwards followed by the Book Clubs as Sir Alexander Boswell's Auchinleck Press. In the *Biblio-*

graphical *Decameron*, when the author quotes from others instead of speaking for himself, there are occasional interesting passages, and among these is a brief history by Sir Alexander himself, of the rise and progress of his press. He states how he had resolved to print Knox's *Disputation*: "For this purpose I was constrained to purchase two small fonts of black letter, and to have punches cut for eighteen or twenty double letters and contractions. I was thus enlisted and articulated into the service, and being infected with the *type* fever, the fits have periodically returned. In the year 1815, having viewed a portable press invented by Mr. John Ruthven, an ingenious printer in Edinburgh, I purchased one, and commenced compositor. At this period, my brother having it in contemplation to present *Bamfield* to the Roxburghe Club, and not aware of the poverty and insignificance of my establishment, expressed a wish that his tract should issue from the Auchinleck Press. I determined to gratify him, and the portable press being too small for general purposes, I exchanged it for one of Mr. Ruthven's full-sized ones; and having increased my stock to eight small fonts, roman and italic, with the necessary appurtenances, I placed the whole in a cottage, built originally for another purpose, very pleasantly situated on the bank of a rivulet; and, although concealed from view by the surrounding wood, not a quarter of a mile from my house." — *Bibliographical Decameron*, ii. 454.

To show the kind of man who co-operated with Scott in such frivolities, let us say a word or two more about Sir Alexander. He was the son, observe, of Johnson's Jamie Boswell, but he was about as like his father as an eagle might be to a peacock. To use a common colloquial phrase, he was a man of genius, if ever there was one. Had he been a poorer and socially humbler man than he was — had he had his bread and his position to make — he would prob-

bably have achieved immortality. Some of his songs are as familiar to the world as those of Burns, though their author is forgotten — as, for instance, the song of parental farewell, beginning —

"Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has cheered my heart,"

and ending with this fine and genial touch —

"The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ill aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel;
So, ere I sett I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa',
My parting breath shall boast you, mine.
Good-night, and joy be with you a'."

His "Auld Gudeman, yer a drucken carle," "Jenny's Bawbee," and "Jenny dang the Weaver," are of another kind, and perhaps fuller of the peculiar spirit of the man. This consisted in hitting off the deeper and typical characteristics of Scottish life with an easy touch that brings it all home at once. His lines do not seem as if they were composed by an effort of talent, but as if they were the spontaneous expressions of nature.

Take the following specimen of ludicrous pomposity, which must suffer a little by being quoted from memory: it describes a Highland procession —

"Come the Grants o' Tullochgorum
Wi' their pipers a' afore 'em;
Proud the mither's are that bore 'em,
Fee fuddle, fau fum."

Come the Grants o' Rothiemurcus,
Ilka ane his sword and durk ha,
Ilka ane as proud's a Turk is,
Fee fuddle, fau fum."

To comprehend the spirit of this, one must endow himself with the feelings of a lowland Scot before *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* imparted a glow of romantic interest to the Highlanders. The pompous and the ludicrous were surely never more happily interwoven. We would require to go further back still to appreciate the spirit of "Skeldon Haughs, or the Sow is Flitted." It is a picture of old Border feudal

rivalry and hatred. The Laird of Bargainy resolved to humiliate his neighbour and enemy the Laird of Kerse, by a forcible occupation of part of his territory. For the purpose of making this aggression flagrantly insulting, it was done by tethering or staking a sow or female pig on the lands of Kerse. The animal was, of course, attended by a sufficient body of armed men for her protection. It was necessary for his honour that Kerse should drive the animal and her attendants away, and hence came a bloody battle about the fitting of the sow. In the contest, Kerse's eldest son and hope, Jock, is killed, and the point or moral of the narrative is the contempt with which the old laird looks on that event, as compared with the grave affair of fitting the sow. A retainer who comes to tell him the result of the battle stammers in his narrative on account of his grief for Jock, and is thus pulled up by the laird—

" 'Is the sow flitted?' cries the carle,
'Gie me my answer, short and plain—
'Is the sow flitted, yammerin wean?'

To which the answer is,—

'The sow, deil take her, 's ower the water,
And at their back the Crawfords clatter;
The Carrick couths are cowed and bitted.'

Hereupon the laird's exultation breaks forth,—

'My thumb for Jock—the sow's flitted.'

Another man of genius and learning, whose name is a household one among the book clubs, is that of Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham. You may hunt for it in vain among the biographical dictionaries. Let us hope that this deficiency will be well supplied in the *Biographia Britannica*, projected by Mr. Murray. He was not certainly among those who flare their qualities before the world—he was in a peculiar sense addicted, as we shall shortly notice, to hiding his light under a bushel; and so any little notice of him in actual flesh and blood, such as this left by

his friend, the Rev. James Tate, master of Richmond School, interests one—

"One evening I was sitting alone—it was about nine o'clock in the middle of summer—there came a gentle tap at the door. I opened the door myself, and a gentleman said with great modesty, 'Mr. Tate, I am Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth. James Raine begged I would call upon you.' 'The master of Richmond School is delighted to see you,' said I; 'pray walk in.' 'No, thank you, sir; I have ordered a bit of supper; perhaps you will walk up with me?' 'To be sure I will,' and away we went. As we went along, I quoted a line from the *Odyssey*. What was my astonishment to hear from Mr. Surtees, not the next only, but line after line of the passage I had touched upon. Said I to myself, 'Good master Tate, take heed; it is not often you catch such a fellow as this at Richmond.' I never spent such an evening in my life." What a pity, then, that he did not give us more of the evening, which seems to have left joyful memories to both; for Surtees himself thus commemorated it in *Macaronics*, in which he was an adept—

"Doctus Tatius hic residet
Ad coronam prandet ridet
Spargit sales cum cachinno.
Lepido ere et concinno.
Ubique carus inter bonos
Rubei montis præsens honos."

In the same majestic folio in which we found this anecdote—the Memoir prefixed to the *History of Durham*—we are likewise told how, when at college, he was waiting on a Don on business; and, feeling coldish, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in the college would have taken that liberty?" "Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply—"any one as cool as I am!" This would have been not unworthy of Brummell. The next is not in Brummell's line. Arguing with a neighbour about his not going to church, the man said, "Why, sir, the parson and I have

quarrelled about the tithes." "You fool," was the reply, "is that any reason why you should go to hell?" Yet another. A poor man, with a numerous family, lost his only cow. Surtees was collecting a subscription to replace the loss, and called on the Bishop of Lichfield, who was Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes in the parish, to ascertain what he would give. "Give!" said the bishop, "why, a cow to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Surtees, astonished at this unexpected generosity, said—"My Lord, I hope you will ride to heaven upon the back of that cow." A while afterwards he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington, with—"Surtees, what is the absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply; "when the dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of your prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

We have noted these innocent trifles concerning one who is chiefly known as a deep and dry investigator, for the purpose of propitiating the reader in his favour, since the sacred cause of truth requires us to refer to another affair in which his conduct, however trifling it might be, was not innocent. He was addicted to literary practical jokes of an audacious kind, and once at least carried his presumption so far as to impose on Sir Walter Scott a spurious ballad which has a place in the *Border Minstrelsy*. Nor is it by any means a servile imitation, which might pass unnoticed in a crowd of genuine and better ballads; but it is one of the most spirited and one of the most thoroughly endowed with individual character in the whole collection. This guilty composition is known as "The Death of Featherstonhaugh," and begins thus:—

"Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa';
Ha' ye heard how the Riddleys, and Thirlwalls,
and a'

Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Dead Man's
Haugh?
There was Willlemoteswick
And Hard-riding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will of the
Wa',
I canna tell a', I canna tell a',
And many a mair that the dell may know.

The auld man went down, but Nicol his
son
Ran away afore the fight was begun;
And he run, and he run,
And afore they were done
There was many a Featherston gat sic a
stun,
As never was seen since the world begun.
I canna tell a', I canna tell a',
Some got a skelp, and some got a
claw.
But they gar't the Featherstons haud their
jaw.
Some got a hurt, and some got nane,
Some had harness, and some got slaen."

This imposture, professing to come from the relation of a woman eighty years old, was accompanied with some explanatory notes, characteristic of the dry antiquary, thus:—"Hard-riding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Mathew Ridley. Will o' the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirlwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tippell, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*—that is, pierced or breached in its vicinity."

In the life of Surtees, the evidence of the crime is thus dryly set forth, as following up a statement of the transmission of the manuscript, and of its publication:—"Yet all this was a mere figment of Surtees' imagination, originating probably in some whim of ascertaining how far he could identify himself with the stirring times, scenes, and poetical compositions which his fancy delighted to dwell on.

"This is proved by more than one copy among his papers of this ballad corrected and interlined, in order to mould it to the language, the manners and the feelings of the period, and of the district to which it refers. Mr. Surtees no doubt had wished to have the success of his attempt tested by the unbiassed opinion of the very first authority on the subject; and the result must have been gratifying to him."

In Scott's acknowledgment of the contribution, printed also in the life of Surtees, there are some words that must have brought misgivings and fear of detection to the heart of the culprit, since Scott, without apparently allowing doubts to enter his mind, yet noted some peculiarities in the piece, in which it differed from others. "Your notes upon the parties concerned give it all the interest of authority, and it must rank, I suppose, among those half-serious, half-ludicrous songs, in which the poets of the Border delighted to describe what they considered as the *sport of swords*. It is perhaps remarkable, though it may be difficult to guess a reason, that these Cumbrian ditties are of a different stanza and character, and obviously sung to a different kind of music, from those on the northern Border. The gentleman who collected the words may perhaps be able to describe the tune."

We are aware of no system of ethics which lays down with perfect precision the moral code on literary forgeries, or enables us to judge of the exact enormity of such offences. The world looks leniently on them, and sometimes sympathises with them as good jokes. Allan Cunningham did not lose his designation of "honest Allan" by the tremendous "rises" which he took out of Cromek about those remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song—a case in point so far as principle goes, but differing somewhat in the intellectual rank of the party. The temptation to commit such offences

is often extremely strong, and the injury seems slight while it is in the power of the offender immediately to counteract it by confession. Vanity, indeed, often joins conscientiousness in hastening on a revelation. Surtees, however, remained in obdurate silence, and we are not aware that any edition of the *Minsirels* draws attention to his handiwork. Perhaps he was afraid of what he had done, like that teller in the House of Commons who is said by tradition to have attempted to make a bad joke in the division on the Habeas Corpus Act by counting a fat man as ten, and, seeing that the trick passed unnoticed, and also passed the measure, became afraid to confess it.

The literary history of "The Death of Featherstonhaugh" is apt to excite uneasiness about the touching ballad of "Barthram's Dirge," also contributed to the *Minsirels* as the fruit of the industrious investigations of Surtees. Most readers will remember this:—

"They shot him dead at the Nine-Stone
Rig,
Beside the headless cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss."

After this stanza, often admired for its clearness as a picture, there is a judicious break, and then come stanzas deficient in certain words, which, as hypothetically supplied by Surtees, were good-naturedly allowed to remain within brackets:—

"They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspine grey,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside;
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady Well,
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair."

Altogether, such affairs create an unpleasant uncertainty about the paternity of that delightful department of literature, our ballad poetry. Where next are we to be disenchanted? Of the way in which ancient ballads have come into ex-

istence, there is one sad example within our knowledge. Some mad young wags, wishing to test the critical powers of an experienced collector, sent him a new-made ballad in a fragmentary form. To the surprise of its fabricator, it was duly printed; but what naturally raised his surprise to astonishment, and revealed to him a secret, was, that it was no longer a fragment, but a complete ballad, the collector, in the course of his industrious inquiries among the peasantry, having been so fortunate as to recover the missing fragments. It was a case where neither could say anything to the other, though Cato might wonder, "*quod non rideret haruspex, haruspicem cum vidisset.*" This ballad has been printed in more than one collection, and admired as an instance of the inimitable simplicity of the genuine old versions. If the reader should ever alight on a ballad called "Chil Ether," and succeed in accurately tracing its literary history, he will find it to correspond pretty accurately with this statement.

It may perhaps do something to mitigate Surtees' offence in the eye of the world, that it was he who first suggested to Scott the idea of improving the Jacobite insurrections, and, in fact, writing *Waverley*. In the very same letter, quoted above, where Scott acknowledges the treacherous gift, he also acknowledges the hints he has received; and, mentioning the Highland stories he had imbibed from old Stewart of Invernahyle, says, "I believe there never was a man who united the ardour of a soldier and tale-teller—or man of talk, as they call it in Gaelic—in such an excellent degree; and as he was as fond of telling as I was of hearing, I became a violent Jacobite at the age of ten years old; and even since reason and reading came to my assistance, I have never got rid of the impression which the gallantry of Prince Charles made on my imagination. Certainly I will not renounce the idea of doing some-

thing to preserve these stories, and the memory of times and manners which, though existing as it were yesterday, have so strangely vanished from our eyes."

The reader will not expect us to enter on a statistical account of the several associations for printing books, their origin and progress, the purposes to which they were devoted, and the method in which they have pursued them; nor would any such exposition be received with much gratitude. We may do a service, however, by showing the easiest and briefest path to such knowledge. In this utilitarian age there are alphabetical or other synoptical guides to every description of practical information, from the *Encyclopædia of Religious Denominations*, which gives a short exposition of every creed, and the *Clerical Guide*, which tells you who teaches it, and what he gets for doing so, down to the *Black List*, which favours you with an index to all people who have become bankrupt, or get their bills protested, or are "wanted" by the persons from whom they have obtained effects without rendering a good *quid pro quo*. So it might be expected that there should be some guide or index to the services of the book clubs; and the expectation is fulfilled in the existence of a tidy little volume called "The Learned Societies and Printing Clubs of the United Kingdom; being an Account of their respective Origin, History, Objects, and Constitution, with full Details respecting Membership, Fees, their Published Works and Transactions, Notices of their Periods and Places of Meeting, &c., by the Rev. A. Hume, LL.D., F.S.A., &c." It will go hard if the man who has the disposition of the thing in his nature do not find his proper book club in the variety of titles and objects thus laid before him. The distribution of the clubs is, it must be confessed, not at all of a logical character, having indeed rather a close resemblance to those examples of false analysis sometimes laid before their pupils

by logicians, which consist in dividing literature into books on divinity, books on science, quarto books, and books bound in calf. One system of arrangement is topographical, as the Chetham, "for the purpose of publishing biographical and historical books connected with the counties Palatine, or Lancaster and Chester." *N.B.*—Among other volumes of interest, it has issued a very valuable and amusing collection of documents about the siege of Preston, and other incidents of the insurrection of 1715 in Lancashire. The Surtees, again, named after our friend the ballad-monger, affects "those parts of England and Scotland included in the east between the Humber and the Firth of Forth, and in the west between the Mersey and the Clyde—a region which constituted the ancient kingdom of Northumberland." The Maitland, with its headquarters in Glasgow, gives a preference to the west of Scotland, but has not been exclusive. The Spalding Club, established in Aberdeen, the granite capital of the far north, is the luminary of its own district, and has produced fully as much valuable historical matter as any other club in Britain. Then there is the Irish Archaeological—perhaps the most learned of all, having to deal with Celtic lore, requiring a peculiar and exceptional scholarship. The Aelfric may be counted its ethnical rival, as dealing with the productions of the Anglo-Saxon enemies of the Celt. The Camden professes to be general to the British empire. The name of the club called "The Oriental Translation Fund," tells its own story. There are others, too, with no topographical connection, which express pretty well their purpose in their names—as the Shakespeare, for the old drama—the Percy, for old ballads and lyrical pieces. The Hakluyt has a delightful field—old voyages and travels. The "Rae Society" sticks to zoology and botany; and the Wernerian, the Cavendish, and the Sydenham, take

the other departments in science, which the names given to them readily indicate.

In divinity and ecclesiastical history we have the Parker Society, named after the archbishop. Its tendencies are "low," or, at all events, "broad;" and as it counted some seven thousand members, it could not be allowed the run of the public mind without an antidote being accessible. Hence "The Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology," the tendency of which was not only shown in its name, but in its possessing among its earliest adherents the Rev. E. B. Pusey and the Rev. John Keble. The same party strengthened themselves by a series of volumes called the "Library of the Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church anterior to the Division of the East and West, translated by Members of the English Church." In Scotland, the two branches which deny the supremacy of Rome (it would give offence to call them both Protestant), are well represented by the Spottiswoode, already referred to as the organ of Episcopacy; and the more prolific Wodrow, which, named after the zealous historian of the Troubles, was devoted to the history of Presbyterianism, and the works of the Presbyterian fathers. Thus are the book clubs eminently the republic of letters, in which no party or class has an absolute predominance, but each enjoys a fair hearing. And whereas if we found people for other purposes than literature combining together according to ecclesiastical divisions, as High Church or Low, Episcopalian or Presbyterian, we should probably find that each excluded from its circle all that do not spiritually belong to it, we are assured it is quite otherwise in the book clubs—that High Churchmen or Romanists have not been excluded from the Parker, or evangelical divines prohibited from investing in the Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology. Nay, the most zealous would incline to encourage the communication of their own

peculiar literary treasures to their avowed theological opponents, as being likely to soften their hearts, and turn them towards the truth. Some adherents of these theological clubs there also are of slightly latitudinarian propensities, to whom the aspirations of honest religious zeal, and the records of endurance and martyrdom for conscience' sake, can never be void of interest, or fail in summoning up feelings of respectful sympathy, whatever be the denominational banner under which they have been exhibited.

Some of these clubs now rest from their labours, the literary strata in which they were employed having been in fact worked out. Whether dead or living, however, their books are now a considerable and varied intellectual garden, in which the literary busy bee may gather honey all the day and many a day. It were hard to choose in what quarter we may best select a specimen or two by way of example; but suppose we take down that thin light-looking volume of the Camden, which bears the rather attractive title, *Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of Early English History and Literature derived from MS. Sources*, and edited by Mr. W. J. Thoms. The sources of this collection are some unpublished Ana by Aubrey, a commonplace book kept by a certain John Collet, but chiefly a set of good sayings in their day set down by a country gentleman, Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, who died in the year 1654. Here is one of his anecdotes which has been often told, but which it is interesting to view so near to its source, and see expressed in the very words of the contemporaries of Shakespeare, who retailed it:—

"Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christ'ning, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask't him why he was so melancholy. 'No, faith, Ben,' (says he), 'not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to

bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolved at last.' 'I pr'y thee, what?' says he. 'I' faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a douzen good Lattin Spoones, and thou shalt translate them.'"

The editor of course does his duty to this passage, by giving the approved information about the bestowal of apostle's spoons by god-parents, and how some gave the whole twelve, while others, for economic reasons, would not extend this eiconism beyond the four evangelists.

It is, after all, a very hard test of the excellence of a joke, to encounter it for the first time newly unearthed from a latent manuscript. It is wonderful how poor and flat the best things appear when translated from their own time and place, and especially from their own language. In fact, there are many of the standard established *mots* that would seem worthless to us at first sight if met by surprise in some out of the way manuscript, but having been preserved by tradition, and kept alive, as it were, they have become household, and are part of our very notions of wit or humour, as the case may be. Yet to our notion some of L'Estrange's come out well even at first sight. The following is dry but significant—it shows, like other little hits, that he was one of the old school, and did not like the Puritans.

"My Lord Brookes used to be much resorted to by those of the preciser sort, who had got a powerful hand over him; yet they would allow him Christian libertie for his recreation, but being at bowles one day, in much company, and following his cast with much eagerness, he cryed, 'rubbe, rubbe, rubbe, rubbe, rubbe.' His chaplaine (a very strict man) runs presently to him, and in the hearing of diverse, 'O, good my lord, leave that to God; you must leave that to God,' says he."

L'Estrange was connected with the Paston family, from whose domestic correspondence we have the

well-known Paston Letters. He does not seem to have liked them, for he has many jests, more hard than witty, on the number of fools who had flourished among them. One of these conveys an utterly novel notion of the quarter in which hereditary talent might be expected to be found. "Sir Robert Bell being in company with Sir J. Hobart, Charles Grosse, &c., in a merry humour, would goe make his will, and give every man a legacie; but when he came to Mr. Paston, says he, 'I know not what to bestow on thee; my witt you shall not need, for you must needs be well stor'd with that, because thou hast the witt of at least three generations;' for his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all books."

The following does not perhaps display much wit, and it is utterly divested of good feeling as a domestic sketch, but there is a grotesqueness about it that amuses one. "Sir Martin Stutevilles's father riding abroad one day, with him attending on him, he rode to the nurse's house that overlaid his eldest sonne, at which time the nurse stoode at the doore. 'Looke ye there, Martin,' sayde his father; 'there stands she that made you an elder brother.' 'Is that she, sir?' says he; 'marry, God's blessing on her hart for it!' and presently gallops up to her, and gives her a couple of shillings."

It will be noticed in these brief citations, and is well known to the prowler among club books, that although these volumes profess to be printed from old manuscripts, or to be mere reprints of rare books, they take a considerable portion of their tone and frequency from the editor. In fact, the editor of a club book is, in the general case, a sort of literary sportsman, who professes to follow entirely his own humour or caprice, or say his own taste and enjoyment, in the matter which he selects, and the manner in which he lays it before his friends. Hence, many of these volumes, heavy and

unimpressible as they look, yet are stamped strongly with the marks of the individuality, or of the peculiar intellectual cast, of living men. We take down, for instance, the volume standing beside L'Estrange—considerably more cumbrous and formidable. It is the *De Antiquis Legibus Liber*, otherwise, *Cronica Majorum et Vicecomitum Londoniarum*, printed from "a small folio, nine inches and a half in length and seven inches in breadth, the binding of white leather covering wooden backs, and containing 159 leaves of parchment paged continuously with Arabic cyphers." It is partly a record of the old municipal laws of the city of London, partly a chronicle of events. Had it fallen to be edited by a philosophical inquirer into the origin and principles of jurisprudence, or an investigator of the rise and progress of cities, or a social philosopher of any kind, it is hard to say what might have been made of it—easy to say that it would have been made something very different from what it is. The editor was an illustrious genealogist. Accordingly, early in his career as expositor of the character of the volume, he alights upon a proper name, not entirely isolated, but capable of being associated with other names. Thus, he is placed on a groove, and off he goes travelling in the fashion following over 220 pages of printed quarto. "Henry de Cornhill, husband of Alice de Courey, the heiress of the Barony of Stoke, Courey Com. Somerset, and who, after his decease, re-married Warine Fitz-Gerald the king's chamberlain, leaving by each an only daughter, co-heirs of this Barony, of whom Joan de Cornhill was the wife of Hugh de Neville, Proto Forrester of England, wife first of Baldwine de Reviers, eldest son and heir apparent of William de Vernon, Earl of Devon, deceased in his father's lifetime; and, secondly, of the well-known favourite of King John, Fulk de Breauté, who had name from a commune of the Canton of Goderville, arrondissement of Le Havre,

department of La Seine Inferieure, rendered account of this his debt in the same roll," and so on over the remainder of the 220 pages. If we turn over a few of them we will find the same sort of thing: "Agnes, the first daughter, was married to William de Vesey, of whom John de Vesey, issueless, and William de Vesey, who had issue, John de Vesey, who died before his father; and afterwards the said William de Vesey, the father, without heir of his body;" and so on.

The reader whose fortune it has been to pass a portion of his early days among venerable Scottish gentlewomen of the old school, will perhaps experience an uneasy consciousness of having encountered matter of this description before. It may recall to him misty recollections of communications which followed a course something like this: "And so ye see, auld Pittoddes, when his third wife deed, he got married upon the laird o' Blathershins' aughteenth daughter, that was sister to Jemima, that was married intil Tam Flumexer, that was first and second cousin to the Pittoddeses, wha's brither became laird afterwards, and married Blathershins' Baulie—and that way Jemima became in a kind o' way her ain niece and her ain aunty, an, as we used to say, her gude-brither was married to his ain grannie."

But there is the deep and the shallow in genealogy, as in other arts and sciences, and incoherent as it may sound to the uninitiated, the introduction to the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* is no old woman's work, but full of science and strange matter. It all grows, however, out of genealogical trees, that being the predominant intellectual growth in the editor's mind. In fact, your thorough genealogist is quite a peculiar intellectual entity. More truly than of the poet it may be said of him, *Nascitur non fit*. If he should for some time endeavour to strive after a more cosmopolite intellectual vitality, the ruling spirit

conquers all other pursuits, and he grows into a genealogist; and if he have healthy sturdy brain, whatever other matter it may have collected is betimes dragged into the growth, and absorbed in the vitality of the majestic bole and huge branches. There is perhaps no pursuit more thoroughly absorbing. The reason is this: No man having yet made out for himself an articulate pedigree from Adam—Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of *Rabelais*, to be sure, made one for himself, but he had his tongue in his cheek all the while,—no clear pedigree going back to the first of men, every one, whether short or long, Celtic or Saxon, comes into the clouds at last. It is when a pedigree approaches extinction, that the occasion opens for the genealogist to exercise his subtlety and skill, and his exertions become all the more zealous and exciting that he knows he must be baffled somewhere. The pursuit is described as possessing something like the same absorbing influence which is exercised over certain minds by the higher mathematics. The devotees get to think that all human knowledge centres in their peculiar science, and the cognate mysteries and exquisite scientific manipulations of heraldry, and they may be heard talking with compassionate contempt of some one so grossly ignorant as not to know a bar-dexter from a bend-sinister, or who asks what is meant by a cross potent quadrate party per pale. These are generally great readers—reading is absolutely necessary for their pursuit; but they have a faculty of going over literary ground, picking up the proper names, and carrying them away, unconscious of anything else, as pointers go over stubble fields and raise the partridges, without taking any heed to the valuable examples of cryptogamic botany or palæozoic entomology they may have trodden over. We knew a writer on logic and metaphysics who was as much astonished as gratified by an eminent genealogical antiquary's ex-

pression of interest in a discovery which his last book contained. The philosopher thought his views on the quantification of the predicate or on bifurcate analysis had at least been appreciated, but the discovery lay in the name of a person who, according to the previously imperfect science of the genealogist, ought not to have existed then and there, being referred to in a letter from Spinoza, cited in defence of certain views upon the absolute.

The votaries of this pursuit become powers in the world of rank and birth, from the influence they are able to bring upon questions of succession and inheritance. Thus they are, like all great influences, courted and feared. Their ministry is often desired, sometimes necessary; but it is received with misgiving and awe, since, like the demons of old summoned by incantation, they may destroy the audacious mortal who demands their services. The most sagacious and sceptical men are apt to be mildly susceptible to conviction in the matter of their own pedigrees, and, a little conscious of their weakness, they shrink from letting the sacred tree be handled by relentless and unsympathising adepts. We could point to one of these intellectual tyrants, who, when he quarrels with any man, threatens to "bastardise" him, or to find the bend-sinister somewhere in his ancestry; and his experience in long genealogies makes him feel assured, in the general case, of finding what he seeks if he go far enough back for it.

The next volume we lay hand on is manifestly edited by an Ecclesiologist, or votary of a recent addition to the constituted *ologies*, which has come into existence as the joint offspring of the revival of Gothic architecture and the study of primitive-church

theology. Through this dim religious light he views all the things in heaven and earth that are dealt with in his philosophy. His notes are profusely decorated with a rich array of rood screens, finial crockets, lavatories, aumbries, lecterns, lych sheds, albs, stoups, sedilia, credence tables, pixes, hagioscopes, and squenches. It is evident that he keeps a bestiary, or record of his experience in bestiology, otherwise called bestial eikonography; and if he be requested to give a more explicit definition of the article, he will perhaps inform you that it is a record of the types of the ecclesiological symbolisation of beasts. If you prevail on him to exhibit to you this solemn record, which he will open with befitting reverence, the faintest suspicion of a smile curling on your lip will suffuse him with a lively sorrow for your lost condition, mixed with righteous indignation towards the irreverent folly whereof you have been guilty. He finds a great deal beyond sermons in stones, and can point out to you a certain piece of rather confused-looking architecture, which he terms a symbolical epitome of all knowledge, human and divine—an eikonographic encyclopedia.

If we desire an antidote to all this, we may find it in the editor in true blue who so largely refers to the *Book of the Universal Kirk*, *The Hynd Let Loose*, *The Cloud of Witnesses*, *Naphtali*, and *Faithful Testimony-Bearing Exemplified*, and is great in his observations on the Anchinshiach Testimony, and the Sanquhar Declaration. But we must have done with this—time is up, and the reader is tired, so that the half dozen volumes or so in which some morsels were marked off for quotation and comment must go back to their shelves.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

WHY indeed should not science be social? There are social enjoyments and entertainments of all kinds; social evils, social clubs, and social pic-nics. The days for solitude are gone. The hermits of secluded study and contemplation are no more. And so science herself gladly forsakes the cold lonely cell of Friar Bacon, puts out the midnight lamp, eschews the dim light of oil, takes to the fierce blaze of gas, and pursues knowledge, not under difficulties, but amid the fascination and delight of a full-dress *soirée*. In these advanced days, science has thus happily extended her sphere far beyond the limits of the dry intellect. There is fortunately a science and a corresponding art of dining and good eating. Ladies, too, nowadays, we believe, rejoice in their own special sciences; the science of dress, the science of address, laws of etiquette, courts of love, and tactics of war; all of which now form, we understand, important departments in the scientific congresses which have lately, in provincial cities, beguiled these autumn months.

Men of science, too, it is found, like other mortals, have their own peculiar weaknesses, among which not the least amiable is the love of being wondered at. Intellect has its gala-days when it likes to disport itself in sunshine, and to bask in smiles. And if knowledge have cost severe labour, it is hard to deny to it all reward of recreation, all the delight of praise, and that highest meed, the worship of beauty. It is found, it would seem, a conquest not wholly unworthy of an ambitious mind, when youth, perchance, is fading, and snowy locks gather round the brow, to gain the willing ear of the fairest, and to win, as a victory of science, hearts cold to warmer wooing. A well-filled lecture-room greeting a teacher with loud applause, glittering with lights

al giorno; a thousand persons on the tip-toe of mental expectancy, each determined for once to indulge the thirst for knowledge even to excess—these are among the rewards and the delights of modern scientific and social congresses. Few inventions of recent days, prolific in expedients for the people, have been more happy in contrivance, or attained greater success, than these itinerant social and scientific performances. In times of yore, a good king is said to have desired to see a chicken in the pot of every poor man's cottage, and in more recent days, the cry was heard, cheap law brought to the door and domestic hearth of every Englishman in the land. And now it must, we presume, be deemed no slight boon, that men have not to dig deep after knowledge, but that philosophy is found afloat upon the surface of society, and that social science may come even to the humblest of homes and the simplest of hearts. Philosophy, indeed, at all ages of the world, seems to have had its tendencies towards the peripatetic. And surely a man of science in these our days, accustomed during long dreary months to London residence and routine, with little, it may be, save the light of knowledge to cheer him through dark winter nights, must find it a refresher to get abroad into the free air and the green fields, to "ventilate" his intellect and renew his youth. It is then, as we have said, a most happy contrivance, this holding of congresses, social, scientific, and philanthropic, during what would otherwise be the dead season, sometimes called irreverently the silly season. This carrying about, as it were, in a travelling caravan, a few select lions, willing and able to roar upon all needful occasion, with a clever manager or two to get up the thunder, is one of the striking phenomena, and now forms, indeed, an inherent part in the established in-

stitutions of the nineteenth century. There have been written and published such works as *The Physiology of Evening Parties—The History of Snobs, by one of Themselves*; and a witty contemporary is accustomed to give to its readers, in digest, *The Essence of Parliament*. Can no one, we would ask, attempt "The Physiology of the Dublin Congress of Social Science," or extract the "Essence of the Manchester British Association?"

These remarks have been suggested by the meeting of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," recently held in Dublin. The general objects of this society, as of others kindred in design, are at any rate praiseworthy. The following statement, issued on authority, though not in the best of English, will in a few words indicate the scope and direction of the Dublin proceedings:—"The Association is established to aid the development of Social Science, and to guide the public mind to the best practical means of promoting the amendment of the Law, the Advancement of Education, the Prevention and Repression of Crime, the Reformation of Criminals, the adoption of Sanitary Regulations, and the diffusion of sound principles on all questions of Social Economy. The Association aims to bring together the various societies and individuals who are engaged or interested in furthering these objects; and, without trenching upon independent exertions, seeks to elicit by discussion the real elements of truth, to clear up doubts, to harmonise discordant opinions, and to afford a common ground for the interchange of trustworthy information on the great social problems of the day."

On reading this promising programme, which was found in Dublin practically to embrace all conceivable topics—from Scotch marriages to Irish salmon-fisheries, from patents to small-pox and paper-hangings—we felt at once persuaded that the progress of the human race was henceforward adequately

provided for. We might previously have feared too free an influx of briefless barristers eager for talk; we might at first sight have dreaded the havoc easily effected by certain constitution-mongers under the guise of law-reformers—men of that ready facility which, at a moment's notice, could aptly frame a Magna Charta for any nation upon earth. We might have imagined a busy brood of small active men of isolated detail to patch and tinker at law and legislation—men, too, rough and ready to kill or cure—men, moreover, of a certain science, to apply the rule of thumb, and square down the picturesque ruggedness of time-hallowed precedent into prim precision—or, lastly, in the capital of Ireland especially, we might have dreaded the onslaught of reformers more fiery in mettle, like O'Connell of old, who drove his coach and four through all the clauses of an Act of Parliament. We soon, however, discovered that we had taken the whole affair much too seriously. At the opening meeting in Dublin, the general secretary rose and addressed fifteen hundred professors and disciples of Social Science as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the first proceeding on these occasions is always to announce the number of tickets that have been sold, and I am happy to be able to say that on this occasion 285 members and 1386 associates, being a total of 1671 persons, have already taken tickets,—(applause)." "One thousand six hundred and seventy-one persons" come expressly, in the words of the programme, "to aid the development of Social Science!" This surely, in itself, we said, must be deemed, at all events, a great, a gigantic fact. Upwards of fifteen hundred people seeking "to elicit by discussion the real elements of truth!" This, assuredly, was of itself a phenomenon in social and intellectual science, which far transcended our most sanguine expectations. Again we turned to the programme for further information. Two hundred and eighty-five members. What, we asked, are

the mental or social qualifications for membership? "*Any person*," say the rules, "becomes a Member of the Association by subscribing One Guinea annually." One thousand three hundred and eighty-six associates. What, we inquired, is needful to graduate as an associate? "*Any person* becomes an Associate for a year by a payment of Ten Shillings. *Every associate* is entitled to attend all the meetings." Very good, this is clear enough. Ladies and gentlemen, let us proceed to business. The Dublin meeting for "the development of Social Science" being thus happily constituted on so social and equal a basis, let its 185 members and 1386 associates forthwith, in the emphatic words of the programme, set themselves "to elicit by discussion the real elements of truth, to clear up doubts, to harmonise discordant opinions, and to afford a common ground for the interchange of trustworthy information on the great social problems of the day!" The progress of the human race, we repeat, is henceforth abundantly provided for.

Lord Brougham, of genius discursive, and eloquence alluring, achieved in his inaugural address a feat often before attempted, but generally attended with less success than in his facile hands:—the compromise between the profound, the popular, the superficial; the interweaving of past history with future prophecy; the blending of reason with imagination, of fact with fiction. The capital of Ireland—the land of Burke, Grattan, and Plunkett—might well receive with enthusiasm the illustrious President—orator and statesman—himself the living type of the pretended science of "sociology"—in profession and pursuits the signal representative of the sciolist and the *doctrinaire*. Who, even in that island of prescriptive injuries, can denounce a national grievance in words more withering, or bring to its relief greater ingenuity or resource? Who can make a dreary Act of Parliament sparkle with the brilliancy of

a romance, render dry law a positive luxury, and sport with the drudgery of legislation as if a mere pleasing pastime? Who can so well load a learned disquisition with encyclopædic lore? Who can better paint with epithet-coloured eloquence? Who can string together precedents in more formidable array, or bring to debated topics the hard-won experience of a longer life? What man, in short, save Brougham, throughout this wide world, can fulfil to utmost perfection all the expectations and demands of "social science"—a science grandiloquent in promise—a science which with vagrant steps overruns the illimitable regions of universal knowledge, still craving for new worlds to conquer and possess—a science so expressly social, so little given to slow induction, that henceforth the solution for every difficulty will be sought, not in the solitary study secluded to meditation, but in the crowded arena for the conflict of profuse public talk.

It must be admitted that the opening address of the noble and learned President, two hours and more in duration, ranging from John o' Groat's to the Equator, embracing nationalities cognate and diverse, peoples oppressed and enfranchised, rights recognised or still denied, was enough to satisfy appetites the most omnivorous, and to tax digestions the most vigorous. Of the genius of Brougham may we truly say, "age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety;" ever borne on the wing of high invention, does it "find out new heaven, new earth." It is not strange that crowds should still flock to hear him. Dashing boldness, mental enterprise running riot, eloquent denunciation, are qualities in an orator which reconcile audiences even more critical than social science students to possible inaccuracies of fact and fallacies in argument.

When a man like Brougham rises to speak, crowned by the victories won in many a hard-fought battle

—a statesman, a man of letters, a philanthropist, whose life is now portion of the history of our country—statements otherwise trivial, and references often remote, grow into adventitious importance. "Grattan, Plunkett, Wellington, Wellesley," said Brougham, on rising to address the meeting, "all of these I have been doomed to outlive, and to the dispensations of Providence it is fit we should be resigned." Thus a thousand associations rushed on the memory of orator and hearer, as Brougham glanced at the labours of Bentham and Denman, the associates of his youth—as he spoke of the discoveries of Black, Priestley, Lavoisier, and Davy, whose biographies he has written—as he traced the foundations of political economy, himself no mean authority, from Hume and Smith, across the Channel to their French predecessors—as he gave a line to the "calculus," and a sentence to "gravitation," in honour of papers written for the French Academy, and in remembrance of his late oration delivered at the foot of Newton's statue. To the living Brougham also paid fitting tribute: "to his learned colleague, that great philanthropist Mr. Recorder Hill;" to Captain Crofton, of Irish prisons and reformatories; and to other labourers, some seated around him, honoured for their generous efforts to ameliorate the condition of the people. All this coming from Lord Brougham, was listened to without impatience, by nearly two thousand people, for a space of time exceeding two hours. The discourse was put together with the skill by no means uncommon to a newspaper article, and the materials, for the

most part, would have been welcome in a column devoted to "table-talk," or "weekly gossip." Take, for example, the following important fact in social science: "The decease of the Sultan," said Lord Brougham, "has brought upon the Ottoman throne a prince who begins his reign as a reformer, both in his own practice and in the scheme of his administration—nay, even in the system which he is resolved to introduce—the dismissal of his predecessor's harem of scores of wives and hundreds of mistresses." Did the noble President expect that the new Sultan should adopt as his own the worn-out wives and mistresses of his predecessor? The question is of such delicacy that we beg to refer its further consideration to a select committee. The next point in the address, paper, penny-a-lining, and woodcuts, may claim the attention of the literary profession. During the past year social science has had to mourn over a few failures, but, on the other hand, it behoves, it would appear, all lovers of the intellectual progress of mankind to rejoice over some signal successes. On the authority of Lord Brougham, the greatest boon which has yet been secured to the world by his darling Association in cheap paper. "The effect," he says, "of this most salutary repeal of the paper-duty has been immediate, and it has been great."* "One daily paper," he continues, "has a circulation of 80,000, and a halfpenny weekly journal, with excellent cuts, has been established, and already issues above 180,000." We, of course, congratulate our contemporaries, both daily and weekly, on so speedy and so prodigious a commercial success.

* We do know something about paper, and have discussed the repeal of the duty with very many paper makers and paper consumers. We have not found among these one man, in whose judgment and honesty we had confidence, who did not think the repeal, in the circumstances of the country, an act of national folly. It may seem ingratitude in us to speak thus, as few will reap a more certain, if modest, accession of income if the repeal has the anticipated effect of lowering the price of paper.

We accept "the great boon," but are not at all disposed to thank its popularity-hunting donors.—Ed. B. M.

And we equally felicitate the cause of social science in begetting and maintaining, at so cheap a cost, offspring which, we feel assured, will ever redound to the honour of literature and art. Yet we were unwilling to suppose that the intellectual dignity and value of the congress held in the capital of Ireland was to be measured by these results. It is assuredly rather too much to require that the world should receive as the axioms of science some of the most recent, and, it may be, the most doubtful, results of contemporaneous legislation.

That crowds of men and hundreds of ladies should come to applaud for two hours an address of this quality, is nothing more than might have been anticipated; but that they should go home with the flattering unctious that they had graduated in science or philosophy, would be, to adopt oft-repeated words, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Lord Brougham still holds the stage with the pertinacity of a public favourite, eager to catch the dying echo of popular applause. For a great man, in the absence of more onerous duties, to amuse himself and his hearers with anecdote and talk, is at least harmless, and in some degree praiseworthy. But scientific inquiry and philosophic research are processes too severe for mere pleasing pastime and showy rhetoric. The name of Brougham, however, notwithstanding certain weaknesses, must live, and among words and deeds which cannot be forgotten will be ranked the following peroration, solemn in thought, and terse in expression:—

"The past," said Brougham, with voice gathering again its strength for a climax—"the past lends encouragement to the future. Let us then persevere to the end; but let us not forget that all our efforts to improve the condition of our fellow-creatures, and make them worthy of their destiny, are as nothing compared with the progress in higher things. These are the great aim and end of our being. In all

our pursuits, in our whole existence, an instinctive sense attends us that we are unsatisfied. The want of something permanent ever haunts us. Whatever exertions we have made, whatever success had, whatever gratification received, only makes us feel how hollow it all is—how much we desire that which endures. The scenes of early days which we revisit, now become dim from time, peopled with the forms of those whose memory they sadly recall, make us long for the bright scenes that can never fade, and for rejoining friends, to part no more. The present doubt, and the struggle, and the darkness, is for the hour; the prospect is cheering, and it is for ever; and so it is with our National Association, which commands our allegiance and justifies the hopes it inspires. Undaunted by resistance, undisturbed by faction, undismayed by real coldness or affected contempt, we persevere in our course of social labour; but we lift our views higher, to scenes far above the darkness of ignorance that shrouds one region, the mists of doubt that obscure, the storms of passion that vex another, and behold the lofty summit shining in the faith and adoration of God, glowing with universal benevolence to man. 'As some tall cliff—(I gladly," said Brougham, "pronounce these noble lines in the land which gave them birth)"—

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale and midway leaves
the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling
clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We are happy to know that a sweet foretaste of this "eternal sunshine" was already granted to the Dublin congress in the winning smiles of true Irish beauty. For we need scarcely say that the sociability of science would at its very best have been but dreary and desolate, had not woman come to charm the labours of the day. Let it not be supposed that we are

about to descend into mere commonplace compliment, which the fair cultivators of science, glorying in the philosophic mind, would spurn as an insult to advanced intellect. We believe we are called upon to discuss not "privileges," but "rights;" for "social science," we understand, takes as one of its bases the equal rights of woman side by side with man. This startling attitude on the part of ladies, analogous, we presume, to the uprising of certain oppressed nationalities on the continent of Europe, has at length, we are informed, assumed the definite form of a positive organisation. Women there are, we are told, hitherto doomed to blush and die in inglorious obscurity, who aspire to a vocation, desire to become illustrious, it may be notorious, content with nothing short of equality, not to say identity, with men. Women there are, it seems, though not, unfortunately, in the quiet unambitious sphere of our acquaintance, who commence and close every day of their existence with fervent thanks to God that they are not like others of their sex. It is evident that we are entering on a new epoch in the world's history, and it will, we are sure, be to the lasting glory of the "National Association," that in the great temple of social science niches have been provided for the ladies. In modern times, we fear, it has been too much the habit to look to woman merely in the character of Venus, forgetting that in ancient days there were likewise Minervas, and even Amazons. It was, if we recollect rightly, reserved for Mr. Buckle to discover that, on the whole, the influence of woman had proved favourable to the progress of civilisation. And we think it had been previously determined, on authority equally incontestable, that men were likewise of value in the economy of nature. But, as we have said, it remained for the National Association to prove what vast benefits, social, intellectual, and even political, might yet accrue

from a joint co-operation. Thus we are sure our readers will rejoice to hear that the great congress in Dublin witnessed the cheering spectacle of women rising from their seats, reading papers, and addressing public and mixed audiences. We live, let us all delight to remember, in enlightened days. Even England's greatest men in literature and science were, we regret to think, scarcely prepared for these glorious developments of the female intellect. Addison in the *Spectator*, in writing, as he was wont to do, on ladies' topics, upon "the hoop petticoat," "a coquette's heart," and "the exercise of the fan," indulged, it is sad to think, in mere elegant trifling; and Dr. Johnson, as might be apprehended, became, when he descended to such themes, positively insulting. On one occasion the stern moralist, if we remember rightly, was asked for his opinion on the subject of woman's preaching. "Sir," said he, with a growl, "it reminds one of a dog dancing on his hind legs: the wonder is, not that he does it so badly, but that he can do it at all." Yet we regret to know that in Dublin there were found cynics still surviving, who in form it may be, more refined, and in terms less express, were tacitly of the Doctor's opinion. The spectacle, however, of a woman's speaking, told with astounding effect; crowds came as if to witness a phenomenon transcending the limits of ordinary nature. Nor was curiosity doomed to be wholly disappointed. A lady rises to address the meeting; she is asked by the President her name, and by parenthesis adds in a low voice, "I believe I am not wholly unknown." Another lady, *ex cathedra*, holds forth in this strain: "Is there not among those who hear me," &c. "I beseech, I entreat you." "I speak as the representative of two societies in the city of Dublin," &c. Here followed, we believe, a touching appeal to drunken husbands, than which nothing so thrilling has been witnessed since

the delivery of Mrs. Caudle's well-known curtain lecture on the "latch-key."

"What!" exclaims Mrs. Caudle, "you'll have a key, will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle. Carry the street-key about with you? I have heard of such things with young good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of them; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about Ohubb, it's all the same—a great deal you must care for us. No, I think when a man comes to have a street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor again the better."

Mr. Caudle, we are told, at length sank to sleep amid the falling sentences, "take children into a lodging"—"separate maintenance," and so forth.

We need scarcely say, that in Dublin the really important question of the employment of women in recognised branches of industry, with other cognate subjects, was soon resolved into the still more momentous calculation, the chances of marriage. The returns of the Registrar-General are alarming; the preponderance of the female sex was, in the realms of social science, naturally regarded as a fact the most disastrous; and statistics have now, we believe, proved, by tabular statements not to be controverted, that husbands cannot be found in the required numbers. This is surely a case in which science, if of any worth at all, may be expected to supply the remedy. And, accordingly, statistics for once come to the aid of sentiment, and hard facts are found, as they of course always should be, at least under the benign reign of social science, upon the side of tenderest emotion. In the section set apart to the consideration of these all-important subjects, the announcement was made just at the moment when most wanted, that in Australia alone there are no less than 155,000 men in excess of women. We presume we shall best

fulfil the objects of the meeting by giving still wider publicity to this most consoling statement. A committee, we were given to understand, had been already formed for shipping off some at least of our surplus population, and it seemed the unanimous opinion that speedy emigration was the one thing needful. Towards the conclusion of the debate a few boys rose from their seats, and gave to the meeting the results of their valuable and extended experience. A veteran on the subject, a man apparently matured in debating club and platform sparring, then addressed the audience upon woman's political rights. This morning's campaign in favour of the ladies, thus brought to a close, was, we inferred, deemed a marked success. Time-honoured prejudices, once thus shaken, may soon, it is hoped, grow obsolete, and at length be wholly surrendered. Professors in social science, for example, both male and female, of the more advanced opinions, are already prepared, we hear, to consign the story of the serpent and the apple into the category of myths, and to renounce the accepted origin of Eve in the stolen rib of Adam as a fable wholly derogatory to the sex! All this looks promising. The genius of woman is now, we feel persuaded, in a fair way towards final emancipation.

The heights to which ladies may now attain, were it not inspiring to contemplate, would be truly alarming. Think of women learned in the doctrines of Malthus on Population; their mornings spent on the *Wealth of Nations*; their evenings devoted to the last parliamentary returns touching the balance of trade and the laws of navigation! To a lady immersed in the depths of these profound calculations, or raised to the summit of this high social philosophy, in vain, we fear, would the appeal be made—

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),

In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens,
and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for love is of the valley—come,
For love is of the valley—come thou down."

As an old bachelor, we find the notions of our youth already grown antiquated. We are, in fact, in the melancholy situation of being left far behind the times. We date back to a period when women were content to do a great deal of quiet good in their own simple, unpretending, and heart-felt manner, without presuming to any very positive "vocation." We had imagined, that while man's business was in the bustle of the world, in the hot contest of life, with its disappointments no less than its rewards and distinctions, woman's sphere was within the shelter and retreat of the tranquil home. We had known indeed of women, humble in mind, wholly free from the ambition which agitates the ruder sex, deeming it an honour, had they a brother, or it might be one nearer than a brother, who had achieved for the family name renown. To the true glory of the female character we have, in short, every one of us, known women content to live without applause, willing to perform day by day the simple offices of home, to train up children, to watch domestic economy, and, if needs be, to work; in fine, to do all which devoted self-sacrifice can dictate to render our English households the abodes of happiness. And we rejoice to think that thousands and tens of thousands of such women may still be found, who have not given an ear to social science or political philosophy. Yet we cannot, as we have said, but feel that our notions on these subjects are every day growing more out of date. But we are not without the hope that, at least among the most unenlightened portions of the community, our old prejudices may meet with some faint response.

In days gone by, at all events, both in literature and in society, we might have gained a hearing. *Les femmes savantes* have not certainly, at all times and in all quarters, obtained the sympathy which no doubt they so well deserved. May we venture to quote Molière :—

" Il n'est pas bien honnête, et pour beaucoup
de causes,
Qu'une femme étudie et sache tant de chose.
Former aux bonnes mœurs l'esprit de ses enfants,
Faire aller son ménage, avoir l'œil sur ses gens,
Et régler la dépense avec économie,
Doit être son étude et sa philosophie.
Nos pères, sur ce point, étaient gens bien sensés.

Les femmes d'à présent sont bien loin de ces mœurs;
Elles veulent écrire et devenir auteurs.
Raisonner est l'emploi de toute ma maison,
Et le raisonnement en bannit la raison.
L'un me brûle mon rot, en lisant quelque histoire;
L'autre rêve à des vers, quand je demande à boire;
Enfin je vois par eux votre exemple suivi,
Et j'ai des serviteurs, et ne suis point servi."

Since these benighted lines were written, the march of intellect has been great indeed; women, as we see, no less than men, have taken long strides in pursuit of knowledge, and we now may contemplate the inspiring spectacle of men giants in intellect, and women the very amazons of genius, drawn up side by side in united battalions, ready to do battle in the cause of science and philosophy. This, no doubt, is a sublime phenomenon in the march of universal civilisation. Yet there are still men, we believe, in the race, left behind, who cannot boast of these exalted tastes; and for their sakes we would venture to express the hope that some few ladies may yet be found reconciled to the pleasing vanities of life. Poets, too, there may be among us—for we are not all made of the stout stuff which goes to constitute science—and these men at least, given to poetry and art, would still, we think, gladly find some "phantom of delirium," simple and guileless, all guiltless of statistics—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears,
and smiles."

In this wide world, so manifold, there is of course scope for tastes and pursuits the most varied, and call for labours the most extended. Yet at the meeting in Dublin the other day there were beauteous girls, apparently devoted to science, who, we would hope, had not yet met with their precise "vocation;" ladies industriously attending "sections," yet "so fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive," that they may yet possibly be induced to quit the arduous paths of strict philosophy for songs of "the May Queen" and "Enone," and take to sentiments that may probably elude the strict formula of scientific calculation.

But let us not be misunderstood. There is, it must be admitted, in all this "science," perhaps falsely so called, much pretence. Yet, on the other hand, it were surely unjust to cast ridicule upon woman's true work; and it would evince the height of ingratitude for benefits conferred, to deny to her a noble mission in the world. To assuage suffering, to smooth the pillow of death, to minister to poverty and distress, has been, happily for our common humanity, the peculiar province and delight of woman, gentle in hand and tender in heart. Fortunate it is that ladies are sometimes found freed from individual ties of family and home, who can generously devote themselves to the more public labours of active benevolence. And surely it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times in which we live, that women, Protestant no less than Catholic, are ready to leave the comforts, and even the luxuries, of refined life, and, as sisters of charity, tender in mercy, to enter upon strenuous labours, from which can accrue no reward save the approval of a good conscience and the meed of a generous heart. We are bound to admit that papers written, and in many cases also read, by ladies engaged in such

wise and beneficent labours, were valuable as records of work done, and in no way sinned against that retiring diffidence which, according to an old prejudice, best adorns the female character. Miss Bessie Parkes and Miss Emily Faithful have set on foot institutions, and opened up employments, by which educated women may be rescued from want, and saved from the obligation involved in charity. Papers by Miss Hill, on "The Present Condition of Mettray;" by Miss Cobbe, on "The Preventive Mission at Bristol;" by Miss Twining, on "Workhouse Education;" and by Miss Mary Carpenter, on "The Application of the Principles of Education to Schools for the Lower Classes of Society," were all written with praiseworthy care, and brought zeal, tempered by knowledge, to the elucidation of subjects of pressing practical import. We are anxious, we repeat, not to be misunderstood. There are honoured names and great works, which can never be forgotten. Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, Florence Nightingale in Scutari, will hold rank with Howard the philanthropist; and we rejoice to know that these good women have found followers worthy of their noble deeds and high renown.

Still we will not disguise our opinion that the appearance of women as orators addressing a public and mixed audience, is not an experiment which merits encouragement, but an innovation, which calls for suppression. In the whole history of the world, we believe the Quakers are the only people among whom liberty of speech has been exercised by women with moderation. The Quakers, indeed, claim a divine inspiration, which is supposed to overrule all distinctions of sex. And generally, we believe, when women have commanded fortresses, led armies, or addressed assembled multitudes, the inspiration of religion, the passion of war, or the fanaticism of superstition, has served as a doubtful justification. The experience won at

the recent congress in Dublin is, we think, little in favour of the further extension of such practices. In the outset, women proved themselves somewhat unfit for oratory, in the simple incapacity of making themselves heard. Furthermore, public discussion in an arena common to men is surely not woman's fitting sphere. Open public controversy with ladies would be, of course, among all right-minded men, simply impossible. And we cannot but fear that that noble feeling of chivalry towards a fair and sensitive sex—"that generous loyalty," "the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise," which, in the words of Burke, "inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched"—could with difficulty be maintained towards those women who should venture to enter into noisy controversy, and contend for absolute equality in the battle of life. This is, at all events, an experiment in which modest success only could for one moment be tolerated. Would it be a thing to be endured by any loyal mind, that women should get up in public assemblies, and blunder on in a manner innocuous and habitual to men? Could a lady come out from such an ordeal unscathed, and with no diminution of respect? The question does not admit of a moment's argument. In Dublin, the course was simple enough, and, being in the nature of a tentative trial, not, we trust, to be pushed farther, was pursued with praiseworthy caution. A lady reads a paper, applause follows, a few words of congratulation are then bestowed, and so the matter ends pleasantly enough, to the mutual delight of all parties. All this, we readily admit, is so far sufficiently social and charming, and yet, we venture to assert, in no way accordant with deliberate scientific inquiry, or compatible with the freedom of open and impartial discussion. Whenever, in fact, woman's vital interests came into debate—in marriage, divorce, and kindred topics—we con-

fess ourselves to have been so ungallant as to have wished that the ladies, chiefly for their own sakes, had been out of hearing. The practice of our Houses of Parliament, notwithstanding the recent innovation of a ladies' gallery, fortunately placed out of sight, plainly indicates what, upon this matter, was the wisdom of the ancients, and the theory of the English constitution. But it would seem, as we have already said, that it is now our privilege to live in more enlightened times.

The scientific mind in "social" hours, when taking its recreation, has for some time past indeed presented many startling phenomena. Professors seem to fear lest the old adage of "all work and no play" should, even upon their exalted genius, take its proverbial effect, and so, as very boys of larger growth, they are found to give themselves to healthful sport and convivial jollity, not precisely according to prescribed notions as to the essential dignity of official robes. Scientific excursions in search of fossils, when students are armed with hammer and knapsack; botanical picnics, when rarest flowers, culled with infinite care solely for the portfolio, have been found towards evening's close in garlands decking the hair of the lady most ardent in the pursuit of science—these are but the milder forms of genuine philosophic enthusiasm let loose to disport itself. The recently published memoirs of that genial and truly scientific man, Edward Forbes, are rich in the records of dinners enlivened by song and merriment; of science moulding itself into verse, "poet, oyster, and sensitive plant," Dodo, starfish, and the great *Dinornis*, all sitting with "the Red Lion" at the same hospitable board. There is something hearty, thorough, and withal healthful and sound, in this philosophy, as thrown into rhyme by the philosopher himself:—

"Though some poor canting mortals say
That wise men must be sad,

Let them come here and see the way
 How wise men can be glad.
 Their wisdom is but foolery,
 And *ours* is what it ought to be.
 Hurrah! hurrah for the Rosy Band!
 Hurrah for the Holly Tree!

Then whilst we live we'll spend our hours
 'Mid all that's bright and fair;
 In learning's fields we'll gather flowers
 To wreath in Beauty's hair:
 For wisdom's hoary locks we'll twine
 A crown of myrtle and of vine.
 Hurrah! hurrah for the Rosy Band!
 Hurrah for the Holly Tree!"

The meeting of the British Association in the year 1839, held in the town of Birmingham, became, we are told, memorable for the institution of another, and we believe, kindred society, "The Association of Red Lions." We are given to understand that the younger tribe of naturalists, disliking the irksomeness of the established ordinary, adjourned to a small tavern, where "they dined daily at small expense, on beef cooked in various fashions, moistened with sundry potations of beer, and enlivened by joke and song." Thus was established the renowned club of the "Red Lions," and in "proof," it is said, "of their leonine relationship," the professors and associates, when assembled at the dinner-table, "made it a point of always signifying their approval or dissent by growls, and roars more or less audible, and, where greater energy was needed, by a vigorous flourishing of their coat-tails." It is added that the "rampant coat-tail" of the president "served as a model to the younger lions." The adopted crest of the Association was "a brilliant red lion with a long pipe in one paw, and a glass of beer in the other;" "the feeding-hour of the carnivora, six o'clock precisely." This reminds us of Miss Hardcastle's rehearsal for barmaid in *She Stoops to Conquer*:—"Attend the Lion there: Pipes and tobacco for the Angel: The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour." So great was the success of the parent association that a branch society became established in London, under the

designation of "The Metropolitan Lions," expressly for the convenience of members in town residence. At these convivial meetings Edward Forbes was wont to delight the company with songs composed expressly for the occasion; scientific facts thrown into rhyme and treated with grotesque humour. On one of these festive occasions he sang, to the infinite merriment of the nascent philosophers, "the Dredging Song, by a member of the Dredging Committee of sect. D."

"Hurrah! for the dredge, with its iron edge,
 And its mystical triangle,
 And its hid net, with meshes set,
 Odd fishes to entangle!
 The ship may move through the waves above,
 'Mid scenes exciting wonder,
 But braver sights the dredge delights,
 As it rovethe the waters under.
Chorus—Then a-dredging we will
 go, wise boys!
 Then a-dredging we will go."

It is especially recorded in the chronicles of the Metropolitan Red Lions that a meeting was held on the 17th April 1845, at the "Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet Street, an evening ever memorable for the brilliancy and pungency of the songs, anecdotes, and jokes, at which we find the following grave philosophers assisting in the mysteries of the brotherhood:—"Owen, Goodsir, Falconer, Forbes, A. C. Ramsay, Captain James, Morris, Francis, Jerdan, Cook Taylor, Richard Taylor, Sulk, Henry, Henfrey, Busk, Waterhouse, Playfair, and Chambers." The Transactions of this learned society seem to have been kept with the praiseworthy precision which befitted the importance of their deliberations. Accordingly, we find it placed upon record that on the 3d of July 1847 "the Metropolitan Red Lions gave a dinner to the Prince of Canino," the nephew of the great Napoleon, to whom, if we recollect rightly, science had already become indebted for a valuable memoir or monograph, dedicated to the little bird commonly known as the small tom-tit. We usually find the glowing description of these renowned dinners

summed up in terms like the following:—"The Red Lions growled and roared, and flourished their tails again this year as lustily as before." But Professor Ramsay, in his private journal we presume, expressly set apart, no doubt, for such grave records, fortunately indulges more in detail. "I dined," says this professor of geology, "with the Red Lions, at the Thistle, in Glassford Street, and sat, I think, between Forbes and Lankester.—Forbes and an Irish gentleman were the very life of the party. They both made speeches replete with humour, the latter returning thanks for the health of the army, and Forbes proposing the health of that wonderful curiosity—a creature compounded of a cross between the Red Lion of England and the Scottish Thistle. He also chanted his famous Song of The Oyster." This Song of The Oyster unhappily has not come down to us. "The Song of the Dodo, however—the word dodo to be pronounced, we are told, "doo-doo"—will serve, it may be presumed, equally well. With

a quotation from this poetic effusion we close the present section of social science.

"Do-do! although we can't see him,
His picture is hung in the British Museum:
For the creature itself, we may judge what
a loss it is,
When its claws and its bill are such great
curiosities.
Do-do! Do-do!
Ornithologists all have been puzzled by you.

Do-do! Monsieur de Blainville,
Who hits very hard all the nails on his anvil,
Maintains that the bird was a vulture rapacious,
And neither a wader, nor else gallinaceous;
A do-do! a do-do!
And not a cock-a-doodle-doo!

Do-do! John Edward Gray, sir,
Doubted what Mr. de Blainville did say, sir,
And held that the bird was a vile imposition,
And that the old Dutchman had seen but a
vision—
A do-do; a regular do!
And didn't believe one word was true."

To which, in reference to a more recent correspondence of this universal sceptic, the following verse might be added:—

Do-do! this John Edward, again, from his villa,
Writes letters impugning Du Chaillu's gorilla;
And swears, from a glance at the skin and œsophagus,
That the ape's not an ape, but a sham anthropophagus?
A do-do! an African do!
He'd swear black is white to extinguish Chaillu.

Could the great Bacon have seen in his mind's vision these social and poetic developments of the inductive philosophy how would he, we must all feel assured, have gloried in the result! He did, indeed, presume to call knowledge down from heaven to converse with men upon earth; but that science should be turned into song, and dance, and convivial cheer, was probably beyond his most sanguine expectations. He scarcely, we think, throughout his entire works, even once hints at so great a consummation. There is, however, we may safely infer, some ground for the hope and the conjecture that "Social Science Congresses" were dimly

prefigured in such passages as the following; yet will it at once be seen how far the prophecy falls short of its actual fulfilment: "But this," says Bacon, "is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets—Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation; and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action." Surely, by the well-known laws of interpretation, in no way exceeding the licence properly permitted in like cases, these lines, especially the words touching the heavenly lu-

minaries, may be taken to refer expressly to the recent congress in the city of Dublin. This conjecture grows, we think, into greater certainty when we remember that the noble President on that occasion had not unfrequently been already portrayed by contemporary artists in the guise of Jupiter Tonans—"the planet," in the fit words of Bacon, we repeat—"the planet of civil society and action." Of "society" we have said enough. Society in the city of Dublin had previously become an important science, and all that pertained to social entertainments in the arrangements of the recent congress was worthy of the long-established repute of hearty Irish hospitality. Of "action," or rather of motion, proving, we think, that "motion perpetual," though a paradox in matter, is a possibility in the empire of mind—of both action and motion we say there was certainly sufficient to satisfy philosophers the most versatile. The only difficulty, indeed, for those unaccustomed to such fierce pursuit of knowledge, was to keep even pace with the long rapid strides taken both by male and female aspirants. It was a constant race against time and intellect; the flounced petticoat was seen to flutter along corridors, mount in impetuous haste flights of stairs, and alight at last on giddy galleries, just in time, it might be, to catch the last eloquent words from Whiteside's appeal to ladies upon the subject of Scotch marriages. "Ladies," said Mr. Whiteside—"ladies, I would have you remember that the proper place for every one of you to get married is inside the church door." Applause, of course, echoed so noble a sentiment, and the debate thus ended on terms the most satisfactory: off the audience once again started for fresh sensation in a neighbouring "Section."

Six distinct sections of social science, with two additional subsections working without intermission for four or five hours on six

consecutive days, would, it might be supposed, attain to some commensurate results. We need scarcely guard ourselves against misconception. It were indeed passing strange, should a society which expressly concerns itself in the interests of humanity, wholly fail of its purpose and intent. Philosophy, let us in charity suppose, if not by such appliances greatly exalted, has the chance, at least, of becoming more widely diffused. When judges of the land bring together the fruits of their experience, when Attorneys and Solicitors-General employ their forensic skill in the elucidation of moot points in jurisprudence, when earnest and loving philanthropists assemble in the service of their suffering fellow-creatures, it were surely extraordinary should no good whatever ensue. Among a multitude of papers, numerous and to the last degree formidable, it were indeed strange could not a few be found reaching to considerable merit. Of disquisitions taking the higher rank, we would specially mention the opening address by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, as President of the department of jurisprudence. He succeeded in winning for our laws and legislation a position inductive, scientific, and progressive. He showed that true economy was to be found only in efficiency; that jurisprudence, laying its foundations in the past, and conforming its principles to moral dictates, must yet mould itself to social and political progress; that the highest and truest manifestation of law is systematic love, taking its seat beside the throne of God, and finding for its mandates the sanction of Christ's teaching upon earth.

We need scarcely say, however, that essays of this high bearing were exceptional. The interminable proceedings, indeed, of six sections prolonged for six days, might have grown all but intolerable, had not heavy statistics, when not absolutely left out, been enlivened by Irish bulls, and the play of Scotch

and English wit. It is, indeed, one of the most consoling traits of such meetings, in the absence for the most part of anything amounting to positive intellectual exercise or enjoyment, to find what merriment may grow out of the mere blunders of justices' justice, and the inveterate dulness usually incident to topics touching mere parish business. We feel, indeed, that we owed something akin to gratitude to the well-meaning magistrate who committed a boy, caught in the use of bad language towards a donkey, to a juvenile reformatory for the term of two years. To gain a laugh was in Dublin deemed so great a boon, that even the most forlorn of jokes, taken from the province of social science, were sometimes perpetrated with the best possible effect; and much, of course, to the relief of the tedium of the proceedings. What a godsend, for example, after long, windy, and washy papers on temperance, was it to find a member from the land of whisky rising in his place to exculpate the aspersed name of his countrymen, on the score that the Irish could never have suffered from the stigma of drunkenness had they not previously established an excellent character for temperance! In the land sacred likewise to the potato was discussed with renewed point and additional relish the most vapid of all panaceas for the ills to which flesh is heir to—vegetarian diet. In the capital of Ireland, too, were very fitly debated tenants' rights, and labourers' cottages and cabins, and encumbered estates, and sectarian, secular, and mixed education, with the zeal, if not the rancour, engendered by the immediate pressure of local interests. We are glad, however, to be able to assure our readers, that even during the most critical moments in these patriotic and stormy debates the existence of "the Union" was not thrown into jeopardy. There appeared to be indeed, at least on one point, a universal concurrence of opinion, that Ireland had, for some few years past, entered on an unexampled

career of prosperity, with possibly just here and there a national grievance remaining, for which we doubt not all true-bred Irishmen are devoutly thankful, otherwise the indignant patriot were left without vocation. This, indeed, were a consummation devoutly to be dreaded, the interests of Social Science notwithstanding.

The meeting in Dublin, we believe, was considered a great success. How indeed could it be otherwise? His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, as habitual with this amiable nobleman, smiled blandly upon science, opened the Castle for "the members and associates of the Association, ladies as well as gentlemen," refreshments *ad libitum*, music more crashing and dashing than even Irish oratory. Success, we say, was inevitable. The printed programme states that for "Saturday the business of the departments will close at 1 o'clock," being a half-holiday. Honorary degrees were then conferred in Trinity College at 1.30 P.M.; at 3 P.M. followed a special promenade in the Zoological Gardens, at which three bands and the Lord-Lieutenant assisted; at 5 the lions and cubes were fed as usual, and at 8 the labours of the "half-holiday" were pleasantly brought to a close by a select soirée at the Royal Irish Academy. Science may, we think, well feel proud of such a half-day's labour. The resources of Ireland were found indeed great, and the whole island was virgin soil to the ardent souls of the professors. Irishmen, it is true, as Sheridan and Goldsmith, in long years gone by, had made social science, in some of its more alluring departments at all events, their darling recreation, and accordingly the *Vicar of Wakefield* was claimed by the present Attorney-General as a profound and far-seeing book, which had indeed anticipated almost every one of the discoveries of modern days! Ireland, however, as we have said, in its emerald fields and renowned tracts of bog, still presented to the hopeful and aspiring sons and

daughters of science a territory tempting to still more extended labours. On a given day, four excursions started, each on its several way, upon the grand mission of exploration and reclamation. Irish round towers and the Irish convict system—Powerscourt Waterfall and Protestant orphan unions—lead-mines, churches, and cold collations, shared the labours of a most unpropitious day; not forgetting a projected visit to the "Devil's Glen," in the heart of which we rejoice to learn it is yet hoped that the Association, with the sanction of the *genius loci*, may succeed in erecting a juvenile reformatory. The Dublin meeting, we repeat, was an undeniable success. We have seen that dreary tables of statistics were enlivened by draughts of sparkling champagne—that famine was discussed from afar under the shelter and the sunshine of the best of cheer—that the *deshabille toilette* of the morning's labours was closely followed by the full dress of the dazzling *soirée*—that thus days of strife, and hours devoted to misery, found quick relief in pleasure, and the science which pursued with terrible earnestness a phantom future, was happily, thanks to local secretaries, allied to arts which secured the most substantial of present enjoyments. The martyrs of science, how would they have desired to see these days!

"Final causes," we believe, have, in the present advanced stage of knowledge, fallen to a discount. Yet, bringing our criticism to a close, it may not be amiss for just one moment to inquire what are the "final causes," what the real purport and intent of these congresses, associations, and institutes, which, especially during autumn months, disport themselves so gaily? Let us assume that the effect upon the public mind is in many ways salutary and good. It has happily not been reserved for us in these days to write in the "praise of knowledge." The work has been already well done by other hands. The people of this country are now

taught by the experience of every hour how deep is the debt of gratitude which each one of us owes to science, the beneficent servant and helpmate and instructor of man. We need not, moreover, recount how many and how pure are the delights which the student of nature derives from the loving prosecution of his labours. "A mind," says Sir John Herschel, "which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learnt the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplation. Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order." Let us in charity suppose that this quiet truth-loving spirit, which we hold in profoundest reverence, is not wholly foreign to the ostentatious jubilees which have provoked our ridicule.

The charity which covers a multitude of sins, hopeth all things. Yet we must avow that in these monster gatherings, apparently got together for the glorification of a few master minds, who might fitly despise popularity so cheap and often so vulgar, we see little of the retiring modesty which is supposed to crown the philosophic mind. In the fulsome flattery upon these occasions too frequently bestowed by presidents and professors, the one upon the other, enough to make, one would think, the blush of shame rise in the cheek of insulted humanity, we must say that we distinguish but little of that humility which bowed the head of the great Newton when he said, "I have been but a child upon the sea-shore, gathering a pebble and a shell from the vast ocean of truth which lies still undiscovered before me." Is it that our modern men of science

despise their hearers, or have ceased to respect themselves? Is it that they choose to pander to the mob, and aspire to become noisy democrats of pretentious knowledge? In such hands the true dignity and worth of science are in danger of degradation. "The greatest error of all the rest," says Lord Bacon in a well-known passage, "is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge: for men have entered into a desire of learning or knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction." For these causes mainly, we fear, are itinerant provincial associations formed, "and not," in the noble words of the same great writer, in order "to give a true account of the gift of reason."

WHAT SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING JUST NOW WITH THE POPE.

When a man's to be ruined, he first is demented—
(I forget by what Sage the remark was invented.)
Fate always gives Folly abundance of rope,
Which seems to be happening just now with the POPE.

If people won't see, they are justly consigned
To the doom of becoming judicially blind.
From blunder to blunder they helplessly grope,
Which seems to be happening just now with the POPE.

I don't like the way in which Naples was gained;
But the thing has been done, and it must be maintained.
With Destiny's dictates 'tis useless to cope,
Which seems to be happening just now with the POPE.

Had his Holiness kept but a decent neutrality,
The SEE might have shown a more lasting vitality.
His meddling with matters quite out of his scope
Is the cause of what's happening just now with the POPE.

He may preach, he may pray—'tis his business to do it;
But encouraging robbers—'tis right he should rue it.
Arming stabbers and cut-throats, to speak without trope,
Is what seems to be happening just now with the POPE.

Too long he has trodden this perilous path,
Exhausting men's patience and rousing their wrath.
Suppose his French Guards should some morning elope,
Pray, what would be happening ere night with the POPE?

Whate'er might become of the POPE as a Priest,
The POPE as a Prince would be quickly deceased.
A slippery seat on the side of a slope
Is a type of what's happening just now with the POPE.

There are Popes and Pretenders elsewhere than at Rome,
And some would-be Infallibles even at home.
'Twould be vulgar to ask how they're off as to soap,
But we'll point to what's happening just now with the POPE.

This is not a time, or a turn of affairs,
In which Churchmen should anywhere give themselves airs:
So they'll prudently all take a lesson, I hope,
From that which is happening just now with the POPE.

AMONG THE LOCHS:

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SOME PASSAGES IN THE ARCHDEACON'S HOLIDAY.]

CHAPTER I.—KNOCKTARLITIE.

WHEN we were asked to join the Archdeacon's party on the banks of the Gare-Loch, after the brief and bright (though damp) experience of the Highlands, recorded on a former occasion,* it may be easily supposed that my friend Kate and myself eagerly accepted the invitation. After the ordinary conventionalities of life, there is something more charming than I can describe in that free, unfettered, half-Highland, half-seaside life which one lives in such a place. I can scarcely say what motive brought the Archdeacon to Knocktarlitie. I believe he had just *glimpsed* it in a former tour, and, charmed by the look of quiet upon everything in that lovely locality, thought of the place again when, worn out by the year's labour, he and Mrs. Archdeacon consulted where to go in September. A dignitary of the Church does not, of course, shoot, especially not when he becomes stout and advances in life; and as our excellent friend is a literary man, and has always some work of that description in hand to occupy him, he does not care for the vulgar amusements without which other gentlemen do not seem to find existence possible. He is the very man to make a country residence delightful. The very sound of his laugh is enough to dispel the clouds from a less cheerful temper. The sound of that light step, which (having such a weight to carry) he naturally prides himself a little upon, stirs a whole house into alertness and pleasant looks. On the whole, he is what may safely be called a dear man, full of jokes and lively allusions, but in the pulpit as stately and serious as becomes an ecclesiastical dignitary,

and such a preacher as one rarely hears. No one who knows him can wonder at his great popularity; and if the *right* party were in power, and the bestowal of bishoprics was in *proper* hands, we all know who would wear the first vacant apron. But, of course, with a judge so advanced in spiritual discrimination as Lord Palmerston, nothing but Low Church will do; and I should not wish the dear Archdeacon to accept preferment through *such* a channel.

I am not sure that the regular current of Highland tourists know much about the Gare-Loch. I don't think they do, in fact. It is too near the ordinary world to catch the eye of the mere traveller, who thinks nothing of a place unless it is a few hundred miles off, and rather difficult of approach. On the contrary, anybody from Glasgow can reach Knocktarlitie in a couple of hours—can plunge into the sweetest quiet, the deepest wealth of foliage, a paradise of wood and water, at the very smallest cost of money and trouble; and consequently, as a matter of course, people think lightly of the Elysium that lies so easily at hand. Glasgow persons frequent the place in tolerable numbers, it is true; and as there is no show in it, no marine parade, not a single shop, I imagine these visitors must be devoured with *ennui*; but for people escaping from *the world*—people tired out with London life, or sick of work and noise in whatever quarter it may be carried on, nothing can surpass this tender tranquillity. The hill side opposite, though its highest slopes are purple with heather, might be clad with vines, for anything one can say

* See ante, p. 256.

against it, when the sun shines on its heights, so soft is that gentle acclivity. Unfortunately the mists are only too ready to descend, and prove beyond controversy that this is not a region of wine and oil; but wherever a burn rushes down the steep (and they come in multitudes), the freshest foliage, heavy and rich and full, tracks the stream up to its sources, and clings about all the eccentricities of its way. Such plane-trees! patriarchal sycamores clustering in deepest umbrage!—such laurels! such crowds of graceful ash! such lofty limes, flinging down tremulous floods of verdure to their veiled feet! My enthusiasm may be smiled at, probably; but I do not deny that I am enthusiastic. At the entrance of the loch, the great artist, Nature, making her first sketch and study for the world of opening lochs farther down the Clyde, distinguished the spot by a repetition of sweet bays and beatific summer headlands, green to the water's edge; and, at the upper end, having made further progress with that splendid network of mountain and lake, throws across the gentle basin a noble line of hills, truly belonging to Loch Long, which is hidden yonder under their shadow, but in still more picturesque possession abiding here, giving a charm to the landscape which is quite indescribable. The wonderful thing seems to be that the sun himself never exhausts those hills. Every hour of his shining you see him busy about them, curiously investigating the countless knolls and hollows far up and near the sky, throwing now and then a surprised and sudden gleam upon some nook he has never fairly explored before, and intensifying the light upon it so that every spectator shares his sweet wonder, triumph, and joy. Now it is a crag, which shows stern and splendid under the wonderful flash of sudden perception—now a flush of heather rising forth into the light—now a slope of the most wonderful colour suddenly appearing with Pre-Raphaelite minuteness

from amid a world of other slopes, among which, a moment before, it was undistinguishable. This is the Gare-Loch. If it did not rain—if it were not raining half the time—it would be too much like paradise.

And often the rain is very bearable. Whenever it clears off, the atmosphere is delicious. But when it *settles down*—oh me!—let me not recall that persistent, pertinacious, soft, continual dropping. We are not in paradise after all—nobody ever passes along the heavy road—no good Samaritan comes to call—one cannot go out—one quarrels with one's best friend inside—one gradually grows into a slow desperation beyond the reach of hope; and the laurels gleam their wet boughs at you, and the long branches of the ash sway to and fro, and the clusters of the plane-trees nod together in a kind of dewy triumph. You think you will be in time for all the autumnal colours, I suppose, because it is September—that is why the green, green leaves, green as though it were June, whisper and nod at you with malicious triumph through the steady rain.

This, however, has nothing to do with the Archdeacon's party. The Archdeacon's house is a large yellow-coloured house, with a curious door approached by two sweeps of staircase, like a Scotch pulpit. A pretty house, on the whole. The drawing-room has a handsome bow, with three windows commanding everything but the hills, where we used to sit in dumb despair, one in each window, watching the rain, but where we had abundance of talk and cheer to make up. This house is called "The Lodge;" anybody who is interested will easily be able to identify it. Here we lived in primitive withdrawal from the vulgar world. In the morning the postman came with a whistle, calling forth a flight of maid-servants to receive the letters; and at noon he came back, with a horn, to receive the communications which we sent out of Arcadia. Vulgar provisions, which one orders from vulgar shops

in the prose world, come here gliding in boats, or borne over the hills. Up the side of the loch gleams a line of cottages, here and there bursting into loftier gables or attic windows, appearing from behind high hedges, from within gardens, behind rows of potatoes or clusters of trees. Every house has its boat deposited on the beach: the aborigines, of every rank, sex, and description, are skilful in the management of these indispensable conveyances. The ladies, the very babies row. I saw a creature of four manage his boat as if it were the natural shell of that species of amphibii. The phenomenon amused me greatly. It was burned brown with the sunshine of the early summer, and damped throughout with the succeeding rain. I doubt if its feet or its petticoats were ever dry. There it sat in its boat, and prospered. Probably it will fall heir to its grandfather's rheumatism before it grows half as old a man.

"It is a curious fact," said the Archdeacon, coming suddenly in among us, as he did five or six times in the morning, making a little rapid excursion from his work, and back again, after he had discharged his arrow—"it is a curious fact that all the native inhabitants of Knocktarlittie—the aborigines, in fact—are old ladies. I have just been calculating that, in the course of a few years, chances of immigration expected, the race must be extinct."

The sudden outcry which this speech raised among us three ladies may be imagined. "Archdeacon!" exclaimed his wife. It was all she could say. The idea of entire depopulation falling upon the pleasant banks of the Gare Loch, and all this beauty returning to the wilderness, was too afflicting to be lightly discussed.

"The Archdeacon is only ironical," said I; "and, besides, he means the upper classes: gentlemen always are so hard upon us. Perhaps we ought to take ourselves out of the world altogether when we grow old, and keep out of other people's way."

"When you grow old, Miss Arabella," said the Archdeacon, with his finest bow, "I will allow you to consider the question; but, in the mean time, here's the fact; curious, isn't it? It struck me as quite a new branch of statistical inquiry. Given such a class of population, how it keeps itself up?"

"It is a class of population that affects such places," said Kate. "I'll tell you how it keeps itself up, Archdeacon. How does Chelsea Hospital keep itself up? I suspect if there were no battles going on anywhere, the old Peninsula men would soon be extinct, wouldn't they? How easily you talk of your old ladies! Aren't they the survivors, the wounded, of the outside fight? Don't be afraid, the race will never be extinct."

"Mrs. S——, I stand reproved," said the Archdeacon. "Notwithstanding, you know it is remarkable. Why are there *no* young people among them?—that is the question. No daughters, nor nieces even, and as for sons——" The Archdeacon threw up his hands as if that were entirely out of the question.

"My dear, we have no children ourselves," said Mrs. Archdeacon, very mildly. Upon which he looked at her, spun round upon his heel, and with his sharp light step was gone out of the room before any one could say another word. It was the Archdeacon's way. Something came into his head when he was at his work that wanted utterance. He came, fired it among us, and disappeared again. He did this, as I have mentioned, half-a-dozen times in one day.

"It is curious though, as the Archdeacon says, how old ladies do settle in one place, and keep it up from generation to generation," said Mrs. Archdeacon, "with their tea-parties. They give tea-parties here, do you know. We have been to two or three, but it's fatiguing work. You sit down round a long table, and have every kind of cake offered to you. It's very odd. I

confess I like a mixture of all ages, for my part."

"And look here—here's a mixture of ages," said Kate.

It was a party of people coming to call—blessed visitants—in the rain! some charming young friends of ours were among them. Mr. Reginald, our kind young companion of former times, led the party, in beatific circumstances, surrounded by a halo of young ladies. I need not, however, enter into a description of this pretty group, as it is foreign to the immediate tenor of my tale. Possible romances gleaming through a pleasant mist of flirtation gave a sweet suggestiveness to the scene. Ah, youth, youth! always the same, though the actors in the drama change perpetually. But it is hard to think that these pretty creatures are to fold their wings in the inevitable course of nature, and drop down into sober elderly souls like dear Kate and me.

To look at them now, when the sun shines, philandering, as Kate says, down that pretty old avenue! The avenue itself is one of the glories of Knocktarlitie; yew-trees not to be surpassed, in solemn majestic lines of sombre foliage and brown branching—not crowded close as in an Italian alley, with the blazing sun shut out, a monastic twilight strait between two glowing worlds of day; but standing apart like English trees, having bars of sunshine and a whole universe of air and light breathing visible around those sombre-splendid arches which absorb and yet repel the sun. Outside the yews, two glorious lines of lines stand meditative over them, watching through those breaks of light the pretty figures gleaming past, the puffs of airy muslin and silken reflections of drapery. Solemn and abstract stand the yew-trees, immemorial spectators, lost in the observant calm of age, but the lime branches thrill with a sympathetic tremor as summer and youth go gleaming by. We come after, staid and serious, not

saying much; we two women, solitary, not any longer young. Do you imagine we have not thoughts of our own as we follow the young people through the airy lights and dropping shadows? I too, though nobody knows it, have such trees still growing, and such sunshine shining in the silent world of memory that belongs to me. Figures glide through those vistas which human sight beholds no longer. Ah, me! what human vision of to-day could identify the Arabella yonder, moving in a glorified surrounding of love and youth and sweet observance, with the Arabella here? But the two are the same to me. I can hear those voices whisper which have lost the faculty of mortal speech. The present is flitting by moment after moment. It is an evanescent glory even to these reigning princesses and princes before us: but the past is for ever. Why we should be sad about it I cannot tell. While it was doing, it was doubtful, transitory, crossed with clouds and suspicions, and a hundred pangs of uncertainty. Now it is *perfect*, sublimest suggestion of grammatical science. Perhaps it is because human faculties are so unused to perfection that we all think it sad. And I suspect one advantage of entering into the vulgar strain of life—marrying, in short—is, that one is let down more gradually and easily out of one's youth, and learns that one is not young, and that a different order of things has commenced, without any pang, but only with a natural revolution of thought. This, however, is an unprofitable subject of inquiry, especially as my subject is Knocktarlitie, and not the regretful musings of a declining life.

"The picturesque is dying out everywhere," said the Archdeacon, stretching himself out on the heather (but of course with a plaid between). "The picturesque of language as well as of costume, and all other external graces. Talk, like dress, flattens into a universal

fashion. When I was at Knocktar-litie long ago—not so very long either—just before the present era of civilisation set in—the Glasgow folks used to come down here to the *saut water*. The *saut water*! Was there ever a more felicitous expression? Fancy how the briny wave must have flashed and danced and foamed to the civic imagination! Now that spell is broken. Look at those tufts of villas all over the side of the loch. The people nowadays bring their families down to the *coast*; whereas it is no more the coast than the Broomielaw is, and bears no resemblance, nestling up here among a thousand folds of hills, to the wild external edge of the island, with an ocean foaming on its rocks. But oh for the fresh days of the *saut water*! when a man made himself wretched for nature's sake with the best grace in the world, and slept in a box-bed, and scrambled for a living. I came down in the train from Glasgow the other day with a collection of men going home to dinner. Not a lofty style of physiognomy, I am bound to say; but to hear how they chattered over their Glasgow papers about cottages, and palaces, and who was living where! The coast, as they called it, was only a repetition of their crescents and terraces. They give the same dinners, I dare say, and talk the same stuff as usual. What is the good of leaving home under such circumstances? Convenience has swallowed up life."

"My dear, it must be very good for their health," said Mrs. Archdeacon, mildly.

"And who on earth cares for their health?" cried the Archdeacon, kicking away a basket which John had just emptied. "A man who comes to such a scene as this in cold-blooded consideration for his appetite, deserves to be kicked out of it again summarily. Speaking of appetite, where's the luncheon? Here's that fellow John been left as usual to his own devices. Of course, he's fixed on a place where there's no view."

"No, dear uncle," said pretty Alice, demurely, "Mr. A—— and I have just been choosing the spot, and there's the loveliest view."

"The loveliest view!" echoed young Mr. Reginald, who was just behind her, and was not looking at the loch at all, so far as I could see.

The Archdeacon looked at them both with a twinkle in his eye. "Ah, ah! I perceive," said the dear good man, and jumped up and held out his hand to me to help me up the hill. "Young people fortunately are untouched by the vulgarising influences of civilisation, Miss Arabella," said the Archdeacon; "they are just as great fools as they used to be in old days. Don't you think so? Let us go and look at this view. I rather object to all the chateaux and cottages of the Glasgow people; but that big house, with its square tower standing out in a sort of vulgar suzerainship over the whole, is not so bad either in point of effect. In my day there was but a thatched house dropped here and there, and all the fresh freedom of the hillside unbroken."

"But look here, Archdeacon," cried I, directing him to the other hand.

He looked, and I am bound to add, was silent. There nothing was to be said. We were gazing straight into the marvellous inequalities of the hills; and the broken banks before us as they folded over each other, opened here and there to a gleam of silent water, just touched into light at one corner by the white sail of a tiny yacht. Sound was not in that silent splendid landscape. Immediately before us, the first of that banded brotherhood of hills stood out calm into the water, silently emphasising the spot where nature, out of her boundless liberality, had sent forth Loch Goil out of Loch Long. In the distance, up the opening cleft of the smaller loch, appeared the glimmer of a yellow corn-field upon the water side, and the dark ruin of Carrick Castle, lonely and voiceless,

above, the sun was shining fitfully, and a hundred shadows flying over those speechless, eloquent mountains; and yonder, on the other hand, was the sweet Gare-Loch, all inhabited and kindly, with houses gleaming out from the wooded slopes, and boats upon the familiar water, and coy headlands stretching out as if to embrace each other, but kept apart by the current which sweeps into the Clyde and the world. I could not talk on that mount of vision; and even the Archdeacon drew a long breath and was silent. The landscape was perfect, a dramatic-suggestive scene—the mysteries of nature, on one hand, straying deep into the bosom of the hills, and the far-off world, on the other, toiling on, without a pause, yet not unsusceptible to the sweet holiday of the hills and the sky.

"Well, well," said the archdeacon, with a sigh, and a sort of deprecating gesture, lifting his hands towards the hills—"but we must have lunch, my dear Miss Arabella; lunch must be eaten all the same."

And the truth was, we did eat lunch as if that were the object of existence, and all the glorious scenery around us was quite a secondary consideration; notwithstanding that, of course, we had come all the distance for no other object than the view. I confess that I gazed aside now and then from the laughter and talk, and felt the calm silence of the hills strike upon me like a reproach. Insignificant creatures of a day, what were we, to make all this gabble in the everlasting silence? Serious conversation, enlivened with the sweet sympathies of friendship, would have been congenial to the scene; but that, which is difficult to be had anywhere, was of course *impossible* in such a mixed party. Mr. Reginald, whom I know to be capable of better things, was, it may be supposed, devoting himself to pretty Alice, the Archdeacon's niece (in whom I cannot say that I see much, for my own part, though, as every-

body says she is very pretty, I presume it must be true; but as for conversation, *that*, to be sure, is not to be expected from a girl of twenty); and Kate, whose own experience of life might have been supposed to give her more serious views of such matters, lost no opportunity of directing the attention of the company to the two young people, and making absurd remarks, accompanied by *eclats* of laughter—I must say, profoundly unsuitable to the scene; while Mrs. Archdeacon's quiet attention to the luncheon, and her anxiety that her husband should have nothing which should disagree with him, and the Archdeacon's own divided mind, one while giving his countenance to dear Kate's nonsense, and the other lost in consideration of the delicacies of his own stomach, which exacted an amount of care altogether beyond the due claims of such a vulgar though important agency, made our meal, though eaten amid all the sweetest influences of nature, by no means such a feast of reason as it might have been. I alone, withdrawing myself a little by times from the others, gave my special attention to the landscape, which, on every side, wherever you could turn, was equally lovely. Since I have been in Scotland this year, it has been my fortune to occupy myself principally with the lochs of that beautiful country, and here, at one glance, was a mystical circle of three, all gleaming under the fitful Highland sunshine. But it was only by moments that I could really turn my thoughts, with my eyes to the soft bays of the Gare-Loch, on one hand, shining like an Italian lake, or to the solemn silent gleam of Loch Long penetrating among its hills, and the opening reach of Loch Goil on the other. The distraction of so many sounds close at hand, the little by-play of Reginald and Alice (which, however one might disapprove of its absurdity, attracted one's observation), the laughter and nonsense of dear Kate, who really does not

show that gravity which might be expected from her—even the puzzled, impatient looks of the Archdeacon, considering whether to eat or not to eat, and his wife's conjugal advices to him on the subject,—all combined to fret and wear out that attention which I would gladly have bestowed on the magic scene around. Oh human nature! here we were among the broken slopes that intervene between lake and hill, with our white tablecloth laid out over the rustling heather and sweet bog-myrtle, and our little group detached in mortal complacency of self-importance from all the silent splendour of the landscape, absorbed in ourselves, our flirtations, our jests, our dyspeptics. To an intelligent observer the scene would have been impressive; but I

doubt much whether any one but myself took note of the sweet universal harmony around, and the jarring but interesting chord of humanity, struck upon a totally different key, which gave a point and centre to the scene.

That was our last experience at Knocktarlitie. I might give other sketches at great length: but as there were other lochs to be visited, I refrain from describing our many pleasant water-excursions, and all the other charms of that Arcadian retirement. And only adding, Farewell, thou sweet peninsula! farewell, ye gentle hills and friends! leave the record to dear Kate, who chooses, I cannot tell why, the scene most sacred to sentiment and poetry, for her portion of our mutual task.

ARABELLA W—.

CHAPTER II.—THE TROSACHS.

The reason why I choose what Arabella, poor thing! calls "the scene most sacred to sentiment and poetry," is because there are some things very unpoetic and unsentimental in it, which will be quite in my way. And I do not hesitate, for this reason, to go over the ground which everybody has gone over before. Arabella and I are very old friends. We were not girls together, it is true; but we have lived near, and seen a great deal of each other, for many years; and she and I can afford to speak with a little freedom, and are above quarrelling. It will be perceived that her spirits are not so great as in our last excursion. I assign no reason for it; I only indicate the fact. The Archdeacon's company, and that of his nice wife and his pretty niece, changes the character of our party altogether. It is much more rational in some respects, and less piquant in others; and as I trust it may be the beginning of a series of expeditions, I welcome the change, and find it very much to my mind. We are giving all our attention to the lochs, as Arabella mentions. It

may be the Cumberland lakes next year, or the Swiss lakes, or the Italian. I think the prospect a famous one, though sincerely I doubt whether any of them could be finer than the lochs of Scotland, from which we have just returned.

We set out upon Loch Lomond a party of six, with a little individual in addition, who would have disgusted any sentimental tourist, but who became quite the hero of the day with some of us. The *personnel* of the group is worthy a word in passing. The Archdeacon himself comes out naturally in the foreground—he has tawny leonine looks and a portly presence; but, notwithstanding his weight, spurns the earth with a step as light and springy as if he were only twenty; and notwithstanding the sudden disgusts he sometimes takes at table, and uncertainties in the way of eating, looks, I am bound to say, as healthy and hearty as his best friends could desire. His wife beside him is everything an archdeacon's wife should be: suave and bland to the inferior clergy—kind to everybody;

but she has no babies, poor soul. The pretty niece is a very pretty niece, and a nice creature; and I am sure, if my friend Reginald tries his fortune in that direction, he has my benediction and best wishes. Reginald himself I need not describe—he has those black locks and blue eyes which are so seductive to the female heart, and which afford a palpable evidence—if his victims would only take heed—of the fickle nature of his loves. Still, though I would not for much be a young lady in his way, it must be allowed that the wiles which he is accustomed to exercise upon our sex, and of which the young man can never entirely divest himself, make him very agreeable to the chaperones of the party, who are in no danger from those fascinations. One likes a young man to remember that one is a woman, though one is old; and even that one may have had attractions in one's day—facts which, after one's youth is over, the world in general is so apt to forget. I have now only to mention Arabella, who is taller and thinner than women in general, but has good eyes; and, with her pretty hat, might pass, when you are behind her, for something rather attractive. She highly approves of my bonnet, and says it is very becoming to a person come to my time of life; but I could not undertake to return the compliment. I had almost forgotten Johnnie: Johnnie is the brother of Alice, ten years old, red-haired, blue-eyed, full of freckles and glee. His achievements will be duly recorded in the course of the story. In the mean time we are progressing up the loch. Everybody knows Loch Lomond—the islands are all shining in the sun, and there are a quantity of tourist parties in the boat. One gentleman is examining his map exactly as one might do if one were travelling abroad. It is all right, to be sure, but looks odd in one's own country. Arabella is naturally full of enthusiasm—she is perpetually appealing to Mr. Reginald for

the glass, which he wears slung over his shoulder, and which Alice rather scorns. But the youngest eyes are the sharpest after all. It is Alice who finds out that white flash of a torrent streaming down the hill, and the white cloud of mist which lingers all by itself in one particular hollow, nobody can tell how. And the Archdeacon looks at her with a smile, but turns and talks to Arabella, who really has an eye for the beautiful landscape, though perhaps the dear old soul may possibly say too much about it. In the midst of all this, I, who am the commonplace member of the party, and am understood to interest myself about practical matters, condole with Johnnie, who has seated himself snugly in the stern. He can't tell what the people are all looking at. "I'm very tired, for my part," says Johnnie. Upon which I open my basket, where there are a store of sandwiches and some sherry. At this vision Johnnie brightens, as is to be expected; and the Archdeacon draws near; and the ladies approach, all a step closer, not without vulgar feminine curiosity; and Reginald intermits his favourite occupation, and comes to my side with seductive looks. Yes, it is true; even amid that beautiful scenery, lunch is a necessity of nature. I remark that even Arabella does not despise the common impulse. I can watch the mountains opening up and standing by each other like so many Highland henchmen as well as other people, and the islands all feathering down to the water's edge, and hanging over, fond and fantastic, as if they loved it. I have an eye for the torrents and the mists, and even for the pretty boatful of girls rowing out into the lake from some of those Elysian cottages on the shore which the gentlemen are gazing at; but at the same time I know how people begin to feel when it is past one o'clock, and they have breakfasted at eight before starting—and about that hour I generally find myself hailed with acclamations

when I open my basket—a method of acquiring popularity which I beg to recommend to other women of my own standing when they accompany a party of pleasure. It is astonishing how such motherly consideration opens one's companions' hearts.

At Inversnaid wait the coaches, which are all top, and have no interior whatever; and where, but for my enterprising exertions, our party would have been dispersed and separated. It is awkward clinging on to the seat as one drives backward up the hill; but it is worth while, certainly, to see those Alps of Arrochar detaching themselves one by one out of the darkness which hangs about, and which is more picturesque than any sunshine. Up in that wilderness of hills storms are always brewing; but as one dark peak heaves up after another out of the chaos of mists and glooms, one can almost forgive the deluges that come of their conspiracy. After all, they are very splendid these Arrochar hills. I don't mind saying that they overawed me for the moment. I never go into raptures like Arabella; but to see them, out of a conglomeration of heights, coming separate one by one with such glooms and purple darkness about them, and underneath the bit of gleaming loch, and the one sweet island dropped close by the woody shore, was a very fine sight even for a person of unexcitable feelings. Just in front were an odd party, led by a woman with a guide-book, with grey curls and a hat—a woman, I venture to say, quite as old as myself—who read out all the notes of the way exactly as people abroad read out of their *Murray*: quite proper, and correct, I don't doubt, but curious to note in one's own country, where one can speak the language, and know all about it from the coachman. The coachman here, however, was a mute creature—very different from that intelligent man on the road to Inveraray, who gave me so much valuable information about the poor-

rates. I should not care to set up housekeeping in Mull, if John Campbell's accounts be true. Fancy seven shillings in the pound for poor-rates! One had as well live, for that matter, in Spitalfields or Bethnal Green. I had been in the habit of thinking Marylebone heavy, as most people do; but the idea of living in a wild Highland strath, where, of course, all the old wives in the glen had a funded interest in one's tea and sugar, and paying seven shillings in the pound of poor-rates! I can't quite enter into the question about the depopulation of the Highlands; but before such an argument as that, you know, one's conscience would succumb. If the present population can't be kept up at less than a poor-rate of seven shillings in the pound, sheep and deer must be better than that. And I don't speak out of economy and hard-heartedness, as people may suppose, but because human creatures *can't* be kept up unless they keep themselves. Nobody in the world will ever convince me that Christian souls can be maintained like a breed of poultry: the thing is impossible, you know, and an impossible thing may be done for a generation, but cannot be kept up. I don't vouch for the fact, having only John Campbell's authority; but if the facts are true, that is my conclusion; and I am convinced it is the truth of the matter.

Loch Katrine is rather tame at the outset, it appears to me. I saw even Arabella listening languidly to something about the waterworks, and the Archdeacon marching about the deck with his springy light step, sometimes humming a tune to himself, sometimes keeping time to the reel the bagpipes (hideous instruments of discord) were playing, looking out sharply ahead, and evidently concluding in his own mind that Sir Walter had beguiled us all into extreme expectations which were not realisable. At last he paused, held up his finger, raised his head, and turned round

in triumph. "This is something like!" said the Archdeacon, and we all stood up to gaze obediently; and there, with a few green preludes of bays and islands, rose out of the water that island where Douglas and Ellen found their shelter. I do not pretend to say that I thought much of the *Lady of the Lake*; but I will tell you what scene flashed upon my memory. I fancied I could see the battle raging on the mainland; the wild women and babies looking out in their safe but passionate shelter on the island, with all the boats huddled round that nest of the clansmen's treasures. What woeful strained eyes there must have been blazing through that foliage! What ears that heard one voice in every battle-shout and death-cry! And then when the adventurous soldier plunged in to seize a boat and betray their refuge to the enemy, the women's wild agony of courage and terror and dread suspense thrusting the ready dagger into one trembling hand:—

"I saw Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Upon the shore I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand."

Let us make haste past. I forgot Ellen just then, and her harper and her lover. It is only sadness and sweet pathos that belong to the young people, Heaven bless them! One weeps for them when anything befalls them; one does not thrill with pity and horror over their tender young tragedies. It is age that calls forth those images of terror.

"But when I say age," said I, "recollect I don't mean *old* age. I mean middle age, Archdeacon; that age when the morning dews are over and the evening dews are not yet; when the hot skies are blazing, and the work at its hardest; when the heavens above are as brass, and the earth as iron; when people say you are in your prime, and do not dream of being sorry for you—that is the agony of life."

"I cannot agree with you in the least," puts in Mr. Reginald, who of

course knows nothing about the subject. "There must be always a conscious satisfaction in doing one's work, and being able for it. By that time one has cleared off one's earlier embarrassments, and got fairly into one's occupation in all the vigour of one's powers. A man ought to enjoy above all that period of his existence."

"A man ought to know what he is talking of," said I. "What do you boys and girls know about it, with all the dew upon you? I can fancy it sweet to grow old—quite old—yes, older than I am. Age is only elderliness with me yet, Alice, my dear, though you open your pretty eyes. Going down into the valley is easy. Holding up on the burning hilltops, where you have to fight for every step you make, and hold your morsel of standing ground to the death, is hard—harder than people fancy who have not just been in it. I would be either young or very old, if the choice were left to me."

"But, dear Kate," said Mrs. Archdeacon, who, dear soft soul, never had any labours or troubles, "people have different lots in life; some people are very happy through it all. Though we may not have many belonging to us, still if those we have are spared——" Here she paused and gave a tender look at the Archdeacon; and, I believe not knowing very much about it, a surprised compassionate one at me.

"I cannot think how you speak so lightly of growing old," said Arabella. "One must look for it, to be sure, and put up with it when it comes. But, really, to sit in an easy-chair all day, and be left to one's self, is not delightful to think of. It requires courage, and fortitude, and——"

"A degree of philosophy not to be acquired on Loch Katrina," said the Archdeacon. "My dear Mrs. S——, you are right, and you are wrong. People in general don't know much about agonies and passions. They get along smoothly enough because humane nature is

the mightiest of philosophers, and nothing puts it long out of its way. I agree with you otherwise about middle age; expectations have grown dim by that time. We used to feel that anything might happen when we were young; now we know that nothing will happen but only the reaping of what we have sowed. And days are tedious and life is hard. Very true—very true. In short, a truism. You might as well say that the morning hour before the battle begins, or the evening hour after it is ended, when some are safe and some are dead, are the times to be chosen; but in the battle itself is the glory and the pain. I can't think what our friend means by turning our thoughts in such a direction, Miss Arabella. There is Ben An, and this is Ben Venue; and yonder went Ellen's skiff across the lake; and here we are about to disembark and fight for places on the coach."

On the coach!—on the coaches drawn up into the yellow mud, with a host of people screaming and arguing about the laden vehicles. As for seeing the Trosachs, I solemnly declare I saw nothing of them. A peep here and there of a splendid wooded bank, interrupted by a scream of despair from Alice, whose cloak was utterly disfigured with mud ere we had gone a mile, or an ominous jolt, which, but for my own energy in seizing fast hold of Johnnie, would have shaken that hero totally off the precarious perch assigned to him, was all that was practicable. Ben Venue looked down sullen over the opening gorge upon those who had disengaged minds and could attend to him; but I am free to confess that between Johnnie and the mud, through which we flew like a whirlwind, no peace or freedom was in my oppressed understanding. The horses went like horses returning to home and dinner. The woods and crags and enclosing hilltops flew past amid showers of flying mud. What I saw was Mrs. Archdeacon patiently smiling opposite to me, and covering over her

proper pretty dress with a shawl, in a vain hope of escaping the nuisance. So I am really quite unqualified to say anything of the Trosachs. I dare say they are very fine if one could get at them by one's self; but to do such a road as this in regular tourist course is a thing I will never be persuaded to attempt again, whatever the inducements may be. Talk of poetry, indeed! Do you think any poetry can withstand the pandemonium into which, just as you have begun to enter into the beauty of the loch, and to recollect what you have read about it, you are suddenly plunged by that horrible landing, and the necessity of finding a place somewhere, and flying on through mud and din to the *table d'hôte* at the hotel. That, I suppose, is the occasion of all the haste and worry. Such at least was the curious scene awaiting us when we got to our destination. I know few things more amusing than a *table d'hôte* in a Highland inn. The Archdeacon found his natural place at the foot of a table, where he sat beaming in puzzled hospitality dispensing the viands before him. An occasional humph! burst from his lips as he looked with a twinkle in his eye up the long table. I had a pie before me, and a Glasgow person sat blandly opposite helping his fellow-travellers to lamb. Speak of the Scotch as a reserved and uncommunicative people! If Mr. Buckle will tell me of any other nation where all classes of tourists hob and nob together and help each other amicably at table, I will give in to that great authority; not a single sulky John Bull appeared to disturb the equanimity of that friendly party. We smiled at each other, and helped the mutton, and handed salt and potatoes. The lively interest displayed by the waiters in my admirable young friend Johnnie, showed a degree of sympathy seldom manifested by the domestic mind. How they plied that boy with platefuls of lamb and slices of beef! "Any pie, sir?" asked an

affectionate functionary, and comes to me with another plate on the dear child's unhesitating affirmative. After the bore of the scenery Johnnie came out in native force and interest into the true enjoyment of the position. The gleeful daring with which he plunged into every dish that came in his way, the inconsiderate temerity of those mixtures at which the Archdeacon looked on with pitying horror, is really beyond my descriptive faculty. I devoted myself to the charming boy. My attentions, I trust, have left an indelible impression on his opening intelligence. Not having exhausted himself like the rest of us in the preparatory journey, Johnny, recovering from his *ennui*, by a stroke of inspiration became the hero of the *table d'hôte*.

In the evening we floated out in a boat on the still waters of Loch Achray, the third loch we had that day traversed. We were rather a romantic party at one end of the boat. Pretty Alice had been sent along with her uncle, to keep the party duly balanced, into the bows, and by some chance Reginald naturally found a place behind her, and sat on the edge of the boat, with his tall figure relieved against the light, and his raven locks stooping towards the pearly ear which came out clear and unshadowed from under one of those shadeless hats with which girls nowadays put their complexions in danger. The wonder to me is how they don't take cold and have endless toothaches and ear-aches; but, that danger excepted, it is pretty enough, you know, it must be allowed, to see the little pink pearly ear just pointing the outline of the round soft cheek, and the pretty glances thrown back, half-shy, half-disdainful. Mrs. Archdeacon sat placidly in the stern and smiled; while Arabella, I am sorry to say, made some spiteful remarks about my *weight*, which showed that her temper was not all it ought to have been. I admit that I am no longer slender, nor what you would be disposed to call sylphlike; but I think a moderate

degree of *embonpoint* is only becoming to a woman who has arrived at my time of life. We glided along over the still waters which gleamed darkly under the evening sky, big Ben Venue lifting his vast bulk over us, and standing up black against the luminous, colourless firmament. I wonder, for my part, when such a boat shoots into such a scene of quiet, why the water does not bubble and hiss immediately round the palpitating human cargo. How the quiet continues all the same, bewilders me when I think upon it. I am not at all sentimental, but I have gone through enough of trouble in my day to bring such contrasts strong upon my mind. The ineffable sort of disdain which nature seems to have of us, enclosing us all in her quiet, taking no notice, as unconcerned for our passions and commotions as if we were so many babies, naturally strikes one when one turns one's thoughts that way. I don't doubt we had ponderings and agitations enough among us to have upset half-a-dozen boats; but, notwithstanding, on we went harmonious, as if the whole panorama of hills and waters had been got up for our amusement. I wonder what the boatman thought of it all. I wonder what addition he might make to that progressing chapter of human history. The old man at Dunkeld, who went about the grounds there and acted as our guide, what a tragic chapter of old age he added unawares to the lighter strain of our pleasuring! Poor aged soul! he went after us with a blank weariness pitiful to look at, and told the little facts of his story without knowing what suggestions of a melancholy beyond tears lay in them. He had lost all his children—everybody belonging to him—and was waiting lone for the hour of his departure. But he said little about that, and much of the toil of walking round and round those lovely river-banks, which look like a sylvan paradise to the thoughtless visitors, but were only a treadmill to the tired old guide. We all

wanted to give him money, you may guess, the only thing one could do for him, and on he marched blank and passive, in the dull misery of his old age. Old age, I allow, has a depth of dreariness not to be reached in any other period of mortal existence; but the old man's faculties were calmed down, you know. A little rest and comfort, I daresay, would have made the end of his days bearable enough.

"Yes, that is the ordinary philanthropical way," said Arabella, sharply: "when one's heart is bleeding for sympathy you give a little vulgar money; that's the way with all you practical people; when a few precious words of fellow-feeling might bind up the wounded heart!"

"My dear, words seldom stanch wounds," said I, "unless it might perhaps be the-kind of wounds and words that circulate among young people like our friends over there. After all, a little external comfort is the best thing that most of us can do to soften the troubles of our neighbours. It shows goodwill at least."

"The most difficult thing I know is to offer consolation," cried the Archdeacon, from the bow. "Perhaps nobody can understand all the hardships of it as a clergyman does. We are called up under all circumstances, my dear Miss Arabella. I have to comfort people whose situation would make me, who endeavour to console them, turn my face to the wall and hate the light. What am I to do? Must I argue them into patience because they cannot help it, or tell them it is all for the best? My little wife there goes and cries over them, and tells them of other people's sorrows. I believe hers is the wisest way."

"Dear, we are commanded to weep with those who weep," said Mrs. Archdeacon, in her dove's voice.

"Consolation seldom comes well in words," said I. "I have seen a wistful woman come stealing up, with her heart in her eyes, all silent and tearful, and the cup of tea in her hand, which, knowing nothing

else to do, she has gone to prepare for the mourner. I have seen servants and homely people do so scores of times. I have been so moved myself by that humble consolation, that I could have poured it out as David did the water from the Bethlehem well before the Lord. Talk does little. When the kind neighbour came in to console that old man at Dunkeld, I daresay she swept his hearth and set his old chair and made his little meal look comfortable. It comes more natural than philosophy; with that homeliest ineffable touch of religion which says, 'It is the Lord's will,' and says no more."

"Putting the clergy out of court," said the Archdeacon. "Never mind, you can do nothing serious in life without us. Look at that peak of Ben An, my dear ladies, and don't let us discuss such grave matters. As for Ben Venue, he fronts us like an old heathen, shadowing inexorable over this pale feminine creature that owns his sway. What, Reginald! beginning to sing? a thousand times better than philosophy! And now for Allie's little pipe. Come now, we are beginning to enjoy the night."

"The pale feminine creature that owns his sway," said Arabella over to herself as the two voices burst forth into the silence; and the dear old creature looked at us all round, and then at Alice trilling with her little linnet's note. No! I declare there was not among us a single pale feminine creature darkly reflecting some big image like Loch Achray under Ben Venue. Poor dear Arabella thought it a very poetical simile. She has never been disenchanted, the good soul. She believes as much as ever in that ideal hero whom one expects to worship all one's life when one is young. As for me, I smiled at the Archdeacon's poetry. Loch Achray gleamed darkling under the big shadow. I have seen a patient soul just so, throwing up pale reflections to catch the eye of her master; but I suspect other thoughts as well were in the

female mind under that subjection; up, far off, the soft wave caught a star or two, and solaced itself with that light, and darkly mirrored the rustling foliage on the island, and sighed along the plaintive shores, not without a little pensive self-assertion. And the young people sang; pleasant young voices, full and liquid. Perhaps the creatures will never be so happy. Why can't they linger there, just where they are, upon the lake that carries them no further? I have no daughters, you know. I don't feel any duty upon me to plunge them into thoughts of the future. They are better if they so abide, in my opinion, as long as it is practicable; but you will see they don't agree with me. I shouldn't wonder if, even

before we have left this delightful lake, where there is no hurrying current, but one can float at one's ease with no fear of the consequences, they were off, these unguarded souls, on their earliest venture into the river of life—the earliest venture, so far as poor little Alice is concerned—and go hurrying on henceforward with no more such delicious pauses. They don't know what they are doing. Knowing what they are about, and where that stream that tempts them leads to, I should like to keep them floating about the safe motionless loch, the darkling island, the steady mountain shadow. I like to go lingering about, for my own part, here, where is no tide.

KATHERINE S—.

CHAPTER III.—INCHMAHOMIE.

I am amused at the quiet composure with which dear Kate lays down the law. She thinks she has so much experience. She has, of course, seen a little *external* life beyond that which has come under my personal investigation; but what she calls her practical faculty, is highly edifying to me. The sort of sentiment expressed in her last words will shock many people, I don't doubt. It is only her way of appearing superior to common notions. Of course, if Mr. Reginald and Miss Alice fancy each other, it is to be supposed that the Archdeacon will allow none of that foolishness; to permit a young man to go lightly about the world deluding sensitive hearts, is a *wickedness* and *folly* which I could not suppose Kate would lend her sanction to. But I forbear. The extent to which flirtation is countenanced in these days, is something quite extraordinary to an old-fashioned person like myself. Had I been Alice, I should have been ashamed of myself; but girls are not what they used to be. I am not disposed to mix up my own opinions about so-

cial matters, with any account I may be able to give of the charms of nature; but I must protest against the *very good-natured* allowance for what might be sport to one and death to another, which appears in these singular sentiments of dear Kate.

The only other day I mean to record was altogether a charming one: such beauty, such associations, such touching and tender memories! We drove to Callander in the sweetest early morning, with the dew sparkling on the wooded banks, and gleaming over Ben Venue with a freshness of light in which all dews and morning influences were included. We drove past the sweet Loch Vennachar, shining in the delicious early light, with the hills over it greenening into breaks of unlooked-for verdure, and emerald glimpses of turf so sweetly reflected in the water, that one could not tell where the margin of fact parted the real greensward from the shadow; and ere we had well left the shadow of Ben Venue, came upon the heaving shoulder of Benledi, slowly emerging out of the morning mists

over the little fresh-awakened village, where we were to pause for breakfast. I do not pause to remark upon the mountains, because, as the lochs are the main object of our expedition, it would but complicate the narrative; but if Ben Venue had not already gained a prominence in the *Lady of the Lake*, which involuntarily disappoints one even with one's own admiration, I would pause to remark upon that noble hill, throwing a backward glance as it does over Loch Katrine, but reserving its loftiest aspect for fair Loch Achray, that wedded partner in whom the lofty solitary sees himself reflected in every mood and aspect of his mightiness. If Genius had not thrown "the light which never was on sea and shore" over this lovely union of mountain and water, it would be possible to admire it as it deserves; but Sir Walter has glorified and exhausted the Trosachs. They are like some classic maid, wooed by a god, and incapable of humbler worship. I escape, for my own part, to streams unsung, and localities unhallowed, with a fresher zest.

Dear Kate made herself very merry at breakfast with the boy John, whose boyish appetite and inclinations she has chosen to pet for the moment. Such vulgar divergences from our purpose naturally do not tempt me. I hasten to the real object of our journey. We drove to Aberfoyle under threatening skies. The dear Archdeacon twisted his thumbs and hummed a tune, as he contemplated the lowering firmament; and Kate, with an utter abandonment of all the sentiments becoming the occasion, put up her umbrella with savage calmness, and, totally indifferent to the fact that it shut out a hemisphere of scenery from me, who chanced to sit opposite, put down my murmurs by a hard-hearted reference to certain passages in the past. The young people were in the rumble behind, looking very contented and totally indifferent to the rain, as,

indeed, I could very well believe them to be, for what is rain or any other disagreeable circumstance to people in their position? I confess it required all my self-command in face of Kate's umbrella, and her little remarks and reminiscences, to keep my temper; but I triumphed, being sorry for her, poor dear, who, in the prospect of such scenery as we were about to visit, could occupy her mind with the trifling recollections of a few transitory days—days which have passed and left no trace behind. At length we reached the Lake of Monteith. The hills had withdrawn a little from the quiet landscape; all lowland and gentle, with its wooded island rising out of the soft water, spread before us this calmest, tranquil lake. I do not call it a loch—somehow the word does not seem applicable. No mountain shadows overawe its quietness, nor claim those sweet waters as their natural thrall. A different soul possesses the meditative scene. As the boat draws near the shore, grey vestiges of art and antiquity rise silent among the trees. There stands the massive basement of a tower, from which holy bells once rung into the echoes; here rises the lofty wall, with its great window, once perhaps dazzling with painted saint and martyr, but now filled up dully with rude stone-work. It is the religion of the past that lingers there, writing its sermons on the carved and desecrated stones. As one approaches, ruined pillars of nature, grand as the ruined capitals of stone, lie half-smothered in the luxuriant grass; here is nothing but decay, neglect, a plaintive desert, sweet with all the pathetic compensations of nature. I enter softly into the green monastic isle. I wonder to myself whether the sweet seclusion of that cloister might not have given honour and credit to one's loneliness. I follow my companions with a little natural reluctance on the common road, where the guide is to explain everything, and the sentiments of the scene are

to be desecrated into sight-seeing. If I had my own will, I would wander over the pensive limits, and dream it out by myself. But dear Kate, who has put down her umbrella, and is more active and bustling than usual, calls me forward—and there is nothing for it but to submit.

Oh, Duke of Montrose! I do not know your Grace, and in a general way I wish you no harm—but what is the use of being a duke if one cannot preserve the matchless relics which dukedoms could not purchase? Here, in this vision of an island, in this chapel of ancient consecration, in this pensive centre of recollections, what can a man say for himself who suffers senseless hoofs to desecrate the sod with which nature has replaced the ancient pavement? Bad enough to find the pavement and the roof equally gone, despite the noble steadfast walls which declare the ancient builder's skill; but fancy a sacred spot of consecrated soil, where gallant Grahams lie buried, and where dead Love, clasping stony arms about its recumbent partner, puts up a pathetic human appeal for sympathy to living Love, which makes no answer—fancy, I say, such a spot, to name nothing of its other claims, trodden into mire with hoofs of cattle, and left to gather all the showers of the rainy west, without the faintest attempt at shelter or safe keeping! On the mudded trodden sod lie the nameless knight and his wedded lady in their immemorial embrace, once doubtless tenderly sheltered beneath the canopy of an altar-tomb, but now, all moss-grown and soiled, with pools of rain in every hollow, a desecrated image. In the old sedilia, other broken emblems lie rudely laid aside as if on shelves, precariously refuted out of the mire about. Here, where once a high altar rose—where Augustine friars, in their white mantles, chanted solemn masses, and little Scottish Mary, baby queen, bowed her infant dawn

of beauty in innocent prayers—could any one believe such vulgar sacrilege was possible? Presently I will tell you the story of the childish visit, which makes Inchmahome a wistful point in the saddest tragic story—but in the mean time let us make our appeal to earth and heaven. I cannot tell what is written on the new white marble tablet, curiously stuck up in square mediocrity upon the ancient wall; but however ugly it may be, it proves that somebody living has laid their dead in that desecrated place. Duke! Inchmahome does not grow you an apple in these days, but it might, produce you honour and gratitude if you were true steward and worthy officer of your country's scantiest, fairest annals. But if the cattle still tread down the consecrated sod; if the rain-clouds of the west still pour down all unobstructed upon wall and monument; if you see it drop into foul and weedy destruction, and never lend a hand to save,—then heavy be the marble, and bad the artist, that carves cenotaph or monument for *you*!—

"Oh, be the earth like lead to lead
Upon the dull destroyer's head,—
A minstrel's malison is said!"

Calm and tranquil lies Inchmahome amid its secluded island waters. Here troubled Scotland, three centuries ago, sent her Mary, tenderest blossom, to the gentle custody of the daughters of Augustine. She was five years old, the fair doomed creature in her tiny hood and wimple—the little maid of Scotland, with her baby train of Maries. It was in September weather, when the convent orchards were sweet. The nuns were not human if the very soil they trod did not thrill with tremors of joy and welcome. At matins and even song, the winter through, hereabouts they must have knelt, with baby chimies echoing into the music, that loveliest, hapless group, royal and noble. "Mary Beattoun and Mary Seatoun"—Mary

Stewart first of all; five harmless, tender souls, that might have grown into so many sweet recluses or domestic creatures as women use. Oh, sorrowful, inevitable years! One's heart weeps over the children in that sweet pause of their fate. The little island was an orchard in those tender primeval years, where the sisters garnered their apples in the fresh autumnal mornings, and laboured in dainty devices of husbandry to enrich those sweet convent gardens, which were, like their pictures and their carvings, to the glory of God. Amid that poetic harvest, fancy those children, wonderful buds of beauty, with gentle novice-maidens and mild nuns surprised into ideal maternity, wondering over their lovely promise and their lofty fate. The dullest spectator could not forbear a thrill of emotion to think of those fairy footsteps dancing over the sweet immemorial sod. The little train in mimic state, with its sweet masquerade of baby dignity, its outbreaks of infant laughter, and all the anguish and the misery lying unforeseen before the lovely procession. Such a point in a grievous story overpowers all after-opinion. One puts forth one's hand in a vain effusion of pity and tenderness to ward off the dreadful years. There the child stands innocent upon the threshold of her fate; soft Scottish waters rippling on the shore—still shadows of conventual trees—echoes of sacred bells and lauds and psalms charming the vivacious Stewart blood in her baby veins—and all the white Augustinian sisterhood, innocent and ignorant, between harm and harm. Another year, and fatal Guises and Medicis would envelop the little maid. Pause and uncover, gentlemen! The Queen and her Maries hold pathetic possession of this little territory; and mournful history weeps over those flowers of Scotland blooming beneath the orchard trees. The quaint after-thought which has appropriated a nook of ground to her memory, and called this little

enclosure her "child-garden," is to me an almost impertinence. I cannot imagine that royal creature cultivating common flowers like any modern child. One cannot reduce that group, in their quaint splendour of baby dignity, to the wholesome but unpoetic level of even a royal nursery nowadays. But the dark tragedy we all know so well—the terrible spectres watching round that momentary refuge of safety—spectres among which Love and Beauty themselves, changed into awful forms and faces of anguish, are not the least terrible—make the sweet sunshine within all the sweeter and more heart-breaking in the contrast. Island of peace! Why, out of blood and passion, out of dread, love, and despair, could not some remorseful angel have found graves for those infants under the mournful trees!

This wonderful little episode in the story of such a tiny speck of earth is enough of history for the conventual isle. The orchard is gone, like the sisterhood; but the whole extent of the little island is covered with that mossy delicious grass, out of which, by natural right, the trees of an immemorial orchard should have sprung. Nowhere could there be a spot more perfect, or possessed with a sweeter unity. On the soft bank at one end, which the homely cicerone calls the Nun's Hill, what a bower of seclusion might be built! Not a lover's bower. Too delicate, too absolute, for invasions of passion, is this virgin solitude. A retreat for Una in her loneliness—Una always young in immortal lily-bloom. On the other side of the sweet water, the shore bends out in a wooded point, leaving a fair retreating curve of white sand, a delicate margin, to mark the limit of the lake. A group of pines throw out their distinct forms from the soft world of foliage upon that fairy promontory, adding an exquisite touch of completeness to the landscape. Never was any scene more virgin-fair. Within, some forlorn

fruit-trees* linger among the oaks and chestnuts; and the melancholy convent ruins are crowned and garlanded with scarlet wreaths of barberries. We all carried away branches of those last; the dear Archdeacon himself adorning his ecclesiastical hat with the beautiful drops of berries, with all the naturalness and delightful abandonment to the feeling of the moment, which is so charming in such a man. Thus, with reluctant steps, we all left the pathetic historic isle; and indeed, so perfect and engrossing was the impression it made upon me, that I feel but little inclination to go further. That image has no discord; except, indeed, what in our pilgrimage through the island I had forgotten, the barbarous neglect into which the chapel has been allowed to fall. Considering the singular pathos of its recollections, it is incredible that the little convent church in which Mary of Scotland said her baby prayers, and which connects itself so exquisitely with her memory, should, in the Scotland which is still loyal to Mary, be permitted to drop so miserably into ignominious decay.

I hasten, however, to the end of my task, though feeling that I have exhausted myself in natural enthusiasm over this lovely lake. To imagine, after such an experience, that one's thoughts could turn to Bailie Nicol Jarvie and his adventures, as one is called upon to do by the very name of Aberfoyle, is too contemptible to be dreamed of. I should have *despised* myself could I have entered upon the ludicrous immediately after having been so deeply absorbed in the pathetic—I might, indeed, say the sublime; though, I am sorry to add, dear Kate, from whom I expected better things, was quite as ready to be interested, as if no such contrast

existed. A little way past Aberfoyle, however, we came upon another wilderness of wood and water, a chain of lovely lochs connected by links of the infant Forth, then just setting out upon his devious way. The innermost of these, and indeed all of them, with their lofty banks of wood and fairy stretches of water, and the shallow straits between, where our boat had almost grounded, were really not to be surpassed, had my eyes been equal to their office. But one cannot either suffer or enjoy beyond one's measure. I feel that too much beauty, like too much of anything, obscures one's powers of observation. The upper lake, however, brought us in sight of another living wall of mountains grandly turning upwards towards the west—mountains darkly overhung by clouds, and covered with that wonderful gloom and blackness which give so much grandeur to their aspect. At one spot, and one only, a yellow gleam of light descended into the narrow opening of a defile, and between the thundery firmament above and the glooming hills below, gave a wonderful centre to the scene. Warned by threatening rain and falling night, we had, however, to hasten from Loch Ard and its linked companions. *My* companions had clearly enjoyed themselves in their various fashions; and nothing could better illustrate the course of human life than our procession as we hastened to our carriage. The Archdeacon, dear man, marched in advance with the barberries in his hat—his wife not far from his elbow, but not clinging to him (indeed it did not seem to occur to him to offer her any assistance on the way), while Kate (absorbed with the boy John, who was very tired and getting sleepy, and of course totally indifferent to the scenery) and I followed. The Archdeacon's

Note.—K. S.—Very sour plums; discovered, of course, by Johnny whose wonderful faculty of observation is not duly appreciated, especially by Arabella. That boy will develop into something, if the Archdeacon does not cramp his genius. He ate them, of course, and took no harm.

• conversation, I must say, was chiefly addressed to myself—as, indeed, he is a man of wonderful discrimination, and did not fail to observe that his wife was tired, and dear Kate preoccupied. Behind us, a long way off, so that we half lost sight of them in the gathering twilight, were the two young people. Yes; I am not aware that there need be any delicacy about it—I am sure no one can say that any particular effort to preserve their secret was made on *their* part. The Archdeacon marched on, a little apprehensive about the rain and the darkness. Mrs. Archdeacon went along in a resigned silence, sighing audibly now and then, all enchantment having gone out of the day, now that fatigue and night were setting in. Kate kept talking to the boy, but her words dropped more and more sparingly; and I, though my mind, I trust, was filled with lovely images, and *all* my thoughts delightfully occupied,—even I was not unwilling to see the lights in the windows, and hear the wheels of the carriage coming to take us on to our night's repose. But the two behind came lingering on, turning round to look at views which they could not see, and disposed to keep us waiting for an amount of time which, if they had been left to themselves, would certainly have ruined the Archdeacon's temper for the night. When I was a girl, Alice's conduct would have been unbelievable. Of course nobody objected to them falling in love with each other. When two young people are permitted to be much together, one naturally, of course, prepares for the possibility of such a result; but still there are feminine decorums which ought to be attended to. I do not blame Mr. Reginald; but really, for a girl who wears a veil perpetually over her face, I think a *little* reserve might have been becoming. However, I say no more. I don't doubt it is a very suitable match. Mrs. Archdeacon seems pleased enough,

and she ought to know best. I only hope everything may go on well, and *no obstacle* come in the way of their happiness.

As dear Kate has something to add, and I own to being a little fatigued after all the delightful excitements of this excursion, I leave the conclusion to my friend.

POSTSCRIPT.—*No obstacle*: I must say I think it very spiteful of Arabella to make such a suggestion—when, to be sure, the young creatures are as happy as possible, and it is a pleasure to see them. A handsome couple. Mrs. Archdeacon and I are quite agreed upon the subject.

What I have got to say, however, has nothing to do with any accidents of the journey. After talking it over, I have been intrusted with the drawing out of a proposal, for the formation of a confraternity of lake tourists—not exactly on the principles of the Alpine Club; a wider latitude is to be allowed, and at the same time a more rigid selectness. We are now five in number;—Alice, of course, being a girl, does not count—and it is also possible enough that Reginald, when he is married, may have to be turned out likewise; but in the mean time there are five of us. I trust we are not unpleasant companions. Under the following limits we are open to applications for admission into our number:

1st, Elderly ladies very eligible, their good-humour being properly certified—especially if possessed of a little wit. I may be allowed to add that judges and other learned functionaries, of suitable years, are included in this description.

2d, Clergymen of advanced views will be admitted freely, under promise of saying nothing to disturb the faith of the lay members of the body. Other professional persons will also have their claims duly considered on the similar condition, that, except in the case of soldiers and sailors who will be permitted

to describe their adventures, professional talk of all kinds is prohibited.

8*d*, Young ladies will be allowed to become members of the society only under very strict regulations. They must be under the charge of their lawful guardians, the heads of the society not undertaking to be responsible either for engagements made or hearts broken by the way. If very pretty, objected to; the object of the confraternity being inconsistent with an excess of devotion on the part of the brethren to any beauties but those of nature.

4*th*, Members of Social Science committees, both male and female, and other scientific persons, totally ineligible.

5*th*, The initiatory rites to consist of a journey of fifty miles or more, according to the mode of conveyance, through Highland scenery, on a very wet day. Candidates who come through this ordeal with perfect good-humour and unabated courage, to be, all other rules being complied with, received with acclamations.

Applicants may address themselves to Reginald A—, Esq., by letter only—the said letters to be sent to that honourable house in George Street, Edinburgh, which is the local habitation of the ever-reverent and illustrious Maga.

Operations, however, I am sorry

to say, are over for this year—but as we have not nearly exhausted the Scottish lochs, and have all the lakes of Christendom, not to say the world, before us, I think a very fair prospect opens before those of the band who may live to see next summer—before which time I have no doubt its numbers will be largely increased.

It is unnecessary to add to Arabella's narrative. We saw a good deal more to be sure, but space forbids detail. One thing I should be glad to know before concluding—are people aware how many fine ecclesiastical remains there are in Scotland, and how much might be done for them? I cannot believe it possible, or the frightful vandalisms in existence could not be tolerated. The cattle in Inchmahome are bad enough—but, good heaven! fancy a noble church like that in Stirling remorselessly cut in half and choked up with close pews! not to speak of Dunblane, where a fine old monument is smothered under those frightful intrusions of carpentry. If some great impulse of universal "restoration" could be given in Scotland as in England, under High-Church influences, the Presbyterian nation might manage to hold up its head again among the church-builders of the world;—as it does to be sure, but not, so far as architecture is concerned, in a very desirable or creditable way.

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK'S CHAMPAGNE.

A WEST INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THERE is, or was some quarter of a century ago, in the Port Royal Mountains of Jamaica, a military station called Stohy Hill, about 1800 feet above the sea. It had been established at this altitude in the hope of procuring increased comfort and health for the troops. It was certainly cooler than the plain, and therefore answered its intent in respect of climate; but experience had shown that it was far from being beyond the range of that scourge, the yellow fever. However, it was quite in the country, though within a moderate drive of the city of Kingston, and thus it afforded an agreeable change to one who had been quartered on a lower level.

We glance back over the quarter century of which mention has been made above, and introduce the reader to a room in the officers' quarters. 'Twas a lodging that had held many inmates, and seen incidents well worthy, perhaps, of remembrance—all absorbed into the same veracious past whence we are humbly endeavouring to rescue this our tale. With submission to the *Spectator's* captious Dervise, we venture to affirm that, spite of its frequent changes of inhabitants, this chamber was not a caravanserai, and, that if he had been silly enough to spread his carpet there unbidden, he would have had his holy head punched, and suffered summary ejectment at the hands of Lieutenant Arthur Brune, who considered himself for the time being its rightful and sole possessor. Judged of from the fireside of a snug English drawing-room or study, 'twould seem a bleak and desolate apartment; but it must be borne in mind that, in tropical regions, coolness is comfort, and that for this reason rooms are kept as bare of furniture and hangings

as convenience will allow. It contained a small oak table furnished by his Majesty, and two strong and cruel-seated elm chairs from the same gracious source. This was all the regulated furniture, but the barrack-master had, at his own proper risk, lent a soldier's iron bedstead, mattress, and pillow, which, being covered with a chintz envelope, answered passing well for a sofa. There was a portable arm-chair—private property; and a deal slab to hold glasses, bottles, and goblets, fixed against the wall, whose fixing being a breach of regulation, would, on surrendering the chamber, be paid for at the rate of twopence per nail, and a trifle for lime-whiting to the Royal landlord who, towards his military tenantry, was an austere man, and kept a lot of factors, called his Barrack Department, to squeeze them of their miserable substance; at least this is the subaltern's version of the matter. The table stood between the sofa and the arm-chair, each of which held an occupant looking particularly *ennuyé*, and puffing a cigar. On the board was some porter-cup, an agreeable and bilious mixture, well known in the island as a promoter of good-fellowship and yellow-fever. The foaming beverage was contained in a *jorum* or huge glass, from which the parties drank at their convenience, preserving each his own side of the rim. For one or two this answers very well, but when a dozen or eighteen come to pull in turn all at the same *jorum*, it requires some familiarity with the method before the last drinkers become reconciled to the marks of thirsty lips, and plunge boldly into the surge from which not the minutest arc of the crystal circle is free, refreshing their souls at the expense of their fastidiousnesses.

One of our seedy subjects was Arthur Brune, aforesaid: the other was a chance guest of his—allow us to introduce him.

Old Tom Gervaise was fat, indolent, and slovenly. His countenance was handsome, and his complexion had probably been good before grog blossoms established a right of commonage on his person, and exercised their prerogative without order or reserve. The head was nearly bald on the top, but its contour was so good and its proportions so massive, that the loss of hair was hardly a disadvantage. At heart he was a voluptuary, but as he had not a grain of energy or patience, he appeared simply as a dirty, surly, lazy old sloven. Incapable of amusing himself, he spent such hours as were unavoidably solitary in lolling on a sofa, dozing gently, or improving the minutes between his slumbers by the study of illustrated fictions, of which he possessed a small but objectionable assortment. Solitude, though, he invariably eschewed when company could be obtained without trouble or exertion; and he drank, gamed, or sported, not so much from love of these things, as because they were means of procuring society. Long compliance with dissipated companions had, however, without decided excess, shaken his constitution and made a wreck of him. A small quantity of liquor affected his head, and he had not the self-command to refrain from mixing several kinds together, but recklessly swallowed one sort after another as they were presented. To the *agréments* of companionship he contributed nothing except the opportunity of cracking a chance joke on his peculiarities. Too indolent even to talk, his custom was to loll in an arm-chair, smoking, and to speak in monosyllables or very curt sentences, more remarkable for force than for suavity. If his cigar happened to be in his mouth he would not always take the trouble to remove it to make a remark, but would push or pat, sometimes not gently, any one who rallied or

contradicted him, with a thick stick, which his uncertain gait obliged him to carry, and which was a well-known and celebrated staff. Whenever any sort of entertainment was going on, Tom was sure to be present. What made his presence acceptable it is difficult to explain, if it were not that the fellows liked to laugh at him and hear him growl. Certain it is that he was always more than tolerated, and allowed to say and do with impunity things for which another man would have been called to severe account, but for which he seemed to possess a genial prescription. One reason of this may be that he had not always been the sort of old sinner that he now was; and possibly habit, without an effort of his own, kept him within bounds, and caused him in some sort to discriminate character, and to adapt the intensity of his style to the person he addressed. Indeed, there was a tradition that Tom had once been the most fastidious dandy in his regiment. He seldom or never himself alluded to a period when he was not an eagle's talon in the waist. Yet it could not have been so very long ago, for, though called old Tom, and though lazy and helpless enough for an octogenarian, he had not passed middle age. Even now, those who had known him in his exquisite days took a pride in the remembrance; and, upon occasions when they desired the regiment to look its best, as at a public dinner or a governor's *levée*, would invade Tom's quarters heedless of the inhospitable growls and curses of the proprietor, and wash him by force, and dress him decently by contributions from their own wardrobes. A very fine old fellow Tom looked, too, at such times! His head bore the stamp of a lawgiver or a historian, and a most audacious forgery it was. Nature got thimble-rigged, and found the skull under which she thought she had placed a double portion of brain, lamentably empty. Poor old Tom! It is hard to read over what truth has compelled to be written concerning

him, and still harder to explain why any kindly feeling should exist towards him: yet the foregoing paragraphs were penned with regret. He was an example, and unfortunately not a rare one, of the destructive effects of a warm climate upon a person of undisciplined mind and indolent disposition.

An injustice has, however, been done to Tom in representing him as in all things listless and inert. Stuck on the box of any vehicle drawn by horses, with the whip and ribbons in his hands, he would show you that he knew something of putting a team along: four-in-hand was the only style which he thought worthy of his science, but he was content, *faute de mieux*, to run a tandem; and it was on that equipage that he commonly effected locomotion, in a most disgraceful old frock-coat, and a broad-brimmed white beaver with an aperture out on either side below the crown for ventilation, and a series of greasy circles rising from the rim upwards, and telling of many seasons, as the age of a palm-tree is known to the naturalist by its rings. From this elevation Tom smacked his whip at all passengers, where he dared, making its lash excite the skin a little, which, in that drowsy country, where very light clothing is worn, was no doubt an agreeable stimulus. In return he would get a mango, orange, or possibly a brickbat at his head. Sometimes a thin-skinned ensign was known to hoard up his wrath, and at a future meeting express with black ingratitude his dissatisfaction at Tom's passing notice, whereupon the latter would remind him that the touch did not hurt, and explain how pungent his scientific arm could have made it, had it so pleased him; which explanation would cause the ensign to marvel greatly what the real tickler must be like if the one he received was considered painless.

Tom's regiment lay at Up Park Camp, about a mile from Kingston; but their mess having been very quiet for some days past, he had

driven over to Stony Hill, in the hope that his presence would induce the officers stationed up there to put on a little extra steam in his honour; in which hope he had not been disappointed. His cart was quartered on some one who happened to possess the luxury of a gig-house, his leader on another, his shaft-horse on a third, and the honour of entertaining his highly respectable self he had conferred on Arthur Brune, in whose sitting-room he took a shakedown if he chanced to go to bed. They had had a great jollification the night before, for these country folks did not dislike an excuse for a chance merry-making.

It would be unfair towards Arthur Brune to judge him by his present appearance. He does not often look thus. It is wrong, the writer knows, to introduce him in this exceptional condition; but there are duties towards the narrative as well as to its characters, and the history will have it so. Deal mildly with him, however, reader!—that is, if you be masculine (many soft eyes, we flatter ourself, will read Arthur Brune's story, whose owners require no caution in respect of charity); say, if you like, how grieved you are to see a fine handsome young man with that debauched look. Pity his pale gills, his weak-looking eyes, his jaded expression; but no lofty denunciations, remember—no thanking God on him! You have perhaps in your virtuous mind already piled up a goodly battery of stones. Pause a moment before you discharge one. If you were a fine, generous, warm-hearted fellow at three-and-twenty (which of course you were), and never in your life picked yourself up of a morning in a somewhat similar condition, shy away! But if memory, spite of the ingenious manner in which you have barricaded your bosom against her, and puttied up the minutest chinks, doth ever percolate the fence, and lure you back, and rock you pleasantly in days and nights when you were as other men are, then, we charge you forbear! We know ex-

actly how things are with you now; are we not human? have we not sipped, and suffered, and profited? If you are an exemplary member of society, so are we. If your spouse is a paragon, and can attribute to you no earthly failing, present or past, ours is as unexceptionable in her own attributes, and more blind to our demerits than we deserve. Are your little people "sweet innocent cherubs?" we call out "dear angelic lambs;" that is the only difference. Are you orthodox? so are we. Is your name respected throughout the district? we hope ours is so too. Do men cut short their jokes, and take the twinkle out of their eyes when you come within hearing? 'Tis exactly the same with us. It is possible that in the article of charities, moral associations, and philanthropic endeavours, you and we are much on a par. We will measure phylacteries with you, or enter into judgment concerning neck-ties. In short, it is plain that both of us are correctness itself. This is in 1861 you know; but it was not always '61. We used to write the figures 85-6-7-8-9, &c. How if our biographies during these years could be revealed! What should we feel when the many checkered and the occasional dark pages should come under review! Shall we quote? No, not unless you force us: all the sweet souls read *Maga*, therefore we forbear; but—be charitable to Arthur Brune.

There was, as will speedily appear, a reason why Arthur for a time consented to dissipation. On his breast lay a heavy disappointment, which he sought to stifle, but could not. And he called in idle company, and walked in their ways, to lure him from himself, and support him in a trial which his resolution—though he was a youth of strong mind—hardly enabled him to endure. The young man had suffered cruelly in his affections, and was, moreover, perplexed to determine how his duty required him to act. Hitherto he had followed the dictates of his pride; but reflection, which he could not wholly shut out,

persuaded him more and more to a bolder course. The conflict was so grievous, that he could not bear to think of his trouble.

Well, the immediate cause of Brune's condition was, as has been said, a great symposium which had taken place last night in honour of old Tom's visit. It had ended in a squabble, as was too often the case; and, but that some one present had sense and influence enough to compose the matter before it had reached the seventh cause, there would have been a duel. The cool morning air, which probably contributed much to the rational termination of the dispute, also disposed the party to dispense with going to bed. It is a question whether the freshness inhaled without doors an hour before sunrise be not a stronger restorative than a feverish slumber. Brune and Tom appeared to think that it is, and so took coffee and a *chasse* at daybreak, strolled about the stables and negro-paths for half an hour, proclaimed themselves "all right," and, in the strength of their morning ramble, made a tolerable essay at breakfast. As the sun mounted, however, and the air began to boil, and the shadows shrank up to almost nothing, and the sea-breeze, which chose to be a sluggard that morning, was anxiously waited for, the gentlemen found that last night's account was not yet settled. They relapsed into a rakish discreditable condition, fit only to loll about, half alive, and sip portercup, that they might not utterly waste the morning; for improvement of the fleeting hour was insisted on by Tom Gervaise, who remembered that with each sun came its appointed duty of getting tipsy before bed-time. Happier than Titus, Tom never, to our knowledge, suffered remorse for having lost a day!

"Hollo you, sir!" shouted Tom to a negro who passed the window, "come here and fetch me *Massa* Brune's cigar; my light's out."

"Yes, *massa*."

It did not astonish the negro, as it probably does the reader, that he

was called into the room to perform a service which, by simply rising up, or even stretching across the table, Tom might have executed for himself. The sable minister received as his guerdon, first a rap on the shins from Tom's stick, which made him hop with his leg in his hand and cry "Hei!" and, secondly, a Cuban cigar, shot by Brune with the accuracy of a Tell, so as to graze his scalp and bury itself in the woolly covering, which made him turn on the whites of his eyes and grin delightedly as he did obeisance with his naked foot, and pocketed the prize, and went his way.

"Pon my soul!" said Tom, between the inspirations from his newly lighted weed, "this climate is the devil. See how weak and helpless it makes us. How I have borne it so many years is a marvel. If I had not attentively supported the system during my residence, I must have turned up my toes long ago. And yet you get neither credit nor thanks for this at home. By Jove! nothing they can give is a sufficient reward for passing a large slice of one's life in such a furnace: a peerage wouldn't be too much!"

"If they ever should give you one, Tom," answered Brune, "it's to be hoped that you'll 'purge and live cleanly as a nobleman ought.'"

"That's a bit of chaff you picked out of Hannah More or *Tristram Shandy*. I know I saw it in print somewhere when I used to read books. Can't read in this climate," said Tom, as if the latitude alone stood between him and scholarship.

"You'll have the papers to read soon. You know the packet from England was signalled this morning," replied Brune.

"Was she?" grunted Tom; "I think little about packets now. I hardly feel that I've any connection with England, except to look out for the St. Leger and Derby."

"Wonder whether Clutterbuck has got poor old Swillhard's company without purchase," mused Arthur. "Abominable shame! he's been refused two death vacancies, though he never left the head

quarters since they came out here. In each case a youngster at the depôt was allowed to purchase by their bringing in some old sinner from the half-pay to sell."

"Well, you'll soon be out of suspense," said Tom; "here comes the postman. We shall have the letters in ten minutes. I bet five dollars they've disappointed Clutterbuck again."

"Then they deserve the pains of Tartarus," said Brune. "You talk of a peerage, Tom: all they are likely to give one here is a grave. One's legitimate promotion is jobbed and bartered away. Heigho! I can stand disappointment pretty well, but patience has limits."

"There's one of your disappointments that I fancy you may get rid of and turn on your opponents whenever you like," said Tom.

"What the devil do you mean, Tom?" asked Brune sharply.

"Mean!" answered Tom, "nothing but what every fellow with half an eye sees and knows as well as I do. You may cut out that Melhado whenever you like—even now his wedding-day is fixed; ay, and by Jove! I'd do it too. I'd do it for the fun of cheating that creole savage, let alone the splendid little filly."

The young man blushed scarlet as Tom began to speak, and then turned pale; his colour came and went rapidly. "Gervaise, I can't stand this," said he hurriedly.

"Nobody wants you to stand this or anything else. 'Tisn't my affair." And Tom leisurely replaced his cigar, and began coaxing back the fire, which had nearly expired during his exhortation. "Devil take the girl," he recommenced, puffing only interjectionally, now that he saw a cheerful glow under his nose; "let Melhado have her if he likes. I wouldn't though—feed me on slops if I would. I'd carry her off in spite of all. Hollo! here's the letter-bag."

Brune was pacing the little room with a flushed face and a rapt gaze. He seemed quite unconscious of the mail's arrival until Gervaise,

having turned over the packet, shouted, "Look here, I say; here are a dozen letters for you. Only two for me, and they'll keep till I've seen how the betting is, and to whom they've given the step." So saying, Tom pocketed an epistle from his sister, and another from his tailor.

Brune opened one letter after another, skimmed over their contents, and glanced at the signatures. He came at last to one without post-mark, and evidently despatched from some station in the island, and this he read with interest. Tom turned over the newspapers, throwing each down, after a short examination. "I've found three gazettes," said he, "but not a word of our regiment. Just look; here's an interesting gazette for a whole week: '*Erratum in the Gazette of the 20th instant.—The Christian names of Ensign Bogg of the 55th are Salusbury, de Vere, Gubby, Plantagenet, and not Salusbury, de Vere, Grubby, Plantagenet, as previously stated.*' Ensign Bogg, indeed! Still nothing of Clutterbuck. They can't have filled the vacancy; they must be keeping it open for some rascally job."

"Make yourself easy," replied Brune; "Clutterbuck has it all right. 'Tis a letter from him I have here."

"Ugh!" grunted Tom; "there was no pet who wanted it, I suppose, or he'd have got it."

Brune read through the epistle, and afterwards read it aloud to Tom. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR BRUNE,—I've got it at last—

'Candidior postquam tondenti barba
cadebat,
Rescepit tamen et longo post tempore
venit'—

and there's time enough before the letters go to Stony Hill to write a line and tell you so.

"I can't in conscience use the seal any more, and so send it to you, as the best fellow I know, hoping that you, too, will soon have reason to discontinue its use.

"I thought I was too old now to value rank or anything of that sort; but I'm ashamed to say I'm as pleased to feel myself a captain, and to be addressed as such (they've all been to congratulate me) as if I was two-and-twenty.

"Good-bye, old fellow, and believe me ever yours,

"S. T. CLUTTERBUCK."

There followed a postscript, which Brune with hesitation read. It was this:—

"P. S.—I shall probably give champagne on the —th; so keep yourself disengaged. Won't we have fun! I must ask old Arabin and Melhado, as they've been very civil; but you won't mind that; our mess-room is large, and you needn't be near them."

The seal enclosed and alluded to in the letter was well known pretty nearly throughout the island. 'Twas engraved as follows:

"PSALM LXXV.
Verse 6th."*

A witty conceit went at that time a long—a very long way in Jamaica. The seal was not of Clutterbuck's invention; neither did he know the gifted originator, whose name and local habitation had become an antiquarian question by reason of the changes of quarters. Perhaps he was in England over a sea-coal fire, relating stories about Jamaica—perhaps he lay under the sod of the Antilles. Messes contended for him as of their numbers; cynics said he never belonged to any mess, but was an accomplished civilian—a devilish deal sharper fellow than mess-tables often produced; while profound thinkers maintained that such a witticism was beyond an individual, and was probably the joint work of confederate Millers. Clutterbuck got the gem from some one who parted with it for the same reason that induced Clutterbuck to transfer it now to Brune,—it was no longer applicable to his condition.

* Verse 7 in the Prayer-Book version.

"Umph! So you've got the ring," said Tom, who had a good deal of passive jealousy in his composition.

"I've got it," said Arthur, "and I shan't be sorry to part with it for a good reason."

"Rather a stale joke," Tom said; "but never mind the ring. I was thinking Clutterbuck's night will just suit for the enterprise of which we were speaking. You see old Arabin and Melhado are to be there. They'll sit all night—that's your chance."

"Tom, you old sinner," Brune replied, "I believe the Evil One is tempting me out of your mouth at this moment. Say the truth—have you let him your old temple?"

"He hasn't half good enough taste to come my way. He likes serpents—hate snakes—always make my blood run cold," said Tom shuddering, and taking a pull at the jorum.

"I'm afraid," said Brune, "he has a turn at all sorts."

"Well," replied Tom, "I don't pretend to be better than my neighbours; perhaps the old enemy takes a night's lodging with me now and then."

"Lodging!" echoed Arthur; "he's got a confounded long lease, if not the fee-simple."

"So much for that," Tom answered; "but it's nothing to do with what we have been speaking of. Be it devil or angel that prompts, I'd have her off on Clutterbuck's night. Look here! we'll see them well primed and fast at hazard: you shall go up and pilot the prize to the mountain's foot, where I will be waiting with the cart, and if I don't take you to any church in the island, and see you spliced before pursuit has begun, my name isn't Gervaise."

Tom had struck the chord which had of late been vibrating so painfully, and whose thrill now amounted to agony. His voice was like the hair that breaks the camel's back. Brune's mind had been oscillating so miserably between the promptings of two different spirits, and was so desperate with their importunities, that even the suggestion of Gervaise served to, fix his determination. Nothing tries a vigorous mind like uncertainty; but once decision takes the place of doubt, though it point to trying or desperate measures, there is a relief in collecting the energies for action which is akin to pleasure. Before that morning passed Brune had formed a resolution out of which springs this tale of *Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne*.

CHAPTER II.

On the afternoon of the day which we began in the last chapter, Brune left old Gervaise snoring on the sofa after second breakfast (*Anglicè*, lunch), and, mounted on a rough, fast-trotting pony, was clearing the paths which lead from Stony Hill to another branch of the Port Royal Mountains. He travelled with the unconscious speed of excitement. All flushed he pressed the pony's reeking sides, devouring the way, yet heedless of his passage; spurring faster yet, and faster, while inwardly he revolved some all-absorbing thought. Brune's route descended first from Stony Hill to the plain, across which he rode with his face towards the principal moun-

tain chain. That road is not one for a traveller to pass unnoticed. Varied and ever varying rise the broken heights clad to the summits with herb or forest, the tops fading, from distance, into the softest purple. A thousand prongs and ridges push out and court the sunbeam, hugging between them shadowy channels and dimples where the dazzled eye may rest. Even faces of perpendicular rock are covered by verdure and blossom, for the daring creepers weave themselves across. Only where a slight landslip has recently happened, or where the zig-zag path has been newly made, is the bare soil exposed. All earth is gay, all heaven is serene, and the

transparent vapours that float between earth and heaven catch every colour from the burning rays, and bathe the landscape in a fairy flood. Glorious hills: witnesses of everlasting summer! He who has seen them will retain for ever, but he cannot communicate, the impression. It is not awe of the grandeur, but admiration of the beauty, which possesses him. Overwhelming power in the Creator, conscious insignificance in the beholder, are not the first ideas which the scene excites. Neither are strong and sublime emotions aroused. The soul is content to live and look. For nature has put on glorious apparel, her face is lovely as a rainbow, and her breath like the happy sigh of a mother over her first-born.

The hill rose abruptly from the plain. After being scorched by the sun, and consumed by his own impatience and speed, Arthur suddenly entered a pass between two beetling rocks, and felt a new rush of life from the delicious shade and already fresher air. The road turned to the left, and led with a gentle rise along the mountain's base. Trees, shrubs, and creepers now abounded on both sides; sometimes the way was overshadowed with foliage, sometimes only the centre of the arch above was open, and the eye upturned, saw the clear blue sky like a strip of ribbon, solving the question asked so long ago—

"Quibus in terris
Tres patent cœli spatium non amplius ulnas?"

Along the path grow mango, and orange, and star-apple trees, whose fruit is free to the parched passenger. In the bush are forest trunks, among which stand tamarinds, palms, silk-cotton, and bread-fruit. The mountain is broken into endless projections and recesses, along the contour of which winds the ever-changing road, showing through occasional openings to seaward the richly burdened plains of Liguanea, studded with villas (called *pens*), estates, and buildings, and churches:

some of the highest parts of Kingston sparkle in the distance, and beyond them is a narrow belt of sea touching the horizon.

The air, the grass, and the foliage resound with shriek and hum. Everywhere is animation, more apparent, if not more abundant, than in severer climes, and every sense is appealed to by the infinite forms of life. Myriads of insects, humming-birds scarce bigger than insects, parrots and parroquets, are above and around him. Beneath his feet are the chameleon turnings of the lizard, and the silent creep of the black snake. The great convolvulus, and a profusion of gay flowers, garland his path. The rich full tints of the trees indicate not autumn, foreshadow no decay: biting winter comes not hither. If, as a celebrated living author* has said, *that only is real joy which is likely to endure*, then is the pleasure of beholding these woods a truth, for to-morrow will not rob them of their charms.

Suddenly the road turns, our traveller faces about, and recrosses at a higher elevation the same spurs whose feet he has just threaded in the opposite direction. Soon again the zig-zag way is reversed. Another and another tropic, the lines becoming shorter in proportion to the heights. The hill-side is now less uniformly clad: he is in the region of coffee. Estates divide this altitude with the forest, their buildings and barbecues at last standing out sharply from the blending colours. The flat land beneath begins to look like a map; the sugar buildings are mushrooms, the villas are specks, and the whole fair city of Kingston glitters in the sun, with its flashing harbour, the long line of sand, called the palisades, terminated by the little town of Port Royal, and then a burning sheet of sea. All round the windings of the hills, houses and cottages send back the sunbeams—*sent* back, for on a sudden the erewhile laughing scene is eclipsed by vapour. A few yards in front of Brune, so it seems, rises

* Sir E. L. B. Lytton.

from the valley a lurid cloud; the lightnings flash; the rocks reverberate with the thunder; yet all is clear immediately around the traveller, who expects, but does not feel the sudden storm. His observation of it is for a time impeded by reason of an inequality in the road, and when he recovers the prospect it has begun to change. The cloudy veil becomes less dull and regular; the outline of the higher mountains is once more seen, and underneath them, as by magic, springs a gorgeous arch, its bases hidden in the valleys. For, evermore, in climes like this, amid the fitful moods of nature, which threaten wreck and woe, is seen this lovely presence, toiling man's charter, assuring him that, while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease. Anon the vision disperses, the fleecy wreaths depart hither and thither, and the hills, glittering with dewdrops from the recent shower, show their varied faces once more.

Brune heeded not these scenes; he rode as though for life; he noticed none who passed, though every passenger turned to stare after him, negroes ejaculating the everlasting "hi," and white men marvelling at the young man's rapt countenance and hot haste. Few of those who saw him would have desired to contend with him, for the rider is young and active, and there is *purpose* written on his features. The pony, too, is hard and sinewy, and fears not his work. Yet, swelter as they may, thou and we, oh reader, know how to outstrip them. Swifter than light divine Imagination glances. Let them toil, and sweat, and palpitate; we leave them far behind, and lo! we have forestalled that panting spirit, and are already in the house to which he is yet toiling!

A bower in the mountains of Jamaica, erected by the hand of Taste, is indeed a pleasurable spot. Such was the house of old Arabin. He did not build it; neither was it in his nature to create such a para-

dise; but he had just discernment enough, when it was offered for sale, after the death of him who conceived and formed it, to pay down at once the heavy price, and so to strangle competition. A small piece of table-land had been chosen as the site. 'Twas overlooked on three sides by hills more or less distant, which, opening wide toward the south, repeated from a higher level the view of Kingston and Port Royal with which Brune was so often playing bo-peep as he traversed the steeps below. This way, of course, looked all the principal rooms.

The plateau was bounded by a fringe of foliage composed of the tops of mango and other tall trees, which, rooted on a lower level, towered just high enough to be seen without obstructing the view. The part of its area nearest the house was laid out in ornamental forms, and covered, except the walks, with Bahama grass, whose deep green was grateful to the eye. On it grew a few lofty trees, the principal of which were a tamarind and almond, whose branches, interlacing at a great height, overspread the sward, giving momentary passage as they waved about to piercing sunbeams, round which the gentle shadows sported incessantly. A fountain bubbled between the trees, and as its light silver was scattered this way and that by the breeze, the transient rays dissolving through its mist, figured the ground like the field of a kaleidoscope. The lower trunks being well pruned, allowed to be seen beyond the green sward, a garden bright with tropical blossoms. All hues shone upon the beds, and above them waved the oleander, frangipane, and a profusion of shrubs.

There was an advantage in the dark green foreground, for it allowed the windows of the principal room to be open during the heat of the day, and thus to admit the air, which, charged with the scent of orange and jessamine, rioted through the apartment, disturbing every article that was not well weighted down, causing the music on the

piano to crackle, table-cloths to be violently agitated, pictures to rattle against the walls, and blowing about the light brown tresses of Violet Arabin as if they had been Zephyrus his private property. If not an owner, he was at least a welcome guest, and had every reason to be flattered by his reception, for Violet had waylaid the wind, placing herself right in its path, and enjoying its caress as it breathed on her fair face and neck. She lay half reclined on a couch; her air was languid, and her manner subdued. It had been much subdued of late, though her health could scarcely be thought to have suffered; for spite of many months' residence in the tropics, the bloom which she brought out from England had not disappeared, though its brightness was dimmed. Her eye, too, had lost its quick and laughing glance; and beamed pensively from below the long downcast lash. Climate was made answerable for the change; and yet, among those fresh mountains, a healthy girl, you would have thought, might long have preserved her European bloom. But no subterfuge ought to have been resorted to, or to have been necessary in the matter, and *we* see no reason for reserve, and mean not to maintain any. Be it confessed then, that Violet, young, and fair, and fascinating as she was, had felt already the power of grief.

"A foe to rest
Had stained the current of her sinless years,
And turned her pure heart's purest blood
to tears."

And yet she was betrothed; another fortnight, please Heaven, would see her a bride! And all Jamaica would flock to congratulate and admire her, and to offer in a new form the incense which had greeted her presence since the day she landed. Poor girl! there is something cross in this.

"My child," said Mrs. Arabin—we beg pardon for not having introduced the old lady—"my child, you never touch the instrument now—that is not wise. Husbands should not be allowed to complain

that their wives have abandoned their accomplishments with their maiden names."

Violet, being deep in thought, was some time before she apprehended her mother's observation. "I don't mean to give it up, mother," she said at length; "I shall play and sing more than ever I did, after—after——"

"After you are married, my love. I am delighted to hear you say so. Mr. Melhado is particularly fond of music, and I think understands it. He would be sadly disappointed if he found you after marriage indifferent to a gift in which you excel."

Her daughter sighed "O yes!" and fixed her eyes again on the floor.

"There are those songs of Bishop's, you know, *The Soldier Tired*, and *Bid me Discourse*, and so on; you were never weary of singing them, while now we never hear a note."

"But you know, mother, the same things cannot please for ever. I had for that music a passing fancy, whose very excess has now changed it to indifference."

"Nay, Violet, it was not only here that they were your favourites. Long before your return home you sang them constantly; and on the voyage out you entertained the company on board with them every day—at least you said so, and Captain Gibbs said Mr. Brune used to sing with you."

The fair girl moved impatiently, and almost rose from her seat; but she instantly resumed it, sighing again. Her eyes became suffused with tears.

"My sweet child," resumed the old lady, "you grieve me more than I can tell by this sadness. You surely do not allow yourself, now, ever to think of this Mr. Brune, after the many admonitions I have given you on the subject. And you about to be married too! Quite dreadful? It was very well some time ago to have a handsome gentlemanly young man pay you attentions, as he of course was very ready to do, you being Mr. Arabin's daughter, and, though I say it, a girl that nobody could help admiring. But then you

know it is different now: you have made your choice, and must forget all fancies. This one, in particular, I wonder at your retaining, after the shocking accounts which your father heard of the young man's behaviour."

"Mother, mother," said Violet, "this is too much. Whatever my father has heard to his discredit, is a falsehood—nothing less—the utterance of some base malignant spirit! I have obeyed my parents in all things with regard to him: I meet him as a stranger, and I try to banish him even from my thoughts; but hear him slandered I will not!"

Violet had risen as she spoke. Her eye was uplifted now, and there was no lack of colour in her cheek. Mrs. Arabin was startled at her unusual vehemence.

"Why, Violet, my dear, how can you?" said the old lady, rising also, and putting her arms round her daughter. "Why, what can it signify about this young officer? Perhaps it may be as you say. I dare say he is innocent."

"He is, he is," sobbed Violet on her mother's breast; whereupon Mrs. Arabin sobbed too, and, taking the infection profusely, she wept and mingled her tears with those of her daughter.

Mrs. Arabin was the first to recover. She dried her child's eyes and her own, and then gently kissing Violet, replaced her on her seat.

"What a foolish thing it is," she said, "and all about nonsense, too, the merest nonsense; because, you know, your papa's position being what it is—a member of council and one of the most influential men in the island—the idea of a young lieutenant having any serious thought of you, is perfectly absurd—ha, ha!" And with her lips contradicting her red eyes, she laughed mockingly, inviting Violet's responsive laugh, which did not come.

"Yes, mother; but let us talk of some other matter."

"Well, that is sensibly spoken—so we will. Let us be cheerful, as I'm sure we ought when we think of the beautiful, the magnificent

wedding you will have—your elegant dresses, and the bishop to marry you, and the bridesmaids, and the carriages, and the favours. O my!" And the weight of the splendid anticipations so oppressed Mrs. Arabin that she was obliged to set down her load and rest for a moment before she could proceed.

"Then there will be the announcement in all the papers: 'Daughter of the Honourable Christopher Arabin, of Crystal Mount and Dirty Gully Plantations, Member of Her Majesty's Council, Colonel of the Kingston Horse Guards (bright scarlet), Receiver of Rum Customs, Clerk of the Market, Head Scavenger,' and I don't know what besides. What a sensation it will create in London when it appears in the *Times* and *Morning Post*!"

Violet *did* smile now. "Why, mother, you don't suppose that any people in London, except acquaintances of our own, would trouble themselves about our affairs?"

"Of course, my love, it will be the talk of the country. How young and simple you are! Don't we see the precision, the absolute toadyism, with which they record the union of the most noble duke or marquess of so and so with the lady this or that, the fair and accomplished daughter of the earl of something, and all the particulars of the two families, and the list of their seats and possessions? And isn't your papa here quite in the same position as a duke is in at home—a legislator, a great landowner, and a holder of most important offices under the Crown? *Of course* your marriage will be the topic of the day. I shouldn't wonder if it made the people forget all about Mr. O'Connell, and created a little popularity for the poor King."

Again Violet attempted to correct her mother's creole hallucinations, but in vain. Mrs. Arabin wound up a prolonged recital of the grandeur of their house by remarking, "Thus you see, love, how important it is for people of note to consider well even their private and domestic acts. Mr. Melhado is a member of Assembly,

and, your papa thinks, a talented and rising young man. His speech on the John Crow* bill was a masterpiece. Many people think him quite the equal of Sir Robert Peel. Then his large fortune and his capacity for business point him out as one of our future wealthiest proprietors. All these advantages bespeak your marriage with him a most proper and prudent connection, as well as, I hope, a source of lasting happiness to you both; while, had you allowed your head to be turned by any silly fancy—a preference for some obscure person like this Mr. Brune, for instance—the great inequality of the match, as well as——”

“Stop, mother, I implore you, stop,” faltered Violet, the fountain of whose tears having been so recently opened, could not bear tampering with. “Assist and strengthen your poor girl; do not trifle with——” And again the poor maiden’s passionate sobs were vented more vehemently than before on the matron’s shoulder, who, after a more temperate indulgence in the same refreshing luxury, seemed at length to be awakened by a sudden idea.

“My darling girl, my sweet child, is it possible—no, no, Violet, tell me—you cannot—you, Mr. Arabin’s daughter, you cannot have given your heart to this young man—O dear, O dear—your father—speak, Violet, speak, my sweetest.”

But Violet spake not. A long-pent torrent was rushing like an avalanche from her heart; she gasped and sobbed, and clung to her mother’s neck, and buried her face upon her mother’s bosom, as if her eyes might never again face the daylight. Her mother returned the embrace half unconsciously. She was agitated by opposing emotions, any one of which might have sufficed to distract her, but which, by conflicting in her breast, and neutralising each other, produced a stupified equilibrium. The possible defeat of the projected grand alli-

ance—Mr. Arabin’s disappointed wrath, which *might* make the house very unpleasant—the effect of a *contre-temps* on a society whose highest stratum she considered no small object of ambition, and whose pointed finger seemed to her a terrible weapon—rushed simultaneously on her perceptions, and created this awful calm. But fortunately no meaner feeling searched to the depth of her nature, where, underlying ignorance, and vanity, and conjugal timidity, was a true and valiant affection for her child, which presently asserted a pre-eminence, and made her speak as unlike herself as noble instinct is unlike selfish folly.

There was an interval during which the light rushed strongly upon Mrs. Arabin’s mind. That mind, as the sagacious reader is already aware, was not of the most perspicacious order, and it required direct prompting and powerful motive to inspire it with either clearness or vigour. She had now chanced to receive a right impression, and maternal instinct did the rest. Her former quiet adoption of the views of others, more especially those of her husband, as regarded Violet’s feelings, seemed now quite marvellous to herself. How readily had she overlooked every sign of her poor girl’s struggle with herself, or explained in some simple way what she could not help observing! And Violet’s sufferings—what must they have been while maiden feeling kept her silent, and her heart was bursting for lack of confidence and counsel! From regarding herself, in the first place, as strangely blind and negligent, the mother, as she more and more clearly realised her child’s misery, began to accuse herself of culpable indifference to her duties, and finally she voted herself the most unnatural monster alive. Rushing now, with the facility of a weak disposition, into a different extreme, she was visited with a series of most heroic conceptions,

* A loathsome vulture (*vultur aura*), which, being very useful in the removal of carrion and garbage, is protected by an act of the Legislature.

the risk of which she was quite ready to encounter on Violet's behalf, but they were unhappily not of a practicable description. Soon, however, came more rational resolves, if no very clear solution of the difficulty; and Mrs. Arabin saw that there was one anodyne which she might at once afford, in assuring poor Violet of her sympathy. This, of course, was effected with a further grand accompaniment of tears and embraces, of which we pretend not to convey an adequate impression: we merely allude to their occurrence, lest fair critics, observing the omission, should pronounce this true history a bungling fiction; and with this observation we proceed to give the heads of what passed.

"My girl! my darling! trust to your own mother. She will make you happy, not break your heart. Violet, I would never willingly have given you a moment's pain; all that has been done seemed for your advantage and future happiness. I have erred. I see it all; but it is not too late. Cheer up. I will myself see Mr. Brune."

"Mother! mother!" again sobbed Violet in deprecation, "mother, I never said, never thought of that. I can bear the sacrifice which my parents require of me; my prayer, in return, is only, that my feelings may be respected."

"How, Violet? I do not understand you. You do not wish to marry this young man?"

"I do not wish to wed another—that—that is my misery."

"But Mr. Brune—is he an object of indifference to you?"

Silence again; and her rosy neck answered for Violet, though her cheeks were hid.

"I must go on now, child, and learn the whole of your case. I take for granted that my sweet daughter, in giving her heart, believed fully that another had been given in return."

And Violet murmured "Yes."

"Has he told you so?"

"No."

"And yet you believe it?"

"Mother, there is an eloquence more convincing than words."

"But men have been known ere now to feign a passion; and recollect, my darling, that this one, though he may be fully sensible of your beauty, and the advantage of our connection, lies under grave imputations, and we are warranted in at least testing his sincerity."

"I have observed him through the trying ordeal of a sea voyage. I have seen him risk his life to save the life of another. When others were launching boats and seeking appliances, he, without hesitation, dashed overboard after his drowning comrade, while all was dismay and stupefaction. If you had watched him, mother, gloriously struggling with the waves and supporting the lifeless body, while tardy prudence pulled dryshod to their aid; had you seen his drenched form hoisted on to the deck, the chest scarcely heaving, the countenance deathlike but the languid eyes turned still upon him whom he had rescued, and making the inquiry which the tongue could not, whether he still breathed, you would have known, as I do, that he is neither base nor selfish."

"Heaven send it prove so, my child, for I see that your happiness is wrapped up in him. But now to think how our arrangements may be altered—postponed we will say at first—dear me, what a vexation!" And the perplexities of Mrs. Arabin began at length to look formidable again. "Your father will be frantic—what a house we shall have! And the odious, ill-natured remarks—that Mrs. Simons, how delighted the wretch will be! Your trousseau, to be sure, will not be entirely thrown away; but the cake now—I do believe there has never been such a cake as this will be! All yesterday and half the day before did Zenobia and I spend in mixing it. I would not trust even her on such an occasion; the least indiscretion, you know, might have impaired its excellence, and they have all such

whims and fancies, even white ladies. There is Mrs. Turner, now, never adds the almonds till it is three parts kneaded, and Mrs. James lets it rise twelve hours. But I know my mother's recipe, which I have always followed, drives them all mad with envy. To be sure, such a cake! It is the best I ever compounded, and I have made enough to know something about them. Mrs. Turner indeed! Well, but after all, the cake is not the first consideration." (Mrs. Arabin's mind, very much frightened, had been trying to steal away from its difficulty, but was obliged to turn back and face the matter in hand.) "How shall we move your father's determination? How shall we, or how can he now recede from engagements so clear and determinate?" And as Mrs. Arabin pondered on her difficulties, they expanded like thunder-clouds, and threatened to overwhelm her. "Oh!" she groaned, "Oh, that I were a man! Oh, that I had some one to advise and help us!"

And in truth the situation did call for energy and decision and prompt action. Some subtle association of ideas suggested to the bewildered woman a quarter where these qualities were to be found.

"Violet," she continued, "I have undertaken your cause, and will omit nothing to secure your peace of mind. I will myself see this Mr. Brune, and if I find his demeanour answerable to your hopes, he shall have an opportunity of clearing his character and of avowing the sentiments——"

"Nay, mother, mother; you would not, could not," said Violet, clutching her mother's dress as if to prevent an immediate execution of the appalling project.

"My dear," said Mrs. Arabin, with some spirit, "this is not an occasion for refinement. Some assistance I must have, and if the thoughts which you have revealed to me do not de-

ceive yourself, there can be no impropriety in my permitting an interview. Of course I shall use discretion in bringing it about. I shall—I shall—send—yes—no—that won't do—I will contrive to—'um, that's not it—I have it. I'll——"

"Missy," screamed a coloured servant, running in with small regard for ceremony, "Massa Brune come again. My king! me see him go to the stable-yard with his horse. I glad, for true!"

The raw magician who has faltered his first doubting spell, and cowers before the spirit he has raised, can scarce be more astonished than was poor Mrs. Arabin at this announcement. So scared was she that she thought the negro sported with her trouble, which he did not even know.

"How dare you, Leander," she said, trembling with emotion, "how dare you practise your jokes upon me, sir? Your master shall know your behaviour when he returns, and shall teach you better manners."

"Hei, missy, me no joke. Massa Brune really come. Me see him 'pan de brown pony. My, dat horse weat! moast wash away."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that Mr. Brune is here?"

"Av coorse, missy, me say so. He here—here he come, faba * king."

And as he spoke did Arthur Brune approach, his noble form and air justifying the negro's comparison.

His appearance had created some excitement in the establishment. A round yellow laughing face, surmounted by a kerchief and flanked by two enormous ear-drops, was thrust across the doorway behind him. The owner of it was pretty Miss Rosabella, *femme de chambre*, who, exhibiting a brilliant set of teeth, said gleefully, "De lubly bukra!"† and withdrew. At the same moment was seen at one of the front windows the apparition of Nick Chitty, *soi-disant* butler, who,

* *Favour king*—i. e., like a king. The word *favour*, in the acceptance of the Jamaica negro, means to resemble—e. g., he favours you, means he is like you.

† White person.

with a half-cleaned soup-ladle in one hand, and a piece of chamois skin in the other, presented his black visage, with a horrid scowl on it. He, having inspected the new comer, muttered "Chaw! what bring you dis side?*" Who de debil want you?" Then he shuffled away again, polishing severely.

Leander, the negro who had announced Brune, cast at Violet a look which he intended to be congratulatory before he withdrew.

Arthur's reception was of course, spite of his self-possession, sufficiently embarrassing to all. Violet could not effect a retreat so rapidly but that he detected the traces of her recent emotion, and shaped his plan according to the hopeful symptom. He was to be subjected to what Mrs. Arabin, poor woman, intended for a very searching examination. Of course the "honour of his visit" was the first thing to be accounted for; and, on this invitation, Brune went straight and manfully to his object.

"He was there," so he said, "to supply an omission, which, had it concerned himself alone, he would never have sought to repair. But it had occurred to him strongly that the happiness of another might possibly be affected by his course; and this view of his duty had but now presented itself. Pride and anger, and they only, had deterred him, some months ago, from declaring his passion for Miss Arabin, and asking her hand. Events had happened since that period such as to make a declaration *now* appear not only useless, but impertinent. Nevertheless he viewed his duty, as he had said, in a new light, and he had taken a sudden resolution. He had come thither to make known his affection for Miss Arabin, and to say that it would be showing him the highest favour to allow him to plead his cause to herself. He had his reasons for preferring to say so to Mrs. Arabin rather than to her husband."

Mrs. Arabin, grand inquisitor, was

completely confounded by this candour. The confession which her ingenuity was to have wormed out of the unsuspecting youth was voluntarily poured into her ear. Her attempted air of dignity, and her murmurs of "most extraordinary"—"astonished"—"quite unprepared," were pitifully done; and it did not aid her perplexity to find herself immediately subjected in her turn to the question—

"Madam," said Brune, "I believe that you love your daughter as she ought to be loved, and that you would purchase her happiness at the expense of your own? You have heard my declaration. Let me implore you to act upon it like a loving parent. If, as a mother, you dare not tell me that my suit is as hopeless and out of place as it must appear to the world, aid, I conjure you, in arresting the threatened course of events."

Perceiving that she was not quite mistress of the situation as she had intended to be, Mrs. Arabin now made a dignified effort to recover the command.

"I am at a loss to comprehend, sir," she said, "by what right you presume thus to dictate to me in matters concerning my domestic affairs."

"I claim no right, whatever, madam," replied Arthur; "I have not even an excuse to offer for my conduct. I thought it just possible that my behaviour might explain and justify itself. Since it has not done so, I have only to render my intrusion as short as possible, and to assure you that you need not apprehend a repetition of it."

Saying which he rose, and, bowing low, turned to withdraw. Instantly her difficulties overshadowed the matron once more. The aid which fortune had sent in the very moment of need she had contrived to alienate. The dignity disappeared, and the perplexed mother sobbed out—

"And are you really going to desert us? Oh, the fickleness, the hollowness of men!"

* Here.

"Pardon me," said Brune, with becoming gravity, "you remarked on my presumption."

"How can you sport thus with a mother's feelings?" said Mrs. Arabin. "You know not half my embarrassment, or you would not—could not. Oh, if those who envy my position could but feel these anxieties, they would know the insufficiency of rank to confer happiness! What is all that I possess, if I have not an adviser in my distress? Ah, me! I wish I was dead!"

"Mrs. Arabin," answered the young man, taking her hand, "you shall command my best advice and assistance. I ask in return but two concessions. Give me your confidence; and suffer me to have a short interview with Miss Arabin."

From what has been seen of Mrs. Arabin's diplomacy, the reader will already have divined that she was not long in making a clean breast; and that Mr. Arthur Brune found the existing state of things in the Arabin family not very unlike what his imagination had painted it. Shortly after the old lady's confession, she was to be seen in her accustomed seat facing the front

window, while Violet Arabin and Arthur Brune stood by the cool fountain, under the shade of the dark tamarind. Motionless were both, and their attitudes seemed sad; but Violet's face wore the startled expression of returning joy, and Brune's eye, while gazing on it, seemed to retain by an effort its grave and monitory aspect. Already had the young soldier learned the value of time, and to repress emotion when action or decision was required of him. We might divine their thoughts—we might reveal their language—we might regale our reader with a love scene in which good sense, strong affection, and difficult circumstances, render both the actors incapable of insipidity. We might retail argument and remonstrance, and depict the strength both of principle and passion. But we prefer to consider knowledge of this kind sacred, and forbear to make any revelation, withdrawing with delicacy to the other side of the house, and amusing ourselves with what there passes up to the time when Mrs. Arabin again joins the pair, and, shortly after, Brune bids both ladies a short adieu.

CHAPTER III.

Behind the house the ground soon began to fall. There a winding road led through a shrubbery to the stables and offices, and finally to the negro houses—these buildings being kept out of sight by the bushes and the brow of the hill. Loitering along this road was the pleasing form of Miss Rosabella, who, sometimes picking a flower or a leaf, sometimes gazing abstractedly at the prospect, while she wrought her mouth into a foam by fretting her teeth with chewstick,* and sometimes kicking the small stones with her pretty foot,† gave evidence that she was not bound upon a mission requiring despatch. Looking leisurely up from a lizard

which she had three or four times turned over on its back with her shoe, and which seemed to join in the sport as blithely as the dragon on a guinea, she smote her upraised foot smartly on the ground, and uttered the monosyllable "Chaw!" Miss Rosabella was displeased—most unreasonably so, one might suppose; for that which met her view was the form of Mr. Nicholas Chitty, the butler, attired as we saw him a short time since at the drawing-room window, that is to say, in a shirt and trousers not over clean. It might be that these accidental meetings with Mr. Chitty were too frequent, or that his manner, which was somewhat cynical and caustic,

* A fibrous creeper. A piece of it is generally seen in the hand of an unemployed negro, who rubs his teeth with it at intervals.

† The dreadful negro hoof disappears when the race is mixed.

was not appreciated by her, or, haply, because he was declined into the vale of years, that Miss Rosabella was wroth at the sight of him. She, however, smothered her irritation, and received with maidenly propriety the address of this important personage.

"Ha, my 'pring-flower!" said Mr. O., looking sweetly—that is, trying to subdue a settled sneer, which reminded one of the untameable hyæna, "you is de pusson I always like to meet when I 'troll out for a airing, 'pon my life you is. Leetle chilly dis afternoon, don't you tink so, Miss Rosy?"

The sun, which had been vertical an hour or two before, was at that moment darting his beams into Mr. Chitty's grizzled wool and over his respectable person, so as to make the observation unintelligible to a European.

"It is not too cold," replied Rosabella; "you always so delicate, Meesta Chitty."

"Of course," said Mr. Chitty, "me has got finer feelings than dose common negro people. Dat is de reason why I admires you so all time, Miss Rosy, becausin you is so genteel; and you is werry 'ansom, too—make me can't help in lub wid you."

"Meesta Chitty, don't bodder me; you is always talkin' dis same nonsense," replied the fair one.

Nick looked up after the manner of Mr. Romeo Montague, as if seeking among the spheres for some object to attest his truth; but he apparently found none worthy of that distinction. Had he enjoyed a histrionic education, he would unquestionably have sworn by his gracious self, whom he thought aptly formed to be the god of any "nyoung woman's" idolatry. Language thus failing him, he advanced with a hideous grin and offered to take Rosy's hand.

"Hei, Meesta Chitty, what is you doing, sar?" said she, in a smothered exclamation. "You no 'fraid somebody see we? Meesta Brune's horse come dis way direckly, and a pretty sight for the groom you would make!"

Satisfied, since the objection proceeded from prudential and not from personal considerations, Mr. Chitty waived the proposed attention and withdrew a pace, promising himself usurious compensation. He gracefully turned the conversation to general topics. "Dis Massa Brune, now, Miss Rosy, what make him bring him ugly face dis side again? After we no see him so long, I hoped him gone to the debil, and not come no more."

"La, Meesta Chitty! who you call ugly? My king! de hansummeest nyoung sejer buckra in de harmy—he, he, *ugly*!! chaw! Come! Why, of course, him is come for coort Miss Wily; what else?"

"Tought she going to marry Massa Melhado, eh? How dis, eh? Someting not quite right here. Wonder if Massa understand what going on!" marvelled Nick.

"Of course he understand," rejoined Rosy, sharply. "Any pusson who was to speak to de Massa about it, I wouldn't look at him if there didn't anoder man alive."

"Chaw! who goin' to 'peak to him? what me care about deir lub making?" said Nick, intimidated by the lady's threat.

Both Nick and Rosy had evidently interpreted Brune's visit in some degree correctly, and had ranged themselves on different sides according to their instincts—the girl the abettor of true love, the cynic the marplot of the piece. When he so readily consented to refrain from communication on the subject with "Massa," he had had time to reflect that old Christy would show little gratitude for any revelation, while there was another quarter from whence it would be well paid for. Thus deference to his ladye-love sorted well with self-interest.

"So long as my 'pring-flower look pleasant 'pon me, why is me to tell massa?" said Nick, ogling frightfully. "Now look here, my lub; supposing you is to be in de Mango Walk dis evening; it just possible dat me might come dat side too; and if we should happen to meet, you know, lubly Rosy, why den—

heil who dis?" At this unlucky moment another person came upon the scene. It was Leander, who had announced Brune to the ladies—a smart, intelligent young mulatto, who, having been in England, was a cut above the ordinary coloured class, however profaning the name of him whom

"Love who sent forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The only hope of Sestoe's daughter."

The balked Chitty grinned sardonically at the new comer, with a wrath which was more than doubled when his quick eye detected a glance of intelligence and deprecation passing from Rosabella to Leander.

"What de dooce you want here, sar," yelled Nick. "Is dis for you* English manners, when a lady an' a gentleman is discorsing, to push for you dam black face atween dem, eh?"

"Don't vex," replied Leander, smiling, "I really tink, Mr. Chitty, that I have a right to go down to the stable to order up Mr. Brune's horse widout your leave."

"Den pass on, sar," said Nick, highly incensed. "I is 'peaking important business, and don't want to be boddered wid negro boys."

"Hah, hah, hah!" tittered Leander, "I must laugh. It is better than a fun to hear you talk about negro boys. Why, you is as black as de debil yourself, and a near relation too, I should tink, Old Nick."

"If you say dat," observed Mr. Chitty urbanely, "you is a cussed liard."

Hard words do not necessarily lead to hard knocks among negroes, but they often produce a railing match of the most energetic description. Such a passage of tongues appeared now to impend between these sable champions. The issue no man might foretell, for in prowess and accomplishments they appeared equally matched. Mr. Chitty's tongue was an embossed club or

two-handed sword with which he rained a shower of stunning vituperation fitted to prostrate an unwary antagonist in the first encounter; while he of Abydos, less affecting the crushing ruin of the mace or battle-axe, preserved his temper and his wit, dexterously parried or evaded the pelting opprobrium of the foe, and, watching his opportunity, lounged a pointed sarcasm through the joints of the armour, Mr. Chitty's moral hide being plated like a rhinoceros. Both stood prepared and eager for the fray, while the fair Rosabella, sole arbitress of the lists, should rain influence and judge the prize. Fate decreed, however, that the interesting duel should not take place, for as the combatants addressed themselves to the assault, Arthur Brune, whose mood it did not suit to wait for his horse, appeared in the road on his way to the stables, his brow still bearing traces of anxiety, but cleared of that engrossing cloud beneath which we saw him ride up the mountain.

"Hah, Leander," said Arthur, "why, you look as you used to do on board ship when it began to blow: and pretty Miss Rosy, also, you don't look sea sick now at any rate, though I have seen you miserable enough. My old sweet-tempered friend Menelaus too, I declare! How d'ye do, old boy? you seem to have imported a fresh cargo of gall and verjuice, and look as if it would burst you. Long time isn't it since you saw me or my money, so I shall just give you a dollar apiece." The gratuity, received with the usual scrape of the foot, relaxed immediately Leander's countenance, and even mitigated the severity of Mr. Chitty's. Rosy expressed her delight at seeing "Meesta Brune" again, and told him personally that she thought him handsomer than ever, for reserve is not a characteristic of the coloured maiden. Brune, having

* In the Jamaica dialect, the possessive pronoun is generally formed by placing the word *for* before the personal; thus, for you face, means *your face*; for him name, *his name*; house da for me, *the house is mine*.

but few thoughts to waste on the group, hurried on to the stable. As soon as he was beyond hearing,—

"Hei!" said Mr. Chitty, "him begin 'bout dat dam Mennylaiss again, time he forget him shildish foolery. Wha de debil him mean wid him *Mennylaiss*, *Mennylaiss*? 'Pose dem all begin again now to call me *Mennylaiss*. It not a gentleman's name."

"It de name they give the dogs and pigs in England," said Leander; "b'lieve it 'riginally belonged to a hangman." Now, *hangman* is the very lowest term of negro reproach.

This worthy was indebted to Brune for the nickname of Menelaus, which had almost superseded his acknowledged appellation. It was suggested by a misfortune which befell him, similar to that which the angry gods inflicted upon the son of Atreus, though its effects were not so direful. His third or fourth helpmate—the writer is uncertain which—was a free coloured girl of considerable personal attractions, who, in her early and indiscriminating youth, had suffered herself to be proclaimed the mistress of his affections and establishment. Their union was not felicitous. After a very short time the lady's ideas became sufficiently matured to enable her to reject the evil and to choose the good; the practical result being her sudden abandonment of Mr. Chitty, and elopement to the north side of the island with a bandsman of one of the regiments.

Now the weakness of the soubriquet "Menelaus" and the thoughtless haste with which Brune had applied it, are apparent at this stage of the narrative, for the affair did not so much as contribute a bloody nose to the encouragement of the Epos; and, as an impassioned foreign poetess once remarked, "The blind old man of Scio might have chawed upon it from July to eternity without creating a dollar's worth of hexameters from the transaction."

However, though no hero, Nick discovered the route and followed the fugitive; and endeavoured by promises, blandishments, apologies,

and protestations to induce her to return, but without effect. He had likewise addressed himself to the destroyer of his peace, but that Lothario heaped insult upon wrong, and withered his victim with a refined and lofty disdain. "Him cuss me, and tell me to go to —, sar," said Menelaus, when relating the adventure to Brune. Nick obeyed this mandate, not according to its letter, which would have killed, but in its spirit, and took himself off.

The misfortune, however, did not trouble him long. In a very few weeks another lady belonging to the estate had succeeded the faithless free-woman; but neither did this alliance establish Mr. Chitty's happiness on a solid foundation. Incompatibility of temper, that frequent queller of domestic joys, caused their connection to terminate by mutual consent, after, alas! a brief duration. They separated: he, however, who would test the veracity of this account by a reference to the Lords' Journals, would probably lose his labour. No legislator, nor judge, nor gentleman of the long robe assisted in dissolving the knot; but the solution was effected in a simple and unostentatious manner. Mrs. O., on departing one morning for the cane-field, remarked, "I not coming again." To which Menelaus replied, "I rejoice to hear it;" and thus he was once more master of the affections which he had now so freely bestowed on Miss Rosabella.

But we have lost sight of our lover.

A man who has traversed a road under the pressure of a burden so heavy that it allowed him not to note an object or incident of the way; and who, after depositing his load, returns rejoicing and refreshed, his senses all awake, and his mind yearning for pleasant impressions, might be taken as a type of Arthur Brune's varying dispositions in his rides to and from Crystal Mount. As he went every thought turned inwards, and he recked not if it were Paradise or Tophet through which he journeyed; returning freed in spirit and confirmed in

resolution, his mind seemed eager to repay herself for the severe strain that had been put on her; and, instead of revolving definite or practical ideas, sailed buoyantly into the realms of fancy, abiding nowhere, but floating through a succession of delightful images. In this reactionary state the liberated imagination hovered about its newly-secured treasure, as yet too elated and astonished to grasp and feed upon it. Violet's image filled his soul, but was so far from occupying his intellect that it seemed to set free his powers, and bid them luxuriate where they would; there was a great, calm, inseparable joy in the heart, so let the fancy range. It is the *doubting* lover who knits his brow and grinds his mind against his fears! And Arthur thought of lofty deeds and godlike men of old, and then remarking and dwelling upon each feature of the landscape, he called up as the day declined forms that had walked those hills and vales, and lived, and sinned, and suffered there—the gentle Arowauks and the cruel and haughty Spaniards. Surely if blood can cry to heaven, there is even now ascending from every corner of this island a memorial of the desolation wrought by their conquerors upon the inoffensive red men. Not a rock nor a glen which now reflects or absorbs the moonbeams but has its deep romance, its terrible tragedy. Earth, if it be true that thy legendary spots which have witnessed sublime powers and sufferings and affections of the flesh, can for ages attract the disembodied spirits, then must the surface of Jamaica be as that hill where the young man's eyes were opened at the prayer of the mar of God. It must be thick with airy forms seldom unveiled to mortal ken. And forasmuch as these wretched ghosts had neither bard nor sculptor to record their wrongs, and that not one of their race was left alive to transmit the fell tradition, how great must be their indignation, how intense their desire to commune with mankind; how in their restless and

invisible swarms they must feel as do the souls of those who were slain for the testimony, and with what impatience must they cry "how long!"

Then Arthur thought how all this infatuated guilt belonged to the fellow-countrymen and immediate successors of the mighty discoverers of those western realms; how but a brief time before the advent of destruction that day might have been pronounced glorious for the islands which saw approach them the grandest adventurers of the eastern world. And then came the reflection how this land had been hallowed to history by the presence of one of nature's greatest, who, within the narrow circle of her shore, had walked and burned and groaned; how underneath the same sky, and in view of these unchanging hills, the strong body had been weakened by disease, and the mighty spirit had poured forth its plaint! These are the words:—

"It is visible that all methods are adopted to cut the thread that is breaking; for I am in my old age oppressed with insupportable pains of the gout, and am now languishing and expiring with that and other infirmities among savages where I have neither medicines nor provisions for the body, priest nor sacrament for the soul. My men in a state of revolt; my brother, my son, and those that are faithful, sick, starving, and dying; the Indians have abandoned us, and the Governor of St. Domingo hath sent rather to see if I am dead than to succour us, or carry me alive from hence."

Thus from Jamaica in 1504 wrote CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS to the King of Spain.

The legends of the Antilles, too traditionary for the historian, what might they not become in the hand of the poet or the fiction wizard? Shadowy facts, here and there displaying their outlines sufficiently to guide the mind from point to point, admit of being informed with a connecting spirit, and of being made life-like by the master's hand. But no master has been there. The jolly mariner painting youthful re-

collections in broad farce, or the puling philanthropist seeking to verify the dream which he dreamed in England, and blind to all facts but those which suit his purpose—these have written of the West Indies, but without the power which seizes on men's hearts and turns them whither it will.

To Arthur's delighted mind as he rode through the warm night—how interesting seemed the tales of Indian eld—how fit to charm and soften! And with the spell of moonlight on those scenes, as fire-flies sparkled through the forest, and the rocks and hills showed like embattled fortresses, meet holds for giants, and the bamboos waved gloomily as over hallowed spots, the time was fit for inspiration.

Before leaving England he was well read in Jamaica scenery, having studied it in the graphic pages of Tom Cringle; and never did he

verify with greater pleasure than now the descriptions of that delightful author.

In this mood he alighted once more at Stony Hill. The sounds of revelry were heard from the mess-room, where Arthur would have been hailed as the one person wanting to complete the enjoyment of the evening. But gay company waited for him in vain. Hugging in his heart the new found happiness, he stole with it to his chamber, and barred his door lest any chance wassailer should profane his blissful solitude. His frame was soon refreshed, and his limbs stretched on his couch. Waking or sleeping, he was in a dream; and it was not until the peeping of the day-beam through the jalousies, and the blowing of the shell upon the hills, that he resolutely dismissed his visions, and prepared like a man of this world for the difficult adventure that lay before him.

CHAPTER IV.

About a twelvemonth before the period at which our story commences, two young subalterns had been suddenly ordered from their depot at Cork to join headquarters in Jamaica. Some irregularities had been reported to be going on, such as were but too frequently practised in garrison towns—gambling, flirting, drinking, and fighting; and the Horse Guards avoided the trouble of investigation by ordering the officers whose names were prominent in the scandal, at once on foreign service. Accordingly, Lieutenants Edward Knox and Arthur Brune, instead of waiting for the transport which was to take out the next draught, proceeded to Gravesend, and embarked on board the freight ship *Sophia Brown*, in which passages had been provided for them by the Admiralty. The ship was a fine West Indiaman, and her state-rooms were filled with passengers. There were two or three

creole* professional men with their wives and some children, a barrack-master and his helpmate, a luxurious old planter or two, and others, of whom it is necessary to mention only Miss Violet Arabin, who, having completed her education near London, was returning to her parents and home, watched over by the master of the ship and Mrs. Wingrove, a doctor's wife and fellow-passenger, and attended by Leander and Rosabella, who had been sent home expressly, that Christy Arabin's daughter might sail in befitting state. Mrs. Arabin had suggested a large retinue as indispensable, but her husband reasonably objected to the expense of the double voyages; wherefore the matron contented herself with exhorting the soi-disant *Captain Gibbs* before he left the island with Leander and Rosy, to make known to all the company on the return voyage how that, partly from accident and

* This epithet is often misapprehended in England, and supposed to mean coloured or crossed with the negro blood. Its proper meaning is born in the West Indies. Thus there are white creoles, black creoles, and brown creoles, creole horses and creole beef.

partly from the unostentatious temper of herself and her mother, Miss Arabin crossed the Atlantic in a style very much beneath what her condition warranted. Thus were Violet and Arthur placed in that propinquity and communication which were unavoidable in ships of the *Sophia Brown's* class. They who now scud across the ocean in *La Plata* and the *Magdalena*, knocking off their 240 knots a-day, and sitting down hundreds together in the huge saloons, must not marvel that we have described the old freight-ships as bringing their passengers into close relationship. The voyage to Jamaica used to occupy from six weeks to three months: the party was comparatively small, and the arrangements did not admit of isolation. Among young people the constant intercourse was almost certain to become intimacy, and thus it was that our two lovers began the acquaintance which appears to have conducted them to perplexity and sorrow. Handsome, energetic, clear-headed, and good-humoured, Arthur almost immediately became the leading man of the little community. In fair weather he kept them alive and merry, on rough days he cheered and ministered. Before they reached Madeira they encountered a serious gale. The ship's bulwarks were partly carried away, the caboose or deck-kitchen was washed overboard: the master and his mates were absorbed with the care of the ship; all hands, even to the steward and cabin boys, were required to assist in the navigation; and the helpless passengers would have fared ten times more miserably than they did had it not been for the resources of Arthur Brune. At the commencement of the storm he made all snug within the cuddy, set the passengers to some amusement, and, making frequent excursions to the poop, brought in as comfortable reports as his conscience would permit. As the danger increased, and nearly all the company betook themselves to their cabins, he it was who took possession of the steward's locker, prepared over

a lamp refreshment for the ladies, and brought them periodical reports of the state of things, making his announcement always close to the door of Miss Arabin's cabin, and demanding from Miss Rosabella, after every bulletin, a particular account of her young lady's condition. Knox, willing and active, made a capital second, but would have been of little use without the direction of his comrade. When the danger became undeniable, when the ship strained and pitched, and there was scarce twilight at noonday, and the winds and the sea contended in the loudness of their roarings, and the hatches were down, and voluminous seas rushed over her prow and half filled the saloon and cabins, within which latter arose shrieks and prayers and moanings, Mr. Brune, who still kept his legs, stationed himself almost constantly at Violet's door, advising, explaining, exhorting, and nourishing—in short, making love by every method proper for such an occasion. It is not certain that, when the tempest had so far abated as to restore confidence and serenity, Miss Arabin's feelings were wholly pleasing. The storm left some tinge of regret, and the remembrance of it had more of joy than terror for many a year after. At length the gale gently subsided. The male passengers one by one appeared in the wet cuddy, and, gathering their feet on to the benches, assisted at a luxurious repast which was presided over by Lieutenant Brune, and consisted of raw hain, wet biscuits, pickles, raisins, and cheese. These viands, washed down by libations of brandy-and-water (thank God the fore-hold was all tight), were found to be of an excellence quite beyond belief; and when the poor drenched skipper and his mate for the first time put their heads between decks and indulged in a few delicacies, the meeting grew undeniably jovial. In the next stage of improvement, Violet, leaning on Brune's arm, surveyed from the dry poop the traces of elemental strife. Tattered sails, crippled

spars, broken ropes, and bestrewed decks, attested the violence of the commotion. They had tried the pumps and found the old craft as tight as a bottle. Seamen therefore aloft and aloft were busy splicing, knotting, fishing, reeving, and otherwise occupied in processes which it is not lawful for a landsman to utter. The carpenter was patching up as best he could, and had got a rough rail across the great breach in the gunwale. Well that he did so, for as she still gave occasionally vicious kicks and rolls, the barrack-master, who had suddenly become very active in a flowered dressing-gown and slippers, was tilted clean across the main hatchway, and only brought up by the afore-said makeshift. Poor man! had it happened a quarter of an hour sooner 'twould have been his last caper. The consciousness of this made him, when he recovered his legs, assume a look of horror. But the whole incident was ludicrous, and, as he was no great favourite in the ship, it gave rise to a general, though quickly suppressed titter, the first burst of merriment heard since the gale began. And now the scene changed as in a theatre. Rosy tints succeeded frowning clouds, azure waves replaced the tumbling vitreous billows, light and warmth revived the soul, and a gentle air wafting her like a fairy craft toward Madeira, effaced for a while the memory of the thundering blast. A day or two to refit and transact a little business at Funchal gave opportunity for excursions on shore, bright Madeira seeming a paradise after those inclement days. Mr. Brune, in pleasure as in danger, was generally at Miss Arabin's side, and, with a difference, continued his attentions. And there were summer and witching prospects and newness everywhere, and strange delight, and re-awakened senses, and young love and transient happiness. Leander and Rosabella burst into ecstasies at the sight of some sugarcane exposed for sale at a stall. With sparkling eyes they purchased

the congenial plant, and *nyaming* greedily its fibre, were entranced with the luscious joy. The short sojourn flew away on silken wings. And now once more on board! but not to boiling surge or bursting sky. There are both wind and sea in plenty, but they are working the right way; all are by this time accustomed to her motion; and though she bounds and frisks, every gambol sends her nearer to her goal. With fixed sails and unswerving helm she rolls lazily down before the trade-winds. It is the very reign of indolence, and those nervous mariners who lately sprang to brave the unchained winds and the raging deep, growled and languished, and made bitter jests about the deck, finding no work worthy of their mettle. Furs and wrappings cast aside, the passengers eschew the hot berths, and, under sleepy awnings, yawn or laugh, or love away the hours. To-day but repeats yesterday, the same and still the same. A nautilus, a dolphin, come now and then to cheer them, and a little element of terror appears in the shadow of a dusky shark who occasionally looms astern, and intimates that he has his eye on them. Appalling monster!

"What the dence shall we do, Brune?" says Knox. "I am dying of ennui."

But Brune, who lay at Violet's feet, found agreeable occupation in abundance, and marvelled how a rational being could think the minutes heavy.

"Ennui!" replied Arthur, "how odd! why there are hundreds of things you can do. You can—you can—why, hang it, you *must* know fifty things. Go and read Shakespeare. You've read till you're tired? Well, challenge old Wingrove to backgammon, — twenty hits this morning? Then sing psalms. Don't think that 'll suit you, though. I have it. Ask Jack Fidd to show you how to catch a dolphin: there are lots about the bows. Mind you hold fast if you get on the bowsprit."

And, having rid himself of the intruder, Arthur basked once more

in Violet's sight and dreamed away the day.

There was a sudden alarm.

"Halloa, there. Back the sails!—let go life-buoy!—man overboard!—lower away a boat. Move and be—to you!" shouted the master.

But Jack's machinery had contracted the thinnest possible coating of rust from inaction. Three weeks ago he started on the instant to grapple with twenty whirlwinds. His sinews and senses were braced beyond surprise or hesitation. Even he felt the power of idleness and security. Soon, though, he shook off his slight lethargy and addressed himself gallantly to his duty. But, alas! it is by seconds that the Fates in such cases decide the lives or deaths of men, and Edward Knox had sunk to everlasting night had his rescue depended upon the crew alone. No sooner had the first alarm started every one from doze or dalliance or reverie than a small knot rushed to the stern, whence could be descried, not yet twenty yards off, among the waves, the unhappy cause of the commotion awkwardly striking out—the features repeatedly immersed, but, when seen, stamped with a terror and anguish that must haunt every beholder to his dying day.

"Good God!" exclaimed Violet Arabin, "I see the unfortunate man drowning;" and she clung to the ship's side fainting, until roused by a splash in the sea beneath where she stood. Arthur Brune, for whom she looked in her fright, was not to be seen on the deck, and a strong swimmer was striking out in the direction of the drowning man.

"It is Mr. Brune—save him, save him!" she shrieked; and rushed frantically, she thought not whither, in quest of aid. On the quarter-deck she found the master stimulating all hands to the necessary exertion. The way was already partly off the ship, and a boat's crew were collected and ready to launch.

"Quick, for the love of Heaven," gasped Violet; "Mr. Brune has jumped overboard after the first man!"

"Mr. Brune!" passed from mouth to mouth, and seemed to inspire every one with redoubled ardour.

"Now then, smartly, lads!" grunted an old mate who was directing the boat's crew. "We'll save that young chip if men can do it. He's been and jumped arter t'other. Blow my old heart, I know'd he was the right sort!"

Owing to the altered position of the ship, her late path was now visible from the waist where Violet stood straining her eyes towards the spot where she supposed the struggling men to be. Every glass on board was levelled in the same direction.

"I see them!"—"I see one of them—Brune, I think, but where 's the other?"—"Oh! yes, there they both are."—"No, by Jove!"—"Yes!"—were the eager exclamations uttered by the gazers.

"Now, Miss Arabin," said the master, "I think this focus will suit you. Rest the glass on the gunwale, and you'll see what they're doing."

But Violet's eyes were dim, and her heart was throbbing, and her hand quivered. She could see nothing.

Many minutes had elapsed since the accident. They seemed hours.

"Well, then, I still see one head, for certain," said the skipper, "and, it may be, two. The boat is nearing them gallantly. Pull away, my hearties. Now, I've lost them again. There, that must be one of their heads. Gone again. Pull boat, pull like grim death! She's close now to where they were. The mate sees something. Strange, now, I've lost them. Boat's head coming round again,—men looking about. God help 'em they can't have sunk."

"Oh, no, no!" gasped Violet. "They have not—cannot. You—you will see them."

"By Jove, you are right, ma'am," replied the skipper, after looking again. "They are hauling something on board sure enough. But, as I live, it's a dead body."

And he closed up the joints of the glass with a sharp ringer, indicative of his honest regret.

"Don't agitate yourself, my dear young lady; the boat will be back in a few minutes, and we shall see; but 'tis prudent to prepare for the worst."

The fainting form of Miss Arabin was borne to her cabin by the honest master and Mrs. Wingrove, the former observing, "Ah! you haven't seen so many of the miseries of the sea as an old tar like me, and a mishap troubles your nerves. Lie down a little, and you'll soon come round. Accidents will happen. I pity that gallant lad, though!"

"Boat ahoy! What have you got?" roared the first mate.

"Got 'em both."

"Alive or dead?"

"Mr. Brune is breathing. All over with t'other."

Dead to all other sounds, Violet's ear was alive to this colloquy. She was once more on her trembling feet, and managed to totter on the quarter-deck. The exhausted figure of Arthur Brune was being *whipped* on board. Already there lay on the planks Knox's inanimate body. The medical passenger was directing the steward to prepare the necessary appliances.

"Come away, my love," said Mrs. Wingrove, "do come in. Such a scene will quite unnerve you." But Violet watched the doctor's face, and asked with her looks if she might hope. Attracted by Mrs. Wingrove's repeated solicitations to Violet, the doctor at last answered the appeal of the latter, and said,

"Not a bit alarmed about Brune; alive, and strong constitution. Less sure about the other. Go in with Mrs. Wingrove, that's a good girl."

That evening all on board breathed freely once more when it was announced that, thanks to the doctor's skill and care, both young men were doing well. The shadow of death passed away from the ship, but at the same time the shadow of the dread shark became visible to those on the poop, and reminded them of

the twofold danger that had been escaped.

"What!" said the old mate, who had steered the boat, and who was now standing behind the wheel, about to heave the log. "What, old lawyer,* are you there? Why, if I was you, blow me if I wouldn't disrate all my pilot-fish and give 'em four dozen a-piece into the bargain! A set of lubbers! What was they about? and what was *you* about, old un, eh? Was you in your parlour down there keeping the watch below, spinning of a yarn with a friend; or was you taking of a constitootional cruise; or having a few words with your missus; or writing up your log; or minding the fractious baby cutting of his nine row of teeth; or what *was* you a-doing off? My eye, old cock, if you ain't lost the daintiest morsels, and missed the chance of scrunching up the finest young feller as ever walked a deck! Ah, you may lick your old chops long enough now; you gets no sich opportunity again, you bloodthirsty varmint! D-a-m-n y-o-u-r e-y-e-s!"

After these observations, the last of them in linked sweetness long drawn out, Mr. Taut turned his quid, squirted an amber mouthful at the attorney of the deep, and betook himself to the log-line.

Soon hearts beat calmly again: the old monotony returned, and the ship bowled along without further particular incident; the passengers steeped in idleness, and two of them up to the necks in love.

What a break-up does a landing make after a long voyage! People, who for months have lived like one family, find suddenly their relationship terminate, and quietly separate, some for ever, others to lapse into new associations and altered habits. Our party dispersed, some to their fields, others to their merchandise, and some to the duties of their professions. Brune landed with a halo round his head: his general merits and his particular exploit being

* Jack calls a shark a *sea-lawyer*, possibly because he has such a quantity of *jaw*. Other explanations have been suggested, but they have a somewhat illiberal tinge.

sounded before him as with a trumpet. It was the very reputation to make him at once popular in the service; and, among civilians, always here disposed to hospitality, a full recognition awaited him.

The arrival of a daughter—and *such* a daughter—caused, of course, the doors of old Christy's house to open wide, and brought out in strong light the magnificent condescension of his wife. Friends and neighbours likewise gave entertainments in honour of the sweet arrival, and at all of these was to be seen Mr. A. Brune, looking very handsome in a red skeleton jacket, and not far from Miss Arabin's side. His pony spent as much time in Christy's stable as in his own stall at Stony Hill. He was most intimate with the negroes, and had his fun with them all. And so matters continued till, on a sudden, his reception at Crystal Mount appeared to become less and less cordial, and a Mr. Melhado, a wealthy merchant, who dealt in everything from a skewer or a yard of tape or a coffin, to a carriage, set of emeralds, or a three-masted ship, became a constant visitor at the house. This gentleman's appearance there, was, it would seem, the result of a secret negotiation between Christy and Melhado's mother, an ambitious old lady, who had held out large inducements to bring about a connection. And, indeed, as far as means and position went, the match seemed quite reasonable and suitable. The objections to it were that Mr. Melhado, though not an ill-looking nor a stupid youth, was of a vulgar type, in no way harmonising with Miss Arabin's; and that M^{rs}. Arabin had already, as the reader has seen, given her

affections in another direction. For some time the two young men met occasionally, without, of course, fraternising very kindly. Melhado's visits became frequent; Brune's, who was nettled at the apparent caprice with which he was treated by the old couple, and by the sudden reserve of the young lady, became more and more rare. At last came the announcement of an engagement between Violet and Melhado, whereupon Brune was seen at the house no more, until the day of which we are now writing. Rumours reached Brune to the effect that he had forfeited Arabin's good opinion in consequence of some irregular conduct imputed to him; and, to do the old man justice, he really had heard and believed things to Brune's discredit before he listened to old Mrs. Melhado's overtures. Christy took some pains to satisfy himself, and did feel satisfied on the subject, but he gave Brune no opportunity of rebutting the charge. Indeed, he was not sorry to have a good excuse for terminating the acquaintance; thinking, as worldly old parents always have thought, always do think, and always will think (*vide Library of Love passim*), that his daughter felt but a transient fancy which would soon yield to absence and the attentions of another. Like most fathers who keep ledgers, he had an instinctive idea that young soldiers stood to him in the same relation as rats do to a corn merchant. This had its influence in deciding his behaviour, though he couldn't help liking Arthur personally any more than his neighbours.

Now, then, we think the thread of our narrative may be resumed.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

AFFAIRS went on in Carlingford with the usual commonplace pertinacity of human affairs. Notable events happened but seldom in anybody's life, and matters rolled back into their ordinary routine, or found a new routine for themselves after the ordinary course of humanity. After the extraordinary advent of Nettie and her strange household — after the setting-out of that wonderful little establishment, with all the amazed expectation it excited — it was strange to see how everything settled down, and how calmly the framework of common life took in that exceptional and half-miraculous picture. Lookers-on prophesied that it never could last — that in the very nature of things some sudden crisis or collapse must ensue, and the vain experiment prove a failure; but quiet nature and steady time prevailed over these moralists and their prophecies. The winter went on calmly day by day, and Nettie and her dependants became legitimate portions of Carlingford society. People ceased to wonder by degrees. Gradually the eyes of Carlingford grew accustomed to that dainty tiny figure sweeping along, by mere impulse of cheerful will and ceaseless activity, the three open-eyed, staring children, the faded mother. Sometimes, indeed, Nettie, too clear of the necessity of her own exertions, and too simply bent upon her business, to feel any sentimental shame of her relations, was seen quickening the sluggish steps of Fred himself, who shuffled along by her side in a certain flash of self-disgust, never perceptible upon him under any other circumstances. Even Fred was dully moved by her vicinity. When he saw other people look at them, his bemused intellect was still alive enough to comprehend that people were aware of his dismal dependence upon that fairy creature, whom it was a shame to think of as the support not only of his deserted children, but of his own base comforts and idleness. But the spur, though it pricked, did not goad him into any action. When he got home, he took refuge in his room up-stairs, in the hazy atmosphere drugged with the heavy fumes of his pipe, and stretched his slovenly limbs on his sofa, and buried his confused faculties in his

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old novel. So he lived day by day, circumscribed in the most dangerous of his indulgences by Nettie's unhesitating strictures and rules, which nobody dared break, but unlimited in his indolence, his novel, and his pipe. That stifling fire, that close room, the ashes of the pipe on the table, the listless shabby figure on the sofa, were the most dismal part of the interior at St. Roque's Cottage, so far as it appeared to the external eye. But it is doubtful whether Mrs. Fred, spiteful and useless, with her poor health, her selfish love, her utter unreason, dawdling over trifling matters which she never completed; or the three children, entirely unrespectful of father or mother, growing up amid that wonderful subversion of the ordinary rules of nature, with some loyalty to Nettie, but no reverence in them, were not as appalling companions to live with. Nettie, however, did not consider the matter as a spectator might. She did not enter into it at all as a matter to be criticised; they simply belonged to her as they were. She knew their faults without loving them less, or feeling it possible that faults could make any difference to those bonds of nature. Fred, indeed, did afflict her lively impatient spirit;—she had tried to quicken him into life at first—she gave him up with a certain frank scorn now, and accepted her position. Thus he was to be all his life long this big lumberer of the ground. Nettie, valourous and simple, made up her mind to it. He was Fred—that was all that could be said on the subject; and, being Fred, belonged to her, and had to be cared for like the rest.

It all grew into a matter of routine as that winter glided along; outside and in, everybody came to take it for granted. Miss Wodehouse, who, with a yearning admiration of a creature so totally unlike herself, came often to visit Nettie, ceased to expostulate, almost ceased to wonder. Mr. Wentworth no longer opened his fine eyes in

amazement when that household was named. Mrs. Smith, their landlady, calmly brought her bills to Nettie, and forgot that it was not the most natural thing in the world that she should be paid by Miss Underwood. The only persistent sceptic was the doctor. Edward Rider could not, would not, believe it. He who had so chafed under Fred's society, felt it beyond the bounds of human possibility that Nettie could endure him. He watched with an eagerness which he found it difficult to account for, to see the first symptoms of disgust which must ere long mark the failure of this bold but foolish venture. It occupied his mind a great deal more than was good for his own comfort; perhaps more than was best for his patients. Though he had few people to visit in that quarter of the town, his drag was seen to pass St. Roque's Cottage most days in the week; and when urgent messages came for Dr. Rider in the evening, his little groom always wended his way out through the special district of Dr. Marjoribanks to find his master, if the doctor was not at home. Not that all this devotion assisted him much either in increase of friendship with his relations, or in verification of his auguries. The disgust of the young doctor, when he saw his brother's slovenly figure in his own chair, was nothing to his disgust now, when he saw that same form, so out of accordance with the neat little sitting-room which Nettie's presence made dainty and refined in its homeliness, lounging in Nettie's way. He could not bring himself to speak with ordinary patience to Fred; and Fred, obtuse as he was, perceived his brother's disgust and contempt, and resented it sullenly; and betrayed his resentment to the foolish wife, who sulked and said spiteful things to Edward. It was not a pleasant family group. As for Nettie, she was much too fully occupied to give her society or conversation to Dr. Rider. She came and went while he was there

busy about a thousand things, always alert, decided, uncompromising—not disinclined to snub either Fred or Susan when opportunity offered, totally unconscious even of that delicacy with which a high fantastical heroine of romance would have found it necessary to treat her dependants. It was this unconsciousness, above all, that irritated the doctor. If she had shown any feeling, he said to himself—if she had even been grandly aware of sacrificing herself and doing her duty—there would have been some consolation in it. But Nettie obstinately refused to be said to do her duty. She was doing her own will with an imperious distinctness and energy—having her own way—displaying no special virtue, but a determined wilfulness. Dr. Rider was half disgusted with Nettie, to see how little disgust she showed of her companions. He was disappointed in her: he concluded to himself that she did not show that fine perception which he was disposed to expect from so dainty a little sprite. Yet, notwithstanding all these disappointed expectations, it is astonishing how he haunted that room where the society was so unattractive, and bore Mrs. Fred's spiteful speeches, and suffered his eyes and his temper to be vexed beyond endurance by the dismal sight of his brother. The children, too, worried their unfortunate uncle beyond description. He did not dislike children: as a general rule, mothers in the other end of Carlingford, indeed, declared the doctor to be wonderfully tender and indulgent to his little patients; but those creatures, with their round staring eyes, the calm remarks they made upon their father's slovenly indolence and their mother's imbecility—their precocious sharp-sightedness and insubordination, moved Dr. Rider with a sharp prevailing inclination, intensifying by times almost into action, to whip them all round, and banish the intolerable brats out of sight. Such was his paternal way of contemplating the

rising hopes of his house. How Nettie could bear it all, was an unceasing marvel to the doctor. Yet, in spite of these disagreeables, he went to St. Roque's all the same.

One of these winter evenings the doctor wended his way to St. Roque's Cottage in a worse frame of mind than usual. It was a clear frosty night, very pleasant to be out in, though sharp and chill; such a night as brightens young eyes, and exhilarates young hearts, when all is well with them. Young Rider could hear his own footsteps echoing along the hard frost-bound road, and could not but wonder in himself, as he drew near the group of buildings which broke the solitude of the way, whether Nettie too might hear it, and *perhaps* recognise the familiar step. The shadow of St. Roque's fell cold over him as he passed. Just from that spot the light in the parlour window of the cottage became perceptible to the wayfarer. A shadow crossed the blind as he came in sight—Nettie unquestionably. It occurred to Dr. Rider to remember with very sharp distinctness at that moment, how Nettie's little shadow had dropped across the sunshine that first morning when he saw her in his own room. He quickened his step unawares—perhaps to-night Nettie might be more accessible than usual, less shut in and surrounded with her family. He pictured to himself as he went past the willows, which rustled faintly with their long bare branches in the night air, that perhaps, as he was later than usual, Fred might have retired to his den up-stairs; and Susan might have gone to bear Fred company—who knows? and the children might be in bed, the dreadful little imps. And for once a half hour's talk with the strange little head of the house might comfort the young doctor's fatigued mind and troubled heart.

For he was sadly fatigued and worn out. What with incessant occupation and distracted thoughts, this year had been a very exhaust-

ing one for the doctor. He had fagged on through the whole summer and autumn without any relaxation. He had chafed over Fred's presence for half of the year, and had been occupied for the other half with matters still more absorbing and exciting. Even now his mind was in a perpetual ferment, and no comforting spirit spoke quietness to his soul—no stout heart strengthened his—no lively intelligence animated his own to worthy doings. He was very cross and fretful, and knew himself to be so that particular evening—worried and in want of rest. What a chance, if perhaps he found Nettie, whose very provocations were somehow more interesting than other people's most agreeable and tranquillising efforts, all alone and at leisure! He went on with some palpitations of hope. As soon as he had entered the cottage, however, he found out the delusion he was under. The children were the first fact that presented itself to his senses; an uproar that pervaded the house, a novel tumult waking all the echoes; glimpses of flying figures pursuing each other with brushes and mops, and other impromptu weapons; one astride upon the banisters of the stairs, sliding down from top to bottom; another clinging now and then, in the pauses of the conflict, to the top of one of the doors, by which it swung back and forward. Terrible infants! there they all were in a complete saturnalia, the door of the parlour half open all the time, and no sound of Nettie's restraining voice. Only poor Mrs. Smith standing helpless, in successions of fright and exasperation, sometimes alarmed for life and limb, sometimes ready to give the little wretches over to all the penalties of poetic justice. The poor woman brightened a little when she perceived the sympathetic horror on the doctor's face.

"How's this?" exclaimed young Rider, with a sigh of dismay. Alas! however it was, no quiet imaginary conference, no soothing glimpses

of Nettie, was practicable to-night. He grew sulky and ferocious under the thought. He seized the imp that hung on the door, and set it down summarily with a certain moral violence, unable to refrain from an admonitory shake, which startled its sudden scream into a quavering echo of alarm. "Do you want to break your neck, sir?" cried the wrathful uncle. Dr. Rider, however, had to spring aside almost before the words were uttered to escape the encounter of a hearth-brush, levelled at him by his sweet little niece. "How is this, Mrs. Smith?" cried the startled visitor, with indignation, raising his voice sufficiently to be quite audible through the half open door.

"Bless you, sir, Miss is gone out to tea; don't say nothink—I don't begrudge the poor young lady a bit of a holiday," whispered the frightened landlady under her breath; "but I can't never give in to it again. Their mamma never takes a bit of notice exceptin' when they're found fault with. Lord! to think how blind some folks is when it's their own. But the poor dear young lady, she's gone out for a little pleasure—only to Miss Wodehouse's, doctor," added Mrs. Smith, looking up with a sudden start to catch the stormy expression on the doctor's face.

He made no reply to the troubled landlady. He pushed the children aside, and made a stride into the parlour. To be sure, if Nettie was not here, what a charming opportunity to make himself disagreeable, and give the other two a piece of his mind! Edward Rider was anything but perfect. He decided on that expedient with an angry satisfaction. Since he could not have Nettie, he would at least have this relief to his feelings, which was next best.

The room was full of smoke, which came in heavy puffs from Fred's pipe. He himself lay stretched on the little sofa; Nettie's sofa—Nettie's room—the place sacred in the doctor's heart to that bright

little figure, the one redeeming presence in this dismal household. Mrs. Fred sat dawdling opposite her husband over some wretched fancy-work. Eyes less prejudiced than those of Edward Rider might have imagined this a scene of coarse but not unpleasant domestic comfort. To him it was a disgusting picture of self-indulgence and selfish miserable enjoyment, almost vice. The very tobacco which polluted the atmosphere of her room was bought with Nettie's money. Pah! the doctor came in with a silent pale concentration of fury and disgust, scarcely able to compel himself to utter ordinary words of civility. His presence disturbed the pair in their stolen pleasure. Fred involuntarily put aside his pipe, and Mrs. Fred made a little movement to remove from the table the glass from which her husband had been drinking; but both recollected themselves after a moment. The wife set down the glass with a little spiteful toss of her head, the husband, with that heated sullen flush upon his face relighted his half-extinguished pipe, and put up again on the sofa the slovenly slippered feet which at Edward's first appearance he had withdrawn from it. A sullen "How d'ye do?" was all the salutation that passed between them. They felt themselves found out; the visitor felt with rage and indignation that he had found them out. Defiant shame and resentment, spiteful passion and folly, on one side, encountered the gaze of a spectator outside whose opinion could not be mistaken, a known critic and possible spy. Little comfort could come from this strange reunion. They sat in uneasy silence for a few minutes, mutually ready to fly at each other. Mrs. Fred, in her double capacity as a woman and a fool, was naturally the first to speak.

"Nettie's gone out to tea," said that good wife. "I dare say, Mr. Edward, we should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here had you known that only Fred and I

were at home. It is very seldom we have an evening to ourselves. It was too great a pleasure, I suppose, not to be disturbed."

"Susan, hold your confounded tongue," said the ungrateful Fred.

"I am sorry to disturb Mrs. Rider," said Edward, with deadly civility. "I was not aware, indeed, of the domestic enjoyment I was likely to interrupt. But if you don't want your boys to break their necks, some one ought certainly to interfere outside there."

"That is exactly what I expected," said Mrs. Fred. "My poor children can't have a little amusement, poor things, but somebody must interfere with it; and my poor Fred—perhaps you have some fault to find with him, Mr. Edward? Oh, I can see it in your looks! so please take your advantage, now that there's nobody to be afraid of. I can tell you have ever so many pleasant things just on your lips to say."

"I wish you'd mind your own business, Susan," said her husband, who was not a fool. "Look after these imps there, and let me and Edward alone. Nettie's gone out, you understand. She's a wonderful creature, to be sure, but it's a blessed relief to get rid of her for a little. A man can't breathe under her sharp eyes," said Fred, half apologetic, half defiant, as he breathed out a puff of smoke.

Edward Rider stared at his brother, speechless with rage and indignation. He could have rushed upon that listless figure, and startled the life half out of the nerveless slovenly frame. The state of mingled resentment, disappointment, and disgust he was in, made every particular of this aggravating scene tell more emphatically. To see that heavy vapour obscuring those walls which breathed of Nettie—to think of this one little centre of her life, which always hitherto had borne in some degree the impress of her womanly image, so polluted and vulgarised, overpowered the young man's patience. Yet perhaps he of

all men in the world had least right to interfere.

"How is it possible," burst forth the doctor all at once, "that you can live upon that creature, Fred? If you have the heart of a mouse in that big body of yours—if you are not altogether lost and degraded, how can you do it? And, by Jove, when all is done, to go and fill the only room she has—the only place you have left her with this disgusting smoke and noise as soon as her back is turned. Good heaven! it sickens one to think of it. A fellow like you, as strong as any hodman, to let such a creature sacrifice herself to keep him in bread; and the only bit of a little place she can sit down in when she comes home—It's too much, you know—it's more than she ought to bear."

"And who are you to meddle with us and our arrangements?" cried Mrs. Fred. "My husband is in his own house. You will not take us into your house, Mr. Edward—"

"Hold your confounded tongue, I tell you," said Fred, slowly gathering himself off the sofa. "You're a pretty fellow to speak, you are—that wouldn't lend a fellow a shilling to keep him from ruin. You had better remember where you are—in—in—as Susan says—my own house."

What outbreak of contempt might have come from the doctor's lips was fortunately lost at that moment, since a louder outcry than usual from outside, the screams of the children and the wailings of the landlady, at length roused the mother to the length of going to the door. When she was gone the two brothers eyed each other threateningly. Fred, not without a certain intolerable sensation of shame, rose to knock his pipe upon the mantel-shelf among Nettie's pretty girlish ornaments. Somehow these aggravations of insult to her image drove Edward Rider desperate. He laid his hand on Fred's shoulder and shook him violently.

"Wake up! can't you wake up

and see what you're about?" cried the doctor; "can't you show a little respect for her, at least? Look here, Fred Rider. I knew you could do anything shabby or mean, if it suited you. I knew you would consent to hang a burden on anybody that would take such a weight upon them; but, by Jove, I did not think you had the heart to insult her, after all. A man can't stand by and see that. Clear off your pipe and your brandy before she comes, or, as sure as I am made of flesh and blood, and not cast-iron—"

The doctor's threats were interrupted by the entrance of a woeful procession. Into the presence of the two brothers, eyeing each other with such lowering faces, Mrs. Smith and her husband entered, carrying between them with solemn looks, the unconscious Freddy, while his mother followed screaming, and his little brother and sister staring open-mouthed. It was some relief to the doctor's feelings in the excitement of the moment to rush to the window and throw it open, admitting a gust of chill December air, penetrating enough to search to the bones of the fireside loiterer. Fred was father enough to turn with anxiety to the child. But his trembling nervous fingers and bemused eyes could make nothing of the "case" thus so suddenly brought before him. He turned fiercely and vacantly upon his wife and demanded why everything was suffered to go to ruin when Netty was away. Mrs. Fred, screaming and terrified, began to recriminate. The pallid figure of the child on the table gave a certain air of squalid tragedy to the scene through the midst of which the night air, coming in with a rush, chilling the group in their indoor dresses, and flickering the flame of the candles, added one other point of dismal accumulation to all its sordid miseries. The child had dropped from his swing on the door, and was stunned with the fall. Both father and mother thought him dead in the excitement of the

moment; but the accustomed and cooler eyes of the doctor perceived the true state of affairs. Edward Rider forgot his disgust and rage as he devoted himself to the little patient—not that he loved the child more, but that the habits of his profession were strong upon him. When he had succeeded in restoring the little fellow to consciousness, the doctor threw a professional glance of inquiry round him to see who could be trusted. Then, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders and impatient exclamation, turned back to the table. Fred, shivering and helpless, stood by the fire, uttering confused directions, and rubbing miserably his own flabby hands; his wife, crying, scolding, and incapable, stood at the end of the table, offering no assistance, but wondering when ever Nettie would come back. Dr. Rider took the patient in his arms, and, beckoning Mrs. Smith to go before him, carried the child up-stairs. There the good mistress of the cottage listened to all his directions, and promised devoutly to obey him—to keep the room quiet, if she could—to tell every thing he had said to Miss Nettie. He did not enter the desecrated parlour again when he came down-stairs. What was the use? He was glad to go out and escape the chance of a fraternal struggle. He went out into the cold night air all thrilling with excitement and agitation. It was not wonderful that a scene so strange should rouse many impatient thoughts in the young man's mind; but the most intolerable of these had the most trifling origin. That Fred should have smoked his pipe in Nettie's sitting-room, when she was out of the way, was not, after all, considering Fred's character, a very wonderful circumstance, but it exasperated his brother to a greater extent than much more important matters. That aggravation entirely overpowered Edward Rider's self-control. It seemed the culmination of all the wrong and silent insolent injury inflicted upon

Nettie. He saw the stain of these ashes on the little mantle-shelf, the rolling cloud of smoke in the room, and indignation burned yet higher and higher in his breast.

When the current of his thoughts was suddenly checked and stimulated by the sound of voices on the road. Voices, one of which was Nettie's, one the lofty clerical accents of the Rev. Cecil Wentworth. The two were walking arm in arm in very confidential colloquy, as the startled and jealous doctor imagined. What were these two figures doing together upon the road? why did Nettie lean on the arm of that handsome young clerical coxcomb? It did not occur to Dr. Rider that the night was extremely dark, and that Nettie had been at Miss Wodehouse's, where the curate of St. Roque's was a perpetual visitor. With a mortified and jealous pang, totally unreasonable and totally irresistible, Edward Rider, only a moment before so fantastically extreme in Nettie's defence—in the defence of Nettie's very "image" from all vulgar contact and desecration—strode past Nettie now without word or sign of recognition. She did not see him, as he observed with a throbbing heart; she was talking to young Mr. Wentworth with all the haste and eagerness which Dr. Rider had found so captivating. She never suspected who it was that brushed past her with breathless, exasperated impatience in the darkness. They went on past him, talking, laughing lightly, under the veil of night, quite indifferent as to who heard them, though the doctor did not think of that. He, unreasonably affronted, galled, and mortified, turned his back upon that house, which at this present disappointed moment did not contain one single thing or person which he could dwell on with pleasure; and a hundred times more discontented, fatigued, and worn out—full of disgust with things in general, and himself and his own fate in particular—than he had been when he set out from

the other end of Carlingford, went sulkily, and at a terrific pace, past the long garden-walls of Grange Lane, and all Dr. Marjoribanks's genteel patients. When he had reached home, he found a message waiting him from an urgent in-

valid, whose "case" kept the unhappy doctor up and busy for half the night. Such was the manner in which Edward Rider got through the evening — the one wonderful exceptional evening when Nettie went out to tea.

CHAPTER VII.

' With the dawn of the morning, however, and the few hours' hurried rest which Edward Rider was able to snatch after his labours, other sentiments arose in his mind. It was quite necessary to see how the unlucky child was at St. Roque's Cottage, and perhaps what Nettie thought of all that had occurred during her absence. The doctor bethought himself, too, that there might be very natural explanations of the curate's escort. How else, to be sure, could she have got home on a dark winter night through that lonely road? Perhaps, if he himself had been less impatient and ill-tempered, it might have fallen to his lot to supersede Mr. Wentworth. On the whole, Dr. Rider decided that it was necessary to make one of his earliest calls this morning at St. Roque's.

It was a foggy, frosty day, brightened with a red sun, which threw wintry ruddy rays across the mist. Dr. Rider drew up somewhat nervously at the little Gothic porch. He was taken up-stairs to the bedroom where little Freddy lay moaning and feverish. A distant hum came from the other children in the parlour, the door of which, however, was fast closed this morning; and Nettie herself sat by the child's bedside—Nettie, all alert and vigorous, in the little room, which, homely as its aspect was, displayed even to the doctor's uninitiated glance a fastidious nicety of arrangement which made it harmonious with that little figure. Nettie was singing childish songs to solace the little invalid's retirement — the "fox that jumped up on a moonlight night," the "frog that would a

wooding go"—classic ditties of which the nursery never tires. The doctor, who was not aware that music was one of Nettie's accomplishments, stopped on the stairs to listen. And indeed she had not a great deal of voice, and still less science, Nettie's life having been too entirely occupied to leave much room for such studies. Yet somehow her song touched the doctor's heart. He forgave her entirely that walk with the curate. He went in softly, less impatient than usual with her crazy Quixotism. A child — a sick child especially — was a bearable adjunct to the picture. A woman could be forgiven for such necessary ministrations — actually, to tell the truth, could be forgiven most follies she might happen to do, when one could have her to one's self, without the intervention of such dreary accessories as Susan and Fred.

"Thank you very much for your care of this child last night, Dr. Edward," said the prompt Nettie, laying down the large piece of very plain needlework in her hand, "I always said, though you don't make a fuss about the children, that you were quite to be relied on if anything should happen. He is feverish, but he is not ill; and so long as I tell him stories and keep beside him, Freddy is the best child in the world."

"More people than Freddy might be willing to be ill under such conditions," said the doctor, complimentary, but rueful. He felt his patient's pulse, and prescribed for him with a softened voice. He lingered and looked round the room, which was very bare, yet somehow

was not like any of the rooms in *his* house. How was it?—there were no ornaments about, excepting that tiny little figure with the little head overladen with such a wealth of beautiful hair. The doctor sighed. In this little sacred spot, where she was so clearly at her post—or at least at a post which no other was at hand to take—he could not even resent Nettie's self-sacrifice. He gave in to her here with a sigh.

"Since you think he is not ill to speak of, will you drive me and the other children into Carlingford, Dr. Edward?" said the courageous Nettie. "It will be a pleasure for them, you know, and I shall be able to do my business without losing so much time; besides, I want to talk to you; I can see you will in your eyes. Go down, please, and talk to Mr. Smith, who has got a headache or something, and wants to see you. You need not trouble yourself seeing Susan, who is cross, of course. I don't wonder at her being cross; it must be very shocking, you know, to feel one's self of no use, whatever happens. Thank you; I shall be ready in a minute, as soon as you have done talking to Mr. Smith."

The doctor went down obediently, and in an unusual flutter of pleasure, to see the master of the cottage—totally indifferent to the ailments of the virtuous Smith, and thinking only of Nettie and that drive to Carlingford, where, indeed, he should not have gone, had he considered the merely abstract matters of business and duty, which led him entirely in a different direction. He was somewhat rudely recalled to himself when he went down-stairs. Smith had no headache, but only wanted to speak to the doctor about his lodgers, whose "ways" were sadly discomposing to himself and his wife.

"You saw how it was yourself last night, sir," said the troubled landlady. "Them hangings—you know the smoke goes through and through them. After leaving all the windows open this frosty morn-

ing, and a draught enough to give you your death, the place smells like I don't know what. If it wasn't for Miss I wouldn't put up with it for a day: and the gentleman's own room, doctor; if you was just to go in and see it—just put your head in and say good morning—you'd believe me."

"I know all about it," said the doctor; "but Miss Underwood, Mrs. Smith—?"

"There's where it is, sir," said the landlady. "I can't find it in my heart to say a word to Miss. To see how she do manage them all, to be sure! but for all that, doctor, it stands to reason as one can't spoil one's lodgings for a family as may be gone to-morrow—not except it's considered in the rent. It's more natural-like to speak to a gentleman like you as knows the world, than to a young lady as one hasn't a word to say against—the handiest, liveliest, managingest! Ah, doctor, she'd make a deal different a wife from her sister, that young lady would! though it isn't my part to say nothink, considering all things, and that you're relations like; but Smith and me are both o' one mind about it, Dr. Rider—unless it's considered in the rent, or the gentleman drops smoking or——"

"I hear Miss Underwood coming down stairs," cried young Rider. "Next time I come we'll arrange it all. But not a word to *her*, remember—not a syllable; and go up-stairs and look after that poor child, there's a good soul—she trusts you while she is gone, and so do I. There, there! another time. I'll take the responsibility of satisfying you, Mrs. Smith," said the doctor in a prodigious hurry, ready to promise anything in this incautious moment, and bolting out of their little dark back-room, which the local architect's mullions had converted into a kind of condemned cell. Nettie stood at the door, all ready for her expedition to Carlingford, with her two children, open-eyed and calmly inquisitive, but no longer noisy. Mrs. Fred was stand-

ing sulky at the parlour door. The doctor took off his hat to her as he helped Netty into the front seat of the drag, but took care not to approach nearer. The children were packed in behind, under charge of the little groom, and with an exhilarating sensation of lawlessness in the present pleasure, Dr. Rider turned his back upon his duty and the patient who expected him a mile on the other side of St. Roque's, and drove, not too rapidly, into Carlingford.

"Mrs. Smith was talking to you of us," said Nettie, flashing her penetrating eyes upon the confused doctor. "I know she was—I could see it in her face this morning, and in yours when you came out of her room. Dreadful little dungeon, is it not? I wonder what the man meant, to build such a place. Do they want to turn us out, Dr. Edward, or do they want more rent? I am not surprised, I am sure, after last night. Was it not odious of Fred to go and smoke in the parlour, the only place we can have tidy? But it is no use speaking to him, you know; nor to Susan either, for that matter. Married people do stand up for each other so when you say a word, however they may fight between themselves. But is it more rent they want, Dr. Edward? for I can't afford more rent."

"It is an abominable shame—you oughtn't to afford anything. It is too dreadful to think of!" cried the angry doctor, involuntarily touching his horse with his whip in the energy of the moment, though he was indeed in no hurry to reach Carlingford.

"Hush!" said Nettie, lifting her tiny hand as though to put it to his incautious mouth, which, indeed, the doctor would not have objected to. "We shall quarrel on that subject if you say anything more, so it is better to stop at once. Nobody has a right to interfere with me; this is my business, and no one else has anything to do with it."

"You mistake," cried the doctor, startled out of all his prudences; "it ought to be my business quite as much as it is yours."

Nettie looked at him with a certain careless scorn of the inferior creature—"Ah, yes, I daresay; but then you are only a man," said Nettie; and the girl elevated that pretty drooping head, and flashed a whole torrent of brilliant reflections over the sombre figure beside her. He felt himself glow under the sudden radiance of the look. To fancy this wilful imperious creature a meek self-sacrificing heroine, was equally absurd and impossible. Was there any virtue at all in that dauntless enterprise of hers? or was it simple determination to have her own way?

"But not to quarrel," said Nettie; "for indeed you are the only person in the world I can say a word to about the way things are going on," she added, with a certain momentary softening of voice and twinkling of her eyelid, as if some moisture had gathered there. "I think Fred is in a bad way. I think he is muddling his brains with that dreadful life he leads. To think of a man that could do hundreds of things living like that! A woman, you know, can only do a thing or two here and there. If it were not wicked to say so, one would think almost that Providence forgot sometimes, and put the wrong spirit into a body that did not belong to it. Don't you think so? When I look at Fred I declare sometimes I could take hold of him and give him a good shake, and ask him what he means; and then it all seems so useless the very idea of expecting him to feel anything. I want to know what you said to him last night."

"Not much—not half so much as I meant to have said. To see him polluting your room!" cried the doctor, with a flush growing on his face, and breaking off abruptly, not quite able to conclude the sentence. Nettie gave him a shy upward glance, and grew suddenly crimson too.

"Did you mind?" said Nettie, with a momentary timidity, against the unexpected charm of which the unhappy doctor fell defenceless; then holding out her tiny hand to him with shy frankness, "thank you for caring so much for me," said the dauntless little girl, resolute not to perceive anything which could not be fully spoken out.

"Caring *so* much! I must speak to you; we can't go on like this, Nettie," cried the doctor, holding fast the little unfaltering hand.

"Oh, here is the place I am going to. Please don't; people might not understand,—though *we are* brother and sister in a kind of a way," said the little Australian. "Please, Dr. Edward, we must get out here."

For a moment Edward Rider hesitated with a wild intention of urging his horse forward and carrying her off anywhere, out of Carlingford, out of duty and practice and responsibility, and all those galling restraints of life which the noonday light and every-day sounds about, brought in with so entire a discord to break up this momentary hallucination. For half a minute only the doctor lingered on the borders of that fairy-land where time and duty are not, but only one ineffable moment always passing, never past. Then with a long sigh, the breath of which dispersed a whole gleaming world of visionary delights, he got down doggedly on the commonplace pavement. Ah, what a descent it was! the moment his foot touched those vulgar flags, he was once more the hard-worked doctor at everybody's command, with a fretful patient waiting for him a mile beyond St. Roque's; and all these dazzling moments, which had rapt

the unfortunate young fellow into another world, were so much time lost to the prose figure that had to help Nettie down and let her go, and betake himself soberly about his own business. Perhaps Nettie felt it a little disenchanting, too, when she was dropped upon the bare street, and went into the common shop, and saw the doctor's drag flash off in the red frosty sunshine with a darting movement of exasperation and impatience on the part of its aggravated driver. For once in her life Nettie felt disposed to be impatient with the children, who, unceremoniously ejected from their perch behind, were not in the most obedient frame of mind. The two young people possibly agreed in their mutual sentiment of disgust with other people's society just at that moment. However, there was no help for it. Dr. Rider galloped his horse to his patient's door, and took it out of that unlucky individual, who was fortunately strong enough to be able to bear sharp practice. Nettie, when she had made her little purchases, walked home smartly to sing "The fox jumped up on a moonlight night" to little Freddy in his bedroom. This kind of interlude, however, as all young men and maidens ought to be aware, answers much better in the evening, when a natural interval of dreams interposes between it and the common work of existence. Nettie decided, thinking on it, that this would never do. She made up her mind not to have any more drives with the doctor. There was no telling what such proceedings might lead to. They were distinctly incompatible with the more serious business of her life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Such a parting, however, is sadly apt to lead to future meetings. Notwithstanding his smouldering quarrel with Fred, which was always ready to burst out afresh, Dr. Rider would not give up coming to St.

Roque's. He came to some clandestine arrangement with Mrs. Smith, of which nobody ever was aware, and which he himself was rather ashamed of than otherwise; and he attended Freddy with the

most dutiful exactness till the child was quite restored. But all this time Nettie put on a coat of armour, and looked so thoroughly unlike herself in her unusual reserve and propriety, that the doctor was heartily discouraged, and could go no further. Besides, it would not be positively correct to assert that — though he would gladly have carried her off in the drag anywhere, to the end of the world, in the enchantment of the moment — he was just as ready to propose setting up a new household, with Fred and his family hanging on to it as natural dependants. That was a step the doctor was not prepared for. Some people are compelled to take the prose concerns of life into full consideration even when they are in love, and Edward Rider was one of these unfortunate individuals. The boldness which puts everything to the touch to gain or lose was not in this young man. He had been put to hard encounters enough in his day, and had learned to trust little to chance or good fortune. He did not possess the boldness which disarms an adverse fate, nor that confidence in his own powers which smooths down wounded pride, and accounts even for failure. He was, perhaps it is only right to say, not very capable of heroism; but he was capable of seeing the lack of the heroic in his own composition, and of feeling bitterly his own self-reproaches, and the remarks of the world, which is always so ready to taunt the very cowardice it creates. After that moment in which he could have dared anything for her and with her, it is sad to be obliged to admit that perhaps Dr. Edward too, like Nettie, withdrew a little from that climax of feeling. Not that his heart grew colder or his sentiments changed; but only that, in sight of the inevitable result, the poor young fellow paused and pondered, obeying the necessity of his nature. People who jump at conclusions, if they have to bear the consequences of folly often enough, are at least spared these

preliminary heartaches. Dr. Rider, eager as love and youth could make him, was yet incapable of shutting his eyes to the precipice at his feet. That he despised himself for doing so, did not make the matter easier. These were the limits of his nature, and beyond them he could not pass.

Accordingly matters went on in this dangerous fashion for many weeks longer. The fire smouldered, strengthening its pent-up flames. Day by day malicious sprites of thought went out behind Dr. Rider in his drag, leading him into the wildest calculations, the most painful complication of schemes. If Fred and his family could only be persuaded to return to Australia, his brother thought — if any bribe within Edward's means could tempt the ruined man to such a step; and when he was there, why there was Providence to take care of the helpless unlovely household, and necessity might compel the wretched father to work for his children. Such were the vain projects that revolved and fermented through the doctor's agitated brain as he went among his patients. Luckily he had a very favourable and well-disposed lot of sick people at that crisis — they all got well in spite of the doctor, and gave their own special cases and his anxiety all the credit for his grave looks; and all these half-finished streets and rough new roads in the east end of Carlingford were sown thick with the bootless suggestions of Dr. Rider's love and fears. The crop did not show upon the vulgar soil, but gave lurking associations to every half-built street-corner which he passed in his rounds many a day after, and served at this present momentous era to confuse doubly the chaos of his thoughts.

At last one night the crisis came. Spring had begun to show faintly in the lengthening days — spring, that so often belies itself, and comes with a serpent's tooth. Dr. Rider on that particular day had met Dr. Marjoribanks at some meeting convened in

the interests of Carlingford. The old physician had been very gracious and cordial to the young one—had spoken of his own declining health, of his possible retirement, of the excellent prospects which a rising young man in their profession had in Carlingford; and, finally, had asked Dr. Rider to go with him next day to see an interesting patient, and advise as to the treatment of the case.

The young doctor was more pleased than he could or would have told any one; and, with a natural impulse, seized the earliest moment to direct his steps towards St. Roque's.

It was twilight when Dr. Edward went down the long and rather tiresome line of Grange Lane. These garden-walls, so delicious in their bowery retirements within, were not interesting outside to the pedestrian. But the doctor's attention was so speedily riveted on two figures eagerly talking near Mr. Wodehouse's garden-door, that the long sweep of wall seemed but a single step to him as he hurried along. These two figures were unquestionably Nettie for one, and Mr. Wentworth for another. Handsome young coxcomb, with all his Puseyitical pretences! Was Lucy Wodehouse not enough for him, that he must have Nettie too? Dr. Rider hurried forward to interrupt that meeting. He was actually turning with her, walking slowly back again the very way he had just come! Edward's blood boiled in his impatient veins. He swept along in a whirlwind of sudden wrath. When he came up to them Nettie was talking low, and the curate's lofty head was bent to hear her in a manner which, it is probable, Lucy Wodehouse would no more have admired than Edward Rider. They came to a sudden pause, when he joined them, in that particular conversation. The doctor's dread civility did not improve matters. Without asking himself what cause he had, this amiable young man plunged into the wildest jealousy without pause

or interval. He bestowed upon Nettie the most cutting looks, the most overwhelming politenesses. When the three had marched solemnly abreast down the road for some few minutes, the curate, perhaps with an intuition of fellow-feeling, perceiving how the matter was, stopped short and said good-by. "I will make inquiries, and let you know next time I pass the cottage," said Mr. Wentworth; and he and the doctor took off their hats, not without deadly thoughts on one side at least. When the young clergyman left them, Nettie and her sulky cavalier went on in silence. That intrepid little woman was not in her usual spirits, it appeared. She had no talk for Dr. Edward any more than he had for her. She carried a multiplicity of little parcels in her hands, and walked with a certain air of fatigue. The doctor walked on, stealing silent looks at her, till his heart melted. But the melting of his heart displayed itself characteristically. He would not come down from his elevation without suffering her to see how angry he was.

"I fear I interrupted an interesting conversation—I that have so little hope of equalling Mr. Wentworth. Priests are always infallible with women," said the doctor, betraying his ill-temper in vulgar sneers.

"I was asking him for some one to teach the boys," said Nettie. "Johnnie ought to have his education attended to now. Mr. Wentworth is very good-tempered, Dr. Edward. Though he was just going to knock at Miss Wodehouse's door when I met him, he offered, and would have done it if you had not come up, to walk home with me. Not that I wanted anybody to walk home with me; but it was very kind," said Nettie, with rising spirit.

"I am afraid I am a very poor substitute for Mr. Wentworth," said the jealous doctor, "and I don't pretend to be kind. But I am surprised to find Miss Underwood walk-

ing so late. This is not a road for a lady by herself."

"You know I don't mind in the least for the road," said Nettie, with a little indignation. "How wonderfully cross you are sometimes! If you are going as far as the cottage," she added, with a little sigh of fatigue, "will you please carry some of these things for me? I could not get out sooner, I have been so busy to-day. It is wonderful how much needlework it takes to keep three children going, and how many little jobs there are to do. If you take this parcel, carry it carefully, please: it is something for my bonnet. There! Don't be absurd. I am quite able to walk by myself, thank you—I'd rather, please!"

This remonstrance was called forth by the fact that the relenting doctor, much moved by having the parcels confided to his care, had drawn the little hand which gave them within his arm, a proceeding which Nettie distinctly disapproved of. She withdrew her hand quietly, and walked on with much dignity by his side.

"I can carry your parcels," said Edward, after a little pause, "but you will not let me help yourself. You take the heaviest burdens upon your shoulders, and then will have no assistance in bearing them. How long are these children of Fred's—detestable little imps!—to work you to death?"

"You are speaking of *my* children, sir!" cried Nettie, with a little blaze of resentment. "But you don't mean it, Dr. Edward," she said a moment after, in a slightly coaxing tone. "You are tired and cross after your day's work. Perhaps it will be best, if you are very cross, not to come down all the way to the cottage, thank you. I don't want you to quarrel with Fred."

"Cross! Nettie, you are enough to drive twenty men distracted," cried the poor doctor. "You know as well as I do what I have been dying to say to you these three months past; and to see you go on with these confounded children

without so much as a glance for a fellow who——"

"Don't speak like that," cried Nettie, with brilliant female instinct; "you'll be sorry for it after; for you know, Dr. Edward, you have not said anything particular to me these three months past."

This touch gave the last exasperation to the agitated mind of the doctor. He burst forth into a passionate outbreak of love and anger, curiously mingled, but too warm and real to leave Nettie much coolness of observation under the circumstances. She took the advantage over him which a woman naturally does in such a case. She went on softly, trembling sufficiently to her own consciousness, but not to his, suffering him to pour out that torrent without interruption. She made no answer till the whole agitated self-disclosure was complete. In the interval she got a little command of herself, and was able to speak when it came to her turn.

"Dr. Edward," said Nettie, solemnly, "you know it is impossible. If we cared for each other ever so much, what could we do? I am not free to—to make any change; and I know very well, and so do you, that you never could put up with Fred and Susan and the children, were things as you say ten times over. I don't mean I don't believe you. I don't mean I might not have been pleased had things been different. But you know it is just plainly impossible. You know your own temper and your own spirit—and perhaps you know mine as well. No, no—we cannot manage it anyhow, Dr. Edward," said Nettie, with a little sigh.

"Is this all you have to say to me?" cried the astonished lover,

"I am sure I do not know what else to say," said Nettie, with matter-of-fact distinctness. "I don't need to enter into all the business again, and tell you how things stand; you know as well as I do. One may be sorry, but one must do what one has to do all the same."

A painful pause followed. Nettie,

with all her feminine acuteness, could not divine that this calm way of treating a business which had wrought her companion into such a pitch of passion was the most humiliating and mortifying possible to a man in whose bosom love and pride were so combined. He tried to speak more than once, but could not. Nettie said nothing more—she was uneasy, but secure in the necessity of her own position. What else could she do or say?

"Then, I presume, this is my answer," said the doctor, at last gulping an amount of shame and anger which Nettie could not conceive of, and which the darkness concealed from her sight.

"Oh, Dr. Edward, what can I say?" cried the girl; "you know it all as well as I do. I cannot change it with a word. I am very, very sorry," said Nettie, faltering and startled, waking to a sudden perception of the case all at once by reason of catching a sudden gleam of his eyes. They came to a dead stop opposite each other, she half frightened and confused, he desperate with love and rage and mortification. By this time they had almost reached the cottage door.

"Don't take the trouble to be sorry. I'll—oh, I'll get over it!" cried the doctor, with a sneer at himself and his passion, which came out of the bitterness of his heart. Then, after a pause—"Nettie!" cried the young man—"Nettie! do you see what you are doing?—do you choose Fred and those wretched imps instead of your own life and mine? You are not so indifferent as you think you are. We will never

get over it, neither you nor me. Nettie, once for all, is this all you have to say?"

"If I were to say all the words in the language," said Nettie, after a pause, with a breathless indistinctness and haste, "words will not change *things* if we should break our hearts."

The open door, with the light shining out from it, shined upon them at that moment, and Mrs. Smith waiting to let the young lady in. Neither of the two dared face that sudden gleam. The doctor laid down his parcels on the step, muttering something, which she could not distinguish, into Nettie's agitated ear, and vanished back again into the darkness. Only now was Nettie awaking to the sense of what had happened, and its real importance. Perhaps another minute, another word, might have made a difference—that other word and minute that are always wanting. She gazed out after him blankly, scarcely able to persuade herself that it was all over, and then went in with a kind of stupified, stunned sensation, not to be described. Edward Rider heard the door shut in the calm silence, and swore fierce oaths in his heart over her composure and cold-heartedness. As usual, it was the woman who had to face the light and observation, and to veil her trouble. The man rushed back into the darkness, smarting with wounds which fell as severely upon his pride as upon his heart. Nettie went in, suddenly conscious that the world was changed, and that she had entered upon another life.

CHAPTER IX.

Another life and a changed world! What small matters sometimes bring about that sudden disenchantment! Two or three words exchanged without much thought—one figure disappearing out of the landscape—and, lo! all the prismatic colours have faded from the horizon, and

blank daylight glares upon startled eyes! Nettie had not, up to this time, entertained a suspicion of how distinct a place the doctor held in her limited firmament—she was totally unaware how much exhilaration and support there was in his troubled, exasperated, impatient

admiration. Now, all at once, she found it out. It was the same life, yet it was different. Her occupations were unchanged, her surroundings just what they used to be. She had still to tolerate Fred, to manage Susan, to superintend with steady economy all the expenditure of the strange little household. The very rooms and aspect of everything was the same; yet had she been suddenly transported back again to the Antipodes, life could not have been more completely changed to Nettie. She recognised it at once with some surprise, but without any struggle. The fact was too clearly apparent to leave her in any doubt. Nobody but herself had the slightest insight into the great event which had happened—nobody could know of it, or offer Nettie any sympathy in that unforeseen personal trial. In her youth and buoyant freshness, half contemptuous of the outside troubles which were no match for her indomitable heart, Nettie had been fighting against hard external circumstances for a great part of her valorous little life, and had not hesitated to take upon herself the heaviest burdens of outside existence. Such struggles are not hard when one's heart is light and sound. With a certain spendid youthful scorn of all these labours and drudgeries, Nettie had gone on her triumphant way, wearing her bonds as if they were ornaments. Suddenly, without any premonition, the heart had died out of her existence. A personal blow, striking with subtle force into that unseen centre of courage and hope, had suddenly disabled Nettie. She said not a word on the subject to any living creature—if she shed any tears over it, they were dropped in the darkness, and left no witness behind; but she silently recognised and understood what had happened to her. It was not that she had lost her lover—it was not that the romance of youth had glimmered and disappeared from before her eyes. It was not that she had ever entered,

even in thought, as Edward Rider had done, into that life, glorified out of common existence which the two could have lived together. Such was not the form which this extraordinary loss took to Nettie. It was her personal happiness, wonderful wine of life, which had suddenly failed to the brave little girl. Ah, the difference it made! Labours, disgusts, endurance of all kinds: what cannot one undertake so long as one has that cordial at one's heart? When the endurance and the labour remain, and the cordial is gone, it is a changed world into which the surprised soul enters. This was what had happened to Nettie. Nobody suspected the sudden change which had passed upon everything. The only individual in the world who could have divined it, had persuaded himself in a flush of anger and mortification that she did not care. He consoled himself by elaborate avoidance of that road which led past St. Roque's—by bows of elaborate politeness when he encountered her anywhere in the streets of Carlingford—by taking a sudden plunge into such society as was open to him in the town, and devoting himself to Miss Marjoribanks, the old physician's daughter. Nettie was not moved by these demonstrations, which showed her sway still undiminished over the doctor's angry and jealous heart. She did not regard the petulant shows of offended indifference by which a more experienced young woman might have consoled herself. She had enough to do, now that the unsuspected stimulus of her life was withdrawn for the moment, to go on steadily without making any outward show of it. She had come to the first real trial of her strength and worthiness. And Nettie did not know what a piece of heroism she was enacting, nor that the hardest lesson of youthful life—how to go on stoutly without the happiness which that absolute essence of existence demands and will not be refused—was being taught her now. She only knew it was dull work just

for the moment—a tedious sort of routine, which one was glad to think could not last for ever; and so went on, the steadfast little soul, no one being any the wiser, upon that suddenly-clouded, laborious way.

It is sad to be obliged to confess that Dr. Rider's conduct was nothing like so heroic. He, injured and indignant and angry, thought first of all of revenging himself upon Nettie—of proving to her that he would get over it, and that there were women in the world more reasonable than herself. Dr. Marjoribanks, who had already made those advances to the doctor which that poor young fellow had gone to carry the news of, not without elation of heart, on that memorable night, to St. Roque's, asked Edward to dinner a few days after; and Miss Marjoribanks made herself very agreeable, with just that degree of delicate regard and evident pleasure in his society which is so soothing when one has met with a recent discomfiture. Miss Marjoribanks, it is true, was over thirty, and by no means a Titania. Edward Rider, who had retired from the field in Bessie Christian's case, and whom Nettie had rejected, asked himself savagely why he should not make an advantageous marriage now, when the chance offered. Old Marjoribanks's practice and savings, with a not unagreeable, rather clever, middle-aged wife—why should he not take it into consideration? The young doctor thought of that possibility with a certain thrill of cruel pleasure. He said to himself that he would make his fortune, and be revenged on Nettie. Whenever there was a chance of Nettie hearing of it, he paid the most devoted attentions to Miss Marjoribanks. Ready gossips took it up and made the matter public. Everybody agreed it would be an admirable arrangement. "The most sensible thing I've heard of for years—step into the old fellow's practice, and set himself up for life—eh, don't you think so?—that's my opinion," said Mr. Wodehouse.

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Mr. Wodehouse's daughters talked over the matter, and settled exactly between themselves what was Miss Marjoribanks's age, and how much older she was than her supposed suitor—a question always interesting to the female mind. And it was natural that in these circumstances Nettie should come to hear of it all, in its full details, with the various comments naturally suggesting themselves thereupon. What Nettie's opinion was, however, nobody could ever gather; perhaps she thought Dr. Edward was justified in putting an immediate barrier between himself and her. At all events, she was perfectly clear upon the point that it could not have been otherwise, and that no other decision was possible to herself.

The spring lagged on, accordingly, under these circumstances. Those commonplace unalterable days, varied in nothing but the natural fluctuations of making and mending,—those evenings with Fred sulky by the fire—always sulky, because deprived by Nettie's presence of his usual indulgences; or if not so, then enjoying himself after his dismal fashion in his own room, with most likely Susan bearing him company, and the little maiden head of the house left all by herself in the solitary parlour,—passed on one by one, each more tedious than the other. It seemed impossible that such heavy hours could last, and prolong themselves into infinitude, as they did; but still one succeeded another in endless hard procession. And Nettie shed back her silky load of hair, and pressed her tiny fingers on her eyes, and went on again, always dauntless. She said to herself with homely philosophy, that this could not last very long; not with any tragical meaning, but with a recognition of the ordinary laws of nature which young ladies under the pressure of a first disappointment are not apt to recur to. She tried, indeed, to calculate in herself, with forlorn heroism, how long it might be expected to last, and, though she could

not fix the period, endeavoured to content herself with the thought that things must eventually fall into their natural condition. In the mean time it was slow and tedious work enough—but they did pass one after another, these inevitable days.

One night Nettie was sitting by herself in the parlour busy over her needlework. Fred and his wife, she thought, were up-stairs. They had left her early in the evening—Susan to lie down, being tired; Fred to his ordinary amusements. It was a matter of course, and cost Nettie no special thought. After the children went to bed, she sat all by herself, with her thread and scissors on the table, working on steadily and quietly at the little garment she was making. Her needle flew swift and nimbly; the sleeve of her dress rustled as she moved her arm; her soft breath went and came: but for that regular monotonous movement, and those faint steady sounds of life, it might have been a picture of domestic tranquillity and quiet, and not a living woman with aches in her heart. It did not matter what she was thinking. She was facing life and fortune—indomitable, not to be discouraged. In the silence of the house she sat late over her needlework, anxious to have some special task finished. She heard the mistress of the cottage locking up, but took no notice of that performance, and went on at her work, forgetting time. It got to be very silent in the house and without; not a sound in the rooms where everybody was asleep; not a sound outside, except an occasional rustle of the night wind through the bare willow-branches—deep night, and not a creature awake but herself, sitting in the heart of that intense and throbbing silence. Somehow there was a kind of pleasure to Nettie in the isolation which was so impossible to her at other hours. She sat rapt in that laborious quiet as if her busy fingers were under some spell.

When suddenly she heard a start-

led motion up-stairs, as if some one had got up hastily; then a rustling about the room overhead, which was Susan's room. After a while, during which Nettie, restored by the sound to all her growing cares, rose instantly to consideration of the question, What had happened now? the door above was stealthily opened, and a footstep came softly down the stair. Nettie put down her work and listened breathlessly. Presently Susan's head peeped in at the parlour door. After all, then, it was only some restlessness of Susan's. Nettie took up her work, impatient, perhaps almost disappointed, with the dead calm in which nothing ever happened. Susan came in stealthy, pale, trembling with cold and fright. She came forward to the table in her white night-dress like a faded ghost. "Fred has never come in," said Susan, in a shivering whisper; "is it very late? He promised he would only be gone an hour. Where *can* he have gone, Nettie, Nettie? Don't sit so quiet and stare at me. I fell asleep, or I should have found it out sooner; all the house is locked up, and he has never come in."

"If he comes we can unlock the house," said Nettie. "When did he go out, and why didn't you tell me? Of course I should have let Mrs. Smith know, not to frighten her; but I told Fred pretty plainly last time that we could not do with such hours. It will make him ill if he does not mind. Go to bed, and I'll let him in."

"Go to bed! it is very easy for you to say so; don't you know it's the middle of the night, and as dark as pitch, and my husband out all by himself?" cried Susan. "Oh, Fred, Fred! after all the promises you made, to use me like this again! Do you think I can go up-stairs and lie shivering in the dark, and imagining all sorts of dreadful things happening to him? I shall stay here with you till he comes in."

Nettie entered into no controversy. She got up quietly and

fetches a shawl, and put it round her shivering sister; then sat down again and took up her needlework. But Susan's excited nerves could not bear the sight of that occupation. The rustle of Nettie's softly-moving hand distracted her. "It sounds always like Fred's step on the way," said the fretful anxious woman. "Oh, Nettie, Nettie! do open the end window and look out; perhaps he is looking for the light in the windows to guide him straight! It is so dark! Open the shutters, Nettie, and, oh, do look out and see! Where do you suppose he can have gone to? I feel such a pang at my heart, I believe I shall die."

"Oh no, you will not die," said Nettie. "Take a book and read, or do something. We know what is about the worst that will happen to Fred. He will come home like that you know, as he did before. We can't mend it, but we need not break our hearts over it. Lie down on the sofa, and put up your feet and wrap the shawl round you if you won't go to bed. I can fancy all very well how it will be. It is nothing new, Susan, that you should break your heart."

"It's you that have no feeling. Oh, Nettie, how hard you are! I don't believe you know what it is to love anybody," said Susan. "Hark! is that some one coming now?"

They thought some one was coming fifty times in the course of that dreadful lingering night. Nobody came; the silence closed in deeper and deeper around the two silent women. All the world—everything round about them, to the veriest atom—seemed asleep. The cricket had stopped his chirrup in the kitchen, and no mouse stirred in the slumbering house. By times Susan dozed on the sofa, shivering, notwithstanding her shawl, and Nettie took up her needlework for the moment to distract her thoughts. When Susan started from these snatches of slumber, she importuned her sister with ceaseless questions and entreaties. Where had he

gone?—where did Nettie imagine he could have gone?—and oh! would she go to the window and look out to see if any one was coming, or put the candle to the window to guide him, if perhaps he might have lost the way? At last the terrible pale dawn came in and took the light out of Nettie's candle. The two looked at each other, and acknowledged with a mutual start that the night was over. They had watched these long hours through with sentiments very different; now a certain thrill of sympathy drew Nettie nearer to her sister. It was daylight again, remorseless and uncompromising, and where was Fred, who loved the darkness? He had little money and less credit in the limited place where himself and his story were known. What could have become of him? Nettie acknowledged that there was ground for anxiety. She folded up her work and put out her candle, and promptly took into consideration what she could do.

"If you will go to bed, Susan, I shall go out and look for him," said Nettie. "He might have stumbled in the field and fallen asleep. Men have done such things before now, and been none the worse for it. If you will go and lie down, I'll see after it, Susan. Now it's daylight, you know, no great harm can happen to him. Come and lie down, and leave me to look for Fred."

"But you don't know where to go, and he won't like to have you going after him. Nettie, send to Edward," said Susan; "he ought to come and look after his brother: he ought to have done it all through, and not to have left us to manage everything; and he hasn't even been to see us for ever so long. But send to Edward, Nettie—it's his business. For Fred won't like to have you going after him, and you don't know where to go."

"Fred must have me going after him whether he likes it or no," said Nettie, sharply, "and I shall not send to Dr. Edward. You choose to insult him whenever you can, and

then you think it is his business to look after his brother. Go to bed, and leave it to me. I can't leave you shivering here, to catch something, and be ill, and laid up for weeks. I want to get my bonnet on, and to see you in bed. Make haste, and come up stairs with me."

Susan obeyed with some mutterings of inarticulate discontent. The daylight, after the first shock of finding that the night was really over, brought some comfort to her foolish heart. She thought that as Nettie said "no more harm" could come to him; he must be sleeping somewhere, the foolish fellow. She thought most likely Nettie was right, and that she had best go to bed to consume the weary time till there could be something heard of him; and Nettie, of course, would find it all out.

Such was the arrangement accordingly. Susan covered herself up warm, and lay thinking all she should say to him when he came home, and how she certainly never would again let him go out and keep it secret from Nettie. Nettie, for her part, bathed her hot eyes, put on her bonnet, and went out, quietly undoing all the bolts and bars, into the chill morning world, where nobody was yet awake. She was a little uncertain which way to turn, but no way uncertain of her business. Whether he had gone into the town, or towards the low quarter by the banks of the canal, she felt it difficult to conclude. But remembering her own suggestion that he might have stumbled in the field, and fallen asleep there, she took her way across the misty grass. It was still spring, and a little hoarfrost crisped the wintry sod. Everything lay forlorn and chill under the leaden morning skies — not even an early market-cart disturbed the echoes. When the cock crew somewhere, it startled Nettie. She went like a spectre across the misty fields, looking down into the ditches and all the inequalities of the way. On the other side lay the canal, not visible, except by the line of road

that wound beside it, from the dead flat around. She bent her steps in that direction, thinking of a certain mean little tavern which, somehow, when she saw it, she had associated with Fred — a place where the men at the door looked slovenly and heated, like Fred himself, and lounged with their hands in their pockets at noon of working-days. Some instinct guided Nettie there.

But she had no need to go so far. Before she reached that place the first sounds of life that she had yet heard attracted Nettie's attention. They came from a boat which lay in the canal, in which the bargemen seemed preparing to start on their day's journey. Some men were leisurely leading forward the horses to the towing-path, while two in the boat were preparing for their start inside. All at once a strange cry rang into the still chill air — such a cry as startles all who can hear it. The men with the horses hurried forward to the edge of the canal, the bargemen hung over the side of their boat; visible excitement rose among them about something there. Nettie, never afraid, was less timid than ever this morning. Without thinking of the risk of trusting herself with these rude fellows alone, she went straight forward into the midst of them with a curiosity for which she could scarcely account; not anxiety, only a certain wonder and impatience, possessed her to see what they had here.

What had they there? — not a man — a dreadful drowned image, all soiled and swollen — a squalid tragic form, immovable, never to move more. Nettie did not need to look at the dread, uncovered, upturned face. The moment she saw the vague shape of it rising against the side of the boat, a heap of dead limbs, recognisable only as something human, the terrible truth flashed upon Nettie. She had found not him, but It. She saw nothing more for one awful moment — heaven and earth reeling and circling around her, and a horror of darkness on her eyes. Then the

cold light opened up again—the group of living creatures against the colourless skies, the dead creature staring and ghastly, with awful dead eyes gazing blank into the shuddering day. The girl steadied herself as she could on the brink of the sluggish current, and collected her thoughts. The conclusion to her search, and answer to all her questions, lay, not to be doubted or questioned, before her. She dared not yield to her own horror, or grief, or dismay. Susan sleeping, unsuspecting, in full trust of his return—the slumbering house into which this dreadful figure must be carried—obliterated all personal impressions from Nettie's mind. She explained to the amazed group who and what the dead man was—where he must be brought to—instantly, silently, before the world was awake. She watched them lay the heavy form upon a board, and took off her own shawl to lay over it, to conceal it from the face of day. Then she went on before them, with her tiny figure in its girlish dress, like a child in the shadow of the rough but pitying group that followed. Nettie did not know why the wind went so chill to her heart after she had taken off her shawl. She did not see the unequal sod under her feet as she went back upon that dread and solemn road. Nothing in the world but what she had to do occupied the throbbing heroic heart. There was nobody else to do it. How could the girl help but execute the work put into her hand? Thinking neither of the hardship nor the horror of such dread work falling to her lot, but only this, that she must do it, Nettie took home to the unconscious sleeping cottage that thing which was Fred Rider; no heavier on his bearers' hands to-day than he had been already for years of his wasted life.

HOW THE WORLD TREATS DISCOVERERS.

THE ingratitude of contemporaries towards great discoverers who advance the progress of mankind, has long been a rhetorical commonplace; and, like most rhetorical commonplaces, it has very little common-sense: a grain or two of truth is mixed up with a bushel of exaggeration and injustice. Surely it is time to shut our ears against the cuckoo-cry about Galileo, Harvey, and Jenner, now that the cry is caught up by almost every inventor who fails to impress the world with the conviction that he is a man of genius. There is a lesson to be learned from the treatment which great men have received; but the lesson, to be fruitful, must be correctly interpreted. We must be careful to ascertain the truth of each case, and not to distort it by rhetoric.

The "persecution" of Galileo was perfectly legitimate. To up-

braid the Church with having resisted the promulgation of truth, and having persecuted the daring innovator, can only be allowable in those who hold that the Church has no rightful jurisdiction in Science, and who limit its jurisdiction to questions of Theology and Ethics. Now, inasmuch as the Church, even in our own day, often claims to be heard in questions purely scientific, and decides for or against certain doctrines, according as it considers such doctrines compatible or incompatible with its own teachings—dictating to geologists, zoologists, and physiologists the doctrines they are not to hold, on peril of its anathema—there is surely little justice in railing at the Church for endeavouring to suppress the "damnable heresy" taught by Galileo! It is easy for us, now that universal assent follows Galileo's proposition, to say that Truth is

sacred, and that no truth-seeker should be thwarted; but in those days the new doctrine wore another aspect: it was new, it was heretical, and, as heretical, it was rightfully denounced. In saying this, we are far from justifying intolerance; we are simply maintaining that the Church was bound to suppress heresy. As to the question of whether Galileo was heretical, that resolves itself into the far higher and deeper question of whether the Church ought to be suffered to control scientific speculation? Once admit the *general principle* that Science, being amenable to the Church, must submit its conclusions to the doctrines held by that Church, and the admission carries with it every *particular application* of the principle. The world, and the Church itself, has decided that Galileo was right, and his persecutors wrong: the heresy has been found to be a truth, and is therefore said to be no heresy at all, when "rightly interpreted." But this result has been brought about by the overwhelming force of scientific demonstration, which, having proved the opinion to be true, made those ridiculous who considered it a heresy. It has been brought about by *resisting* the principle of Church control; and it is against this false principle that the efforts of free minds should be directed—not against individual applications of the principle, left, as a principle, undisputed.

With regard to Harvey and Jenner, the case is different. They suffered no persecution, and but little opposition. This is a paradox only to those who are ignorant of history. As to Harvey: when we think of the extent of the revolution he effected, and the mass of established doctrine he opposed, we are disposed to affirm that few innovators have encountered less opposition. His fame was splendid, and European. His partisans were more numerous and more illustrious than his antagonists. Books were written against the discovery of the circulation, and books were written in favour of it.

Argument and ridicule were heard on both sides; on what new doctrine are they not heard? But those writers who repeat, with such uncritical confidence, the gossip of Aubrey about Harvey's countrymen having thought him crack-brained, should look a little closer, and they will find two significant facts: 1st, that no English book appeared against Harvey, even at a time when the opposition on the Continent was loudest; 2d, that Harvey dedicated his book to "Dr. Argent, the accomplished President of the Royal College of Physicians, and to other learned physicians, his most esteemed colleagues:" and these eminent contemporaries were his adherents; "for," he says, "you have in general been the faithful witnesses of almost all the instances from which I have either collected the truth or confuted error; you have seen my dissections, and at my demonstrations of all that I maintain to be object of sense you have been accustomed to stand by me, and bear me out with your testimony." He adds that he was afraid of being charged with presumption, "unless I had first proposed its subject to you—had confirmed its conclusions by ocular demonstrations in your presence—had replied to your doubts and objections, and secured the assent and support of our distinguished president. For I was most intimately persuaded, that if I could make good my propositions before you and our college, I had less to fear from others. I even ventured to hope that I should have the comfort of finding all that you had granted me, in your sheer love of truth, conceded by others who were philosophers like yourselves." These passages are plain; and being important, in reference to the reception of Harvey's doctrine by his colleagues, it is not a little surprising that they should have been left unnoticed, or at least unmentioned, by historians and biographers. Probably Dr. Willis may have had an eye to them when he said:—"The

controversy on the circulation had been carried on, up to this time, abroad rather than at home; Harvey seems to have won over to his side all the men of his own country, who, by their education and acquirements, might have been fitted to array themselves against him: his lectures at the College of Physicians had apparently satisfied all his contemporaries.*

This is very different testimony from that vague phrase which Aubrey repeats as having been uttered by Harvey. Even granting that Aubrey correctly reports the words he heard, we have still to remember how easily, in the carelessness of private talk, Harvey, irritated perhaps by the opposition and ridicule of certain members of his profession, may have exaggerated the facts. We may even suppose it true that he did lose some of his patients, in consequence of his appearing as an innovator, and opponent of Galen. It is not difficult to warn an ignorant public against an innovator; and some rival physicians may have been ready enough to throw discredit on him. The pathway of fame is not everywhere strewn with roses; and every rose there has its thorns. But the question we have to settle is not whether Harvey found the pathway smooth, but whether he found it open. That it was open, and that the chief *authorities* among his countrymen attended him in triumph, we hold to be matter of historical certainty. We shall touch on the subordinate question presently.

As to Jenner, the opposition was so trivial that only a very imperfect acquaintance with history can have allowed rhetoricians to invoke it as an example of the ingratitude of contemporaries, and the "dead set" against discoveries. Jenner propounded an hypothesis which was easy of verification, and which was only a novelty in science, not

a novelty *contradicting* established beliefs; it was therefore freed from the chief intellectual obstacles against the acceptance of new truth—namely, the difficulty which even impartial minds feel in adjusting themselves to a new point of view, and disengaging themselves from all convictions. We cannot wonder then to learn that Jenner's conclusions "were at once accepted as proven and probable by persons of judgment and authority in the medical profession. Mr. Cline, then the teacher of surgery at St. Thomas's Hospital, was, at Jenner's request, the first to verify these by experiment; and early in 1799 Dr. Woodville of the Small-Pox Hospital, with the co-operation of Mr. Pearson, commenced a great series of public vaccinations in London."† From the same authority we learn that within two years 7500 persons were vaccinated, which proves that the public was not slow to test the new remedy. In 1802 the subject was formally brought before Parliament. The committee appointed to inquire into the matter reported that after examining a number of witnesses of the highest character and most extensive experience, the conclusion arrived at was a full corroboration of all that Jenner had affirmed.

"This verdict," says Mr. Simon in the valuable work just quoted, "was not without its effect. At the close of this year steps were taken, with unprecedented strength of public support, to found by voluntary contributions a society 'for the extermination of small-pox;' and on the 3d of February 1803 the great discoverer took his seat for the first time as President of the Royal Jennerian Institution. This society, 'fostered by the most exalted patronage, and adorned by all the learning and talent of the medical profession of the metropolis,' took a very important part in diffusing the first advantages of vaccination. Thirteen stations were opened in dif-

* WILLIS: *Life of Harvey*, prefixed to the translation of *Harvey's Works* (Syden. Soc.)

† *Papers relating to the History and Practice of Vaccination*. Published by the Board of Health.

ferent parts of the metropolis. In eighteen months they were enabled to announce that 12,288 inoculations had taken place, and during the same space of time 19,352 charges of vaccine virus were supplied from the central house to most parts of the British empire, and to foreign countries. . . . This society was also in correspondence with other institutions, and its medical council investigated with care and fidelity such cases of small-pox as were alleged to have occurred after vaccination.

"It would have been claiming too much from reason, to expect that this progress could be made without opposition. Eighty years earlier the use of variolous inoculation — a thing of immemorial practice in Eastern countries — could not be imported here by those who had witnessed its operation on thousands, without its introduction exciting theoretical (as well as rightly founded practical) objections. How much less, then, could Jenner find an easy reception for his method! It appealed to no national experience. It based itself on some rustic traditions, and on his few thoughtful observations.

"Great allowance must indeed be made for those who then hesitated to accept this wonderful novelty. The very magnitude of the promised boon almost justified mistrust; and, to persons ignorant of the Gloucestershire experience, that good should accrue from such a source was a strange supposition. Fears were more suggested than hopes. What could be expected from 'a bestial humour,' but new and dreadful diseases? Who could see the limit of its 'consequences,' physical or moral? What security was there against 'horns' growing on the vaccinated? What 'ideas might arise in the course of time from a brutal fever having excited its incongruous impressions' on the brain? Who knew but that 'the human character might undergo strange mutations from quadrupedan sympathy, and some modern Pasiphaë rival the fables of old?"

"While these physiological conjectures were gravely pressed upon the public, religion and morality were not less misargued to the same effect. Leviticus was quoted with dark insinuations against 'contaminating the form of the Creator with the brute creation.' Small-pox being a 'merciful provision on the part

of Providence to lessen the burden of a poor man's family,' was it not 'impious and profane to wrest out of the hands of the Almighty these divine dispensations? What could ensue, on so daring a measure of attempted prevention, but some unimagined punishment?'"

It is piquant to read such objections; still more so, in the present day, to read the epitaph in Rood Lane Church which commemorates, among the titles to glory of Mr. Birch, that

"The Practice of Cowpoxing,
Which first became general in his day,
Undaunted by the overwhelming influence
Of power and prejudice,
And the voice of Nations,
He uniformly and until Death perseveringly
opposed."

But while we laugh at such traits, or while we indignantly detect the unworthy arguments and hypocritical cries of alarm which often assail the first appearance of a reformer, we must not forget that a great part of the opposition which new doctrines excite is the opposition of sincere and admirable guardianship; while even that which springs from lower motives, is really useful to the cause of truth. In our sympathy with the struggling innovator, we are apt to forget that the men whom he opposes merit our sympathy also. They may be as honestly fighting in defence of the old, as he is honestly fighting in advancement of the new, truth. The truth which now seems so evident to us, to them seemed erroneous. It is easy for us to adjust our minds to its reception; to them this mental adjustment was rendered difficult, or impossible, by the presence of old-established convictions which opposed it, or seemed to do so. So tyrannous is this influence of old ideas, that men will acknowledge themselves defeated in argument one day, and the next will maintain the old positions as vigorously as ever: their minds have become so inextricably involved in certain opinions that they cannot free themselves. Opinions are the spectacles of the mind. The eye must learn to adjust itself to a new focus.

This is the reason why the discoverer hopes for acceptance rather among the younger generation than among maturer minds. It is not, as we so often hear, because youth is more ardent and fearless in the search for truth, but simply because youth is more *impressible*: it finds less difficulty in adopting new opinions, because the old opinions have not had time to become organised in its mind. In proportion as a man has from habit, or from personal investigation, been led for a long time to believe certain positive conclusions, it will be difficult for him to throw off such spectacles, and see with a new pair. Against a new doctrine there is, therefore, always a genuine opposition in guardianship of the old. And there is often more than this: there is a combination of moral causes, inseparable from the infirmities of our nature. The new doctrine threatens old interests. The new doctrine wounds the self-love of old professors. Who likes this? Who welcomes an avowed enemy? Here comes a rival who discovers the truth we have overlooked, who proves our doctrines to be wrong, who makes our books antiquated, and we are expected to receive him with open arms—to accept what he brings without scrutiny! It cannot be thought of. We attack his pretensions; we try to baffle him by ridicule, by argument, by invoking great names. If that fail, we impugn his originality; we ransack the old archives of science, and show that the new doctrine was “known to the ancients.” If we must acknowledge the discovery, at least we will reject the discoverer. He attacks us, and we retaliate. Perhaps we do not fight quite fairly; perhaps we make ourselves ridiculous as well as odious. But men angry and heated are liable to such lapses; and the calm bystanders will see justice done.

The opposition may arise from the difficulty of adjusting our mental vision, because the new opinion is strange, and its evidence not

easily appreciable, or because old convictions hoodwink the mind. It may also arise from less honourable causes; but in either case it is beneficial to the cause of truth—first, by a wise conservatism, which keeps out error, and only *retards* the admission of truth; and, secondly, by forcing the innovator to complete his evidence, and make his position impregnable. Were it not for such wholesome opposition, we should be as changeable as weather-cocks. The novelty of to-day would give place to the novelty of to-morrow. There would be no accumulation of truth.

Let discoverers, therefore, cease the querulous railing against the injustice and ingratitude of mankind. Let them understand that, in the battle for truth, foul blows must be expected; but all blows are not foul. Truth must finally prevail. If their truth makes no way, the cause must lie in their imperfect presentation of it. Instead of railing at the obstinacy of ignorance, let them enlighten that ignorance by fresh evidence.

These remarks have been called forth by the publication of a book* which claims notice as an authentic account of the life of a distinguished man, but which ought to be held up as a warning to the friends and relatives of every other distinguished man, and thus at least serve the good purpose of preventing any similar display of well-intentioned weakness. It is, in every sense of the word, a book unworthy of the subject; and it stands in the way of a better book, which might have been written. We can understand the loving reverence of the wife and widow, and can sympathise with her exaggerated estimate of her husband's achievements. It is only an excusable and amiable form of the *lues Boswelliana*, inevitable when a woman writes of her deceased husband. But this is an absolute reason against widows becoming biographers; and, in the very interests of her husband's fame, Mrs. Hall

* *Memoirs of Marshall Hall*. By his WIDOW. Bentley: 1861.

should have foreborne to publish a work at once so trivial and tiresome, crowded with "testimonials," laudations and self-laudations, and provoking criticism by its exaggerations. Enthusiasm is contagious, but puffery chills our admiration. We turn away from the huge placard. Reverence for distinguished ability and noble conduct often expresses itself in hyperbole; nor is the hyperbole unpleasant, even to those who think the language strained. But the "testimonial" style is always offensive, and loud self-assertion is apt to provoke contemptuous criticism.

Marshall Hall was a man of colossal vanity and great simplicity. A peerage, and the presidency of a dozen societies, would probably have left him still unsatisfied; and although his success was splendid, he was always querulously complaining about his "unrewarded labours" and his "devotion to science." His widow, naturally enough, has caught this tone, and her book is a protest against the injustice and "persecution" which assailed him. We propose to inquire how far this tone is warrantable; and we shall not seek beyond the volume itself for evidence to refute it.

Marshall Hall was born at Basford, near Nottingham, on the 18th February, 1790. His father was a cotton-manufacturer and bleacher, remarkable for his scientific attainments. From him he probably caught the scientific ambition which manifested itself very early. "I am determined to be a great man!" said the boy, when found at day-break over his studies. The profession of medicine was chosen, and he went to Edinburgh. While there he worked hard, and avoided all intimacies with fellow-students, lest they should waste his time. During the whole three years he never once missed a lecture. Having attained his degree, he went to Paris. The reverses of Napoleon at Moscow having opened Berlin, Göttingen, and other places, to Englishmen, Hall made a journey, on foot and alone, from Paris to

Göttingen. "The tract of country which he thus traversed had very recently been the seat of war, and presented many perils to the lonely pedestrian. As the shades of evening approached, he frequently pursued his way along the forest road with a cocked pistol in his hand for fear of the wolves. Once he missed his way, and, in endeavouring to recover it, was benighted, and took refuge in a lonely cottage—not, however, to sleep, for all around were seen rusty implements of war, which had been gathered in the track of the armies—that of Napoleon flying towards Paris, and that of the Allies closely pressing in his rear. His host was a maker of *sabots*, and he was heard moving about through the night. The pistol was again in readiness. As morning dawned, a few francs were laid on the table, and the door gently opened, and the free air and the track across the plain recovered." Arrived at Göttingen, he had the delight of making the acquaintance of the illustrious Blumenbach.

Returning to England in 1815, he tried first to establish himself as a physician in Bridgewater, and afterwards in Nottingham. Here he had not long to struggle. The reputation acquired by some works, particularly one on *Diagnosis*, soon brought him into good practice. This last-mentioned work he sent to the then famous Dr. Baillie, and, when in London, paid that physician a visit. The doctor received him very kindly, and said, "I hope your father is quite well; I for one am much indebted to him for his extraordinary work on *Diagnosis*." When Hall modestly told him that he, not his father, was the author of the work, Dr. Baillie exclaimed, "Impossible! it would have done credit to the greyest-headed philosopher in our profession." He then invited Hall to breakfast with him. Success in his profession, therefore, began early with him. In 1818 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In 1825 he was appointed physician to the

General Hospital at Nottingham. But the year afterwards he made the bold step of quitting an excellent practice and settling in London. Success again attended him. His income during the first year was £200, and it gradually increased to £4000; so that his seemingly bold step of coming to London proved fortunate. He published several works and several detached papers, all of which, in the belief of his widow, were of incalculable importance, and filled the world with his name. That there never was so great a man as Marshall Hall, was evidently the impartial verdict of Marshall Hall himself, and it is shared by his widow; and therefore, in spite of all the evidences of success, so fondly noted in this volume, there is still the wail against the world because the success was not greater. Our own estimate of Marshall Hall, we need scarcely say, is very different; nor has this biography at all raised our opinion of his intellectual pretensions, though it has very much improved our opinion of him generally, by showing what a simple, affectionate nature he had, and how thoroughly he devoted himself to science and the domestic affections. The tenderness with which he writes to his wife and son, gives a sort of halo to what would otherwise be oppressive twaddle. The letters are often very comical, from the unconscious absurdity of their emphasis, and the abruptness of their transitions — from science to Methodism, from tadpoles to toleration — as in the following characteristic example:—

"MANCHESTER SQUARE, June 3, 1846.

"MY DEAR BOY,—I wish you to look about and find the poorest and most afflicted person or persons in Ventnor, and to distribute amongst them

"I consider the aged, the decrepit, the sick, the blind, the lame, as the most proper objects of charity in general, and bread the best form of it, though money is the most convenient form, and the most prized.

"Education consists not in cultivating the understanding alone, but the heart also. I would have my boy excel in both. You have a nice little inheritance, and you must do good with it. A purely

selfish person is the object of my abhorrence.

"When the tadpole grows into the frog, it *rises* in the scale of life, and requires more oxygen. If it cannot get out of the water, it is drowned!

"Every change in animals is from a lower to a higher state of existence; that is, every *anatomical* change; *physiological* changes, as in hybernation, may be from higher to lower.

"I have a beautiful theory on this subject, which I will explain in a future letter, if you wish it.

"How beautiful is science! How beautiful is Nature, whenever she is understood! And how much nobler is the mind occupied with the search into her arcana, than that which is engrossed with vulgar things!

"I will send you the planaria another day. How are your tritons going on?

"Remember my words—that Christ died to save sinners, and that all are sinners.

"I particularly wish you not to dispute about religion (or indeed anything) with any one.

"There is no religion in disputing; disputing is the sign of no religion, generally speaking.

"We shall look for a long long letter from you. — Your most affectionate father,
MARSHALL HALL."

Our purpose with the book, however, is not to discuss the claims of Marshall Hall, but to discuss how far he may fairly be cited as an example of the world's ingratitude to discoverers. He has affixed his name to the discovery of the Reflex Theory of Nervous Action — a theory which ascribes many ordinary processes to nervous activity *without* sensation; instead of the nervous stimulus reaching the brain and producing sensation, it is said to be *reflected* back from the spinal cord upon the muscles, and produces action without sensation. It would lead us too far to explain the theory more fully. We shall not here ask whether his discovery was real, or only fancied; we will assume it to have been real and important. Like every other innovator he had to overcome prejudice, to encounter the neglect and jealousy of corporate bodies and professional

rivals; like every one else, he had to endure the asperities of criticism. He promulgated a new theory; some of his critics said it was not new. He affirmed it was true, and of the utmost importance; some of his critics affirmed it was untrue, or only partly true. Now let us suppose these critics to have been wholly wrong; let us suppose that the jealousy of rivals, and the neglect shown him by the Royal Society — exasperating enough to any man — must have been trebly so to a man of his vanity: are these things sufficient to warrant the outcry about obloquy and persecution which he is said to have endured? The plain recital of facts collected in this very memoir shall answer.

In 1833 Marshall Hall presented a paper, embodying his discovery, to the Royal Society. That paper was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*. His first venture was therefore entirely successful. The new doctrine received the countenance of the Royal Society at once — which is not always the fate of new doctrines. Nay, more, it was immediately translated into Müller's *Archiv*. Publicity, therefore, of the most important kind, he at once achieved. If the majority of his professional brethren did not immediately see the truth and importance of the new doctrine, some of them did, and all of them had it fairly submitted to their judgment. Four years afterwards he presented another paper on the same subject; and "truth compels me to state," says Mrs. Hall, "that this paper was refused a place in the records of British science by the Society instituted expressly for the promotion of natural knowledge: in short, it was rejected by the Council of the Royal Society!" Very exasperating, no doubt, to a man who wished for the patronage of the Royal Society, and who looked upon his communications as of supreme importance to science; but, without wishing to range ourselves generally on the side of that Society, we must in fairness suggest that the Council was perfectly justified in its rejection

of a paper which was little more than a republication of the one they had previously printed. They gave an "abstract" of this paper in their *Proceedings*, but they refused to give the whole paper a place in their *Transactions*; and whoever knows, on the one hand, how incessantly Marshall Hall persisted in republishing, with slight variations of language, what was contained in his first paper — and considers, on the other hand, how small the space at the disposal of the Council, in presence of the multitude of claimants, — will at once perceive that the Council was bound to refuse the republication of his ideas.

While we justify the refusal to print the paper, we cannot justify the treatment indicated by the following extract from a note written by Hall to the Council: "I think I have some reason to complain of the treatment of my paper whilst before the Council. Having quoted from Whytt an experiment of Redi on the movements of the tortoise when deprived of it head, some one has written, 'Will they live after they are made soup of?' Such an observation needs no remark from me. It is rather an indignity put upon the Royal Society itself." Had the Council simply asserted that it could only give publicity to new papers, it would have been beyond reproach; but it is extremely probable that among its members there were those who looked upon Marshall Hall with envy and impatient dislike. The very constitution of academies and societies fosters respectable mediocrity, and opposes novelties with jealous conservatism. If Marshall Hall was ill-treated by the Royal Society (and we think his merit entitled to some conspicuous recognition), it was probably his own fault; but even if he were blameless in the matter — if nothing but jealousy and blindness withheld the Council from bestowing the Copley Medal, or some other honour — it was but a small "persecution," and an insignificant drawback from success elsewhere.

"The greater portion of the medical press waged furious war against the discovery." So says Mrs. Hall, but she gives no references; and in such a case we must have distinct evidence before we yield our belief. That one journal did pertinaciously attack the discovery is certain; that one or two others did energetically support it, is not less certain. But impartial readers will insist upon something more specific than vague phrases about "obloquy" and "furious war." Let the adverse articles be distinctly referred to, and we shall then be able to see how much there was of exasperated vanity, and how much of just indignation, in Marshall Hall's belief that he was persecuted. As the case is presented by his widow, it is simply incredible. That some critics impugned his originality, is beyond a doubt. That some critics impugned the value of his discovery, is likely enough. But of obloquy we have not seen a trace; and as to persecution, the word is supremely ridiculous.

In 1847, ten years after the rejection of his paper, "thinking that the temper of the Council of the Royal Society towards him might have undergone some change in that long interval, my husband very amiably presented them with another paper." Very amiable! A man solicits patronage, is refused, but in spite of the refusal, amiably solicits it again, and is again refused. "I need scarcely add that he never again offered any of his investigations to that learned body." Nevertheless, three years afterwards, he did not refuse to be placed on the Council of that Society which had so slighted him.

We have now laid before the reader all the separate items charged against Marshall Hall's contemporaries, and must ask what is the amount of hardship and suffering they imply? After reading them, even in Mrs. Hall's declamatory exposition, we are overcome by a sense of the ludicrous, when she says, "His courage was unflinching, and he quailed before no persecu-

tion." The neglect with which he was treated by the Royal Society, and the barking of a few critics, are thus magnified! Still more absurd does this seem when we come to read the next chapter, wherein the proud widow enumerates the many testimonies to her husband's greatness, and the immensity of his success. "Amidst the storm which assailed the discoveries," we are told, "a gleam of sunshine from time to time broke forth to warm and gladden his heart through the withering gloom of the medical atmosphere in England; and though the biting blast of calumny, and the pelting hailstorm of critics, threatened the annihilation of the young plant of discovery, yet these were often followed by the cheering encouragement of some distinguished Continental physiologist." What is here called a gleam of sunshine turns out to be the adhesion and applause of many very eminent physiologists and physicians, and a practice of £4000 a-year—a "persecution" which future discoverers will gladly welcome. Let us follow Mrs. Hall in the enumeration of the cheering voices. The original Memoir is immediately translated into the *Archiv* by Müller, who candidly acknowledges that, although he had just published views nearly similar, yet the *priority* is due to Marshall Hall. Van Deen and Flourens both wrote in applauding terms. The discovery "excited great attention and interest throughout Germany and Holland." Nor was the prophet unrecognised even in his own country. "Although the medical press, with one or two generous exceptions, opposed the new doctrines, or combated their originality, it is pleasant to add that the most philosophical among the profession gave a ready assent to both." Mr. F. Le Gros Clark, lecturer on anatomy and physiology at St. Thomas's, at once embraced the doctrine. Professor Faraday "was so much struck with the philosophical beauty of the subject," that he lectured on it at the Royal Institution. Mr. Grainger not only

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK'S CHAMPAGNE.

A WEST INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

WHILE Crystal Mount was witnessing the scenes which we recorded before our late digression, its lord was employing himself in various ways on a lower level. He had been at Spanish Town attending to his legislative duties as a councillor of the island, and was now on his way back to Kingston, where he proposed to transact a little further business before he should return home to dinner. Nowadays there is a railway along the thirteen miles that intervene between Kingston and Spanish Town, and senators, like their neighbours of all colours, are ingloriously rattled to and fro in the trains. Of old it was far otherwise; then all men had to whip along the highway, and the style in which they travelled this much-frequented road was a criterion of the travellers' wealth or acumen, and of their horses' value. To give an idea of a gentleman's importance, negroes would desire you to remark the "tyle" in which "him trabel de 'Panish Town road." If his knowingness were to be illustrated, you were informed that he was always fifteen minutes less than his neighbours between Government House and Kingston; while of a horse it was high praise to say, "Him will 'take you to 'Panish Town widin de hour, sar." Such a road as it was too! They were eternally patching and mending it, and incredible sums were reported to be spent on its repair; yet, except the first mile out of Spanish Town, it was always in a scandalous condition. One-half its breadth was villanously paved—perhaps it might be more correct to say *unpaved*, since the large stones were always knocking about in independent profusion. The other half

was by courtesy said to be *macadamised*: in wet weather it was a mire, and in dry a sample of the great Sahara. Somehow or other, however, all the world managed to get along it, though perhaps with a little trial of the temper. Our friend Tom Gervaise, for instance, when threading his devious way between the frequent blocks, or when up to the axles in sand, would afford beautiful examples of patience. In a playful mood he would wish that his hand were on the lever of a vice within whose jaws might be the head of the contractor; or if the case were too serious for fanciful language, he would discharge great point-blank oaths, the wind of which might knock a man down, and whose blow must have been annihilation. Along this road, then, was Christy Arabin being bogged and jolted. He was beautifully turned out, and had the journey lightened by well-conditioned horses and a comfortable carriage, in which he was shaken about very harmlessly. He was clad wholly in white, the jean jacket on his back not exactly becoming his figure, which was short and portly. He wore no neckcloth, and his shirt-collar, which was doubled down, had lost all its starch from dampness of some kind. On his head was a Panama hat, with a low crown and broad brim turned up at the sides, tied with a narrow black ribbon. His face was round and reddish, and would have been better without the keen twinkle which appeared every now and then in his eyes. Like his aspect, all his qualities were marred by some defect. He was good-natured, but uncertain, and suddenly, though not often, irascible; liberal in the main, but occasionally too shrewd; reasonable and moderate in his opin-

ions, but arbitrary and unjust in some of his dealings. These contradictions did not prevent his being a popular and respected character, for he had graduated very notably in colonial virtues and accomplishments—that is to say, he liked, and was not over-choicer of, society; enjoyed good eating and drinking; troubled no man with moral remarks; dealt neither more nor less scrupulously than his neighbours; and was ready to submit any difference of opinion to the arbitrament of the pistol, as he had already done more than once in his lifetime. He carried usually a cigar in his mouth, which caused a wag-gish and profane legal functionary to compare him to Israel in the wilderness, seeing that he had always a cloud before him by day and a fire by night. By the time we get up with him he is near Kingston, and has nearly recovered his equanimity, which has been somewhat shaken by the bishop vigorously opposing him in council. The prelate often had occasion so to do, but Christy was accustomed to blow off his wrath on the spot by retorting upon his right reverend opponent, if not good arguments, very strong and often unseemly language. To-day he had been tongue-tied, and therefore carried his pent-up indignation several miles before he could smoke it off. His forbearance arose from no new-born sense of propriety, but from an interested motive. The bishop had promised to marry his daughter to Melhado, and it was of importance not to quarrel with him till the ceremony should be over. Not that Christy cared for this distinction on his own account; if he had laboured for such vanities, he never would have earned the wealth which now enabled him to obtain them. But the expected honour was highly agreeable to Mrs. Arabin. And thus again it becomes necessary to explain why Christy, who seldom troubled himself to gratify his wife, was now so anxious to secure compliance with her am-

bitions fancy. Christy, whose mind was not speculative, knew nothing about his motives, and nobody about him read his heart distinctly. Ourselves alone, who possess the key to his conduct, can reveal this important *why*; and here is the interpretation. Deep down in the old gentleman's mind—so deep, indeed, that it had never taken the distinct form of thought—lay an unpleasant conviction that he was not acting truly by his daughter, and that all the specious arguments with which he quieted his conscience and deceived other people were fallacious. He had a great dread lest the mother's heart should put sight into her eyes, and make her perceive the iniquity that was designed; for, armed with such knowledge as she would then possess, even her voice would be powerful against his schemes; nay, to say truth, he felt uneasy concerning his conjugal supremacy when he should stand at such a disadvantage. But she had readily deceived herself; and all that her husband had to do, therefore, was to feed her vanity, and keep her mind fixed upon the bishop's promise to officiate, and all the pomp which was to accompany the marriage.

As he entered the city he was quite serene again, and to the coachman's inquiry whither he should drive, he answered quite graciously, "To Mrs. Melhado's." Accordingly, the carriage stopped in one of the upper streets before a large house which stood back behind some dusty shrubs and flowers, and whose whole front was covered with jalousie work, the frames painted white and the blades light green. Christy was received in a large drawing-room, richly furnished after the fashion of the country, by a tall, spare, aquiline-headed old lady, who could at first be but dimly distinguished, so great was the contrast between the dazzling glare without and the subdued light within. Whoever desires a graphic () of the effects of this cont-er to Tom

Cringle's Log, and study his first meeting with his cousin Mary, by which it will appear that the strongest ties may be broken, and things made manifest which should for ever be concealed, through this sudden transition. Mr. Arabin, who was pretty well experienced in the vicissitudes of a Jamaica life, was not disconcerted by the change, but he returned the lady's cordial grasp, and, seating himself at her invitation, began to mop his countenance with high-bred ease, while they recited the usual prefaces to a morning conversation. After these, Mrs. Melhado took occasion to remark, "Mr. Arabin, sir, you would like a drink after your drive." And before Christy had time to express his entire concurrence with this opinion she had sounded a hand-bell, and desired that a liquor-case might be brought in with the proper accompaniments of glasses, goglets, and ice.

"You see I don't ask *what* you'll take," said she, unlocking the casket, "knowing your appreciation of poor Melhado's brandy. Poor, dear man! there's a good drop of it left yet."

"Quite right, ma'am," Christy answered; "none of your compounded drinks for me. Good brandy, properly diluted and cooled, is the finest morning-draught in the world. Yours is the best I ever tasted. I'm glad to find it holds out so well."

"Oh, and it's likely to last," said the lady; "for, except my little drop every day—I don't care who knows it, and it's a pity other ladies are not equally candid—it's only our discriminating visitors, and friends like yourself, that ever get any. Manuel still likes sangree and malt liquors best: he will come to brandy-and-water by-and-by. You and I and another person must see that he doesn't get too fond of it."

The late Mr. Melhado had imported the brandy for his own use. There was an internecine strife between them, and the brandy, much exhausted, was the survivor. A

hereditary feud was therefore much to be deprecated.

Christy replied, that if Manuel should evince any taste for strong waters—which, fortunately, he had not yet done—they must use every means to check him.

"It's very little *we* shall be able to do with him," replied the old lady: "if his wife can't keep his head straight, nobody else can; but of course she will."

Christy, with great uneasiness, thought of his daughter's hapless lot, if once her charms and gentle influences should cease to sway her husband. He answered—

"As long as legitimate feminine control can move him, he is quite safe; but once beyond its reach, I should expect him to take his own course unrestrained." The old man shuddered as he said this, but Mrs. Melhado retorted sharply—

"Why should he ever be beyond its reach?"

"Well, we'll hope not, ma'am—we'll hope not. He has good sense, no doubt, and good feeling; and, indeed, I don't see why they should not be very happy. He has a little bluntness of manner and an arbitrary style of expression, but these are very readily changed when affection rules."

"Oh, the way they speak don't signify a rush," said the lady. "Melhado swore dreadful."

Christy, who was aware that, whatever was Mr. Melhado's command of language, he did not command in his own house, was able to join these remarks in a syllogistic form, and to deduce from them the truth which they contained—viz., that a loud voice and domineering manner are not necessarily evidence of domestic ascendancy. But Mr. Melhado's subjugation was quite an exceptional case, and by no means argued the certainty of his son's humiliation. For many years he waged with superhuman gallantry an unequal war, up to the time when, beaten and despairing, he surrendered at discretion, and turned for comfort to the brandy. There

sat his conqueror, still able to subdue the spirit of any man—ay, or the spirits of any dozen men. What a capital fellow he had been, and what a life she led him! He was worth a score of her. And a shade of regret came over Christy's mind when he thought of the fiery trial which had tried his old chum, and how much pleasanter affairs would have been now had the contest ended the other way. Well-a-day! —

"Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Cateni."

"Well now, Mr. Arabin," said the old lady, as she observed the pensive mood into which Christy had fallen, "I wonder what's come to you to make you so thoughtful! I suppose it's that abominable tobacco that you can't dispense with. Well, you know, I don't allow it in this house—never *did*, and never *will*; but I'll tell you what I'll do now, as we ought to be on the most friendly terms; I'll go and sit in the verandah with you while you have a cigar; just that do?"

Christy protested that he had smoked that morning quite enough to satisfy him, and that the little absence of mind of which he had been guilty was attributable to his long drive in the sun. When she hinted at his beloved weed, the old fellow's system yearned for its accustomed anodyne; but a craven feeling overcame his desire. He wanted to lead the conversation into another direction, and with that aim he summoned his flagging spirits, and began to talk with animation of passing events. This humour Mrs. Melhado was quite ready to join with, and they soon wandered far among gossip and scandal. The lady was wont to describe herself as "none of your mealy-mouthed pretenders," and to boast that she said what she thought, and was none the worse for it. Howbeit, she was not agreeable when in a sprightly mood; and old Christy, though his worst enemy could not accuse him of squeamish-

ness, said he would endure her in her frolicsome moments: it seemed so unnatural, he said, that it set his teeth on edge and made his flesh creep. We fancy this sensation was the only approach to bashfulness which the old gentleman had experienced for many a day. He felt now that the conversation must be changed at all hazards, and so he charged abruptly into the business which had occasioned his visit.

"To be sure, ma'am, you'll be astonished at something I heard in Spanish Town. Dan Bumper, who is in London, wrote to Archy Calipash by the mail which arrived this morning, that Mr. Venables is much better, and actually coming out to reside, and manage his property himself, with a view to clearing it of its mortgages, which possibly he may be able to do."

"You heard that, did you?" remarked Mrs. Melhado, shortly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Christy, "and from authority that seems good."

"And you think that if he does come, he may clear the *Cinnamon* of its incumbrances by his management?" asked the old lady again.

"Well, the thing is possible," said Christy; "it's a fine estate, and the man's not a fool."

"And there goes, you would say, Manuel's chance of passing from attorney to proprietor of this splendid estate?"

"I chance will certainly not be improved by this arrangement."

"And what do you think my son would be about in case it took place? will he do nothing to hold his ground and keep his prospects open?"

"No doubt," replied Christy, "Manuel will exert himself, like a clever young man as he is; but when the proprietor shall be on the spot 'twill be hard to keep him in the dark as to the capabilities of his estate, and the case would require much caution and experience."

"Right!" said Melhado, with a grim smile. delicate

matter, and Manuel is somewhat young to handle it. But what say you if an older head were to look to it? How, if it had been already looked into by a person considerably Manuel's senior?"

"Mrs. Melhado, your look and manner reassure me, ma'am," said Christy; "you already know of this matter, and can inform me concerning it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Melhado, "make yourself easy; I heard of it some time ago."

"And you do not believe he is coming?"

"Certainly not."

"Your authority may be mis —"

"His physician!"

"Ma'am!"

"His physician!" repeated the lady, looking hard at Christy, and clenching her lips.

"Mrs. Melhado, you'll pardon me for doubting one moment your watchfulness and ability," said Christy, much impressed. "I thought the information I got was reliable, and you'll do me the justice to admit that 'twasn't of a nature to be indifferent to."

"Certainly not," replied the old lady, dryly; "it might, if true, have disconcerted some notable arrangements. But you may make yourself easy, as I said before. Mr. Venable's visit is not a bit more probable than many former ones which he projected; and he'll neither come hither nor move anywhere else. His days are numbered. The mortgage is quite safe, and will be foreclosed—not paid off; so that's all right. Now, have you heard anything more?"

"No, ma'am — no, no, nothing more. By Jove, ma'am, you've a head of your own! No—nothing more."

"Then I have something to communicate," said Mrs. Melhado. "Manuel has just got a similar mortgage on the *Nutmeg*, and as there's very little chance of its proprietor coming this way, I think that may end as prosperously as the other is like to do."

"As I live, ma'am," burst out Christy, "you beat the cleverest of us. You are—by Jove, you ought to be a legislator! You'd manage the House of Assembly and the government too—hang me, if you wouldn't! Well done, ma'am—well done; I see there's little danger of your—of *our* interests suffering while you are awake. Your very good health, ma'am."

Had the late Mr. Melhado survived to a patriarchal age, it is certain that he would not have transacted business as keenly as his disconsolate relict. Christy began to think that the gods might possibly have known better than Cato. His soul had not only been relieved of an anxious doubt, but it had received an unexpected cause for rejoicing. His morality, as has been before hinted, was not of a delicate order, and both he and Mrs. Melhado thought it perfectly fair to practise a little upon an absent proprietor, and relieve him of a possession for whose management he showed an ineptitude.

The lady did not deign to notice her visitor's compliments, but proceeded to remark upon the business in hand.

"Thus, you see, my son has the attorneyship, with the possible succession to the Cinnamon and Nutmeg in Surrey, two of the finest estates in the island, and of Beggar's Bush in Trelawny; while he already owns the Diamond Vale in Middlesex, and Pernambuco in Cornwall."

"A pretty little roll," said Christy, grinning, "worth, I should think, not less than —"

"Don't let us get to figures," replied Mrs. M. "It's a pretty property just now, there's no denying it; but they've a capricious way in England of dealing with colonial produce, and therefore I don't put my trust altogether in land. But then, in any case, we've the store, and see what a business we are doing, and what mercantile openings these attorneyships afford. I don't suppose there's a firm in the

island turning half so much capital as Melhado, Huggins, and Bamboo."

"I'm sure there's not, ma'am," said Christy, whom this conversation had filled with delight and awe—delight that Melhado's possessions and prospects so completely justified the approaching connection, and awe at the superior powers of the strong-minded woman. They had pretty well cleared off their business topics, and Mrs. Melhado gave evidence of a disposition to relapse into that sportive vein which affected Christy so unpleasantly; it was therefore a relief to him when the young man, whose future had been the subject of their conversation, returned home and joined their company.

Mr. Manuel Melhado deserves a short description, as he believes himself destined to the distinguished honour of wedding Violet Arabin. He was slight and well formed, and of the average height. His complexion was olive, and his hair jet black, curled, and profusely oiled. His features were good, especially the eyes; and except that the forehead was somewhat low, the profile might have been pronounced handsome. But the full face was not so good: the expression was mean, and there was a repulsive breadth across the jaw. As yet there was little beard or whisker, and the smooth open neck suited his countenance well. So common fame seemed justified in calling him a very handsome young man. Though that is a climate where loose light clothing is an especial luxury, this youth was habited in a cloth coat and waistcoat made to fit his figure accurately, and drill trousers tightly strapped under Wellington boots. His collar was turned down, and he wore below it a scarf fastened with two pins, a major and a minor, connected by a gold chain, and the former headed with a brilliant stone. Round his neck was a double watch-guard as thick as a jack-chain, and his waistcoat buttons, of yellow metal, were linked together very sumptuously. Small spurs projected from his heels, and he bore a

riding-whip in one hand, while the other held his black beaver hat—a most unpleasant substitute, one would think, for the cool shady Panama. Mr. Melhado, however, was a man of fashion, and did not choose to follow any rules of dress, but rather claimed the right to dictate those rules. Among the brown ladies he was the observed of all observers; and indeed we ought not to confine his celebrity to that class, for there were many white ladies who pronounced him charming, and showed every disposition to cultivate his good opinion. By Kingston youth his precedence was acknowledged; yet this was, in his estimation, but a light thing, for his ambition led him to be on easy terms with the young military officers, whom he was never tired of entertaining, and for whose countenance and familiarity he was willing to undergo a great deal. They ate his dinners, rode his horses, and tolerated his society, but he was not a favourite with any among them. He had neither a good disposition nor very good sense to guide him, and his attempts at fashionable ease were disagreeable, if not offensive. We have seen how Tom Gervaise felt towards him; and Tom, except in matters of adornment and purification, commonly held the opinion of the majority.

The youth set down his hat and sauntered across the room to grasp the hand of old Christy, who, greatly comforted by the intelligence just received, gave him a cordial squeeze, and inspected him from head to foot with an approving smile.

"Well, ma'am," said he, addressing the old lady, "if this is the penalty one has to pay for youth and fashion, I hardly regret that my day is past: we had our fancies, no doubt, like every other rising generation, but to suffocate ourselves wasn't one of them."

Mrs. Melhado had too good sense not to see the impropriety of dressing thus in such a climate; but she liked to see her son look to advantage; therefore she said, apologeti-

cally, "Oh, Manuel has been making some visits, and been at the barracks with some of his military friends. It wouldn't do, you know, to appear careless or slovenly among them."

"By Jove," said Christy, "they are the most sensible fellows going! You never see them in anything but a white jacket when off duty, while our young city bucks think they must dress as men do in England. But never mind, Manuel, dress as you like—that's your affair, you know, now, and it will be a thing for you and your wife to settle between you a month hence, eh? Are you coming up to Crystal Mount with me? because if you will, I shall be ready in half an hour, and will drive you to the foot of the mountain, where we shall find horses."

Melhado accepted with much readiness, and went to make a change in his toilet, while Christy proceeded into the city to order some cigars, and transact other pressing business. Didn't he stick a havannah in his mouth and pull out his tinder-box before he was at the bottom of Mrs. Melhado's door-steps!

The lover, of course, did not wish to omit any elegancies of costume when dining at Crystal Mount: he therefore summoned a yellow female with a lean wrinkled neck and skin, but nevertheless wearing her hair dressed, and an enormous pair of ear-drops, and bade her get a portmanteau packed for him. This personage was his mother's factotum, lady's-maid, housekeeper, confectioner, laundry-woman, and general superintendent. The duties of a house are very differently divided in that country from the method we are accustomed to at home; and these brown domestics, when they reach a certain age, attain a neatness and an aptitude for household duties which is rarely found in the other sex. The use Mr. Melhado made of his own male attendant was this: when the portmanteau was packed, he made him

strap it, and then ordered him to take it on his head and trudge off with it to Crystal Mount.

On the journey up, the gentlemen held little conversation worth repeating. In fact, Christy, who wanted to ponder on the pleasant intelligence received from Mrs. Melhado, pressed a cigar upon his companion, and stopped his own mouth with another. He saw that Melhado, if he played his cards well, might become—never mind by what means—the wealthiest proprietor in the island. He felt, too, how these improved prospects would feed the vanity of his helpmate, and increase her satisfaction with the match; and with this reflection the little bit of remorse which played about outside his heart seeking an entrance, was kicked sturdily from the door, and peremptorily forbidden the premises.

Violet met her father with a smile, and the old man, intent on her grand prospects, and imagining himself the most devoted of parents, kissed her affectionately. Melhado, too, had a gracious welcome. As the character of the evening there depended very much upon the host's humour, this promised to be a cheery one. Christy was in spirits, and talked and joked. Melhado, after his manner, was assiduously attentive to both ladies. So they dined very pleasantly. The conversation, when the servants had disappeared, turned upon some superstitious excitement which was agitating the negroes, and leading them to hold frequent and large nocturnal meetings. The overseers and book-keepers on the estates thought that these assemblies might lead to mischief, and had represented their misgivings to Mr. Arabin as proprietor of Crystal Mount, and to Mr. Melhado as representing the owner of the Cinnamon estate, a little farther down the hill. *Obi* is the name of the religion, incantation, or devil-worship, whichever it may be, that prevails among the negroes. Obeah men, their high-priests or professors, are always na-

tive Africans, so are the women who practise its crafts. Hence there is no doubt that the whole of its mysteries are of African origin. When their orgies are more than usually solemn, it is to be dreaded that they mask some insurrectionary move, and the whites are uneasy while they continue.

It is never wise to speak on this subject before black servants, as nearly all of them are in thralldom to the superstition, and they may be chiefs and ringleaders; for there is a peculiar mystery most carefully maintained concerning the rites, professors, and votaries of Obi, and the whites have never been able to sift it, though now and then they get a little insight into its abominations.

Melhado said that he would send up to the Cinnamon to-morrow a brace of Spanish dogs, to be let loose on occasion of the next Obeah gathering. At this plan Old Christy shook his head. He had no dislike of the proposal, but he doubted its prudence, and thought that while there was such a disposition to pet the negroes, it would read badly in the newspapers, and be turned to account by the party to which he stood opposed. Violet, from motives of humanity, combated the design, for some of these dogs are exceeding fierce, and they might not have simply dispersed the crowds, but perhaps maimed or killed some. Melhado laughed at these feminine objections, and thought it became him as a man of determination to persist in his plan; but when Violet reiterated her horror at the idea, he made a show of gracefully yielding to her wishes, while he winked at old Christy in token that he would adhere to his first intention nevertheless. The conversation was then led to a visit which the family was to make a day or two later to Spanish Town, partly to visit friends, and partly to arrange preliminaries of the marriage; for these matters are conducted in the island somewhat differently from

the English customs; for instance, the governor is the person to grant the license, not the bishop. To make the excursion pleasanter, it was agreed that the party should go to Spanish Town by water as far as Fort Henderson, Melhado undertaking the arrangements for the short voyage. And thus the evening wore away. There was no music. Violet could with difficulty maintain her self-possession after the events of the day; and she excused herself from singing, and retired immediately after tea.

Poor girl! it had been a cruel evening for her. Not till she retired at night had she an opportunity of collecting her thoughts, and balancing the reliefs and anxieties of which this day had been the parent. But reason would not, could not now measure the gain and loss, for welling up through the tangled doubts and cares came one fresh and thrilling consciousness, beside which no meaner idea might gain attention. Arthur loved her; and who should set a price upon Arthur's love! Not that Violet had been ignorant or doubtful of his affection; but now it was hers, not by implication or inference—told with his own lips, yea, poured from his heart of heart. And the murmurs still lingered in her ear, and evermore came again the blessed words, like the echoes of a spirit's song, holding her mind entranced, and charming away farther and still farther all other sound. The cares were there—she knew it; outside the magic circle, fierce and eager, there they waited, sure to have their hour; but that hour could not be now. And so it was that Violet, happy suddenly, but happy without stint, cast trouble afar, and even with the consciousness that Melhado, to whom she stood in such unmeet relation, lay under the same roof, felt only the new-born joy. We have stolen in through the warm spangled tropic night to catch but one glimpse of this trance ere it is gone. Soon—perhaps to-morrow—cross chance

may resume its sway, for we know the difficulties that impend. Let us linger, then, but a moment with bliss and Violet, and then, leaving with a sigh the fair and happy girl, let us hasten to another part of the house, and a far less pleasing scene.

Mr. Arabin, before seeking his bed-chamber, usually retired to his dressing-room to meditate and grow cool, in addition to which processes he smoked a cigar and sipped a pleasant mixture of gin and cocoanut milk. If his mind chanced to be discomposed, this treatment soothed it; if it were pleased or jocund, the treatment enhanced his satisfaction. To-night he blew a mighty cloud, indicative of the calm joy which possessed him as he thought how his schemes drew towards their consummation, and how they looked brighter as their day approached. In the lightest of wrappers, stretched at length near the open casement, his mind looked forth into the fancied future, which, like the starry night, seemed only the more soft and lovely for its dimness. Wealth and consideration, power even, for him and his, promised to abound while his energies should last; and when, tired and satiated, the old man should court repose, there would be the luxurious retirement, the life in others, and the honoured age. And this prospect of good was of his own creating. Let your weak or lazy noodles excuse their unreadiness and incapacity by prating of a patience in well-doing, and a humble trust for the event. Men of energy and sense carved out their own fortune, ha! ha! And Christy waxed presumptuous, and blew out long arrogant placid wreaths, and said in his heart, Tush! And while yet the vision tarried, came a low nervous knock at his door, and the dreamer said, "Who the devil are you? what do you want? come in, and be d— to you."

The handle turned gently, and with hesitating gait Mrs. Arabin entered the apartment.

"Hollo, Susan; why — what — who could have thought of it being you! Nothing the matter, eh?" said Christy, much disturbed by the apparition.

"Nothing the matter, Mr. Arabin — nothing," faltered the lady; "only I thought I should like — that is, if you are at leisure — I thought I might——"

MR. A.—"Ah, well, Susan, perhaps 'tis just as well you came in. Take a seat, my dear. I've something pleasant to tell you."

MRS. A.—"Indeed, Mr. Arabin, I'm glad to hear that — very glad; but I hope it isn't that you've been setting down the poor bishop again. You do give such keen and sarcastic replies that his feelings mightn't bear it, and then——"

MR. A. (conscious of much greatness of mind).—"Never fear, Susan; all is right there. To be sure, I let him go on to-day till I thought I should have burst. I knew exactly, too, where to hit him, but I held in. No, it's all right in that quarter. What I wanted to tell you is nothing concerning the council; it's about Manuel. What do you think, now? he's got a mortgage on the *Nutmeg*. 'Twill surely be his own as well as the *Cinnamon*. What d'ye think of that?"

MRS. A.—"Indeed, Mr. Arabin, 'twill be a grand thing, no doubt. But I was thinking——"

MR. A.—"Well, what were you thinking, my dear, eh?"

MRS. A.—"I was thinking, you know, whether, with all this prospect of wealth and grandeur, we can feel confident that our poor girl will be — quite — quite — happy, you know!" (Mr. Arabin wouldn't allow his own heart to hint at such an idea as this on any consideration, and now here was his silly wife blurting it forth as if it were the most ordinary remark. Flesh and blood couldn't bear it.)

MR. A.—"Happy, ma'am? Why, what the de——, what nonsense has got into your head! Of course they'll be happy. The bishop's to say the blessing, remember, and

think of the noise the marriage will make. Happy—I believe you!”

MRS. A.—“Ah, the bishop and the fine doings are all very pleasant; but if she—if our Violet—should—should ever regret—ever find that her lot is not so enviable as it has been pictured, we should never—never—”

MR. A.—“Bless my soul, ma’am, what is all this humbug? You can’t be well. Some silly fancies have got hold of you: go to bed, now, and get some rest. Your nervousness will be gone by the morning.”

MRS. A. (a little more firmly).—“’Tisn’t any fancy, Mr. Arabin. I want to speak seriously to you before it is too late. Think of how Violet has been brought up, and how gentle she is. I cannot feel satisfied of this young man’s principles and disposition.”

MR. A.—“You can’t, ma’am, eh! Upon my word!”

MRS. A.—“No, I *can’t*, Mr. Arabin. Violet is your daughter as well as mine, and we ought—you *know* we ought—”

MR. A.—“To behave like two confounded fools, eh, and make ourselves the laughing-stock of the island? After securing the best match that has been heard of since Miss Molasses married the governor’s second son, to lose all by our own timidity and folly!”

MRS. A.—“You don’t understand me, Mr. Arabin. I wish to talk over these matters with you. If everything is right, we shall do no harm by discussion; and if anything requires our attention, now is the time.”

MR. A. (who thinks that, after all, this may proceed from some mere whim or misconception).—“Go on, ma’am; let’s hear.”

MRS. A.—“First, then, I doubt whether our dear Violet’s heart assents to this marriage at all.”

MR. A.—“Pooh! since when have you doubted?”

MRS. A.—“Since very recently.”

MR. A.—“What’s next?”

MRS. A.—“Coupled with my for-

mer suspicion, I think it very questionable whether Manuel *can* make her happy—whether his nature is at all suited to hers.”

MR. A.—“Anything else?”

MRS. A.—“There seems so much to object to, once one begins to think. His mother now—I never could bear her.”

MR. A.—“By Jove, ma’am, she’s a clever woman—a right clever woman. I only wish that some others I know were like her—that is, that they were half as wise.”

MRS. A.—“Well, I’m not questioning her abilities, Mr. Arabin; but don’t you think now that, all these things considered, the marriage might be at least postponed for a little?”

MR. A.—“Postponed, ma’am! Fire and fury! what’s this you say? Postponed! why, you rave. Some of the Obeah people have bewitched you. I must send for Granny Nip to disenchant you.”

MRS. A.—“A mother doesn’t need witchcraft to make her anxious for the welfare of her child.”

MR. A. (mocking).—“Anxious for the welfare of her child! Why, you’re a sillier fool than I thought you were, and that’s saying a great deal.”

MRS. A.—“Oh dear, Mr. Arabin, how can you —!”

MR. A.—“Let’s have no more of this nonsense. Go to bed, and never speak to me on the subject again, unless you’ve something pleasanter to say.”

MRS. A.—“Mr. Arabin!”

MR. A.—“You idiotic fool, will you go to bed?”

MRS. A.—“You will be sorry—”

MR. A.—“The devil take you, will you go, eh? I can stand baiting or begging or arguing as well as my neighbours, but when a cursed fool begins twaddling, I own I can’t control myself. That’s right, be off before I say something to be sorry for.”

The last words were uttered as he let Mrs. Arabin through the door, and closed it behind her. Mrs. Arabin, as she passed to her own

apartment, presented a figure unlike her former self at any epoch. Her step was firm, her hands were clenched, her head was thrown back, with the nostrils wide open, the eyes glittering, and the lips compressed, while at intervals it moved suddenly to and from the right shoulder. The mother's and woman's blood was up.

CHAPTER VI.

The officers' quarters in Up Park Camp are in two wings, each wing consisting of two pavilions or ranges, with a mess-room dividing them.

A young officer walked out of his bed-room into the verandah of the eastern pavilion about eight o'clock in the morning after Brune's visit to Crystal Mount. He was slight and well grown, with handsome features; but his eyes were sunken, his complexion was sallow, and his forehead showed lines which his years did not warrant. He paced with a varying step the portion of the gallery in front of his apartments, occasionally making a sudden stop, and peering through the jealousies with corrugated brow, as if in anxious observation. Suddenly he called, "Sampson!" whereupon a little bandy-legged negro, with a squeaking voice, came waddling out of the room next to that from whence the officer had issued.

"Breakfast immediately!" said the latter, sharply.

"Massa, de milk no come," piped Sampson; "dat Miss Asher gal reelly too bad!"

"Milk not come!" repeated the master; "then why the devil isn't it come, eh? I've no doubt 'tis some negligence of your own. Bring it immediately, or I'll——"

Sampson fled from the menacing hand and angry countenance as a Philistine would have shunned his unshorn namesake.

"Sampson," called the young man, mildly, "let me have breakfast as soon as the milk comes. I'm not angry; I daresay the goats are wild this morning. Tut!" he went on as soon as Sampson had disappeared, "what on earth makes me so irritable with this wretched devil, and with everybody!"

"Ah, Lorton, my boy, how's yourself? Monstrous hot, eh? I've just ridden down from Crystal Mount, and I took you in my way; for hang me if I could go on to Kingston now, or eat any breakfast if I got there!"

The above was the salutation of our young friend Melhado, who had passed the retreating Sampson on the stair, and come hastily on to the verandah. He was excessively hot and moist, but looked very well.

"Good morning, Melhado," replied Lorton, with rather more reserve of manner than the other. "You must be in league with Miss Asher and the goats. But for them I should have breakfasted, whereas they have managed the meal so to be just in time for you."

"Devilish lucky that! Then I'll be ready in a jiffy, if you'll just let me wash my hands. I am too hot to get into the bath, or I should enjoy a plunge. Suppose you've been in already?"

"I have," Lorton said, "and I think I must have remained in too long, for I have a little shivering and headache."

"Breakfast's the thing for that, my buck," said the free-and-easy visitor as he retired into Lorton's bed-room to perform the desired ablution: "you get up the grub, and I'll be with you sharp."

That chapter of the natural history of young Englishmen which treats of their habits in the mother country is so thoroughly understood, that it would be an impertinence in us to detail the food consumed at a home breakfast; but the modifications produced by migration to Jamaica may be a subject of interest to the curious reader.

First, then, Sampson brought in a dish of flying-fish lately caught—a real treat, we assure you; then came ortolans or butter-birds, a dainty procurable only at certain seasons. Roasted plantains, and yampees browned and buttered, served as accompaniments to the hot dishes; while avocado (vulgarly, *alligator*) pears might either be eaten with the cold ham, or discussed alone, might cool delightfully the palate. Fruit or vegetable, which shall we call them? Flavoured with lime-juice and sugar, they claim the former name; but at breakfast pepper and salt must be the dressing, and vegetable the denomination. Delicious they are; and so dearly do we hold the memory of them, that if it were possible in this frigid land to place before us one of them fresh from the tree, we feel that neither our dignity as the writer of this interesting narrative, nor a restriction as to green esculents which has come upon us with advancing years, could for an instant restrain our eager assault. Sanitary considerations scattered to the winds, and this our grey goose quill trampled under foot, we would renew our accustomed delight, scrupulously bisecting the treasure, then extracting its hard heart, seasoning with salt and pepper the hemispherical cavities where lay that stony inmate, and then scooping out and enjoying the grateful pulp as it should melt like cream on the palate, till the well-scraped rind alone should remain in memory of the too-quickly-fleeted delight. *Subalterns' butter!* yes, that was the familiar name we gave them in days when fresh butter was a thing unknown in Jamaica, and when that which was by courtesy called salt butter should have been spurned with opprobrium as rancid oil! Bread, plain and toasted, was on the table to fill crevices, and wild fragrant honey and guava jelly to eat therewith. On the farther end, to be brought into action at the end of the meal, were bottles of claret and brandy, with dishes of mangoes and oranges, and

a huge pink shaddock, whose rind had been cut by the ingenious Sampson into arabesque forms; coffee is generally taken immediately on rising, therefore tea alone may be looked for at breakfast.

"Tis plain you have had no ride this morning, Lorton," said Melhado, attacking his second pigeon; "never saw a pecker so lamentably down: four lumps, please: never do out here not to eat, you know: sure to end in toes upward, march in Saul, and that kind of thing."

Lorton shuddered. "I'm certainly off my feed," he said; "must keep quiet, and avoid the sun for a day or two. You appear as brisk and hearty as a bridegroom ought to be. Is it true that the happy day is fixed?"

"No doubt of it, my boy. I shall be turned off in less than a fortnight. Rather pleasant, isn't it, to find all right, after the fears and anxieties of courtship? Yes, by Jove, all settled. Before long I hope to see you congratulate Mrs. Melhado. She doesn't know how much we owe to you for our happiness, but I'll take care she shall."

"Owes me?" repeated Lorton, with an inquiring stare.

"Certainly; but for the timely information you furnished concerning that fellow Brune, I daresay I might have had some trouble and delay, though I should probably have won her at last," answered Melhado, modestly.

Lorton coloured. "You will be good enough to remember," he said, "that I simply showed you passages from my cousin's letters which were not very clear as regarded Brune, and that I in nowise vouched for the truth of what was reported."

"Oh, of course not," replied Melhado, with a wink which made the young officer's colour rise still higher. "I'm not the man to compromise a friend."

"Ah," uttered Lorton, with disgust.

"Devilish fortunate that we managed as we did, and got him to haul quietly off. I thought at one time

I should have been obliged to warn him off the premises, but you see he had the sense to go, like a well-bred dog!" This was said with a swagger.

"You seem to have received an erroneous impression concerning Brune's disposition," said Lorton. "I have no doubt he will be anxious to correct it, if it reaches his ears."

"Why, how! what the devil!" asked Melhado, looking up astonished with an ortolan poised on his fork, for which his jaws had already opened when Lorton's remark arrested the intended bite, and caused the fountains of expectation to regurgitate coldly on his system. . . . "Deuce take it! I thought you hated the fellow as much as I do!"

"I thought you hinted at having scared Mr. Brune. There are few men that could do that; and if he should hear that you suppose yourself to be one of them, I *think* he would bring that question to a speedy issue, that's all."

Melhado looked very pale; it is doubtful whether he could have swallowed the ortolan if he had tried. "You don't mean," said he, "that you intend to repeat what I have said in all the unsuspecting confidence of friendship?"

"I mean nothing of the sort, certainly," Lorton answered, with a sneer. "You surprised me by the tone in which you spoke of your rival's secession from the field. Now finish your breakfast; there are some hot ortolans."

"Well, I'll be hanged," said Melhado, his colour creeping back, "I didn't certainly expect a word on Brune's side from *you*. If there was a fellow I could have counted on to cross him through thick and thin, you were the man."

"Brune is a man that I cannot like; so far you are right. It has happened that, in the pursuance of what I considered a just and friendly line of conduct to you, I have been obliged to thwart his plans. Possibly," added the young man, with some emotion — "possibly personal

dislike may have prompted me more than I was aware of. If so, I shall extremely regret it. But do not fancy that I am his unscrupulous enemy. God help me! why do I allow revengeful feelings to sway me at all?"

Mr. Melhado was not given to moral speculation, neither did he associate much with persons that were so addicted. He stared for a moment at Lorton, but finding that occupation unprofitable, and being quite unequal to a reply, he ate the ortolan, to which act he was by this time perfectly competent. Then, seeing his companion still silent and pensive, he began to feel an awe that it was necessary to dispel. Accordingly, after adroitly brushing out the hiatus by choking himself, with his tea, and spluttering and swearing himself up to a proper equanimity, he said, carelessly—

"Never told you, now, what brought me here this morning. Fellows begin talking of all sorts of nonsense, and forget business. Mustn't do that. Now I say, Lorton, will you, like a good fellow, let one of your Africans go up to the Cinnamon and take charge of a pair of dogs that I am sending to Jenkins the book-keeper? I promised Mr. Arabin to send them there for a little while, to let loose in case of the Obeah nocturnal meetings not being discontinued. The creole negroes are so confoundedly afraid of dogs that I should expect them to let these go if they should be at all unruly, notwithstanding their muzzles."

"You shall have an African certainly," said Lorton; "but your fellow must show him the way up. Do you mean that these are bloodhounds?"

"Yes, and beauties too — the scent of an eagle, and savage as the devil. You never saw such darling dogs. Old Orritt, one of my skip-pers, brought 'em from Cuba. They really are treasures. Cursed if I don't believe they would eat a nigger up in royal style like lions. Oh, they're regular pets! Precious

few people, you may depend, that I would part with 'em for; but Arabin, of course, is privileged, and we've got a careful book-keeper, who knows when it's necessary to let 'em loose."

"You'll be killing some of the people with these ferocious brutes," Lorton said; "surely some other means can be found of keeping the Obeah people quiet, if they make themselves troublesome?"

"Troublesome! hang 'em, they're the pests of the country; and, between ourselves, 'twouldn't be a bad thing if the dogs did make free with a little of their carrion. But never fear. Whatever I may wish, I shan't do anything to compromise myself or anybody else. Jenkins the book-keeper is as safe as a parson. I'll just take a claret cup, and then be off to Kingston, where I'll look up Master Domingo, who always loiters, and send him on here with the dogs; you can then hand them to a steady African to lead, and Domingo will show the way." Then tossing off his draught, which made his skin look as if he had just stepped out of a shower-bath, he treated Lorton's hand to a warm clammy shake, and relieved him of his presence.

The negro of whom Melhado was in quest was not unjustly accused of a disposition to loiter. He had been sent forward at once, while his master halted in camp, to ask for the dogs, and bring them back thither immediately, Melhado's house being only about a mile or a mile and a-half from the military post. But Domingo construed the word *immediately* according to a glossary of his own, and found it to be accurately rendered by a periphrasis to the following effect—"After having transacted all your own business, attended to all your own pleasure, and lounged and gossiped and loitered till you are tired, and the service required of you becomes quite a relief." He had a dozen friends to visit on all imaginable errands. He sold a paroquet, brought down from the mountains in some mys-

terious manner; for he had no cage, and had been required to use his hands in his master's service. He made inquiries concerning the health of a young woman, whose mother he comforted, on taking his leave, by remarking, "Him will die; I sure of it!" He looked in at the court-house, and heard various offenders sentenced by the magistrates; then he indulged in a bottle of spruce-beer, and stole off the stall a cigar, which he lighted on turning the next corner, begging a "fire-stick" for that purpose from a most unamiable old lady, of some ninety or a hundred years, whom he addressed as "Granny." Furnished with this mark of caste, he got up a swagger, cocked his hat, and assumed the air of a man of fashion. That the reader may conceive how admirably he looked the character, we mention that his hat was of the coarsest straw, guiltless of a crown, girt with only half a rim, and not clean; his shirt was striped with pink, gorgeously wrought on the bosom, and in holes all over; his trousers, likewise considerably disintegrated, were of Osnaburg. This—if we take no account of dirt—completed his costume, with which he himself appeared to be well pleased. He stopped at last by a small newly-painted house with a cool green verandah, and having first settled his hat into its original unpretending fashion, and then put out the cigar, and stuck the unconsumed portion behind his ear as a clerk sticks his pen, he walked into the yard and bowed politely to a domestic who was rubbing a bridle-bit in a mild manner, which did not seem inimical to the rust, and said courteously, "Marnin' sar; how you do?" Whereupon the gentleman who mildly rubbed the bit executed an elaborate courtesy, containing some passages of inexpressible sweetness and dignity, and replied, "Quite well, sar; tank you, sar."

Domingo then remarked, "It not so hot dis marnin, sar;" and the

other gentleman replied, "Me doan't feel de cold, sar; me is berry robuss. I 'fraid you is not well, sar; you look leetle pale."

"I is not sick, sar, but I is delicate; dat make me look fair. You is robuss for true, sar; your cheeks like rose-bud," responded Domingo.

The complexions of the interlocutors both resembled a pair of boots that had been worn for a day, dirt included.

"Is Massa Grant at home, sar?" at length inquired Domingo.

"Him is in de tuddy, sar, making sarmint: you wish to see him?"

"If you will hab de goodness to say I call on him, sar, I shall be obleege," Domingo said.

"Perhapsin, sar, you will take a seat upon de cask while I axes," said this courteous negro; and then, depositing with great gentleness the bit on the ground, he retired very leisurely towards the house, but had no sooner reached the back verandah than he turned again to request the visitor not to sit too heavy on the cask, as "de top loose, and window-glass inside."

After a second expedition, he conducted Domingo into the presence of a rather young gentleman in clerical costume, except his coat, which had been replaced by a white jacket. The clergyman sat at a writing-table, with a manuscript before him. He had a bright eye and a benevolent countenance, with an expression of complacency rather than of power. The Rev. Mr. Grant belonged to the Church of England. He firmly believed that he was a man calculated to do an immense amount of good to both negroes and planters; nay, that he had already effected great improvement. The influence of dissenters, which was at the time paramount in the island, he had determined to supersede. Confidence and hard work will go a long way towards the achievement of most designs; and, so far as these sufficed, Mr. Grant accomplished the object of his mission. He looked up with a

pleasant patronising smile as Domingo entered.

"Well, Brutus—no, Domingo—yes, to be sure, Domingo—well, Domingo, how d'ye? Calisto is quite well, I hope?"

"Him is too well, sar," said Domingo, trying to spin his hat upon his hand, but unable to maintain rotation on account of the heavy rim being on one side only.

"Too well! ha, ha! curious expression that," said Mr. Grant, rubbing his hands—"not a common complaint. You mean, in excellent health, eh?"

"I mean, sar, dat him is too well: no chance for him fall sick and die."

"Oh, shocking! shocking!" said the clergyman; "you are joking, surely. Married men mustn't talk that way. You're a Christian now, you know, and must love everybody, your wife especially."

"Massa," said Domingo, grasping the hat tightly, and looking up with an air of determination, "ever since you make me marry him, me hab no peace wid him. Him temper dreadful, him canduck vile; him is altogether worthless."

"Oh, my good man, this will never do, you know! There will be little misunderstandings, perhaps, between man and wife, in spite of all that can be done; but I'm sure Calisto does not deserve the character you give her. She will make you a good wife, depend on it. You must have patience, you know."

"So me hab, massa. Me mash him head tree or four time, but he no better. I come now to beg you, sar, to unmarry we, and take him back, becausein me can't tand him no longer."

"Hah! there, you see! you've been fighting. That's not the way, you know. You must learn to bear with one another. I daresay Calisto would say the blame was not all on her side."

"Him wicious as de debil, sar; you must take him back."

"Impossible," said Mr. Grant,

smiling. "You know, I thoroughly explained to you that the contract was for life. You took her for better or worse."

"Yes, sar — yer, Massa Grant, I quite 'greable for dat, sar; but dis one all wuss and no better."

"Not at all—not at all," said the clergyman; "you are impatient, and both your tempers want controlling. You are far too apt—so we are all—to complain of your little troubles; but you take no account of the blessings you possess."

"Blessin', massa! what blessin' we got, poor negers, eh?"

"Why, you ought to be ashamed to ask the question, Domingo. What ble-sings! have you not an Established Church and faithful ministers? Don't you live under liberal laws and institutions?"

During this last remark Domingo inclined his head to one side as a parrot does when listening. He did not appear convinced—indeed, he did not clearly comprehend the meaning—but he replied—

"Iss, massa."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Grant, "reflect on these things, and let the thought make you patient and forbearing. Bring Galisto down next Sunday, and let me speak to you both. There's a tenpence to buy something to carry home with you. Now, good morning, and no more fighting."

Domingo drew his bare foot along the floor in acknowledgment of the sixpence,* and still stood awkwardly, as if further disposed to show cause why his nuptial contract was not binding; but the minister's head was bent down, and his pen was running over the paper, so that the baffled husband, after balancing himself from leg to leg, and making a last effort to spin the eccentric hat, had nothing for it but to ejaculate "Cha!" and make a lingering retreat. As he came out he saw his friend still polishing the bit, at which occupation he probably continued till nightfall, when he sought

the repose earned by such a hard day's work. Having exchanged parting compliments with this conscientious domestic, Domingo emerged from Mr. Grant's premises, and encountered a negro funeral on its way to the burial-ground. Such a procession could, we believe, be seen nowhere but in the streets of Kingston. The body, which was that of some grown person, was rapidly borne or rather swung along by eight or ten people of both sexes, scrambling on either side of it without the slightest order or decency, and followed by a mixed crowd, attired in rags of all colours, and covered with dirt. Some were shouting, some quarrelling, some eating mangoes. Whether a hope arose in Domingo's mind that he might some day be carried to his long home with similar marks of respect and sorrow cannot be determined; but his interest was sufficiently aroused to make him ask of one of the chief mourners, "Hei, who dis?"

"It old Cicero Bank, for me dam ol' fader, Massa Domingo," replied the mourner, who was a female. "Him walk off dis morning at las; tought him never would a dead, de old worthless!"

"Is dat de way you peak of your 'ceased parient, you ——?" chimed in another mourner, when the voice was drowned by a terrific volley of abuse. A female bearer had descried in the street some person with whom she was at enmity, whereupon she dropped her hold of the coffin, which was carried on, and halted to revile her foe. The latter was overcrowded in the first encounter, and could make no adequate resistance, it was plain, from the beginning. But this circumstance suggested no generous forbearance to the assailant, who lavished epithets of scornful abuse from an inexhaustible vocabulary, and made the streets ring with her screams and violence. Five times did she allow her wrath to subside

* *Tenpence* currency equ al *sixpence* English.

into low mutterings, after spitting and otherwise decorously intimating that contempt had overmastered every stronger feeling; and five times did she turn back from the track of the funeral, forced by the welling eloquence within to renew the attack. The extravagance of her gestures was unbounded, and the play of her countenance might have suggested bosses for a Gothic masterpiece, or humbled the pride of nightmares. Frequently, feeling unable to give expression to her rage, she flung herself prostrate in the street; then, springing up again with a stone in each hand, she clashed them together like symbols to intensify her railing. Although the quarrels of shrews in general are far too ordinary occurrences to excite any remark, the achievement of this professor was too grand to be treated with indifference. A crowd collected to admire the gifted negress—inferior scolds attentive to catch an idea, and ineloquent timid females fascinated by terror; while the male audience

—the married ones less successfully than the rest—affected the *nonchalance* of connoisseurs. Domingo, among the crowd, observed the proceedings with a smile, thinking probably that Calisto, with all her faults, had not reached the limits of feminine attainment, when the smart touch of a whip made him look round and behold his “massa,” who in impatient accents demanded what he was doing there, and why he had not gone up with the dogs.

“Massa know,” pleaded Domingo, by way of apology, “dat me hab de tootache moast terrible bad; neber sleep dese tree night. How me is to carry up dese sabage dogs, den, except me go down to Granny Sally and get him charmed?”

But massa knew nothing of the kind; on the contrary Massa knew full well that the toothache was a lie invented for the occasion, whereupon Melhado, administering another cut of the whip and some unrepeatable language, commanded the truant to follow him home.

CHAPTER VII.

Lieutenant Lorton, the young officer who had entertained Mr. Melhado at breakfast, wandered between his room and the verandah before it, awaiting Domingo's return with the dogs, that he might despatch an African to lead them up as he had promised. As might be expected, the creole negro is of very different character from the native African, from whom he springs. He possesses a slight, a very slight, advantage in point of skill and intelligence, but morally he is, we grieve to say, by far inferior. The natives, who appear in our colonies now, chiefly when rescued from the slave-ships of other nations, and many of whom take service in our black corps, are patterns of gentleness, docility, honesty, candour, and good faith. For heathens and savages this is high praise; and to the white man, by whose so-

ciety the creole negro has become what he is, it is a fearful reproach. Of course the Africans, being steeped in ignorance, have ideas and customs which may well make a Christian shudder. Among their failings is a disposition to suicide, which they sometimes indulge with great wantonness. A young man, known to have been cheerful and active, has suddenly destroyed himself by musket-shot, first putting on every article of clothing that he could wear at a time—for instance, two shirts, two suits of clothes, and a greatcoat; then quietly laying himself at length on the floor or ground, placing the muzzle under his chin, and pressing the trigger with his toe. On the other hand, to characterize the creole negro is to make a list of all vices, one perhaps excepted—namely, drunkenness. He is but feebly alive to the delights

of ebriety; and though some advanced minds, like Chitty's, felt a dim appreciation of the alcoholic ecstasis, they but wandered about the outskirts of a great verity, and ignorantly worshipped that which was declared to only the favoured whites. It will be understood, from the above remarks, why, in the charge of valuable property, a native African could be much preferred to a creole black. And there is another reason why the creole is hardly fit to be intrusted with dogs—particularly with savage dogs. In the history of the Maroon wars we read that bloodhounds were used to hunt the brigands who skulked in the forests; and probably the use of dogs was not confined to this period. Be that as it may, the West Indian negro has an antipathy to, and horror of, a dog, to which, when fresh from Africa, he is insensible. Hence it was that Melhado desired to have for escort of the dogs a man recently landed from Africa.

Before we resume the thread of the story, it may be proper to state how it happened that Lieutenant Lorton had the services of an African at his disposal. This young officer, with whom we made a slight acquaintance during breakfast, was, to use his own language, "one of the unluckiest devils on God's earth." That is not precisely the way in which we would have described him. We would have preferred to say that he was a youth of superior abilities and attainments, but of a nervous temperament; who sailed gloriously before the wind, but to whom an adverse blast brought the phantom of despair. He had been on the staff of a former commander of the forces in Jamaica, and had been noted at that time as gay, sporting, adventurous, clever, and conceited. Far from considering himself at that time the victim of ill-fortune, he bore himself as though fortune was his slave; and without being either bad-hearted or unscrupulously selfish, the tide of success made him insolent and affected.

Thus he was almost dialiked where many a worse man with a stronger head would have made himself friends. He was, as has been said, good-looking; he dressed well, danced well, rode flat races well, and talked well, accomplishments which were all at a premium. At length there rose up amid all this sunshine a little cloud of care, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which grew and grew, and which was magnified in his mind far more than it was in fact. His regiment was ordered home, which made it necessary either that he should return with it, relinquishing his appointment on the staff, or that he should effect an exchange into a regiment in the island. He was very unwilling to do either, but at length decided on the latter; and as the affair required to be negotiated in haste, he made his offer of exchange where it was sure to be accepted—namely, to a subaltern of a West India regiment, a poor youth who, having made up his mind to broil out his days in the tropics, suddenly saw an opening for home service in a white regiment, and darted at it with the frantic delight of a hopeless prisoner who succeeds to affluence. To Lorton, who never saw his regiment, it mattered little at present in what corps he served. Thus he retained the run of the General's house, and still enjoyed his share of gaiety and distinction. Scarcely, however, had this difficulty been smoothed, when the General was taken ill, and obliged to return, on short notice, to England, and give up his command. This was a terrible blow. Lorton, who had but just lost the chance of going home with his old regiment, found himself removed from the staff, and literally compelled to do duty with black troops. The sick General promised to use his interest with his successor, but the latter officer had friends of his own on whom he chose to bestow his patronage. Lorton made large offers for another exchange, but hitherto without success. He con-

trived to get appointed to the command of a small detachment of his corps which was quartered in Up Park Camp to furnish postmen, orderlies, and so on, and thus avoided joining at headquarters, which were in another island. But the change to him was miserable. Those who had before been angry at his supercilious airs, failed not to make him feel the difference in his position; yet nothing that they could do equalled the sense of disappointment and despair within himself. He was the most ill-used man in the world: nobody before him had ever known what misfortune was. He took his grief to heart, secluded himself, and became bilious and hypochondriacal. Besides mourning over his present troubles, he conjured up all manner of possible ones, and said that nothing in the shape of ill-luck would surprise him. All the world seemed to his jaundiced eye in a conspiracy against him; he became fretful and humorous, and nothing but his good sense and superior education gave him any support against his desponding temperament. These did, however, operate advantageously. He saw at length the absurdity of his woe, and made efforts to disperse or control it. Again his prepossessing figure was seen in ball-rooms, again he yielded to the entreaties of those who hoped through his light seat and cunning hand to see their horses win cup or handicap, and to be themselves exalted to the gods, the lords of the universe.* It was just at this time, when his wounds were beginning to skin over, that the Sophia Brown landed her interesting passengers, and that Arthur Brune began to receive homage and to taste of celebrity. Lorton had not simply to reoccupy his abandoned ground; he had to contend for it with a formidable rival—a rival who, instead of railing at Lady Fortune in set terms, was not unlikely, after a rebuff or two, to lead the said Fortune captive, as the brave and constant know how. Brune, who could do a bit of everything, rode against Lorton at Kingston races, and beat him. After all, it was the horses and not the men who contended; nobody blamed Lorton because he rode a losing horse; on the contrary, he got great praise for the place he took under the circumstances. But this by no means satisfied him. Brune's general reputation was a grievance at which he was exceeding wroth; and now that Brune had borne away the palm from himself, his irritation knew no bounds. His temper decided a competition which might have been otherwise a very even one. Brune's hearty, hopeful disposition bore him through easily, while with poor soured Lorton every failure produced many others. Just when the mind of the latter was thus smarting with the injuries received from Brune, from the world in general, and from Fortune in particular, he first saw Violet Arabin: for we have explained how he had listlessly secluded himself, and refused to hear the voice of those delights which formerly charmed him. His taste at once appreciated all Violet's advantages—her fresh and peculiar beauty, her winning grace, and the modern style of all her accomplishments. Six months ago he would have been a forward admirer—possibly an ardent lover; but now there was, in his dark mind, a great gulf fixed between anything so passing fair as Violet and a being forsaken of his tutelary gods as he was. He saw in her not a sweet object for his soul to doat on, but a crowning glory for the lucky Brune; for the humility which shut out love had large capacity for envy. He detested and despised this feeling, but he kept and nourished it. The pretensions of Melhado, which he early detected, were a balm to his spirit. He at once became the partisan of this underbred dealer—a fellow whom he had before dis-

* "Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos."—HORACE.

tinguished with his contempt and aversion. He accepted Melhado's ready acquaintance, made him confess his passion, and sustained and animated his hope.

That Providence to which men in ordinary parlance give the name of coincidence or chance, ordained that Lorton should receive from a female relative at Cork some sheets of condolence, silly advice, and gossip—the last preponderating. The epistle contained a rambling account of the scrapes and enormities of two military heroes who had set all Cork by the ears. Irish ambiguity and young lady's grammar made a sad hash of personals and relatives, and conspired to perplex the reader as to how the degrees of guilt or glory were partitioned between Knox and Brune, for they of course were the *dramatis personæ*. There had been dreadful trifling with a lady's heart, and frightful gambling with the lady's brother; then at last a duel, in which one subaltern was principal and the other second. *Between* them a noise had been made in the world. Now Lorton wished sincerely, spite of his better nature, that Brune might be principally to blame throughout. He communicated his intelligence to Melhado, who, without any delicacy, at once ascribed to Arthur the whole of the blame, and communicated to Christy Arabin his own views of the case as conclusive and authentic evidence. Christy, more biassed, perhaps, than he knew of by his wish to find an occasion against Brune, believed implicitly the whole of the story; and though he could not suppress an admiration which he felt for Brune personally, he congratulated himself on the escape which he might yet make from a wild unprincipled son-in-law, and on the broad and smooth way which was now open to the overtures of Mrs. Melhado. The reader knows how this poison wrought, and how it promised to wreck the happiness of two individuals, and to gratify jealousy, avarice, and presumption.

Now, then, let us return to Lorton, who, with a throbbing head,

and an aching back, and a flushed and shivering frame, is lying on the sofa awaiting Domingo's return. He had been upset by Melhado's behaviour in the morning; and reflection on Melhado's contemptible character made him blush for the intimacy which he had allowed to grow between them. It was one of his depressed periods, when better feelings generally gained the ascendant; and he saw in their own odious colours the ideas which he had indulged, and the acts to which they led. This remorse was much increased by information acquired from recent letters, which showed pretty plainly to those not wilfully blind that the share of the transactions at Cork, fairly attributable to Arthur Brune, was but little to his discredit. It was plain that more charity in the first instance would have prevented a great wrong, which he had been instrumental in producing, and which could not now be mended. He felt that, if Brune were then present, he could find relief in asking his forgiveness, and offering amends; but he knew, at the same time, from sad experience, how a slight praise of Brune, or allusion to his success, would recall all the dark passion, and render him as ungenerous as before. Then the thought of his own weakness and changing humour came upon him as a curse. He felt the torture of despair, and wept. Presently he heard Sampson's step in the verandah, and summoned him.

"Sampson," said he, "is that loitering rascal come with the dogs yet?"

"No come yet, Massa," answered Sampson.

"Abominable brute!" Lorton said. "Sampson, tell Nero that I shall ride the black horse this afternoon. I want the air, but Peregrine is too fresh."

"Yas, massa. Massa hab leetle feebah?"

"I don't feel quite right," Lorton said; "but 'tis nothing, 'twill soon pass. You needn't stay."

"Pr'apsin if me was to make

massa some nice cool, cool sangree, it would sweet him?" suggested Sampson, lingering.

"What, you villain! you want more white wine, do you? Always one word for me, and two for yourself. Cool drink, indeed! I feel quite cold enough already; something warm would be more comfortable. Now go—do you hear, sir?—go!" the last monosyllable almost a shriek.

Sampson escaped, and Lorton lay down again to ponder and fret and be miserable.

In a few minutes he was disturbed by Sampson's reappearance, and, starting up, was about to vent his wrath, when he saw in the negro's hand a glass of warm sangree, such as he had desired. This disarmed his anger immediately. He sipped some of the grateful beverage. "Sampson," he said, "I fear that I am sometimes very unjust to you, eh? You try my temper so. This is very nice. Now, give me my cloak, and I daresay this nervous shivering will soon pass off. You may keep the rest of the bottle of wine."

"Yes, massa, tank you, sar," answered Sampson, in a tone which seemed to imply, "Thank you for nothing," for it had never been Sampson's intention to let any of the wine revert to his massa.

Lorton now attempted to compose himself, but was almost immediately disturbed by the announcement of Domingo with the dogs. Spite of the languor of his indisposition, he roused himself and went down-stairs to look at the animals, of which he had heard such lavish praise. They were

splendid creatures certainly, red in colour, and their skins hard and thick. Every movement bespoke strength and agility. Intelligent eyes, sharp noses, and cropped ears, distinguished their countenances, but the heads grew considerably wider towards the joints of the jaws. The muzzles which they wore prevented their formidable teeth from being seen. Being fresh and well fed, their natural ferocity was just now much abated, and they twisted and gambolled and snuffed the fresh air as kindly as pointers would have done.

"Dis one call *Echo*," said Domingo, pretending to be quite at his ease with the beasts, "and dis one *Crackadile*. Plendid brutes dem is. Hi, Crackadile, poor feller, make me troke you;" but as Crocodile, who happened to be in a genial humour, offered to return the caress, Domingo let go the chain of the muzzled dog, and made a fugitive movement, which quite justified the precaution of sending an African in his company.

A black soldier now appeared, answering to the name of Snowball Snooks,* into whose hands were committed the dog-chains (which he secured to a waistbelt of rope), and in whose society Domingo proceeded home to the mountains. Lorton returned to his quarters. The shivering passed off after taking the sangree, but it was succeeded by a restless heat, and his head and back were still painful. Before the time came for his ride, he had sent for the doctor, who ordered him some medicine, and recommended him to go to bed instead of going abroad.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile Domingo and private surprising that, under Domingo's Snowball Snooks pursued their journey up the mountains. It is not what erratic. Indeed, Domingo had

* These poor fellows are always enrolled under English names, which are given to them by some of the white people of the regiments—often by the sergeants. The appellations are quite arbitrary, and some of them are very absurd. Snowball

no intention of getting back before dusk, and he would not have fixed that date for his return, but for the knowledge that the book-keeper to whom he was consigned took his supper and rum-and-water after sunset, and was wont to growl savagely, and eke to snap, if he dared, at those who disturbed him at his meal. Snooks's English vocabulary extended to about ten words, or, by a liberal estimate, to twenty; the verbal interchange of ideas between the travellers was therefore very limited. Negroes, however, can achieve a good deal of conversation by means of signs and inarticulate sounds, and in this way a brisk and interesting dialogue might have been sustained, but for the African's lamentable taciturnity, which refused to respond to the voice and gestures of the charmer. Perceive them he did, and must; and, blessings on mother Nature! the very defect which is fatal to colloquy forms the staple of a good listener. Snowball was too polite and gentle not to *appear* to listen: whether he attended, or whether his thoughts were away by the banks of the far Bancaro, where

"Were his young barbarians all at play,
And there their Congo mother,"

while he, their sire, rescued from a slaver, and dressed in the uniform of his Britannic Majesty, was leading bloodhounds up the Port Royal mountains, pestered by a loquacious and lying nigger, who gave him not a moment of repose.

Domingo, after a few prefatory questions and observations, intended to test the power and quality of the instrument on which he was about to perform, took from behind his ear, where it had nestled deliciously ever since morning, the remnant of his stolen cigar, and, with an air of crushing civilisation, tendered it to the poor African, saying

jauntily, at the time, "Ob course you smoke, sar: you will find dis the real habanna."

Snooks said, No, no; and first puffing his cheeks, and then making a grimace, he indicated that the proffered dainty was not appreciated by him.

"Hah!" went on Domingo, "I observe all time,* de pribate soldier, both bukra and neger, smoke common pipe. Berry well. Me got ten to say agin de pipe, only is more genteeler, and dem spoil de complexion, and make you smell more pleasant. We deduce from the last one, and from our knowledge of what he was when he confined himself to cigars, that Domingo, after a yard of clay, was unapproachable.

He now began to draw Snowball's attention to the places and objects which they were passing, not by any means as pointing out beauties of the earth or skies, but associating each spot with something interesting to his own perceptions. Pointing his finger across a hollow of the mountain, the innermost recess of which, in almost black shadow, cooled you when you looked at it, and between whose opening arms floated a mist which grew lighter as the breadth increased, and which blushed with the hues of paradise, while patches of white rock, rising above and overshadowed by dark green bosoms, showed an impenetrable from the blazing sun, he said—"You see dat estate down dere, sar? dat de trash-house † jist ober de furdest bamboo. Well, sar, down dere dem got one of de finest number 'leven trees in de country."

The species of mangoes are distinguished by numbers, and number eleven is by far the best.

Soon after Domingo cautioned his companion against an estate which lay near their route, saying, "It quite worthless; de busba" (over-

Snooks is a very mild example. We have known them to receive the names of the officers of their own regiment; but different fashions of nomenclature prevailed at different periods.

* Always.

† A shed to cover the trash or crushed canes which have passed through the mill. In some colonies the trash is called *megasse*.

seer) "no tief nuttin hisself, and no allow nobody else for tief nuttin. He too honest for true!"

It was but natural that the exercise and conversation should make them extremely thirsty. Domingo, feeling dry himself, ascertained that Snooks was similarly affected; therefore, leading his companion a little way into the bush, through which at the time their path wound, and stopping close to a large tree, from which depended a number of parasitical withes, he seized one of the latter, and divided it with his knife at the distance of a few feet from the ground. Grasping that portion which still hung from the tree, he placed the end of it in Snooks's mouth. Then, holding it upright, he made another section higher up, when a flow of delicious water, forced through the tubes of the plant by the atmospheric pressure, poured into poor Snowball's parched throat. Domingo afterwards refreshed himself by a similar process, and the travellers resumed their journey with new strength.

At another time, as they got higher up, Domingo expatiated upon the provision-grounds, now exhibiting great beauty and plenty.

"Dere, sar, you see dem yams and plantains? you see de cocos and de ackees, and all de bread kind! My king, it make for me mout water! You eber see such probision-ground as dat, sar?"

"Ye, ye," said Snooks, making a gesture of assent.

"Where you see dem, sar?" asked Domingo, much astonished.

The African noted the line of his shadow, and then, stretching his hand towards the sea, he slowly moved it along the horizon till it rested pointing to the east. In this attitude he remained for a moment. Then he smiled sadly, shook his head, and laid the hand upon his heart.

"Hei," said Domingo; "you tink dat better country nor dis?"

Snowball looked to heaven with glistening eyes, then clasped his hands, making the dog-chains rattle, and, forgetting to move forwards,

seemed overcome by sad recollections.

"Chaw," remarked Domingo; "what trouble you dis way?"

Snowball waved his hand deprecatingly, but Domingo went on with an air of superiority.

"You is too apt to complain of for you troubles, sar; you don't take no count of de blessin' you hab!"

Only a sorrowful, inquiring look from Snowball.

"You no got Tablish Church an' faitful meenistars? You no got libberal law and constitooshin? You no free? Hei!"

Though Snowball did not understand much of this grave reproof, his passion was now abating, and he began once more to move on composedly, to the great satisfaction of his eloquent instructor.

"You got wife, den?" asked Domingo.

"Ye, ye!" answered Snowball, pointing eastwards again.

"You will see him again, you tink?"

Snowball pointed to his own breast, then to the ground; after that, describing an arch in the air, he pointed once more to the east, his face radiant with a smile.

"You means," interpreted Domingo, "dat you won't see him till you dead and berried fust; den you go to your country?"

"Ye, ye, ye," said Snooks, delightedly.

"My fader, dis man mus a mad!" Domingo soliloquised.

Here was a man pretty safe never to behold his wife again in this world—a simple ignorant man quite incapable of appreciating the release which had befallen him; while he, Domingo, enlightened, and capable of enjoying his life, who would have devoutly welcomed such a separation, was condemned to a lifelong cohabitation with Calisto. This thought was very aggravating; it even caused Domingo's tongue to slacken for a while. He rallied, however, and, apropos of his reflections, confided to Snowball his domestic troubles, revealed his appeal to Mr. Grant

that day, and its result, and intimated that if Calisto were happily in Congo, *he* would be inclined to point the finger of hope toward the far west. This led to metaphysical speculations concerning the route taken by departed spirits, and finally to the solemn subject of *Obi*, at the very mention of which, under the breath, both men halted suddenly, and uttered a short exclamation, so peculiar as to astonish the dogs, and call forth a sharp yelp from both Echo and Crocodile. Snowball became now rapidly more interested, as Domingo, in a low mysterious tone, revealed some of the local secrets of *Obi*, and the name of the most cunning Obeah man in the district—a patriarch originally from Congo, but now of great age any fame, and of surpassing power. As a mile or two, right or left, signified little to Domingo, it was at last agreed that they should pay a visit to this awful magician, so that Snooks might behold the person and witness the sorcery of his renowned countryman. Accordingly, late in the afternoon, the two pedestrians and the dogs made their appearance in front of some negro huts, shaded with tall cocoa-trees and thick tamarinds and bamboos, in front of which naked and filthy black children, and comparatively clean and sweet goats were just waking up to the coolness of evening with a great squalling and bleating, which did not harmonise with the cackling of numerous erratic fowls, but rather formed with it an excruciating combination of sounds. A black girl, who leaned against a doorpost plying the everlasting chewstick, interrupted her labours to indicate, by a backward point over the shoulder, the whereabouts of the Magus. He was seated on a tree-stump under a banana shade. A cloud of mosquitoes veiled his venerable person, which was otherwise imperfectly covered; the fingers of one hand scratched viciously among his hoary wool, the other held an empty calabash, from which he had lately eaten his evening meal, tokens of which clung

about his oracular mouth. At sight of the dogs he ceased the explorations on his scalp, and half scrambled to his feet in fright.

"Hei, what de debbil make you bring dem dam dog dis side? You want for eat we up?" demanded the old gentleman, half turning as if to flee if the answer should be unsatisfactory.

"Nebba fear, daddy," said Domingo; "dem all safe and muzzled. Dem no trouble you. See here for you countryman come see you."

Hereupon Snowball addressed to the sage a few words in the Congo tongue, to which the sage replied, and a fraternisation or rather affiliation ensued; and as the Obeah man could have no objection to exhibit the treasures of his science to so eligible a disciple, Snowball, after fastening the poor hungry dogs to the trunk of a tree with their heads together, and nothing to interrupt the *tête-à-tête* (for the small negroes gave them a wide berth), entered the awful hut accompanied by Domingo. The interior of this studio was decorated with symbols and natural products, such as would not have very powerfully impressed a European, but which seemed charged with weird meanings and unearthly influence to Snowball, who lifted his cap and thrice did obeisance on entering the sacred chamber, which, besides the daddy's bed, contained several shelves, on which were arranged rags and feathers, bones and teeth, worked into a hundred fantastic shapes. There were a few dried herbs, but the staple articles were cats' and alligators' teeth, bottles containing blood, earth from graves, egg-shells, skulls of cats stuffed with clay, so that the clay and bone together should form a sphere, balls of earth stuck with parrots' beaks, or with dogs' or even human teeth, claws of animals, glass beads, and a mucilage contained in egg-shells or broken bottles. There were likewise many little bags containing the above-mentioned ingredients in various proportions.

The Obeah man did not follow his guests into the hut, being at

the moment called on to give audience to a person who had come to consult him on matters of state. This was no other than our friend Leander, at whose call the old gentleman withdrew to the middle of an overshadowed spot, and summoned a small urchin, who, being of too tender years to understand important secrets, sometimes enjoyed the privilege of brushing mosquitoes from the learned man's person, when the magnitude or delicacy of his negotiations made it desirable that he should be free from bodily irritation.

"Know'd dat you was comin', Leander," said the daddy; "heerd for you footstep mile off."

"Dat is all nonsense," Leander replied; "I not b'lieve a word of your gammon. Remember, I bin in Englan', where de people knows better!"

"My king!" exclaimed the indignant sage, "you no 'fraid for speak dat-a-way to me? You no 'fraid me make you eat dirt—you no 'fraid Duppy come choke you—you no 'fraid you find for you self change to one lilly pig, squeakee, squeakee? You really mannish! hei, me nebber hear sich a ting!"

"Don't vex, daddy," replied Leander, good-humouredly; "you can't frighten me wid your nonsense. Why, I seen conjurers dat will show for sixpence sich tings as would make you die wid spite, and yet ebery body knows dey is all a cheat."

"Chaw," said the daddy, his wrinkled countenance puckering into a pitying smile—"Chaw! what you talk to me 'bout sich worthless creature? What dem able for do! Chaw!" And the sage spat in contempt on the ground.

"Look yere, daddy," said Leander; "what you tink of dis? I see one of dem conjurer breathe fire, favour debil in h—. I see one of dem make we sit in a dark room, den he say, 'Look sharp now, you will see duppy.' Den dere a little peck of light seemin' a tousan mile off. It come near and nearer, and grow big and bigger. When it close

up among de company, it a terrible duppy 'pon a pale horse with a dart in his hand. Anoder conjurer swaller a long sword, and pull it up again; den he pat his tammick an' say, 'All right.'"

The daddy's expression of contempt and incredulity changed gradually to one of astonishment during this address. But, being a practised impostor, he did not too readily accept Leander's facts. He again said, "Chaw! tuff and nonsense;" but Leander saw that he was moved, so he gave him another dose.

"Look yere, daddy; 'pan my soul, I see dem load a gun and fire two barrels at a conjurer—bang! He only laugh and catch de two balls in his two hand. Nuttin' couldn't hurt him. Den dey try to tab him, and he laugh again. Ha, boy, you no kill me! And de sword come out quite bright and dry."

Then, enticed beyond the confines of truth by the Obeah man's astonishment, he added, "I see a nyoung woman jump over de church tower. Anoder one walk trough a brick wall. I see a man swaller hisself, hei! Don't tink I is taken in wid your poor negar tricks. You can't cheat Leander."

"Top, top," said the daddy; "de buckrah man pretend for do it, and he no do it. Me do it for true."

"Ah, well," replied Leander. "Now look here, daddy. I bring you lot of beads an' English feathers, most lovely, and I got two or tree little boxes dat make you do wonderful trick. You see, I gib you dis an' plenty more, only you mus' show me how you make de tunder and lightning."

The old man's countenance brightened again with triumph. "Ha, ha, you 'blige to come to me wid all for you clebberness—ha, ha, boy, ha, ha."

"Dat right," Leander said, "laugh away; but you mus' show me dis; an' besides, I tell you sometin' else. Nick Chitty comin' to ax you for make Miss Rosabella lub him."

"How you like dat, boy?" asked the sorcerer.

Leander made a wry face.

"Ah, berry well," mused or pretended to muse the sage. "Massa Chitty most 'pectable man—*him* no laugh at the Obi. Make me see—mus' do sunting for he. 'Pose me gib lilly powder to put in Rosy's ochra-soup, eh? No, dat make him lub too 'trong, make him tease Massa Nick all de day long, make him sollar Nick about, so dat him no able to mind him bisness, nor hab no peace—musn't do dat."

"Look here, daddy," put in Leander.

"'Pose now me put a drop of sunting 'pon Rosy chew-stick? Dat make him kiss too much, him slobber Massa Chitty too much. Chitty no like dat."

"Hei, daddy, I tell you."

"Ah. Now me got it, of coorse dat the ting! Charm for him pillow, make him 'top at home and dream an' tink all time 'bout Chitty, and long for see him; make him watch for Chitty footstep, make him run throw himself into Chitty's arm when him come. Dat is it! Make him hang about Chitty neck and tell him he lub him. Nick like dat."

"Daddy, you can't listen?" interrupted Leander.

"Den him not bear de sight of any oder man 'ceptin' Chitty, nyoung man or old man, him tell dem all to go to de debil, him want only de one Nick Chitty. Me see, me see!"

"Daddy, you mus a mad," screamed Leander, stamping his foot. "You can't hearken a minute?"

"Beg for you pardon," said the Obeah man; "me only tinkin' what a nice wife Miss Rosy make for Nick. Nick like de bright yeyes; he like de fine bussum; he like de rosy lips. My, how Nick will kies dem! Hei, where you goin', Leander, eh? What make you tart off in dat passiony manner, eh? What trouble you, eh, boy?"

"You goin' listen at last?" said Leander, turning in a great pet. "I tell you, you mustn't give Nick no encouragement. You mus' tell him Obi set for him if he meddle

wid Rosabella. He musn't tink of her, hear'ee. Tell him dere is oder things for him to think about besides making love to young women! Tell him de debil looking out for him."

"Top, top," said the daddy, "how me is to do dis when me able for make den young woman lub him—why is me to do dis? Massa Chitty berry good man—quite de gentleman. Him nebber come dis side widout plenty nyam and plantain. Sometimes him bring bottle of rum. Berry nice man. Why me is to do dat?"

"Daddy," said Leander, "I will give you all the things I tell you of, and I bring you a bag of corn-meal and two bottle of rum besides, if you tell Chitty what I wish."

"Couldn't do sich a ting," said the daddy: "when you goin' bring de meal?"

"Bring it to-morrow," answered Leander.

"Couldn't tink of it," said the old gentleman: "when you bring de rum?"

"Bring all to-morrow; will that do?"

"After Miss Rosy make him sich a plendid wife, and after he lub her so. No, no. De rum good?"

"I bring you the best that can be got," said Leander. "Come now."

"Poor Chitty," said the sage; "him ought to hab Rosy. Me too fond of you, Leander, dat the trut! You make me do cruel tings; you don't got lilly bit of nice bacey for de old man?"

"Yes; I bring you some bacey too, daddy. Now, you understand?"

"Me 'blige to please you, boy: can't tell what make me lub you dis way; it reely trange. Come see me to-morrow, and me tell you someting praps, hear'ee?"

Leander grinned and nodded as he withdrew. We presume, though, that he succeeded in corrupting the vaticination delivered to Mr. Chitty, for the latter gentleman left the Obeah man's house that evening heavy and disquieted; while Leander and Rosy, who watched his re-

turn home, had some joke which amused them extravagantly.

The daddy, after dismissing Leander, devoted a little of his valuable time to Snowball Snooks, until the latter, being hurried away by Domingo, untied the bloodhounds and departed towards the book-keeper's house, leaving afar off the negro hamlet, as it lay under the dark mountain, dyed in the soft glory of sunset, and sheltered by the scarcely-stirring trees, a type of heavenly repose. There are gentle lowings and faint tinklings, and a lazy hum and a coming silence: it is a dream of childhood!

The Obeah man, of whom we have just had a glimpse, is, it is believed, a sample of his profession in general. The reader has already pronounced him and his art ridiculous and contemptible beyond patience. But things must be regarded according to their estimation and effects in places where they exist; and the power of Obi over the negro mind has worked many a social and political convulsion, and caused sufficient anxiety to lawgivers. The statutes of Jamaica direct the severest penalties against it; and probably the other West India islands were equally anxious for its suppression. Its secret has never been fathomed by white men. The tricks and apparatus of the art are, as far as we can detect, the very grossest species of impostures, palpable even to a negro mind. But the terror which it inspires sufficiently attests its grasp on the imagination, and forces respect from those who cannot control it, much as they may condemn the means which it uses. The word *Obi* introduced in ordinary conversation will cause a black person to spring almost off the ground, and utter the "hi!" of reverence or terror. The negroes will undergo immense labour and privation at the dictation of the Obeah man; and, to break a spell, give anything short of life, as, if unbroken, it will probably destroy life itself. The superstition works by external symbols, the

meaning of which has never been ascertained. These are to be seen in all directions—in fields, gardens, lanes, and houses. A man, on issuing from his house in the morning, recognises some token, which is without significance to the uninitiated, but which *he* knows to be a warning that *Obi is set for him*; whereupon terror takes possession of him, and he can see no hope except by propitiating the sorcerer who has wrought the spell, or by enlisting on his side a professor of superior power. Many a time the victim failing to do either has pined and died, so confirming the opinion of the irresistible power of Obi. Even where no animosity of race dictated the charms, and the intrigues related to internal affairs of the negroes themselves, Obi was a serious plague to the master, as killing and incapacitating his slaves.

There was another class of impostors calling themselves *Myallmen*, who asserted that they had the power of reanimating dead bodies, and who sometimes exercised their art to the astonishment and terror of many witnesses. Either the seeming dead were in collusion with the Myallmen, or the latter knew how to induce a temporary *coma* by means of drugs, or by a mesmeric process. It appears that great perplexity was once caused by the execution, for some capital offence, of a magician, who, up to the last, assured his friends and admirers that death had no power over him. Hanged in their sight he undoubtedly was; but whether the evidence of their senses was strong enough to overpower belief in the supernatural, it is not so easy to determine.

"And they believe him; oh! the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul
away;
The babe may cease to think that it can
play
With heaven's rainbow; alchemists may
doubt
The shining gold the crucible gives out:
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the
last."

MR. BUCKLE'S SCIENTIFIC ERRORS.

It must be owned that Mr. Buckle has given great and often just offence, both by his matter and his manner. On the one hand, a large class of thinking men is offended by certain speculative conclusions which he advocates; and, on the other hand, many of those who are inclined to agree with his conclusions are irritated by the arrogance of his tone. Mr. Buckle is not a modest man; but others, equally self-assured, are more amiable in manner. He is not only a man *extrêmement de son avis*, but one whose tone rather ostentatiously implies that all who differ from him are fools. This is not conciliatory. Even the admiration excited by his erudition is qualified by the bad taste of his ostentation. He is wearisome, and even frivolous, in his love of accumulated references—often to books of no value at all. In days when few men think it necessary to read all the books they quote, he seems to think it necessary to quote every book he reads.*

Besides these general qualities which excite critical objection, it must be noted that the course of his argument leads him over various fields of inquiry, demanding a knowledge of each seldom possessed, except by the special students of each. Great as his knowledge is, it is too various not to be occasionally imperfect. To special students he often appears superficial or inaccurate; and as his tone is magisterial even where he is least informed, it occasionally excites a contemptuous contradiction from a more instructed reader. This is echoed in many empty pates. There is always a set of men who fancy they raise themselves above a distinguished writer by citing some error into which he has fallen; such

men eagerly parade some blunder as "a specimen of Buckle." We are almost ashamed to reply, that were the blunder ten times as great, it could only form one item in a considerable work, and is not to be taken as a "specimen" of it. Fortunately this kind of cackle, which is heard in society respecting all noticeable works, though it may tease an author and exasperate his admirers, has no influence on the permanent prosperity of a good book, which is certain to find, and to hold, its public. Even the scornful writers are among the first to gather instruction from the despised author, and would gather more were they competent to more. And it is now pretty well understood that every book which commands attention and respect from serious readers, does so in virtue of sterling qualities: it may have deficiencies and errors, both numerous and great; but it must have excellencies of a positive order, if it gain acceptance. Mr. Buckle's book has gained this acceptance; it has notoriously achieved an immense success. We are sorry to say that this very success has been an offence to one class of readers; and it is precisely the class from which he would have received the highest eulogies, had he written in a style sufficiently unattractive to *repel* the general public. But his splendid abilities made it a commonplace to admire him; and some of those who profess to lead opinion were thereby thrown into antagonism by their jealousy of commonplace. They preferred the merit they had themselves discovered. A conspicuous triumph is suspicious to them. Like that ancient cynic who, on being applauded, asked what absurdity he had committed, they conclude that an author

* "On m'a demandé si j'ai lu moi-même tous les livres que j'ai cités. J'ai répondu que non: certainement il aurait fallu que j'eusse passé une grande partie de ma vie à lire de très-mauvais livres."—PASCAL.

who commands general applause must be unworthy of theirs.

To deny that Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilisation* has several rare and admirable qualities, seems to us as foolish as to deny that it has numerous faults and deficiencies. We have read the first volume three times, and each time with increasing respect; and yet on many points we are profoundly at variance with him. On several points, we see that his knowledge is manifestly deficient and inaccurate: we neither agree with him in his philosophy, nor do we find that novelty in his book, which to so many readers has been a surprise and delight. When, however, we read him, we are both instructed by his knowledge, and stimulated by his thoughts; and when we think of the immense mass of material which he has assimilated and re-shaped — when we consider the vastness of his undertaking, and the brilliant success with which he has, on the whole, executed it — the vigour of thought, the patience of research, and the power of writing displayed — we silence our objections, and merge them in a feeling of admiration. To use the language of Sir Thomas Browne, "If detraction could invite us, discretion surely would contain us from any derogatory intention, where highest pens and friendliest eloquence must fail in commendation." Remarkable writers are not so common that we can afford to speak grudgingly of any. It is a hard thing to write a good book. Critics who do not, by sad experience, know how hard it is, may indulge their cheap scorn by off-hand judgments of successful writers, but we are not at such a lofty height; and if, in the remarks which are to follow, we shall have to apply the scalpel with unhesitating freedom — if our attitude will be purely one of antagonism — it is the more incumbent on us to express here, without stint, our general admiration of the book which contains the errors we point out.

Errors of course there are; it is the fate of mortal books: *aliter non*

fit, Avite, liber. In so extensive a work, the calculation of chances must show a large amount of probable error. Mr. Buckle, if not omniscient, is multiscient. He has studied Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German, political economy, law, philosophy, all the physical sciences, history, and literature. He is not a book-worm, but a thinker. In his almost unrivalled erudition there will necessarily be deficiencies; but properly to estimate these, there should be a series of criticisms directed to the several subjects. We have chosen one of these for our remarks, and that one is Science, on which his reading is probably more extensive than that of any man who has not directly studied science. If here we find him erring from imperfect information, or from that want of intimate familiarity with details which is inseparable from second-hand knowledge, we must not conceal the fact that his work is greatly enriched by his knowledge of science; and that it would have been less admirable had he, by complete abstinence from any allusion to such topics, exposed no such target for our shots.

The first note we have to make is on the subject of Food:—"Of all the physical agents by which the increase of the labouring classes is affected," he says, "that of food is the most active and universal." This position leads to an inquiry into the physical laws on which the food of different countries depends, "and fortunately it is one respecting which we are able, in the present state of chemistry and physiology, to arrive at some precise and definite conclusions." Unfortunately this is *not* the case, the present condition of the sciences being very far indeed from furnishing a precise answer. This, however, by the way. We have no right to object to Mr. Buckle's following Liebig on this or any other point, although we may demur to his sentence, that "nothing but a perverse hatred of generalisation, and an incapacity for dealing with large speculative

truths," could have led men to oppose them. Had he been a little better acquainted with the real difficulties of the problem, and with the opinions of those who oppose Liebig, he would have seen that it was hatred of rash, immature, and *unverified* generalisation, which led them to oppose the views. It is not to re-open the discussion that we have brought this subject forward, but to point out how Mr. Buckle misstates Liebig's theory, and adds to it a strange figment of his own. The following is his statement of the theory:—

"The food consumed by man produces two, and only two, effects necessary to his existence. These are, first, to supply him with that animal heat without which the functions of life would stop; and, secondly, to repair the waste constantly taking place in his tissues—that is, in the mechanism of his frame. For each of these separate purposes there is a separate food. The temperature of our body is kept up by substances which contain no nitrogen, and are called non-azotised; the incessant decay in our organism is repaired by what are known as azotised substances, in which nitrogen is always found. In the former case, the carbon of non-azotised food combines with the oxygen we take in, and gives rise to that internal combustion by which our animal heat is renewed. In the latter case, nitrogen having little affinity for oxygen, the nitrogenous or azotised food is, as it were, guarded against combustion; and being thus preserved, is able to perform its duty of repairing the tissues, and supplying those losses which the human organism constantly suffers in the wear and tear of daily life."

Mr. Buckle seems to have been misled, as others have been, by the fact that Liebig classes the azotised food as plastic, and the non-azotised as heat-making. Liebig does not, however, maintain, as Mr. Buckle does in the foregoing passage, that the temperature of our bodies is *entirely* due to the substances which contain no nitrogen, for he well knows and expressly states, that nitrogenous substances also yield heat; but because the

non-azotised substances yield only heat (according to him), he classes them as the heat-makers; just as certain foods may be classed as digestible, in contradistinction to others which, though not absolutely indigestible, are much *less* digestible. The phrase used by Mr. Buckle, in speaking of nitrogenous food "as guarded against combustion," occasions the following note: "The doctrine of what may be called the protecting power of some substances is still imperfectly understood, and until late in the eighteenth century its existence was hardly suspected. It is now known to be connected with the theory of poisons. (See Turner's *Chemistry*, vol. i. p. 516.) To this we must probably ascribe the fact that several poisons which are fatal when applied to a wounded surface, may be taken into the stomach with impunity." Turner's *Chemistry* is somewhat too antiquated for consultation nowadays on the theory of poisons; and not having the book at hand we cannot precisely see the drift of Mr. Buckle's remark; but although some poisons may be taken with impunity into the stomach, this is not the slightest degree dependent upon the "doctrine of a protecting power" (whatever that may be), as every well-instructed physiologist will certify. It depends on the simple fact that such poisons cannot be *absorbed* from the healthy stomach; and until they are absorbed, they are as much *outside* the system, when in the stomach, as if they were held in the hand.

The blunder, then, is twofold: to an incorrect exposition of the popular theory is added an absurd interpretation. Nor is this all. The theory itself, which is presented as the final result of science, is either grossly misunderstood, or gets pushed aside in the course of a very few pages, and is replaced by another. After telling us that Food is classed as Nitrogenous and Non-nitrogenous, the one plastic and the other as heat-making, he proceeds, without any apology,

to speak of Food as of two kinds, the Oxidised and the Carbonised. This is precisely equivalent to representing the food of a steam-engine as consisting of coal and *burnt material*, instead of coal and *water*. We are at a loss to decide whether this is a confused conception of the old theory, in which oxygen is thrust into the place of nitrogen, or a private speculation of his own. If meant as an exposition of Liebig, it is preposterous. If meant as a new theory, we cannot understand why Liebig was put forward at all; and at least may demand that the evidence be produced which is to justify the new view. To estimate food according to its proportion of oxygen is a scientific novelty. The next historian of civilisation may choose hydrogen, and his successor may prefer sulphur. In this way we may have a new physiology, founded on the love of generalisation and large speculative views, which may differ, indeed, from what is taught in the schools, but will find little acceptance, except among the historians and their admirers.

The arguments adduced by Mr. Buckle are not worth much. "The fruits of the earth," we are told, "of which oxygen is the most active principle, are very abundant; they may be obtained without danger, and almost without trouble. But that highly carbonised food, which in a very cold climate is *absolutely necessary to life*, is not produced in so facile and spontaneous a manner. It is not, like vegetables, thrown up by the soil; but it consists of the fat, the blubber, and the oil of powerful and ferocious animals." The nullity of this argument may be shown by a simple question: If the highly carbonised fat or blubber is "*absolutely necessary to life*" in very cold countries, how does the reindeer manage to exist amid the snows of Lapland? Here is a purely vegetable feeder, of immense strength, and having a temperature to keep up quite as high as that of

his hunter; and this temperature is kept up on food which is highly oxidised, not the highly carbonised fat or blubber — *that*, indeed, being food the animal will not eat. It is perfectly true that there is some physiological reason why the Laplander is incapable of finding sufficient nutriment and animal heat from the food which suffices for the reindeer, and *vice versa*; but it is not less certain that this reason is not deducible from the respective amounts of oxygen and carbon contained in the food of each.

At page 135 Mr. Buckle adds a long note in support of the theory about carbonised food. This note is a mass of errors, which, when undertaking to treat of such a subject, a careful historian might have avoided. It is no valid excuse that he is indebted to professional works for these errors, especially in a writer who challenges criticism by his ostentation of research, and his confident tone. In coming forward to instruct us on such a topic, it was his duty, to bring the best and latest information, and not to collect statements from authorities so old as Good's *Book of Medicine* (1829) and Elliotson's *Physiology* (1840), or so indifferent as Lepelletier's *Physiologie Medicale*. On questions of embryology he was bound either to go to the authoritative writers — Rathke, Coste, Bischoff, Allen Thomson — or to follow a reliable compendium.

"The gland," he says, "most universal among the different classes of animals, is the liver; and its principal business is to relieve the system of its superfluous carbon, which it accomplishes by secreting bile, a highly carbonised fluid."

It will certainly surprise Mr. Buckle to hear that although the bile is "a highly carbonised fluid," the principal business of the liver is not, in any sense, that of relieving the system of its superfluous carbon; for the carbon is *not* superfluous, and the liver does *not* relieve the system of it. Speculators who, instead of interrogating real-

ity, allow themselves to be misled by words, may find an analogy in the elimination of carbonic acid by the lungs, and the secretion of a carbonised fluid by the liver; but whoever studies the actual history of the bile will see at once the error of such an analogy. The bile formed by the liver is not excreted; it is not got rid of as "superfluous carbon;" on the contrary, the greater part of it is reabsorbed, and its materials turned to use in the system. When the whole of the bile is removed as fast as it is formed—that is to say, when by artificial means it is withdrawn from the system, as it would be were it excreted—the loss has to be replaced by an immense surplus of food, otherwise the animal starves; whereas if the carbonic acid thrown off by the lungs be retained in the system, the animal dies. Thus we see that the carbonised fluid, far from being superfluous, is highly nutritive; the carbonic acid is superfluous and injurious.

Having made this initial mistake, Mr. Buckle continues: "Now the connection between this process and the respiratory functions is highly curious. For if we take a general view of animal life, we shall find that the liver and lungs are nearly always compensatory; that is to say, when one organ is small and inert, the other is large and active. Thus reptiles have feeble lungs but a considerable liver; and thus too in fishes, which have no lungs in the ordinary sense of the word, the size of the liver is often enormous. On the other hand, insects have a very large and complicated system of air-tubes; but their liver is minute, and its functions are habitually sluggish." It is surely an unwarrantable jugglery with words to cite the air-tubes of insects as lungs, in the very paragraph which denies that the gills of fish are lungs. There is a relation between the lungs and liver, but what that is we have still to learn. Müller

says,* "The lungs and liver are so far analogous, inasmuch as both separate from the blood substances containing a large proportion of carbon. In the former case, however, it is already combined with oxygen; in the latter it is still in the oxidisable state. Earlier physiologists, and more recently Autenrieth, and particularly Tiedemann and Gmelin, have directed attention to a certain vicarious action in the function of the lungs and liver. Although it does not appear that the size of the liver is throughout the animal kingdom in an inverse ratio of the size of the respiratory organs, yet pathological observations are certainly in favour of the existence of such a relation." For the sake of argument let the fact of this relation be granted; and let us, with Mr. Buckle, compare the "different stages through which the animal passes," and see if "we shall find further confirmation of this wide and striking principle. For the law holds good even before birth; since in the unborn infant the lungs have scarcely any activity, but there is an immense liver, which is full of energy, and pours out bile in profusion. And so invariable is this relation, that in man the liver is the organ which is first formed; it is preponderant during the whole period of fetal life; but it rapidly diminishes when, after birth, the lungs come into play, and a new scheme of compensation is established in the system." These facts, we are told, are not only interesting to the philosophic physiologist, but are of great moment to the views advocated by Mr. Buckle. The philosophic physiologist would perhaps prefer that the facts should be true. Now it is not true that the liver is the organ first formed in man: the statement is so hopelessly wrong that we shall merely notice it, and leave it. The writer from whom it is quoted must have been writing from memory, and his memory treacherous, for he adds,

* MÜLLER: *Physiology*, by Baly, i. 154.

"About the third week the liver fills the whole abdomen, and is one half the weight of the entire body;" whereas about the third week the indications of what will be the liver are in man so faint as only to be discernible by a prescient sagacity; and it is not till the third month that it "fills the abdomen." Nor is it true that the foetal liver, thus early formed, pours out bile in profusion. The secretion of bile does not commence at all until the third month, and goes on *very feebly* during the whole remaining period. In the sixth month pure bile may be found in the gall-bladder, and not till then. What is called the *meconium* is a mixture of bile, mucus, epithelial cells, &c.; but if the whole mass were reckoned as bile, it would not justify the assertion of "full activity, pouring out bile in profusion." The chief activity of the liver is not devoted to the formation of bile; that is only one of its uses. Finally, although it is true that the relative size of the liver decreases after birth, this is not because the lungs carry off carbon, but because the liver is suddenly deprived of its supply of blood from the umbilical vein.

The mistakes we have pointed out are such as many writers might have fallen into when treating of a subject known to them only at second hand, and that not as a part of special study. We cannot say the same of Mr. Buckle's statements about the Microscope. It is obvious that he has no personal acquaintance with this instrument, and therefore he should have abstained from expressing a decided opinion about it. He has twice gone out of his way to blunder. In a note to page 156 of the first volume he says: "Considering the very long period during which physiology has been studied, it is remarkable how little physiologists have contributed towards the great and final object of all science — namely, the power of predicting events. To me it appears that the two principal causes of this are the backwardness of chemistry, and the

still extremely imperfect state of the microscope, which even now is so inaccurate an instrument, that, when a high power is employed, little confidence can now be placed on it; and the examination, for instance, of the spermatozoa has led to the most contradictory results." The extreme complicity of all physiological questions would, to most minds, seem the principal cause of the difficulty in "predicting events;" but assuredly the saddle is placed on the wrong back when the inaccuracy of the microscope is named. In this assertion Mr. Buckle probably but repeats what he has read in one or other of the worthless "authorities" occasionally cited by him; a reasonable acquaintance with the instrument would have saved him from such a mistake. To begin with, Physiology very seldom calls for the use of a high power; even minute Anatomy is prosecuted with object-glasses, ranging within very moderate powers — 350 to 500 being almost the extreme limit of ordinary use. In the next place, the microscope is not so inaccurate as to deserve little confidence even when the highest powers are used. Of course, when a power of 1500 or upwards is employed, there will be accessory difficulties in arrangement of object-glass, in diminution of light, and in limitation of the field; but even then what is seen has the same evidence as what is seen with the naked eye. True it is that microscopists dispute as to facts; these disputes, however, are not of *visual appearances*, but of the *interpretations* to be placed on them. One man does not fail to see the detail which another asserts can be seen; but he denies that the detail is correctly interpreted. One microscope does not reveal a tiny sphere enclosed within a sphere, invisible under another microscope; but one observer *sees* that this enclosed sphere is a nucleus, and another *sees* that it is something very different. The visual appearance remains the same; the interpretation of that

appearance depends on the observer, not on the microscope. Whenever there has been a dispute about the simple facts of visual appearance, it has arisen from some discrepancy in the mode of *preparing* the object for examination; as, for example, in the methods of preparing sections of nerve tissue, by which what is clearly seen to be a cell on one method, is indistinctly seen as a mere hole on another. That it is to the microscopist, and not to the microscope, that we have to look for real extension of our knowledge, is apparent in the notorious fact of the greatest discoveries having been made with very poor instruments.

In the second volume, at page 544, Mr. Buckle says of Cullen: "Although the blood and the nerves are the two leading features of the human economy, he did not search into them by a separate induction; he submitted them neither to chemical experiments, in order to learn their composition; nor to microscopic observations, in order to learn their structure. This is the more remarkable, because although we must admit that animal chemistry was then generally neglected, and that its real meaning was scarcely understood until the wonderful labors of Berzelius revealed its importance, still the microscope was ready to Cullen's hands; it having been invented a hundred and fifty years before he completed his pathology, and having been in common scientific use for about a hundred years." As Cullen flourished in the middle of the last century, this criticism is not a little surprising; but it is surpassed by the historical statement of the microscope having been "in common scientific use for a hundred years." The fact is, that, until within the last five-and-twenty years, the microscope was only used by rare and occasional investigators. It was regarded more as a philosophic toy than as an indispensable instrument of research. Linnaeus set his face against it, and for many years kept botanists from

carrying out the researches of Malpighi. Haller also declared against it, and the physiologists followed his lead. Half a century after Cullen came Bichat, the most brilliant anatomist of Europe, and one whose influence Mr. Buckle will be the last to underrate; and although Bichat may be said to have erected the science of histology, which now chiefly employs microscopists, yet so absolutely did he ignore the use of the microscope, that he omits to include it among the various means of studying the tissues. Later still, another eminent teacher, Majendie, whose fame is European, not only dispensed with the microscope, but formally declared that it deserved no reliance. So far is it from true to say that the instrument was in common scientific use in the days of Cullen, that it would be difficult to draw up a list of a dozen men in all Scotland who then employed it. Certain it is, that in England, physiologists, even in 1836, so rarely used it, that Bostock not only speaks decidedly against any confidence being placed in it (*System of Physiology*, p. 18), but incidentally betrays the fact that he himself was indebted to a professional brother for "an opportunity of viewing the hairs of animals through the microscope" (*Ibid.*, p. 52). In 1837 an influential teacher, Mr. Grainger, so completely shared the prevailing prejudice against the untrustworthiness of the microscope, that he abstained "even from the use of a lens" in his investigations into the anatomical structure of the spinal chord, an abstinence which no one nowadays would for a moment consider rational.

Either Mr. Buckle's notions of evidence are peculiar, or his reading on the subject of hereditary transmission must be very superficial; for he summarily dismisses the law of transmission as unworthy of scientific attention. Obligated, by his extremely questionable position (of knowledge being the sole agent in civilisation), to deny any progress resulting from the intel-

lectual and moral development of the race, he sets aside the evidence which shows that acquired qualities are transmitted from parent to offspring. "In the present state of our knowledge," he says, "we cannot safely assume that there has been any permanent improvement in the moral or intellectual faculties of man, nor have we any decisive ground for saying that those faculties are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilised part of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country." Our answer must be an emphatic denial. If we have any reliable knowledge on the subject, it assuredly points to the conclusion, that the child of highly civilised parents is, morally and intellectually, more *educable*—in a condition of greater *aptitude* for the exercise of the higher faculties—than the child of barbarians. Take the pup of a wild dog, and rear it in your own house with all the care you bestow on the pup of a domesticated dog; or take the infant barbarian, and rear it in your nursery, school, and college, with the infants and boys of civilised parents; in each case the organic inherited tendencies will unmistakably manifest themselves. How are "breeds" produced and maintained, if parents do not transmit to offspring the peculiarities of their own organisation? Why does not the offspring of two setters present the form and aptitudes of a pointer? Why is the pedigree of a race-horse considered so important; and why may not the child of a hack and a hunter be the winner of the Derby? Why are bull-dogs ferocious, and spaniels gentle? Unless Mr. Buckle denies that the tendencies and aptitudes depend on the organism, he cannot legitimately deny that, the organism being manifestly inherited, even with its peculiarities, the tendencies and aptitudes must also be inherited. If the reason why the offspring of Jews differs from the offspring of Hindoos, and these again from the offspring of Euro-

peans, lies in the fact of inheritance; not less is it obvious that the intellectual and moral aptitude of the Papuan child differs from that of the European, because of inherited differences. To suppose that, by any amount of training, a Papuan child could be reared into a senior wrangler (much less into a great thinker), is, physiologically, as absurd as to suppose that a cart-horse could be "trained" to win the Derby.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has well expressed views so diametrically opposed to those of Mr. Buckle, that we shall transcribe them here:—

"It is not, as most suppose, that scientific and artistic progress is due simply to the accumulation of knowledge and of appliances; but it is that the impressibilities and activities have themselves grown to a higher complication. There is distinct evidence from various quarters that the minds of the inferior human races cannot respond to relations of even moderate complexity, much less to those highly complex relations with which advanced science deals. According to the traveller, Lieutenant Walpole, it is remarked of the Sandwich Islanders by their teachers, 'that in all the early part of their education they are exceedingly quick, but not in the higher branches; that they have excellent memories, and learn by rote with wonderful rapidity, but will not exercise their thinking faculties.' That is to say, they can readily receive simple ideas, but not complex ones. Again, it is asserted of the Australians, that 'some of them are very quick at acquiring knowledge, but they have no power of combination or concentration.' The reports of Hindoo schools disclose, though in a less marked manner, the same fact. And according to Mr. W. Chambers, one of the reasons assigned by the Americans for not educating negro children along with white children, is, that after a certain age they 'do not correspondingly advance in learning—their intellects being apparently incapable of being cultured beyond a particular point;' an allegation which, though liable to the suspicion of partisan bias, so far accords with the independent statements previously quoted, as doubtless to have some basis. In all these cases, as also in the minor cases,

continually occurring among ourselves, of inability to understand subjects and reasonings passing a certain order of abstruseness, the true interpretation is, that the cognitive faculties have not reached a complexity equal to the complexity of the relations to be perceived. Moreover, it is not only with purely intellectual cognitions that this holds; it holds also with what we distinguish as moral cognitions. In the Australian language there are no words answering to justice, sin, guilt. Among various of the lower races, acts of generosity or mercy are utterly incomprehensible; that is to say, the more complex relations of human action in its social bearings are not cognisable. And thus the large-brained European differs from the small-brained savage, not simply in the complexity of his manifestations, intellectual and moral, but these have been, step by step, made possible by successive complications of faculty.*

Mr. Buckle maintains that the evidence on which physiologists and pathologists prove talents, peculiarities, and diseases to be hereditary, is only evidence to an illogical mind, "the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and in his child, and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning we might demonstrate any proposition; since in all large fields of inquiry there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favour of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered; and we ought to inquire not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, &c., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary." Now let us ask him whether he considers it an empirical coincidence that uniformly g.v.s the Jewish type of features to the offspring of two Jews? or that would inevitably give the scrofulous constitution to the child of two scrofulous parents? If he thinks insanity is not hereditary, let him consult any authority on the sub-

ject he . . . and we will find, that although there is a chance of escape when one parent is without the "taint" (inasmuch as *both* parents transmit their organic tendencies, and the "taint" of the one may be destroyed by the influence of the other), yet there is always a dreadful probability of inheritance. His supposition that the cases where peculiarities are not manifested in the offspring ought to be set against those cases where they are manifested, and ought thus to throw upon the law, proceeds on a psychological misconception. Since *both* parents transmit their organisation, the influence of *both* must be reckoned. If cases could be found where two insane, two scrofulous, two musical, two mathematical parents, had children free from all disposition to insanity and scrofula, destitute of musical and mathematical ability, such cases would fairly represent difficulties, and would need explanation—which might, however, be given. But when only one parent manifests a tendency, the absence of that manifestation in the child is no evidence against the law of transmission.

Dissatisfied with the immense and irresistible evidence which proves the hereditary influence, Mr. Buckle shows himself surprisingly facile in acceptance of evidence when he has a figment of his own to support. Had we not elsewhere abundant examples of a similar contradiction, we should marvel at the credulity accompanying so much scepticism. Thus he rejects all the experience of cattle-breeders, pathologists, and physiologists, when the law of inheritance is in question; and prefers to hold the opinion that genius depends on the influence of maternal teaching, and especially the "deductive tendency" of that teaching! From a literary man one might hear this without surprise; from a philosopher, who makes high claims to scientific method, it is not a little curious. In the lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution

* SPENCER: *Principles of Psychology*, p. 464.

on the "Influence of Women," he says: "For my part I greatly doubt whether the human mind is handed down like an heirloom from one generation to another. I rather believe that, in regard to the relation between men of genius and their mothers, the really important events occur after birth, when the habits of thought peculiar to one sex act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other sex. Unconsciously, and from a very early period, there is established an intimate and endearing connection between the deductive mind of the mother and the inductive mind of the son." That the maternal influence is considerable, no one ever doubted; but it can only *direct*, it cannot *create* faculties. Does Mr. Buckle for a moment imagine that the musical talent of a Mozart or Beethoven depended upon education, and not upon organisation? Does he suppose the great ratiocinative powers of a Newton, or the great perceptive powers of a Cuvier, could have been produced by any training, unless the natural aptitudes had been there? Does he hold the antiquated psychological notion of the mind being a *tabula rasa*, and that all its tendencies are created by circumstance? Unless he grants that all talents and tendencies are due to education, he must affirm that they are born with the child; and if they are *organic*, only one of two alternatives is possible: they must be inherited with the inherited organism; or they must arise "by accident"—an alternative which no philosopher will accept.

The mention of the "deductive mind," which is thought by Mr. Buckle to characterise woman, naturally leads us to say a few words on his very peculiar views respecting scientific Method. The supreme importance of Method no one has more urgently insisted on; it is a subject on which many of his admirers think him remarkably strong. We are so very far from sharing this admiration, that were

we disposed to confine our estimate of this remarkable writer to one point, and that point his treatment of Method, we should unhesitatingly award him a very insignificant position among philosophers. Our objection is not founded on the special ground of his holding peculiar views, from which we dissent; but on the general ground that he entirely misconceives the nature of scientific Method, and wholly misrepresents the meaning of the terms in common use. It is not as an innovator, but as an expounder, that we have to reject him. He does not pretend to advance new views; but he has undertaken to teach the audience of the Royal Institution, and the readers of his History, what are the Inductive and Deductive Methods of Science; and we are compelled to say that he has not yet learned what they are. He is in a confused state respecting them—so confused that he mistakes generalisation for deduction, and confounds deduction with the deductive Method.

Without positively saying so, as far as we remember, Mr. Buckle implies that the deductive mind distinguishes "men of ideas," men apt at generalisation—and his admiration for such men is great; while, on the contrary, it is the inductive mind which characterises "men of facts"—and he despises men of facts. One is almost ashamed to have to say that generalisation itself is a process of induction, never a process of deduction. It is almost a truism, but he forces it from us. His view of the inductive mind, as limited to facts, is so hopelessly wrong that we are frequently inclined to suppose we have misapprehended him; but a glance at his illustrations reassures us. He holds that imagination is a potent instrument of scientific discovery—and he is right; but he also holds that imagination is not displayed in inductive research, and that no great discoveries have been made by induction; two positions which are consistent, but utterly erroneous. He has expound-

ed the philosophy of discovery, and has cited examples of discovery; in both philosophy and history he is so inaccurate that we are really at a loss to understand how so accomplished and so able a man could have so committed himself. Let us prove both cases.

To any one versed in logic and in science it is obvious that the Deductive Method is not the same thing as the logical process named Deduction. Mr. Buckle seems not to have mastered this distinction. He frequently confounds the two. Deduction he rightly describes as the process of reasoning from generals to particulars; and he speaks of this as if it were convertible with that combination of processes named the Deductive Method, which includes Deduction as one element only. He overlooks the fact that in all *scientific* employment of the Deductive Method, three separate processes are indispensable:—First, an Induction by which a general principle is (or has been) reached; secondly, a Deduction from this general principle to some particular fact or principle; thirdly, Verification, proving that the deduction accords with reality, and that the argument is correct. Detach the first and last of these processes, leaving Deduction to stand alone, and instead of a puissant Method of discovery, you have only guesswork.

Guessing from general principles to particular facts, without solicitude as to the truth of the principles, and without verification of the guess, is certainly "deductive," and is a tendency freely enough exhibited by women; though whether Mr. Buckle is justified in attributing an immense and beneficial influence to women on this ground, and whether to it we owe much of our progress in knowledge, one may be permitted to doubt. That we are not misrepresenting him, will be evident to all who glance at his Lecture at the Royal Institution, in which he claimed for women a great share in the progress of knowledge solely on the ground of their de-

ductive habits of mind. "They are," he said, "constantly tempted to grasp at once at an idea, and seek to solve a problem *suddenly*, in contradistinction to the slower and more laborious ascent of the inductive investigation." It is very true but the tendency is not thought admirable. This habit of grasping at ideas, and solving problems suddenly, without regard to the labour of induction and verification, is the parent of all the errors and prejudices which perplex mankind, and retard true knowledge; and in no case has it been the parent of discovery. We will not do women the injustice of accepting Mr. Buckle's intended compliment. If they are more deductive than men, it is because, on the whole, their intellects are less trained. The mind of a well-trained woman we have found to be as little disposed to rely on deduction alone as that of a well-trained man. Both sexes are spontaneously deductive (in Mr. Buckle's sense); all uninstructed minds solve problems "suddenly," reasoning downwards from generals to particulars, careless enough about their generals, and never waiting for the slow verification of their particulars. In savage tribes, in nurseries, in early schools of philosophy, in every region, except that of practice and that of science, we find the greatest readiness "to argue from ideas already in the mind;" but this is not the Deductive Method. It is the method of the natural man, and requires no cherishing. It produces the cosmogony of Plato, not the *Principia* of Newton.

We have already intimated that we should rather incline to suppose ourselves mistaken in our interpretation, than to suppose Mr. Buckle had so completely erred, had he not shut out such a charitable conclusion by all the examples he has chosen. We may have misunderstood his argument, but we cannot be mistaken as to his illustrations. "It is not true," he peremptorily declares, "that the earliest modern

discoveries have all been made by induction; and the circumstance of its being believed to be true, is one of many proofs how much more successful Englishmen have been in making discoveries than in investigating the principles according to which discoveries are made. The first instance I will give you of the triumph of the deductive method, is in the most important discovery yet made respecting the inorganic world—I mean, the discovery of the law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton.” These words were addressed to the audience of his Lecture at the Royal Institution; on reading them one cannot help picturing the astonishment which must have raised the eyebrows of not a few scientific listeners, and which must have become greater on hearing the inductive and deductive methods thus described: “Several of Newton’s other discoveries were no doubt *inductive, in so far as they merely assumed such provisional and tentative hypotheses* as are always necessary to make experiments fruitful. But it is certain that his greatest discovery of all was *deductive, in the proper sense of the word*; that is to say, *the process of reasoning from ideas was out of all proportion large, compared with the process of reasoning from facts.*” If we were dealing with a writer of less importance, we should not deem it necessary to say a word more. Such a total misconception of the inductive and deductive methods would absolve us from minute criticism. Yet even accepting this account of the two methods, it would be easy to show that Newton was a most unfortunate example. As the greatest of mathematicians, he might be supposed peculiarly liable to the temptation of handling scientific questions in a purely deductive manner; yet so far from this being the case, his discovery of the law of gravitation is in nothing more remarkable than in its rigorous adherence to induction and verification. We will quote

Sir David Brewster’s narrative in order to obviate any suspicion of having arranged the narrative to suit our purpose:—

“When sitting alone in the garden, and speculating on the power of gravity, it occurred to him that as the same power by which the apple fell to the ground was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can reach—neither at the summits of the loftiest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains—*it might extend to the moon, and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it tends into a curve a stone or a cannon-ball when projected in a straight line from the surface of the earth.* If the moon was thus kept in her orbit by gravitation to the earth—or, in other words, its attraction—it was *equally probable*, he thought, that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitating towards the sun. Kepler had discovered the great law of the planetary motions, that the squares of their periodic times were as the cubes of their distances from the sun; and hence Newton drew the important conclusion that the force of gravity, or attraction, by which the planets were retained in their orbits, varied as the square of their distances from the sun.”*

The words we have printed in italics will direct the attention of even a hasty reader to the fact that the successive steps were precisely those provisional tentative hypotheses which Mr. Buckle excludes. That bodies would fall towards the earth, even from such a distance as that of the moon, was an *inference* warranted by known facts, and by the uniformity of Nature’s laws. A similar *inference* from known facts led to the conclusion that the planets gravitated towards the sun. The hypotheses might be true or false. On proceeding to verify them, they might prove to be only plausible guesses. Newton, therefore, did not trust to reasoning alone; he straightway confronted his conclusion with facts; and to his pain he found that the facts, as then known, did *not* agree with his hypotheses; and, like a genuine

* BREWSTER: *Life of Newton*, vol. i. p. 26.

philosopher, he concluded that he was wrong. "Knowing the force of gravity at the earth's surface," says Brewster, "he was led to compare it with the force exhibited in the actual motion of the moon, in a circular orbit; but having assumed that the distance of the moon from the earth was equal to sixty of the earth's semidiameters, he found that the force by which the moon was drawn from its rectilinear path in a second of time was only 13.9 feet, whereas at the surface of the earth it was 16.1 in a second. This great discrepancy between his theory and what he then considered to be the fact, induced him to abandon the subject and pursue other studies." So little was Newton disposed to "solve problems suddenly," without waiting for the laborious process of verification, that, as M. Biot says, "Cette discordance qui aurait sans doute paru bien petite à tout autre, sembla à cet esprit si sage une preuve suffisamment décisive contre la conjecture hardie qu'il avait formée."* It was not until he became acquainted with the more accurate measurement of the moon's distance that he resumed his investigation, and proved his conjecture to be a law. When Mr. Buckle calls this discovery "deductive in the proper sense of the word," he uses language in a sense peculiar to himself; for, in the first place, it is no accepted definition of the deductive method that it is "a process of reasoning from ideas out of all proportion large compared with the process of reasoning from facts"—a series of inductions may be as entirely ideal as a series of deductions—and, in the next place, Newton did obviously reason from facts. It was reasoning from the *facts* of the fall of bodies, which facts he *generalised* in an induction when he included the moon's fall. It was reasoning from *fact* when he inferred that the planetary orbits depended on the sun's attraction.

It was a *fact*, discovered by Kepler, from which he reasoned respecting the square of the distances. It was the *fact* of measurement which enabled him to complete his discovery. To call these inductions deductions is to pervert language. Indeed, Newton's discovery is, as Dr. Whewell remarks, the pointed exemplification of Bacon's notion of method. "That great truth, and the steps by which it was established, afford, even now, by far the best example of the successive ascent from one scientific truth to another—of the repeated transition from less to more general propositions—which we can yet produce."†

It would lead us too far to refute in detail another example Mr. Buckle has chosen of the deductive Method; namely, the poet Goethe. We will only remind him of Goethe's irritation at Schiller's remark about the metamorphosis of plants being "an idea;" and refer to him Goethe's repudiation of the notion that his scientific discoveries were poetic intuitions. As to the sarcasm against the English anatomists, who, "with all their tools and all their dissections, ignored or despised" the discovery Goethe had made, nothing can be more misplaced. The non-acceptance of great discoveries has little to do with inductive or deductive habits; as may be seen in the fact that Newton's discovery was rejected by mathematicians so eminent as Bernoulli; and even Fontenelle, the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, died a Cartesian seventy years after the publication of the *Principia*.

When Mr. Buckle tells us that it is not only untrue that the great modern discoveries have been made by induction, but that only our ignorance of Method could have made us entertain the notion that induction was the great instrument of research, we are thrown upon this alternative: Either he is totally unacquainted with Method, or he

* Biot: *Mélanges Scientifiques*, vol. i. p. 137.

† WHEWELL: *Philosophy of Discovery*, p. 182.

uses language in a sense peculiar to himself. The discovery of gravitation has already been noticed; let us add to it the discovery of the composition of light. An examination of this shows by what a long series of cautious experiments and inductions Newton made clear to himself what was in truth so completely involved in the very phenomenon of the prismatic spectrum which originated his inquiries, that Arago says, "The words in which he stated his conclusions are nothing else than a literal description or translation of that familiar experiment." He might have *deduced* the whole theory from the first step; but he did not; he ascended to it through a series of steps.

Harvey was another great discoverer; is he an example of the "deductive" tendency? Quite the contrary. He did not begin with a general idea; he did not conceive the circulation as a deduction from certain general principles; it was no conjecture suggested by organic laws: it was an inference which dawned upon him in the course of his investigations. Anatomists, in his time, were busy with the motions of the heart and arteries. The majority, following Galen, believed that the object of the pulse was the same as that of respiration; and the motions of the heart and arteries were considered in reference to the lungs. "The various opinions," says Harvey, after a brief survey of them, "are seen to be so incongruous and mutually subversive that every one of them is not unjustly brought under suspicion." This incongruity determined him "to look more narrowly into the matter; to contemplate the motion of the heart and arteries not only in man but in all animals that have hearts; and further, by frequent appeals to vivisection and constant ocular inspection, to investigate and endeavour to find out the truth." By a successive refutation of errors and demonstration of facts he arrives at the conclusion. And what he practised he preached, as may

be seen in the admirable section on the "Means and Order of acquiring Knowledge," in the introduction to his work on *Generation*.

It is true that sciences tend to become more and more deductive; but this is no ground for arguing that great discoveries are not made by induction, nor for prescribing deduction as the noblest instrument of research. No discovery, we repeat, has been made by deduction *alone*; and the deductive Method demands that induction should precede, and verification follow, every deduction. Mr. Buckle's favourite, John Hunter, is a good example of the virtues and vices of "reasoning from facts" and "reasoning from ideas." Hunter was a Scotchman; and we are told that the Scotch intellect is pre-eminently deductive. He passed forty years of his life in England, and the English intellect is inductive. In him, therefore, Mr. Buckle sees the incompatible union of two methods. "I make no doubt that one of the reasons why Hunter in investigating a subject is often obscure, is, that on such occasions his mind was divided between these two hostile methods, and that, leaning sometimes to one and sometimes to the other, he was unable to determine which he should choose. The conflict darkened his understanding." This must be unwelcome news to those who, far from conceiving the two methods to be hostile to each other, believe their union to be necessary for the cultivation of science, the share of each being regulated by the nature of the materials at hand, and the condition of the science itself. We shall say nothing of the success of Hunter's immense "inductive activity," since Mr. Buckle has made it needless; but when we come to the specimens of his deductive activity, we read as plain a warning as could be desired. "He thought," we learn, "that though animals can do many things which plants cannot, still the immediate cause of action is in both cases the same. In animals there is more variety of

motion, but in plants more real power. A horse is certainly far stronger than a vine; yet a small vine can not only support, but can raise, a column of fluid five times higher than a horse can. [The comparison here is between the sap of plants and the blood of animals.] Indeed, the power which a plant exercises of holding a leaf erect during an entire day without pause and without fatigue is an effort of astonishing vigour, and is one among many proofs that a principle of compensation is at work, so that the same energy which in the animal world is weakened by being directed to many objects, is in the vegetable world strengthened by being concentrated on a few." These are specimens which "will illustrate the grasp of Hunter's mind," and are thought by Mr. Buckle "to contain a large amount of important though neglected truth." It is a pity that the grasp is of shadows. Had Newton made such a grasp, it is probable that he would have considered it his duty to ascertain whether the vine did, or did not, raise and support the column of fluid; and on finding that there was *no* such column in the vine, his conjectural comparison with the blood of the horse would have been suffered to vanish into the limbo of disproved hypotheses. Any botanist will assure Mr. Buckle that although the phrase "circulation of the sap" is in current use, it does not imply a process similar to that of the blood-circulation. There is no *column* of sap ascending from roots to buds, and descending again. The sap is contained in a series of closed chambers (cells),

through the walls of which it oozes, by the law of osmosis, and is thus conveyed from one cell to another wherever two cells are in contact, and not in an ascending column. Further, we may remark that the power of the plant to hold a leaf erect without pause and without "fatigue," is less astonishing than the power of pillars to support the roof of a temple without "fatigue" during several centuries, and has about the same relation to muscular effort.

We have by no means exhausted the objections to be made against Mr. Buckle's numerous remarks on Method; but we hope to have vindicated our assertion that it is a subject on which his views are confused. In concluding our notice of his scientific errors, it is but common honesty to say that we have mentioned all the errors we have observed. This statement becomes the more demanded, because of a vicious practice which many critics follow, when, instead of candidly saying "these are all, or nearly all, the blunders we have detected," they name *all* they detect, and present them as "samples which might easily be multiplied"—thereby doing the author great injustice, and implying in themselves an immense superiority. Such critics would be rightly punished if they were publicly forced to make good their boast, and produce the blunders they pretend to leave unmentioned. For ourselves, we have spoken of Mr. Buckle's errors without reticence; but we have to add that were they more numerous they would not prevent our admiration of his abilities nor our respect for his learning.

SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

Of all the Courts throughout the land,
 Dispensing with impartial hand
 The justice we delight to read of,
 But hope we ne'er may stand in need of,
 The strangest, if I'm fit to guess well,
 Is that where sits Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

What cases has he to determine,
 The Man who there displays his ermine?
 What weighty themes his judgment claim?
 What is their nature and their name?
 Come, Muse, endeavour to express well
 The duties of Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

DEATH is his first great Cause of causes:
 He proves all Wills, with all their clauses.
 Is there a Will, or is there not?
 Is it well made, or but a blot?
 Or has some knave contrived to dress well
 A forgery to cheat Sir CRESSWELL.

But the main fact that brings him Cases,
 We scarce can tell to modest faces;
 Though Scripture language is not shy
 To name what wrongs the Marriage-tie.
 This matter, if you read the Press well,
 You'll find much occupies Sir CRESSWELL.

I've heard inquiring females ask—
 The answer was no easy task—
 "Who would be Judge, if some fine day
 Sir CRESSWELL's self should go astray?"
 I know no method to repress well
 A faux pas *by* or *with* Sir CRESSWELL.*

But then how good Sir CRESSWELL is!
 Sense, temper, firmness, all are his.
 If I on earth were made Dictator,
 His powers, now great, should still be greater.
 There's many a wrong we could redress well
 If aided by Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

O! what a World of peace and pleasure
 Would spring up from that healing measure!
 When, mended every luckless blunder,
 All ill-matched things were put asunder.
 The golden days of Good Queen BESS well
 Might yield to those of Great Sir CRESSWELL.

* This very case, or rather its parallel, was put by the late Duchess of Gordon to Sir William Scott, who said he could not then answer the question, as the idea had not suggested itself till he had the honour of knowing her Grace.

The (once so-called) UNITED STATES,
Now quarrelling worse than angry Mates,
Might find a course at least as good
As shedding one another's blood.
'Twould end their discord and distress well,
To be divorced by old SIR CRESSWELL.

VENETIA, if her lord and master
By kindness cannot fix her faster,
Will some day soon the band dis sever,
Whose galling grasp can't last for ever.
'Twould get them both out of that mess well,
To leave it to the wise Sir CRESSWELL.

But there's a thing some people want,
I'm sure Sir CRESSWELL would not grant.
He never would divorce SARDINIA,
As if 'twere Venice or Virginia.
Our French Friend plays his game of chess well,
But could not soon checkmate Sir CRESSWELL.

THE STAGE OF WEIMAR.

A LETTER.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—If all the world's a stage, the world of Weimar and the stage of Weimar are the same; and the subject of this letter is only a continuation of that of last April, but written alas! under circumstances how different! The curtain of that pretty little world, or stage, as you may please to call it, has dropped for me—I hope not, but I almost fear—for ever. Under these circumstances,

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed;"

but with this difference, that I have departed and left the lights (the footlights), and the garlands thrown to histrionic success, behind. The charm of the bird-like accents of our Prima Donna warbling a translated "Last Rose of Summer" in the opera of *Martha*, still rings in my ears, and I dream of dramatic, social, pictorial, poetical, and evergreen Weimar, among all the whirling life of this highly self-satisfied and well-

to-do Jewish paradise on the bank of the Maine. The view of the Taunus Mountains, with Cromberg and Königstein nestling in them like the robber strongholds of Italy, cannot avail to make the change agreeable; nor even centrality of position, with all its superior conveniences. There is a charm about the free, fine, bracing air of the Thuringian Forest which recalls the oxygen of Scandinavia, whether it blows over the fatal slope to the west of Jena, the wild primeval pine forests of Ilmenau and Elgersburg, or plays among the Arcadian beechwoods and labyrinthine glens of Eisenach. But unhappily this very enjoyable air has been the motive of our forced migration. So we have returned from the town where Goethe died to that in which he was born, a town altered not for the better by wealth and commerce. The Römerberg is still there, with its hall of Kaisers; the old gutted houses in the middle town still tell of the picturesque eye of the architects of the cathedral, and the cathedral, of a king's

crown has on," still stands everlastingly asking for a spire; but the old German Hanseatic character of the place is gone, and it is only a depraved and Cockney taste which would not now vastly prefer Bamberg, or Augsburg, or Nuremberg. Though the ramparts have been changed into pleasant enough gardens, where the citizens recreate themselves, showing off the Eschenheimer Thor, the model of an old gate-tower, to great perfection, through a row of planes; yet the town is completely enclosed in pretentious suburbs, devoid of all national or local character, made of vast villas, compared by Indians to the great houses in Calcutta; and the new main street, which is mainly inhabited by millionaires—so it is said—is a model of architectural formality and ugliness only to be surpassed by the much-bepraised Rue de Rivoli in Paris where the houses are like rows of soldiers, with all individuality drilled out of them, and figuring the military despotism under which France is destined to groan.

But woe be to good taste and good feeling in any community where the people are the governors! Is not this, barring its perpetual state of siege by Austrian, Prussian, and Bavarian regiments, in all municipal matters at least, the *free* city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine? Quite consistently with this freedom of the city, foreigners are charged twenty-four florins a-year and some odd kreutzers for permission to reside here; and the ancient guilds still remain a standing nuisance in these modern times, subdividing butchers into beef, mutton, pork, and veal, butchers, and making penal the employment of unprivileged artisans in any kind of work. Under the circumstances, added to the fact of its being the Jewish metropolis of Christendom, I very much wonder how the poor pork butchers are able to exist at all. Alas for poor freedom in this nineteenth century!

"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,"

and has, I fear, been sitting there so long, that she has come to that time of life when French ladies say a moral "*crise*" comes on from the long ennui of virtue, which tempts them to do something a little wicked. In her pet Disunited States, she is endeavouring as far as she can to justify the ex-king of Naples, enacting inconsistencies which make the angels (including Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe) weep, preaching abolition to the South, and refusing to let her own free negroes wear her uniform. I only know one state in the world where freedom, as poets imagine her, is realised, and that is in the dominions of the Grand Duke Karl Alexander of Saxe-Weimar. But what of England? you indignantly ask. Well, I suppose England must be considered as a free country. She has had a long education in freedom, and it is her own fault if she does not know how to be free by this time; but no country can be free where there are not wholesome checks on the tyranny of individuals. Is it no deduction from freedom that strikes among workmen are allowed to exist, in which honest deserving fellows are bullied out of their bread by a faction of lazy drones? Is it, again, no deduction from freedom that railway companies are allowed to murder and mutilate her Majesty's subjects wholesale, and yet every director escapes unhanged?

There is a neighbouring Thuringian potentate who, imagining that he has a mission to emancipate, has been endeavouring to give his subjects a larger measure of liberty than that accorded by his princely fellows. The Duke of Coburg-Gotha has placed himself in the van of the German national party, has placed his army under the command of Prussia, and his local power in the hands of his people. He is evidently a fine open chivalrous character, and animated by the best intentions. But he has in part discovered his error when too late, and has been

forced to write a plaintive letter,* complaining of how his subjects misunderstand his intentions, and wish, because he has given them his cloak, to take from him his coat also. So did Mæandrius in Herodotus, wishing to be "the justest of men," let the people of Samos loose; and they instantly accused him of peculation. The Duke is a mighty hunter—that is, a sportsman, since hunting proper does not exist in his country. He wishes to be a plain country gentleman, but like other country gentlemen, to keep to himself the right of shooting over his own preserves. Of his anxiety in the preservation of his manorial rights the following notice, put up by his foresters at the inn at Oberhof, on the crest of the mountain pass, is a specimen:—"Visitors to this wood are desired not to allow dogs, which they may happen to have with them, to track and hunt game in the wood, since the body of keepers [Jagtauf-sichts-personal—formidable compound in German!] have orders to shoot dead all dogs who shall be caught hunting. At the same time, the same persons are to take notice that shooting in the wood is not allowed." The author of the notice should have added "for them," else how were the stray dogs to be shot?

Well, this natural and healthy desire to preserve his highness's game, instinctive to all real sportsmen, who know that without preservation game would cease to exist, is actually made the object of much grumbling by the discontented radicals in Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The Grand-Duke of Weimar practises with the radicals somewhat more reserve. He allows them to fraternise to any extent, and even to sing patriotic songs under his windows when they are drunk; but he preserves a dignified silence as to their aspirations, and does not seem disposed to abate a jot of his own rights and privileges, probably because it has never been proved to him that

such concessions would be for his subjects' good. The constitution of his states remains where it was in 1848, of the events of which year a Weimerian gentleman remarked to me that the only good result was that smoking was now allowed in the Home Park. If it had not been for the counter-revolution, it would probably have come to allowing it in the Court theatre, so it is well that matters stopped when they did. I may well say that the world and stage of Weimar is one, as the stage is the soul—the *oversoul*, as Mr. Emerson would say—of the Weimerian world. Weimar, without its present artistic character and literary traditions, would not be a place of any great interest. It appears from the railway station like a place which had sunk into its position from its weight, producing the effect, on a large scale, of a geological specimen being put on a feather-bed, for one does not see from thence the other sides of the hills that surround it. Undulating is the proper epithet for the country. It might be compared to the modified swell in a landlocked bay, having the same relation to the rugged highlands of Thuringia that such a swell has to the breakers outside, which I have observed to be often the case with the neighbourhoods of mountain-chains. Yet it is a country lovely in the spring, when the Park is scented with blossoming trees, and the woods ring with singing-birds; lovely in the summer, when the sward is enamelled with wild-flowers—when the nightingales, very properly protected by law, carol at their ease—and the flying glow-worms carry their steady lamps about, not like the fitful flickering fire-flies of the Tiber in the shades of evening; lovely in the autumn, when the beechwoods unfold their glories of yellow, russet, and brown; and not least lovely in the crisp winter, when the air is vocal with sledge-bells, and the "swan-lake" or great flooded meadow is alive with skaters, with

* See the pamphlet entitled *Der Herzog von Gotha und sein Volk*.

the red sunset creating a landscape that a Dutch master would delight in. Its natural scenery is, like that of a domestic beauty,

"Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;"

but it grows into the soul, and makes it, with a hundred other associations, a difficult place to leave.

I remember in my former letter how much is done at Weimar by the reigning prince and his estimable lady for the education of the people; and I consider his liberal patronage of the drama and all branches of the fine arts to belong to this department. I cannot help thinking that we in England too much overlook the drama in this respect. We found mechanics' institutes, industrial schools, adult and ragged schools, inaugurate monster meetings of social science, build temples for sensation preachers; but we forget that the labouring classes have a very hard life of it, and that, if we wish to wean them from the gin-palace, we must provide instruction for them in some manner at once innocent, pleasant, and palatable. Now there is no more reason why the drama should be vicious in itself than that music, books, or pictures should be vicious in themselves. What it represents is only an accident, its essence is representation. But it is representation of a more vivid kind than any other, because it addresses itself to more of the senses; and therefore it is more capable than any other kind of representation of unbending the mind, and removing it from the actual world, where it does and suffers only too much, into an ideal world, which engrosses it for the time with imaginary interests. I mentioned to you that I was present at a representation of the *Divine Passion in Unteramnergau*.^{*} Profane as such an exhibition must ever seem to educated eyes and minds brought up in Protestant notions,

it seemed to produce no such effect on the mass of spectators. A picture or series of pictures would have failed to realise the Scripture story half so vividly; and the rustics, had they heard it read in church, would probably have dozed over it; moreover, for the most of them, reading it themselves was probably out of the question. But it is needless to discuss the debatable propriety of representing such very solemn scenes; and, putting the mysteries of religion aside, there is no lesson in morals, or incident of general human interest, which may not be appropriately illustrated by the drama. To make the theatre available as a public schoolmaster, it must cease to be associated with dissipation. Why should it keep late hours? Why should it not be well ventilated, or occasionally be in the open air? The demon of all human assemblies is carbonic acid gas. All audiences, from a prayer-meeting down to a penny gaff, are doomed to be poisoned by their own breaths, at least in these northern countries, for the Athenians and Romans had their open-air theatres, and the Spaniards have their open-air bull-fights, and nowhere is the atmosphere so agreeable as in St. Peter's at Rome. What a powerful instrument nationally-supported theatres in England might be made for teaching the history of our country, and indirectly infusing patriotism into all classes! As it is, many persons get their only notions of history from the play of Shakespeare and the historical novels of Scott. Every one of these novels might be made available for scenic exhibition, quite as well as the Cockney-life novels of Dickens. Vulgarly cannot be improved by representations of kindred vulgarity, but there is no doubt it might be insensibly modified by bringing before it living delineations of chivalrous sentiments and times. Now, at Weimar, under the Grand-Ducal patronage, this is precisely what the drama is about.

^{*} From the Fatherland, June 1861.

Every effort is made to present scenes of early German history, with the appropriate dresses, under the auspices of a most able *costumier*. To begin with the fabulous period, we have the *Iliad* of Germany, the *Nibelungen Lied*, dramatised by Herr Hebbel, a poet of decided genius, who has found great favour at the court of Weimar. Of the poem itself Thomas Carlyle says in his *Miscellanies* :—

“The *Nibelungen* has been called the Northern Epos, yet it has, in great part, a *dramatic character*; those thirty-nine *aventiuren* (adventures) which it consists of might be so many scenes in a tragedy. The catastrophe is dimly prophesied from the beginning, and at every fresh step rises more and more clearly into view. A shadow of coming fate as it were—a low inarticulate voice of doom—falls from the first act of that charmed *Nibelungen Lied*. The discord of two women is as a little spark of evil passion, which ere long enlarges itself into a crime: foul murder is done; and now the sin rolls on like a devouring fire, till the guilty and the innocent are alike encircled with it, and a whole land is ashes, and a whole race is swept away.” I refer you to the *Miscellanies* for the excellent analysis of the poem which Mr. Carlyle has written, with singularly little of his usual mannerism. Some have supposed that the *Iliad* and the *Nibelungen* are developed from a common origin of unknown antiquity, the original stock of legend having taken in the one case the shape of the tale of Troy divine; in the other, the tale of Siegfried's death and Chriemhild's vengeance. The *Nibelungen* in its present shape contains names of historical personages—for instance, Etzel or Attila; but its unity has never been insisted upon, as that of the *Iliad* has, on what many great authorities think perfectly just grounds. In the comparison of the two poems, one great distinction must be borne in mind, which is, that tradition assigns no author

to the *Nibelungen*, while belief in the *man* Homer was always a leading element of the orthodox creed of Greece. There is a striking resemblance between Achilles and Siegfried, especially in the point of their invulnerability—which, by the way, as an attribute of Achilles, is not mentioned in the *Iliad*. Achilles became invulnerable by his mother Thetis dipping him in the Styx, save in the heel, by which she held him. Siegfried became invulnerable by bathing in the blood of the dragon or big worm which he had slain (it gives its name to the city of Worms), the only place left open to injury being a spot on his back where a lime-leaf had rested during the operation. Of course he finds his death by being smitten in that spot, as Achilles found his death by the arrow of Paris hitting his exposed heel (during a truce, for he would never have seen his heel in battle). When, however, he is smitten through the embroidered cross, the additions of Christian times are at once betrayed. Remark the poetical pathos concerning the manner of Siegfried's death. He was struck by his wife's kinsman, in the moment of drinking at a well in security—struck through the cross, and through the cross that Von Tronje Hagene had induced his own loving wife to embroider, on the pretence that he might know the spot that he had especially to shield in battle. No wonder that such treachery turns a woman into a tigress. The disconsolate widow will only give her hand to her new suitor (Etzel) on condition of his making himself the minister of her revenge. The revenge culminates in the blood-bath in the banquet-hall, and the slaughter of the whole of the original party, Chriemhild having the satisfaction, before she was slain herself, of killing the fettered Hagene with the Balmung or enchanted sword (like Arthur's Excalibur) which he had taken from Siegfried. The blood-bath at the finale reminds us more of the *Odyssey* than the *Iliad*; but

we can, of course, build no arguments for common origin from coincidences which may be accidental. Taking place as it did in a banquet-hall, it was probably suggested by the amusements of the shades of good warriors in Valhalla, who cut themselves to pieces for exercise all the morning, but are miraculously made whole again before the dressing-bell sounds, that they may sit down with proper decency at Odin's table. However, you know enough about the widow of the *Nibelungen*; I only wish to give you a notion of the kind of appearance it made on the stage at Weimar. It was presented in two parts—"Siegfried's death" and "Chriemhild's revenge." Do not, I pray you, go to sleep over my details, as we descendants of the Jutes and Angles and Danes have quite as much an interest in this story as the modern High Dutchmen. Siegfried belongs to us as much as to them, and not less so, I maintain, than their national hero, Hermann the Cheruscan. The dresses were devised from the pictures of that fabulous time which are current in Germany and the traditions of the Franks. The warriors have helmets ornamented with wings and heads of birds and dragons—rather apt, we should think, to drop off in a hand-to-hand skirmish. The spirit of that barbarous time is admirably seized by the actors, especially by Herr Lehfeldt, who, as Von Tronje Hagene, is the prominent person of the piece. Herr Wünzer is also very good in Siegfried. Brunhild is given with some talent and originality by the charming comedian Frau Hettstedt; and Chriemhild is represented in the first part gracefully by Fräulein Daun; in the second part terribly by Frau Hebbel, the wife of the poet. Lehfeldt is an admirable incarnation of the loyal, defiant, and desperate Hagene. With what stoical indifference he hears his death prophesied by the river-nymphs! with what reckless gusto he throws the chaplain overboard, accomplishing unwittingly the pro-

phesy that he should be the only man in the party who would return alive! Beautiful in dramatic expression above all the other scenes is that one where the Burgundians are gone to sleep in the deadly banquet-hall; but Hagene and Volker the minstrel, his sworn friend (Herr Klotz), alone keep watch. The treacherous Huns, at the bidding of Chriemhild, come onward towards the two sitting warriors, Volker contriving to play a sort of lullaby lay of such enchanting sweetness that their motions are fettered, and they drop their arms on the floor (the music of this lay is due to Herr Musik-director Lassen, and deserves unqualified praise). But they steal on again, till one sway from Balmung in the hand of Hagene puts them all to flight. Second only to this scene in stage effect is that in Siegfried's death, in which the dead body of the hero is exposed in the church, and bleeds at the touch of Hagene. On the whole, the drama is an excellent picture of the barbarous world in which the common ancestors of ourselves and the Germans lived. In extreme antiquity they were probably more civilised, as the older people of Homer undoubtedly are. In Homer we find no viragos like Brunhild, unless we except the goddess Athene, who somewhat resembles her; but all the women of Homer, virtuous or frail, are emphatically ladies, and even in their sins and shortcomings they never forget decorum. Brunhild's virginal ferocity, and Chriemhild's bloodthirsty revenge, tell of the real age of darkness which intervened between the heroic and chivalric ages.

Since I last wrote to you on the subject of Weimar, Wagner's *Taunhäuser*, which is such a favourite there, has made a *flaas* in Paris. Its supporters say that an unfair cabal was got up against it, and that it was partly hissed by persons who were interested in bets as to whether it would succeed or not, and this in spite of the Imperial favour being shown it

in a marked manner. This was probably one of the reasons of its failure; the French love to assert the remnant of their liberty and the last palladium of their independence in the sanctum of Taste. Besides this, more than any other nation, they are bigoted against foreign innovations. It has turned out, anyhow, just as I prophesied in that letter. From what I said then, you must not think that I am against Wagner: I only object to the almost exclusive devotion which is paid him by his countrymen. I have been corrected, however, in my supposition that the late Capel Meister Melard was a Wagnerian; he was rather of the opposite school to his successor Liszt, who certainly is so. Wagner's stormy marches are magnificent when they are played by a military band in the open air; in the theatre the sounds drown one another in echo; and this applies more to *Taunhäuser* than to *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman*. *Lohengrin* is a beautiful drama. A lady is slanderously accused of making away with her younger brother; she is solemnly tried, and the interest of the piece turns on her being able to find a champion before she is condemned, the German kaiser administering justice under an oak. In the nick of time a silver-harnessed champion appears on the adjoining lake in a boat drawn by a swan, and of course discomfits her accusing adversary. She is to marry him, but she has listened to bad advice; and the spell is broken by her wanting to know all about him (a very pardonable piece of curiosity in an affianced bride), and her silver knight is come for by the punctual swan to take him back to his old employment, the custody of the Holy Grail. The young brother of course turns up in the mean time. The music of the piece is sweet, and the pageants are grand. The *Flying Dutchman* is yet grander; and the scenery is the coast of Norway, a name which no true son of the sea-kings can ever

hear without his heart beating. The *Flying Dutchman* is to wander eternally on the seas until he can find a maid to marry him, and give her pure life for his guilty soul. That he should wish such a thing appears unchivalrously selfish, but then he suffers the torments of the Lost, and it is but a life, not a soul, that he asks for. He lands, in a storm, in a Norwegian harbour, and his boxes, heavy with gold, induce a Norwegian, who confesses he has a fair daughter, to part with her. But his way has been paved by the lady herself having heard the story, and having fallen in love with his picture. Her demon-lover relents at the last moment, and nobly prefers endless doom to such a sacrifice in a girl that he has since learned to love. He resigns her into the hands of another, a heart-broken fleshly suitor. He sails off in a gale of wind, but she watches her opportunity, makes a rush after him, and disappears in the sea over a rock. The spell is broken, his ship sinks, and the scene changes to a cloudy apotheosis, where the rescued Dutchman and his martyred bride stand hand in hand in glory. That this pair is represented by Herr von Milde and his wife, who are both of them personally dear to all Weimar, does not detract from the local interest of the piece. The music of this piece, which many judges account the finest of all Wagner's compositions, is remarkable for the weirdness and wildness of its sea-storms. Wagner's world is certainly an entirely different one from that of Verdi and Rossini; but there is no reason why admiration for the one school should exclude that for the other. In these matters change has a charm; and I should love to hear the *Flying Dutchman* and the *Troscatore* on two consecutive nights. How the departure of Liszt from Weimar will influence the standing of the Wagnerian school it is difficult to prognosticate. It is feared that imperial favour has caused the *maestro* to

take up his permanent residence at Paris; it is hoped, on the other hand, that in due time he will return again, quitting a place where he has many adversaries, for one where, in a musical sense, he is monarch of all he surveys. Weimar has also lost the charming violinist Herr Singer, who has been seduced away to the Stuttgart theatre. Not only has the stage of Weimar endeavoured to invest itself with a thoroughly national character, but it extends its patronage to local talent. Professor Biedermann has had the good fortune to see his tragedy of the *Emperor Henry IV.* produced on the Weimar boards. The moral of this play is the essential inconsistency with all good government, and the accidental moral iniquity, of the assumption of temporal power by the Pope. In this case the power of the Christian Church is exerted in inciting a son to rise in arms against the father that begat him. In that fine Kaisersaal at Frankfort where stand all the emperors of Germany, each like a saint in his niche, and each with his moral motto completing the number so exactly that there is not room for one more, there are two together, father and son. The father stands upright and unabashed, but the son half averts his face from the spectator and turns his back to the father, and there is a shadow of guilt on his otherwise fine countenance. These are Henry IV. and V. of that name. Their unnatural conflict, inspired by the greatest of popes and villains, Hildebrand, forms the main interest of Professor Biedermann's tragedy, which, although he allows himself some poetical licence as to the events, and prevents a tragic reconciliation between the dying father and penitent son, yet keeps as close to actual history as the exigencies of the drama will allow him. Henry IV. is an excellently chosen character for the hero of a tragedy; truthful, honourable, just, and trusting, but wrathful, impul-

sive, and self-indulgent, bringing to mind the Agamemnon of Æschylus, and Œdipus of Sophocles. His misfortunes are chiefly excused to poetical justice by his treatment of his wife Bertha, whom he has forced to take refuge in a convent on the Nahe, having deserted her for an Italian leman. Through the unnatural rebellion of the sons which Bertha bore him, his heart is well-nigh broken, and she is made the chief engine of his enemies' accusations. The drama opens with an act of his beneficence. Henry is the darling of the people, and deplors the miseries of the land, vexed by the rapacity and divisions of temporal and spiritual nobles. He proclaims a solemn peace and amnesty as a remedy. This peace is broken by a recalcitrant Count Sieghard, who, provoking a popular tumult at Mainz, is murdered by the burghers almost in the presence of the emperor, who might have prevented the murder, but that he recognises the justice of his fate. At the same time with the proclamation of the peace, Henry had pronounced the deposition of his son and heir, Conrad, in favour of his second son Henry, afterwards the Fifth, on the ground of the treason of the first, who had made himself an instrument of the Papal See. This second son was to bear the title of king during the lifetime of the emperor. The nobles rise to avenge Sieghard's death. Henry, the king, is tampered with by the Pope's legate, and induced to desert the party of his father, though not without difficulty, the death of his brother Conrad in Italy being reported to him just in time to fix his wavering resolution. The arguments used by the clerical Mephistopheles are much on a par with those which poor Pio Nono uses to discomfit the Sardinians. The king pleads the duty of a son.

"How? could I so disown my own blood that I should betray the emperor, my lord and father, and pass over to his enemies?"

THE PRIEST.—“Yet, royal Lord, bethink thee, the Church is thy mother. Must not earthly love bow itself in reverence before the heavenly? If Abraham was ready to offer up his son for God's glory, should not a son also endure to offer up a father? [This recalls the argument in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, where the son justifies himself for beating his father, by saying that his father beat him when a boy.] Yet what am I saying? Offer up thy father? Rescue him rather would you from temporal and eternal ruin. You know it, the ban hangs over his head. The Kaiser's enemies only wait for that—and their number is great—to revolt from him anew on all sides. If you are leagued with him, the anathema will strike you also, and it may easily happen that, as in Rudolf's times, a second time a prince from a foreign house may be raised to Conrad's throne. If you are leagued with us, you preserve the crown to your house. Yes, your father himself, who now in blind obstinacy thrusts back the hand that offers him blessing, will at some time or other thank you, if you, even though it may be by force, can cure him of that blindness.” Thus does the Papacy of the eleventh century instigate a son to rebel against his father, just as the Papacy of the nineteenth blesses bands of assassins before it sends them out as its fittest missionaries! Poor Henry had already before this suffered much in defending his imperial prerogative against the ambition of Hildebrand or Gregory VII. He had once been terrified by the papal ban into wearing sackcloth at Canossa, though he had afterwards made the Pope feel the weight of his temporal arm. Hildebrand, it must be remembered, was the first real pope. He was a carpenter's son of Savona—a strange coincidence, and one not likely to be lost sight of by those who wish to identify the Pope with Antichrist. Hildebrand was the inventor of the celibacy of the clergy, and of that false

interpretation of the sin of simony which even some Protestant churches have not yet been able to discard. He certainly deserves the name of Great, for next to “him miscalled the Morning Star,” he is probably the greatest enemy that Christendom ever had.

The heaven works: to make his crime as great as possible, the son entraps his father by a pretended repentance, takes him prisoner, and brings him before an illegal diet of princes at Mainz, presided over by the Pope's legate. Here occurs the most affecting scene in this tragedy. The legate, on account of Count Sieghard's death, pronounces Henry, who is brought in a prisoner, as no longer emperor. Henry repudiates the tribunal, but defends himself. The legate then orders Bertha, the empress, to be produced to witness against her husband. She does not see him at first, but asks the assembled princes why she had been brought there, and into such an assembly, not a fit place for a reconciliation of divided man and wife? She had been led to believe that she was only taken from the convent to be reunited to her husband. Henry, touched by her noble generosity, tarts and throws himself at her feet for forgiveness. All who had shared his favours had abandoned him, except the then helpless burghers of the towns; she alone whom he had injured came back to his heart. He departs discrowned, but happy in the regained affection of his wife, and his rebellious son is by acclamation pronounced emperor in his stead. Afterwards he manages to escape from his captivity, and we find him in arms against his son. Here Professor Biedermann does most violence to the facts. A doubtful battle takes place on the Rhine. The son conquers, but penitent throws himself at the feet of his father, who is now dying, worn out by his troubles: he entreats his forgiveness, and promises to avenge his wrongs by pursuing his policy, one of implacable enmity to Pope]

aggression. At the present time such a tragedy has a wide interest, as pointing to the circumstances of the rise of the Papacy, and its pretensions to temporal sovereignty. As a date can be assigned to the beginning of that monster nuisance, it is not hopeless that its end may be approaching, and that either we or our sons may see the last of it; though Lord Macaulay, from sad consideration of the intense stupidity of mankind in general, thinks that it is not unlikely to last for many generations.

The stage of Weimar, in making itself useful to promote the historical education of the people, does not neglect to minister equally to their amusement. An attempt was made years ago in Germany, under the auspices of the late King of Prussia, to present on the modern stage the old tragedy of the Greeks. I myself saw the *Antigone* of Sophocles reproduced at Frankfort, translated by Donner, with Mendelssohn's music. It was worth seeing—once. The half-statuesque character of Greek tragedy is too formal for the modern stage; besides, it must be considered that all the stage machinery, scenery, &c., is certainly different from what it was to the Athenians, with their open-air theatre, artificially heightened figures, artificially increased voices of the actors, masks, and long-forgotten musical accompaniment. Besides, it was looked upon by them as a sort of duty. They went to a tragedy as we go to church. Comedy, on the other hand, was invented for their recreation. It was a travestie of tragedy, and, as of tragedy, of religion also. Not otherwise did the Church of the middle ages permit the popular drama to travestie even herself and her ministers. Far more may be found in the old comedy to suit the modern stage than in tragedy, and Aristophanes will furnish a host of valuable hints; of course, the audience must be an educated one, or jokes cracked by Greek gods and goddesses, and amusing situations

connected with the classical mythology, will fall very flat on the spirit. The Germans, being much better educated than the French, are capable of better appreciating that classical farce which first saw the light in Paris, *Orpheus in the Infernal Regions*. The situations are very comical, and the positions in the original story are truly French, Eurydice living at variance with Orpheus, and being in love with the shepherd Aristæus. The plot and story are most trifling, and yet the whole piece is pleasant from its novelty and absurdity. In the assembly of the gods, Jupiter grants Orpheus an audience, commanding the gods first to station themselves with becoming dignity, attributes in hand, to receive the mortal visitor, and calling himself for his best thunderbolt—his Sunday thunderbolt! Afterwards the same god introduces himself to the nether world in the shape of a buzzing fly, to pay court to Eurydice. Our friend Hettstedt is inexpressibly comic as Hans Stix, a sort of scarlet-liveried factotum of Pluto in the world below. This piece has the merit of brevity as well as laughableness. As a famous doctor laid down that one should always rise from dinner with an appetite, so it is true that one great merit of every kind of amusement is, that we should regret the end. The lengthiness of Wagner's operas is very much against them.

And now, lest you should apply my remark to myself, I will have done with the performances on the stage of Weimar. I told you in my former letter that the painters were going to give a *bal costume*, which would be a rare event in its way. It did come off accordingly, and a brilliant affair it was. There is so much blackguardism associated with masked balls in England, and even with the "Bal de l'Opera" in Paris, that it is hard to give a notion of the antique and chivalrous good taste with which this pageant was carried out in Weimar. The æsthetic object of

the painters, and their illustrious patron the Grand Duke, was to show the ugliness of the costume of the present day, as compared with the becomingness and beauty of those of past ages. The Grand Duke himself did homage to art by appearing in the character of Rubens. The ball was held in the town-hall, which was appropriately decorated to receive it by the artists themselves. There were the greatest variety of dresses—some historical, some allegorical, and all perfectly well got up. Those which showed to decidedly the best advantage were the Spanish cavalier costumes of the days of Rubens. What a graceful contrast does the slouched hat and feather of that period form to the hideous pork-pie with which the "swells" of our days delight to crown their free-and-easy exteriors! A young gentleman of our acquaintance has laid down the law, that a pork-pie is irremovable even to a lady or a crowned head, so that the Turkish curse, "May your soul have as little rest as the hat of a German," would not be applicable to it. There is certainly, as Mr. Carlyle observes, a great deal in dress. Free-and-easy dress, though very comfortable, has its times and seasons. Worn everywhere and always, it is apt to encourage a certain Americanism in manners and bearing, which is gaining too much ground in England, and has in a manner also infected the continent of Europe. It would be well if the Continentals would select the better points in our national character for their imitation. One of the most conspicuous figures was a gigantic green parrot, which took its stand before the Grand Duke, and made an appropriate speech. When the hour for the general unmasking or beheading arrived, it was found to contain a young, pretty, and talented *tragedienne*. The room was tolerably crowded; plays were performed, dances were danced in character, and the revel died a natural death about four in the morning, without any unpleasant incident.

It was one of those pleasures which too much disturb the even tenor of existence to take place oftener than now and then.

We have since had Weimar gay with the festival of Thuringian singers, who sang a multitude of patriotic songs, and consumed an immense quantity of beer; and this was followed by a monster music-meeting later in this same year. The Germans appear to love the fraternity of these festivals as much as the French, and make considerably more noise at them. They are all said to be connected with the movement towards political unity. In spite of the national subscription now going on for the German fleet, much to the amusement of the Danes and the *Times*, and the tax levied on their beer by the students for its furtherance, I cannot think the aspiration towards national unity so ridiculous as it is often represented. Among all the nations of modern Europe there are two only which, in these days, have shown symptoms of being affected with the desire of territorial extension, and the vanity connected with it which marks the state of emergence from barbarism into civilisation. In one of these nations such a feeling is healthy, because it belongs to its age; in the other, morbid and unnatural, because it is affected with it in its advanced years. Although it has been lately necessary to check the barbaric ambition of Russia, there is nothing shocking to the feelings in her having been affected with that ambition. It belongs to the late childhood of nationality, that time of time in which children, especially boys, are most intensely disagreeable as being fond of asserting themselves, and bullying those weaker than themselves. Russia, it appears, is gradually learning better manners. But what shall we say of France? France boasts herself to be the *crème de la crème* of civilisation and progress. France considers her verdicts on taste indisputable, her social manners per-

fection, her language the only one necessary to be learned. In arts, in science, in literature, she plumes herself on being in all respects, as she is in many, in the foremost van of progress. And yet France, even in these latter days, when bitter experience should have taught her wisdom, is undoubtedly affected with this childish distemper. If it were not so, why do all other nations speak of her as a possible invader? why do they ruin themselves in standing armies? why do we build iron-plated frigates, which might apparently be built of silver-gilt for what they cost? We are all instructed by not only the words but the deeds of France. It is the interest of the Emperor to confirm his dynasty by developing her internal resources, and producing a general prosperity. France herself forces him to imperil that prosperity by wars and rumours of wars. France forces him to give her ever and anon some new plaything for her restlessness—to-day Savoy and Nice; to-morrow, perhaps, the island of Sardinia; the day after to-morrow, the Palatinate and the Rhine-land, or the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland. Even now, poor Geneva, wedged in by French territory, can hardly breathe for France. Just now an indescribably silly pamphlet has appeared in Paris—semi-official, as is said—called *The Rhine and the Vistula*, in which France is spoken of as having a constant passion for the Rhine—always crying, as it were, till she can get it, like an infant wanting the moon, and hinting that the complaisance of England in the matter would prevent her having the like passion for Mediterranean acquisitions. All this, doubtless, is strangely inconsistent with the very high position of France in the scale of civilisation. But it does not seem so hard to account for it. France is one nation of many peoples, but two peoples predominate in the formation of her character. She is half Celtic, half Teutonic. Her Revolution of 1789 was an outbreak of her Celtic

element, undoing the subjugation of centuries by her Frankish conquerors. Since that time the two elements have been in a state of struggle for the mastery. Almost all that is good in France—her taste, her method, her talent for organisation, her industry, her politeness—is Teutonic; almost all that is evil—her restlessness, her injustice, her political and social immorality, her ferocity—is Celtic. In Ireland, which was more purely Celtic than France, life was unbearable till the Anglo-Norman conquest. Ireland is doing well now, because she is strongly infused with Teutonic blood. Where resides the hope of Italy becoming an important nation? She, like France, has a Teutonic element, and one akin to the Celtic. It is from her Teutonic north that her regeneration must proceed, and even now something like a conquest by Piedmont is taking place in order to make the Neapolitans understand what liberty means. Other nations than the Teutonic seem unable to understand liberty except as in alliance with equality and fraternity. The Teutonic races understand liberty to mean such respect for the rights of the individual as is consistent with the existence of society, and not, as in democracies, a chaos of a million tyrannies. In the one Teutonic nation, however, where democracy has been tried, the trial has resulted in failure. Seeing, then, that France has still a bee in her bonnet notwithstanding all her transcendent talents, and that this monomania, being restrained for the time by despotism from exercising her ingenuity or means of self-torment and suicide, takes the shape of a constant desire to fret and bully all her peaceable neighbours, it is high time for those neighbours to take such measures together as to present an impenetrable wall against any outburst of her ill-controlled energies. And as the weakness of one link in a chain is the weakness of the whole, and one gap in the hedge

will let all the cattle out when a headstrong bullock leads the way, so ought all the conterminous nations of Europe to take care that the mischief-making propensities of France are hermetically sealed up within her own boundaries. It is of no use for us to wall our coast with iron if there is a breach on the side of Germany. But we are angry with Germany, at least the *Times* is, and Germany is so with us, partly because we are angry with her, and partly because we seem to be playing into the hands of France to our own great detriment. The English Government agrees with the French Emperor on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and that agreement nettles the German nation, and not perhaps without some show of reason. The Danes and Germans would probably settle the matter peaceably enough if others would let them alone. The Germans must have had wrongs to complain of in the Duchies, or so many of the best families would not have emigrated thence to other parts, as I know to have been the case. On the other hand, the Danish Government has conceded much, and would probably concede more, were it not for popular irritation. The Germans are not satisfied, because they want Schleswig and Holstein with their ports and seamen for a national navy; but why should the Germans want a navy at all? Because of the constant menaces of France. Could Germany rely on the co-operation of the navies of England, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, against an attack from France, or France and Russia combined, she need not be so nervously anxious to have a navy of her own. The Danes and Germans are naturally brothers, and not foes. Their languages are not much more than dialects of the same tongue. Danish *litterati* write in German as easily as in their mother-tongue. By some simple friendly arrangement, such as that Germany should have Holstein provided she succeeded in a national consolidation, and Denmark Schleswig, which is half Danish in

population, the business might be settled. But France is very naturally opposed to the consolidation of Germany. What if the principle of *natural boundaries* carried out were in the end to turn the tables upon her? Alsace and Lorraine are fully as German as Holstein. Where would the glory of France be without the great fair-haired cuirassiers and big Imperial Guards she draws from these provinces? It is certainly the interest of France to oppose tooth and nail the accomplishment of German unity, as of any other unity which would put an additional check on her own ambition; but our interest is precisely the reverse. At present almost the whole expense and anxiety of neutralising France is thrown on our shoulders, and we, in courtesy, call this the French alliance. So I have seen in a second-class railway carriage a policeman handcuffed with a burglar, and they appeared to be on excellent terms as private friends. There was some sense in the French alliance during the Russian war, as we were accomplishing a common object; but the object removed, the alliance ought to be no more than the good terms that every civilised nation not at war ought to be on with every other. Why does the *Times* say that England would not be inclined to look with favour on the formation of another great military power on the Continent? The decision must be formed by taking into consideration the character of such a power. Supposing such a power trustworthy, such would be a desirable consummation, as it would share with us the burden of binding over France to keep the peace. We have never had the slightest reason for distrusting the German nation. Our soldiers have never in history fought a battle against Germans, though in the most glorious passages of arms on record — at Blenheim, for instance, and Waterloo — Englishmen and Germans have fought side by side, like brothers.

Besides, in all these matters the Germans are a thoroughly adult people; they have no more than we have the childish wish for annexation of territories—at least, they never talk in common conversation of shedding human blood for mere vaingloriousness. The same may be said of the three nations of Scandinavia, which are quite equal to Germany and England in social and intellectual progress. It is undeniable that at present French ambition is not only ruining the country herself, though the mass of the people will not see it, but entailing an enormous expense on all the neighbours of France. The question is how to keep her within bounds on the lowest terms. Mr. Bright would probably say, by disarming ourselves. But those who do not agree with him might say with more feasibility, by creating a compact body of peace-loving nations so physically strong, that an attempt to break their cordon would be as ridiculous as Don Quixote's charge on the windmill. The rough and ready way of consolidating Germany for military purposes would be for the other states, including even Austria, to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia. Scandinavia might be united by a similar league, and it would, in the nature of things, follow the union of Germany. Then the political union might be safely discussed under the broad shadow which such a shield would throw. And England, Germany, and Scandinavia should form a defensive alliance against all comers. Such a league would be in defence impregnable; if it became also offensive, in attack irresistible. It would simply give the law to the world. For those countries, with the exception of the straggling Teutons who have conquered and settled France, Italy, and Spain, comprise all the master-races of Europe. And as the age of conquest has passed away for them, their union might apparently secure for many ages a *great calm* within the horizon of civilisation—

such a calm as is seen in the waters of a Norwegian fiord, land-locked between iron-bound and glacier-crested precipices. And were France hindered from further military mischief, and rendered ridiculous in her gasconadings by manifest impotence to execute them—for banded Germany alone would be as strong again as she is as a military power, and banded England and Scandinavia treble as strong as a naval power—she would be forced *malgré soi* to turn her sword into a pruning-hook, and become, as is her mission, the intellectual cultivator of the nations. The knife of her tasteful criticism is even now of value in pruning the exuberant efflorescence of other people's thoughts. It is impossible not to love fair France, with all her follies and vices. Were her follies kept within bounds, her vices would doubtless in a measure disappear. At present her political and social conscience is far in the rear of that of England, Germany, and even Italy. She saved herself from anarchy by acquiescing in perjury; she illustrated her consistency by stifling another republic when herself in a republican state; she proved her disinterestedness to the cause of Italy by accepting the payment of a new territory; and now she has pretty well cancelled the Italian debt of gratitude by allowing the Pope and ex-King of Naples to prolong the agonies of change in Southern Italy by concocting disturbance under the shelter of her eagle's wing. She finds it as impossible to do an act of good for its own sake, as the heroes of her popular fictions find it impossible to fall in love with any lady who might legitimately return their affections. She is a virtual foe to all surrounding nations, by only finding it possible to breathe in a word of political intrigue,—just as her men about town are enemies to all fathers and husbands, because they find a life of social complications their only congenial atmosphere. For such reasons there are some who think

the *Times* might be better occupied than in sowing the seeds of discord between Germany and England, and endeavouring to find in the universal desire of a great people for national existence some weak place at which to point the shafts of ridicule. It is for those who wish well to Germany rather to assist her with counsel in getting over her internal obstructions. With respect to Austria, it is not impossible that her difficulty will be Germany's opportunity. The somewhat obstinate objection of the Hungarians to be centralised in the empire, may lead to Austria drawing closer to the other German powers, and even consenting to Prussia, whose power is more homogeneously German than her own, taking the lead. But it is hard to see how the happiness of the Germans individually would be promoted by the mediatisation of all their princes. Indescribably does a good prince in a small town refine and civilise not only his own court, but the people among whom he dwells. By the present system, wealth, art, and education are pretty evenly distributed over the surface of Germany, and not locked up in a plethoric capital like Paris, where persons of small means have no elbow-room. At Weimar, for instance, there is a highly educated and refined society living without expense or pretence, and living as happily, to all appearance, as if each member of it had an *apartment* in the Champs Elysées, and his own *coupé* in the *Bois*. The people do not want equipages when they all live near each other; and walking

is just as healthy as riding, unless it be across country. The show of the thing makes the difference to the vulgar apprehension. At Weimar I only knew of two horses for hire. One was mounted by an American friend, the other by myself. But his animal was weak before and mine behind; between them they had no leg to stand upon; and for the sake of our necks we were obliged to give it up, and stand upon our own. I do not wish to see pretty little Weimar sucked up into a suburb of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. As it is now, it has all the advantages of a town and country residence for people who cannot afford both. And long may Karl Alexander and his heirs after him continue not only to live among, but to rule over, by the grace of God, a happy and contented people! Alas, Irenæus, that I shall no longer live with them, to witness their happiness and content, or to date my future letters to you from the genial Weimar! My little boat has shifted her moorings in the night, and is drifting away from the shadow of the pleasant island where she lay in safety, down the unexplored current, perhaps to be sucked into some small but sufficient maelstrom, perhaps to be shipwrecked on some half-hidden rock, like those bewitched by the Lurley; perhaps to float to rest against a green bank in the sun, where, if I go to sleep, I shall infallibly dream of Weimar.—Ever yours,

THEPOLEMUS.

Frankfurt-am-Main.

THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.*

It was not unpleasant to be at Ta Lien Wan, or "Great Girdle Bay," in Manchuria, when the British expedition against China was collected there, in the summer of last year, previous to its advance on the Taku forts. It was pleasant to be there, because, in anticipation, we could always put down any travelled bore with the crushing phrase, "When I was in Manchuria." Then the clear brilliant sky and life-giving air of the north were themselves a pure enjoyment after the steam-bath of Hong-Kong, which place I had described to myself a few weeks before, when in an atrabilious mood, as

A mount of desolation
Upraised in steaming air,
With views of rotten granite rocks,
Salt water, and despair.

It was something to see that magnificent bay—hitherto known to junks alone—covered with nearly two hundred vessels flying the English flag, from the little rolling gun-boat to the fifty-gun steam frigate, or the not less magnificent chartered steamer of two or three thousand tons. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the expedition. Entire confidence was placed in Sir Hope Grant and its other chiefs. The water of the bay became a pleasant green plain, over which we hastened daily to pay pleasant visits from ship to ship. The little villages on shore gave occasion for lively foraging excursions, on which good Mexican dollars were exchanged for very porcupine-like pigs and ancient fowls. It was extensively rumoured that some man had shot a hare, which led to a general fur-bishing-up of fowling-pieces. But our gallant allies were not ready;

their saddles had been sunk somewhere near Saddle Island, on the coast of China. Further delay was inevitable, and I began to tire of Ta Lien Wan.

The captain of the steamer *Carthage* had some very amusing stories of old times, when he and British rule in India were both a good deal younger than they are at present. Among others, he used to tell of an Indo-Portuguese steward he once had, who, as a deadly act of revenge for some real or fancied insult, filled his pocket with silver spoons, jumped overboard, and so drowned himself. But even the best stories require new relays of hearers. The monotony was slightly relieved by a mandarin, who appeared one forenoon on the hills above the bay, and began reading an Imperial proclamation ordering us all to depart; but as a thundering salute happened to be fired just at that moment, he tucked up his skirts and himself ran off, satisfied that he had courageously performed his duty. The most valuable relief, however, was "the great unknown," the mysterious gentleman who usually appeared on board a transport, encumbered only with a despatch-box and a canteen, and who had no sooner set his foot on board than he hurriedly sent off the boat which had brought him there, saying to the crew, "now, boys, you can go back to your ship." This, be it observed, was itself a great stroke on the part of a social highwayman, for what is a tender-hearted skipper to do with him when he is once on board in a place like Manchuria? He cannot be requested to walk down the gangway into the water; it will not do exactly to put him on shore in an enemy's country, where

* It being well known that Mr. Oliphant, who is now officially connected with Japan, is a frequent and esteemed contributor to the Magazine, we think it right to mention that he is not the writer of this article, nor, as far as we know, acquainted with the author.—ED. B. M.

the heads of foreigners are supposed to be at a premium. To be sure, he may be turned into the fore-castle and put on ship's rations, but that is a harsh measure; and then gentlemen of this description have a faculty of making themselves extremely popular with sailors, and there is no saying what difficulties he may raise, or insubordination he may excite. But our highwayman of Ta Lien Wan never required such a *pis aller*. His next step after sending the boat away, was to hint to the captain without committing himself to a positive statement, that he was the correspondent of the *Times* or of the *Daily News*, that he was an Admiralty agent, or a secret agent of Lord Elgin, and that he would so far condescend as to talk with the captain about the matter over a glass of brandy-and-water. Being of gentlemanly appearance, and possessing considerable power of conversation, the *séance* usually resulted in his talking and drinking the skipper into a rather confused condition, followed up by the loan of a clean shirt, or an invitation to stay on board for a fortnight. Some of the strokes of this ingenious gentleman were not altogether unworthy of Sheridan. In one vessel where he stayed there were a number of Calcutta humps, articles of diet always acceptable in the East, and especially so at Ta Lien Wan, where many vessels were running short of supplies for the table. Accordingly, he suggested to the captain that in those difficult and troublous times, when transports were liable to receive notice of dismissal, it was of great importance to stand well with the Admiral, and that no surer means could be found for securing that end than presenting him with the humps in question. "But," said the skipper, "I should scarcely like to take the liberty." "Make your mind easy about that," quoth our ingenious friend; "I am intimate with the Admiral, and will give them to him so that no liberty shall be taken, while at the same time he

will know that they came from you." So the humps were carried off; but instead of presenting them to the Admiral, the social highwayman distributed them among his acquaintances over the fleet, with the view of paving the way for future operations.

But such stories were insufficient to make the time pass profitably, and as vessels were running down to Japan for horses and fodder, I took the opportunity of visiting that country of paradisaical renown, and of determining with my own eyes the truth of the marvellous accounts concerning it.

The first half of the passage was a dead calm, over an oily sea, in which numerous sharks were swimming down the coast of the Corea; and we sighted one or two of the Russian frigates that abound in these waters; but as we approached Nagasaki, there came storm and rain, which greatly improved the wonderful appearance of that picturesque harbour. After the sterile hills of China, it appeared as if we had reached something like the Highlands of Scotland clothed with tropical vegetation, or the Ghauts of Western India in a temperate climate. From the dark-blue sea and white line of foam there suddenly rose dark precipices, fringed with trees and streaked with waterfalls. Above these were hills clothed with the richest dark-green verdure, and varied with wood, or else by terraced gardens and fields; while still beyond rose pine-covered mountains, breaking through white mists, and capped with dark slate-coloured clouds. Like Tennyson's Ida, it was

"Loveller
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the
glen,
Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to
pine,
And lotters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow ledges, midway
down,
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them
rears
The long brook falling through the cloven
ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea."

Shortly after casting anchor, we were put in charge of a couple of sworded custom-officers, who placed in our hands the following interesting specimen of Japanese English, which will be acceptable to all students of idiom:—

“THE PROHIBITION.

“To be throwed ballast out of all ships in this port.

“To be done any remain of ships at the outside of this port, and

“To be fished and hunted in this port and shore.

1st year of banyan.

The Government

at

Nagasaki.”

This singular mixture of English, Dutch, and Japanese idioms, will be found quite intelligible after a little study, but it stands in very unfavourable contrast with the English spoken by the Japanese officials who have been told off for that purpose. They are not like the Chinese in this respect, for the English which they do speak is wonderfully accurate and pure, and is used by some of them with considerable fluency. On the other hand, Japanese is infinitely easier to learn than the Celestial tongue. It is almost impossible to help picking up a little of it, so characteristic, and yet so easy of pronunciation, are many of its words and phrases. In this respect it is even easier than Italian and Hindostanee, though, as with the former language, difficulties accumulate upon the learner as he proceeds. It would be hard to avoid, even if one wished it, picking up such words as *O ha-yo*, “Good day,” or rather equivalent to that; *Jigi jigi*, “Make haste;” *Pigi pigi*, “Go away;” *Ip-iocha*, “Very good;” *Kore wa gin sen nan mu i ka?* “How many dollars is this?”

The little artificial island of Desima, to which the Dutch were formerly confined, the wrestlers, the tea-houses, and the other lions of Nagasaki, have been already suffi-

ciently described, and I need only say that the houses are scrupulously clean; the ladies are indubitably fine-looking; and a bull-necked wrestler sufficiently proved that he could throw me over his head, though the operation was not entirely carried out. At this time a number of horses were being conveyed for the China expedition from Kanagawa, in the neighbourhood of the capital, and it had been found that they fared ill upon the long and rough outer sea-passage. Consequently it was resolved, with the not very willing permission of the Japanese authorities, but under the guidance of pilots which they provided, to try if a sailing vessel could be towed through the Suwo Nada, or Inland Sea of Japan—a passage which had been already explored by a Dutch steamer, and by H. M. steamer *Cruizer*. This inner passage runs from Nagasaki up the west and north coasts of Kiusiu, among the innumerable small islands which lie between it and the Gotto Islands. After a narrow strait at Hirado Island, there is a piece of clear sea at the north stretching out into the Korean Straits; thence by Wilson Island, and about the 34th parallel of north latitude, the course lies through a very narrow passage, not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, between Kiusiu and Nippon, into the Inland Sea, which is formed by these islands and that of Sikok, the principal ones of Japan. This Suwo Sea stretches from nearly 181° longitude to a little beyond 185°, and is from sixty to ten miles in breadth; it is scattered over with numerous islands, and has two other entrances besides that just mentioned—the Boungo Channel on the east, and the Kino on the west, of Sikok. At its eastern extremity there is the most important port, Iliogo, which is to be opened to foreigners in 1863, beside Ohosaka, the greatest port of the empire, and at the mouth of the river En-gawa, on which stands the city of Miyako, the residence of the Mikado or Spiritual Emperor, and the great-

east commercial emporium in the "Land of the Rising Sun." I gladly embraced the opportunity of going through this sea, as that was really passing through a great portion of the interior of the country without encountering the almost insuperable obstacles to which the traveller would otherwise be exposed. It was also of great interest to be able to see Ohosaka, which had not then been visited by any European in modern times, and which must afford by far the greater part of our future trade with Japan.

The vessels selected for this somewhat doubtful trip were the steamer *Sydney* of the Indian Navy, and the American ship *Fanny M'Henry*, chartered to the British Government, but commanded by Captain Smith, a young Virginian, and a most courteous and agreeable specimen of the "Old Dominion." Leaving Nagasaki, or "Long Cape," as its meaning implies, we soon reached Hirado Island, and proceeded through a narrow passage of two or three miles in length, with a pretty sharp turn in it, a fort on either side, and barely room for large vessels to pass. Here a rather exciting incident occurred. When we were about two-thirds through, and opposite one of the forts, the tiller-chains of the steamer got jammed, and it came to a dead stop in the middle of the channel. That was all very well for the steamer, which could keep itself pretty stationary; but the twelve hundred ton ship behind had not only a great deal of way on it, but had also its topsails set; so there was no rest for it, and down it came towards the steamer, almost justifying the exclamation of a startled Irish sailor—"Jasus! we're into her." It seemed as if the *Fanny* had no choice between running down the tug or running herself upon the rocks; but by the narrowest shave she managed to get past without doing either. One of the hawsers by which the two vessels were attached was cut away in time, but in the confusion of the moment the other was allowed to

remain until it turned the head of the ship toward one of the sides of the passage, and shaved off the cabin windows of the steamer before it snapped, from the strain upon it, with a noise like the report of a small cannon. Then there came a trying manœuvre for the ship in which I was. With the wind still in her topsails, she flew across the narrow channel like a thing of life determined to dash itself in pieces against the opposite shore. But luckily our captain was a thorough seaman, and his crew were all active able-bodied English sailors. Never have I seen even a man-of-war more smartly handled. The men flew to the different ropes with wonderful speed, and the vessel was put about just in time to escape destruction; for, on looking over the stern, I saw it was only two or three feet from the sharp-pointed rocks which lined the shore. Even there the danger did not end. The water of the channel was too deep to allow of anchoring, and the current was too strong to allow of our lying-to; so there was nothing for it but to make a bold attempt to sail on, though the three Japanese pilots were all on board the steamer; and across the further entrance, through which we had to take our perilous way, there was an ugly line of reefs. Fortune, however, was in our favour, and we sailed safely through into more open water, where anchorage was found until the steamer again took us in tow. This adventure rather interfered with observations; but I saw there was a large town on the island of Hirado, with the residence of a Damio or prince, surrounded with trees and fortifications. The people on shore appeared quite stupefied by the extraordinary, and, to them, inexplicable nature of our manœuvres. Perhaps they thought that a sudden fit of insanity had attacked the *Fanny M'Henry*, or that our motions were preliminary to an attack upon their position.

Towards evening we got pretty well clear of islands, and on our left

"There gloomed the dark broad sea"

of the Corean Strait. As it was too dark then to proceed farther, we steamed round and round till daylight, when we found ourselves beside Fiki Island, and off the western entrance of the Inland Sea. The mountains which stretched round were bolder, and with less wood upon them, than those passed on the previous day. The passage we had now to go through was that between the great islands of Kiusiu and Nippon; and the abundance of population began to show itself. There were numbers of large junks, perfectly clean, elaborately carved, and each carrying a large beautiful white sail on a mast composed of various pieces of wood bound together with rings of iron, as is the case with the best class of English and American ships. The lower hills had plenty of wood; the sandy gravel of the shore was covered with trees and bushes to where it abruptly broke at the water's edge; and there was sufficient bright blue sky, with a few white clouds floating across it, to give fine effects of light and shade on the forests and green fields which stretched up the hills behind, and on the great green rolling mountains beyond. On the right, as the passage began to narrow, there was a Damio's palace, and a large town, or a succession of villages, extending for several miles, and larger than Nagasaki. The junks which we saw did not appear to have any guns or stink-pots like those of China; for foreign trade, with its disorganizing influence, had not been there to prepare the way for native piracy. The snug little bays and villages had quaint vessels lying before them, some of which were painted, gilded, and adorned with fine carved filagree work. The cottages of the smaller villages were shaped somewhat like the huts of the islands of the Pacific; but in the other villages there were good large houses, some of them double-storied, others with verandahs round, and steps leading up

to them. Every turn of our ship gave some new effect of scenery; and the chief impression conveyed was the beauty, the quietness, the peacefulness of this entrance to the Inland Sea. Surely we had reached "the haunts of ancient peace."

"I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a
land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flow-
ers.
Full of calm joy it was . . .
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes."

Such were the lines which occurred to my recollection in connection with this new sea and these pleasant isles: for it is not likely that the Japanese will long be left undisturbed in the happiness which they evidently enjoy beyond any other people. The rude music, not of our woes, but of Western activity, will soon disturb, and are already disturbing, the ancient arrangements of those happy isles.

The town upon the right, on entering the channel, is called Kōkurna, and after passing it the sunken rocks in the way are pointed out by tall erect stones, hat-shaped at the top. Indeed, all through the Inland Sea, sunken rocks are marked by stone shafts; and other means, such as lighthouses, have been employed to render navigation safe. After passing a junk-building yard, we came on another large town upon the left, called Simono-saki, with fine temples behind it embosomed in wood. In front there was an excellent stone seawall, with convenient piers, which might put Hong-Kong to shame, with large junks lying alongside of them. The whole town seemed to have turned out to gaze at us, and the wonder-struck crews of the native vessels raised their arms to us by way of salutation. Large as the town was, one cannot go a day's sail up the waters in the neighbourhood of Canton without meeting half-a-dozen of the same

size, or even larger. Japan by no means struck me as being so thickly populated as China: and I should think Dr. Williams's estimate of about twenty millions of people to be probably near the truth.

After leaving Simono-saki, the passage began to open up into a wide loch, with lower, but still picturesque, hills on either side. It reminded me strongly of lake Windermere, but had quite a number of beautiful wooded islets. Then it was that the Suwo Nada opened before us, and the mountains became dim in the distance, while a fresh cool breeze ruffled its inland waters, which had then scarcely been vexed by any foreign keels. It was something to get into what, by a certain stretch of phraseology, might be called a "new sea;" but I believe we went down-stairs to discuss Shanghae fowls and drink claret-and-water.

Proceeding down the Inland Sea, the south shore was about ten miles distant, and the north about fifteen. The white puckered sails of junks were plentifully scattered over the blue water, and their seamen examined us through rather dim telescopes of native manufacture. On the south side the mountains were very high, rising up occasionally into volcano-like peaks. There was a good deal of wood and pasture upon them, but also many barren streaks, especially near the shore, and the country was not so rich as it is on the other side of the Fiki Passage. Still, everywhere in Japan the amount of wood excites attention. The fields are surrounded by thick belts of tangled trees and brushwood, and the growth is preserved by a Japanese law, which requires every person who cuts down a tree to plant another instead. On the second day after entering we were surprised by observing an English-rigged cutter in the distance, and for a moment entertained the fancy that perhaps Lord Dufferin, or some other adventurous English yachtsman, might be trying to grope his way before us

"into the bowels of Japan;" but it proved to be a vessel which one of the *Damios* had got on a foreign model. The Japanese have some wonderful antique-looking large vessels, in imitation of what must have been the Dutch build about two centuries ago; but they are by no means backward in adopting improvements which increase their command over their own seas. Already they have several steamers, which they know well how to manage, and very lately one of these crossed the Pacific, from San Francisco to Yedo, managed entirely by Japanese officers and engineers. This disposition of theirs to adopt the machinery and also the arms of the West is very laudable; but it will enable them to keep their own internal trade by water in their own hands; and it will evidently make them much more formidable in war than the Chinese have ever been. In such a case they would probably draw further supplies of arms from Holland or America; and it is to be noticed that the policy of the United States in Japan—which country they were the first to open up in recent times, and which they are disposed to claim as a special field of their own—has been latterly in opposition to that pursued by the representatives of England and France.

After passing, on our right, the entrance of the Bonngo Channel, which runs southwards to the open ocean, the Suwo Nada appeared to close up altogether, owing to the immense number of islands and islets—

"Summer Isles of Eden lying
In dark purple spheres of sea."

Many of these were almost pyramidal-shaped, and yet terraced, for purposes of cultivation, in an almost impossible manner. We tried to anchor for the night quite close to a village on one of these islands, but could not get sufficiently shallow water, though we almost brushed the shore. The people, and especially the women and children, came out in great numbers in boats

to see us, and were not backward in their salutations and exclamations of gratified surprise. They raised so loud a laugh when "the Doctor," our black cook, showed his head over the bulwarks, that even that hardened individual was abashed, and withdrew, cursing, to his own sanctuary. A little way beyond there was anchorage in ten fathoms, and the passages opened up into pretty broad stretches of water between numerous islands, which sometimes formed quite a labyrinth. Every little bay had a village in it, and the bright verdure came down close to the water's edge; but here and there a red barren hill looked as if it had been peeled of its vegetation. A sky so bright and blue, and an air so dry and pure as that we then enjoyed, are rarely to be found anywhere. On the southern side the hills seemed to be composed chiefly of marl and limestone, with quarries in them; but as this, the fourth day of our voyage, drew on, the hills became very barren, being of hard rounded sandstone, only very imperfectly sprinkled over with bushes and trees. Some spots, however, were very beautiful, with wood running up grass-covered hills, like strips of dark embroidery on a light-green velvet mantle, while in the sandstone above the water's edge there were wave-worn caves, which Don Juan and Haidée would not have despised. On the south, the high mountains of Sikok, crowned with white clouds, marked the coast-line. Possibly the pilots went unnecessarily about among the islands in order to make the navigation appear as intricate as possible; but, if not, they must have had the bump of locality most enormously developed in order to remember the way. On some of the more richly wooded hills there was table-land at the top, with green cultivated fields and tracts of warm sunny pasture spotted with little black cattle. It being just after the close of the wet season (which was late this year), and in

the middle of summer, the country looked exceeding fresh and green. The variety and succession of views were too great to allow many of them being impressed upon the mind; and we felt as if making a rapid survey of a large picture-gallery or a long moving panorama. This kind of work is, after all, not very satisfactory. Goethe has said that, when he desired to understand the power of nature, he selected an *eckschen*, or little corner, for contemplation. A certain repose is necessary if we are to realise the life, the power of nature, when manifested in the translucent depth of air, the calm sleeping sea, the awful mountain-forms; and to appreciate her wilder moods, she must be seen when shaken by her own fury, driving the clouds across the sky, lashing the waves into foam, and tossing the arms of the trees toward the darkened heaven.

Passing into a picturesque loch, with high dark wooded hills around, and a mile or two in breadth, we noticed many fields interspersed among the trees and jungle. In a small bay, just beyond, there was a large dock, substantially walled in, and a gently shelving sandy shore affording good anchorage. Here a number of old women came out to gaze at us in fishing sampans, looking out of their bleared old eyes in mute amazement at having lived to see the day. In a larger sea, on which we soon entered, bounded on the south by the high mountains of Sikok, and on the north by innumerable islands, and with no visible outlet to it, the barren redness of some of the hills rather augmented the brilliancy of the scene by adding another colour to the deep blue of the water, the bright blue of the sky, the forests' dark green hue, and the white shining clouds lying along the mountain-tops. As we got on, however, not even the coast of Southern China could have presented a more sterile appearance; and from one of the mountains on the south there rose the yellow smoke of a volcano.

Suddenly another change; we were among small islands, lying close together, of soft rock worn by the sea into fretted caves, and covered thickly with green ferns. There were little bays with sandy beaches, and little cottages where one would gladly have made selection for a summer residence. The larger villages had breakwaters and piers before them, indicating no small amount of enterprise and trade. From inquiries afterwards made, I found that the shores of this Inland Sea might afford large quantities of oil and sugar—the former at three dollars for a tub of about sixteen gallons, and the latter (refined and white) at about six cents a-pound. Firewood is also exceedingly cheap, is in abundance, and might be profitably taken over to China.

The morning of our fifth day, as the anchor was being raised, presented a most wonderful dawn. First a pale translucent green light filled the whole heaven, gradually changing into a deep ruddy brown, which seemed not so much to colour as to permeate water, islands, and sky, and from that softening into a celestial rosy red. Beside the white castle of a Damio, near which we had anchored, there was the tree-fringed *Tocaido*—the great road which runs the entire length of the three large islands of Japan. Here as elsewhere, where I had the opportunity of travelling upon it, it is a fine white broad road, in excellent repair, with side-walks for foot-passengers, lines of trees on either side, and tea-houses at convenient distances for the refreshment of travellers. These houses have no furniture beyond the beautifully clean matting of their floors; but, when required, the wearied wayfarer will be provided with a stool of some kind, and with a quilt and a small bamboo pillow. Tea, rice, fish, and sweet cakes are served by young female attendants, who take pleasure in making themselves as agreeable as possible, and whose appearance is often very charming, if not strictly beautiful in Western eyes,

from their ruddy complexions, finely-developed forms, desire to please, and over-beaming cheerfulness. Indeed there was nothing which struck me so much everywhere, and with all classes in Japan, as the unmistakable and unvarying happiness of the people. Certainly, if that is to be the test of national success, they have surpassed all nations. Never did I hear a word spoken in anger, or behold a cross, uncomfortable look; and their faces present either aspects of calm complacency, of smiling enjoyment, or of hearty amusement. If this be sometimes hypocrisy, it is a hypocrisy so like reality as to be quite as good as it, and quite undistinguishable from it. If hypocrisy, it is even more wonderful, and quite as admirable, as the reality could be; for the display of suffering and annoyance is very disagreeable to others, and society owes much to those who always present a smiling face, whatever their internal feelings may be. In this respect our highest and most civilised classes resemble the people of the far East.

"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

when our spirits shall float into the serenity of other airs than those we breathe on earth; but he who has visited the country of the "Sun's Origin" has already had a foretaste of what they may be.

Towards the east end of the Suwo Nada that sea opened out widely, and, leaving the Kino Channel on our right, we found ourselves in a vast bay, the shores of which were crowded with towns, villages, and white palaces, and the water all dotted over with innumerable junks making their way to or from the great port Ohosaka. The end of this bay forms a large semicircle, across which ran a ripple-line marking the influence of the fresh water from the river Engawa, which falls into it. On shore the semicircle was occupied by the town of Ohosaka, extending apparently about ten miles, and diversified by

large white palaces surrounded with trees. A thick line of junks kept advancing into the river, showing that the trade of the place must be enormous; and as they followed the windings of the stream, their sails appeared to be moving among the trees on land. The fields to the left of the river as we faced the town were very low, and protected by large substantial sea-walls. Numerous junks were lying at anchor beside similar walls raised for their protection, and lines of stakes pointed out the way of entrance. Many of the junks were lying beside a large building, probably the custom-house; and near it there was a strong fortification, armed with cannon. The river appeared to be run off into numerous canals, which traversed the town in all directions, and were frequently crossed by elegant bridges, over which streams of passengers were passing. Though foreigners have not been at Ohosaka for long, it was visited by Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and it was in 1614 that the Emperor Xogunsama drove away all Christians from it. A curious and interesting work, entitled *Ambassades vers les Empereurs du Japon*, published at Amsterdam in 1680, mentions that at Ohosaka there was a "temple des diables," where the Japanese adore a frightful statue, who wears a crown full of diamonds on the head of a bear. The narrator makes the important statement, that "Les Japonnais honorent des diables, et leur font toute sorte d'offrandes et de cultes religieux, afin qu'ils ne leur fassent point de mal." We steamed within two miles of the shore, and found there a depth of about five fathoms; but for many miles before that the lead had given only from seven to five fathoms; so, though the bay is exposed to the south-west, no very heavy sea could get into it; large vessels might ride out a storm from that quarter, and on other sides they are effectually protected. In the distance the mountains converge, forming the

valley of the Engawa, on which, forty miles off, is Miyako—"the Capital"—where the Mikado—"the Lord of the World"—or Spiritual Emperor, resides in a state of deified isolation, which would be perfectly intolerable were it not relieved by a large number of wives. The Siogoun, or Temporal Emperor, of course resides at Yedo—"River's Door"—where the temporal business of the country is chiefly transacted; but Miyako is the greatest manufacturing place and commercial emporium of the whole empire. None of the other ports can for a moment compare in size and importance with Ohosaka, or "Great Board," which had been rightly described, shortly before, by Dr. Williams, as "one of the largest cities in the empire, but not yet visited by any foreign ships." Its great extent was not less striking than its appearance, so far as our glasses could determine, of prosperity and wealth.

It was extremely provoking not to be able to land in order to visit this place, but that was strictly forbidden to us. I have no doubt it could have been done, notwithstanding the objections of Japanese officials; and they would probably have allowed us to proceed *nay-boen*, or being there as if we were not there; but "the expedition"—to dignify our two vessels—had received orders not to allow any parties to land from it. So there was no help for it; and after going in as close as we deemed safe, we steamed for about ten miles along the north side of the bay to Hiogo, the place which is to be opened to foreign trade in 1863, or even earlier if her Majesty's Plenipotentiary can prevail on the Government to do so, as it has been found that the port of Neegata on the south coast is all but useless for commercial purposes. The shore, as we went along, was almost a continuous stretch of villages, but soon rose up behind into mountainous cliffs, on one of which were two white houses that might have been

the abodes of hermits. The port of Hiogo is formed by a neck of land running southward from the north shore, and so effectually protected from the south-west winds, to which Ohosaka is exposed. There is very good anchorage at about four or five fathoms, and this depth of water is found quite close to the shore. Indeed, a platform might almost be run from the beach on to a vessel lying at anchor with short chain; and a few stone piers, such as the Japanese know so well how to construct, will make it one of the most commodious places in the world for shipping. It is quite close enough to Ohosaka for the purposes of trade, and yet far enough off to allow the foreign residents plenty of room to move about without annoying the inhabitants of the large town by their peculiar habits, and their disregard of all the manners which the Japanese regard as constituting politeness. The Japanese represent Ohosaka to be subject to very violent earthquakes, but the extent of the town and the size of many of the buildings go to contradict the statement.

When anchoring for the night at Hiogo, our vessel, through mismanagement on board the steamer, got in among some junks that were lying at anchor, and threatened to do them damage. It was very interesting to notice the extreme coolness and quietness displayed by the Japanese boatmen on this occasion. They exerted themselves manfully and ingeniously; but it was without any bustle, outcry, or apparent excitement. Even the author of *Guy Livingstone* would have been satisfied with their conduct, and must have set them down, according to his theories, as aristocratic braves. During the evening a number of people from shore paid us visits; but they were all of the lower class; and one of them, I am sorry to say, demeaned himself so far as to steal a pepper-box. That, however, was the only thing taken, and otherwise no fault could be

found with their demeanour; nor was their natural curiosity displayed in any impertinent manner. They seemed to know something about us, for many of them accosted us with the phrase, "*Ingleese Ipiocha*," and appeared to rejoice at the prospect of the very good English being settled in their neighbourhood. Nothing was to be got from them, even for itzebues, except some fish of an inferior kind. On leaving in the morning we had a practical illustration of the closeness with which vessels might approach the shore; for, when attaching the hawsers and getting under way, the Fanny was allowed to drift so close in that it really looked as if one could jump from her on to the beach. Certainly Hiogo is to be the place for foreigners in Japan, and Nagasaki and Yokohama must hide their diminished heads before it. The mercantile houses will have their headquarters there, and the waters of the Inland Sea will afford them delightful opportunities for boat and yacht excursions. But it will not do to anticipate, for the prospects of foreign trade in Japan have been all along somewhat doubtful, and now the recent attack on the residence of the British Minister at Yedo threatens new difficulties. The fact is, that the people of these islands are able to supply themselves with all that they know or wish for without going abroad for a single article, and their rulers are by no means anxious that wants should be created which can only be supplied from other countries, nor do they see that they are called on to supply silk or anything else to the rest of the world. The state of isolation in which their beautiful country has lain for two centuries has evidently been highly favourable to its internal development and enjoyment, so it is no wonder that they look upon the foreign intruders with disfavour, and throw very puzzling obstacles in our way, without committing themselves, as yet, to acts which would lead to open war. Their policy at present is, to

weary out foreigners by affected slowness of comprehension and difficulty of movement. *Elle est pleine de finesse sous l'apparence de bêtise.* This *vis inertia* of theirs has been calculated and used with great skill. They have not been able to understand the most simple matters, and the most urgent affairs have been treated with forms and ceremonies involving an enormous loss of time. Yet care has been taken to avoid giving open ground of offence. My individual opinion, however, is not only that the Japanese are ready to go to war with us, if they find they cannot otherwise protect their peculiar institutions from our innovating influence, but that, owing to their warlike character and the nature of their country, we shall find it no joke to deal with them on that platform. Perhaps it may be as well for us to consider, before having recourse to that *ultima ratio* sometimes of fools as well as of wise kings, whether our representatives there, both officials and merchants, have not been rather putting the cart before the horse, fancying they had only to cry out "Sesame!" in order to open up the country and obtain all they desired.

After leaving Hiogo we steered across the bay in a south-westerly direction toward the large island of Smoto and the Kino Channel. The weather this day rather increased in

heat, but still, though the 19th of July, it was never uncomfortable, the thermometer not rising above 80° in the cabin. At the inner entrance of the Kino Channel there were some forts of substantial masonry commanding it, and a very large one in course of construction. Some officials came out from these forts to make a report upon us, and kept up with us for some time in a four-oared boat. We could see that they not only wrote down long descriptions of the foreign vessels, but also made drawings of them. Through the Kino we passed into the open sea on the southern coast of Japan, and on the second day saw the snow-streaked peak of the volcano Fusiuma, the holy mountain of Japan, rising above high distant clouds. The white palaces of the Damios which we saw from the Inland Sea may have had their traditions and dread memories, the villages their simple but affecting tales, and the mountains their ancient legends; but to us these things were a sealed book. All that was open to us on which to report was the beautiful scenery of a succession of sea lochs unparalleled in any other part of the world, and the indications of the existence of a large, industrious, comfortable, and almost wealthy population such as mountains and islands nowhere else present.

THE CRAMMING SYSTEM.

YOUR defence, my Lord Pam, of the system of *CRAM*,
Is of all we have met with the best ;
Yet *to cram*, after all, if things rightly we call,
Is, to bolt what we cannot digest.

Now, although any meat we thus rapidly eat
May be better than simple starvation,
You'll allow that our food does us ten times more good
When subjected to due mastication.

A resemblance we find, betwixt body and mind,
In this, as in some other matters ;
And a wise man just looks to what's read in our books,
As he does to what's put on our platters.

Let us fancy the case, that a man for a place
Was wanted by you or Lord Russell—
Not an everyday clerk, but a servant whose work
Stood in need both of marrow and muscle ;

Would it be a good plan, in selecting your man,
To have dishes of beef, veal, and mutton,
And to offer the prize, not to strength or to size,
But to him who was most of a glutton ?

I suppose your tariff, besides mutton and beef,
Would both poultry and pork introduce :
Ham and turkey you'd count at a given amount,
And have so many marks for a goose !

But a whole *table d'hôte* shovelled over the throat,
Though the quantity reached a high figure,
Might yet be put in—to a very bad skin—
And impart neither valour nor vigour.

So a man or a boy may a twelvemonth employ
In reading, and writing, and learning
A lot of fine things, about Egypt's old kings,
That would show neither wit nor discerning.

Where the Memory's strong other parts may be wrong ;
And if chiefly that talent you nourish,
Can you hope that the Soul will assert her control,
Or that Reason and Judgment will flourish ?

A child overfed with the wholesomest bread,
Will have met not a boon but a curse ;
And still less will it thrive, or at manhood arrive,
If it's once overlaid by its Nurse.

So a man's mother-wit will not profit a bit
If his teaching is huddled and hurried ;
It will prostrate be laid, like the famed Roman Maid,
Beneath her own ornaments buried.

Besides, you must own, 'tis not reading alone
That will fit us for life and its labours :
We must have at command eye and ear, foot and hand,
For serving the Queen or our neighbours.

Then, Statesmen, look to it, and don't overdo it,
Nor promote mere mechanical merit :
Try to find out the test which will get for us best
Sense, diligence, talent, and spirit.

M. ERNEST RENAN.

M. ERNEST RENAN enjoys a considerable reputation amongst the present literati of France; perhaps in the school of thinkers to which he belongs, no one ranks higher. He may be described as of the philosophic party, standing, for instance, in very decided contrast to M. Montalembert. The two volumes of his works which we have selected for some comment are of a class apart from the rest: they are a collection of his criticisms upon the works of others. But they are not, on this account, of a more ephemeral character than other writings by which he may be better known; and they have the advantage of revealing very distinctly the temper, disposition, and mode of thinking peculiar to the man; and M. Renan is one of those men whom it is worth knowing, whether we agree or differ from him.

Essays of this description, written, in the first place, for the periodical press, but with the design of a subsequent and separate publication, form, as well in France as in England, some of the most attractive literature of the age. In this instance, the mature judgment of a scholar and a philosopher, on subjects of profound interest, is engrafted agreeably and briefly on the criticism of some celebrated or popular writer. But M. Renan not only with great skill analyses and delineates the minds of others; he has, in these volumes, given us, designedly or undesignedly, a very complete portraiture of himself—of his own modes of thought on many subjects—of his own philosophical temperament;—in short, of everything which constitutes the intellectual character of a man. After reading his criticisms upon others, we become as well acquainted with the critic himself as with any of

the authors on whom he exercises his fine analytical discrimination. In making these volumes, therefore, the groundwork for some observations, we feel none of that difficulty which attends upon criticising the critic, who generally effaces himself behind the author he reviews; we feel ourselves, on the contrary, in the presence of a man of original character and powers, who takes this method of delivering his opinions on various subjects. And the subjects he treats are, with a few exceptions, such as reveal to us the philosophy of the writer—the mode in which he has finally resolved to regard human life and the great problems of society.

M. Renan is not the mere man of letters, he is an earnest and independent thinker. If the Liberal or any other party claim him as their own, it does not follow that they will find him a champion of their views on all subjects. Quite the reverse. He is liberal, and he is conservative, where and when he sees fit. A keen appreciator of the value of physical science, and of its method of inquiry, he yet makes indignant stand against every tendency to materialism. Although he is no enemy—as who could be?—to those industrial arts which increase the wealth, and comfort, and all that is called the prosperity of a nation, he yet protests most energetically against confounding this species of prosperity with the true greatness and real progress of man. He will not intrust to *them* the cause of human progression. Even those who would enter into vigorous and uncompromising controversy with him on some of his opinions would admire the philosophic temper, the perfect candour of the man. In the old controversy between reason and revelation he

Essais de Morale et de Critique. Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse. By ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut, &c.

sides with those who find in the reason or instincts of humanity the ultimate basis for their religious convictions; but if, on this account, we should expect to meet in M. Renan with an active antagonist to that great traditional scheme of Catholicism which occupies and disciplines the popular mind of France, we should be greatly mistaken. No man appears to be more vividly impressed with the many elevating and tender influences of that religious system. No man is more ready to admit that, whatever his own opinions may be, those opinions are as nothing when weighed in the balance against the manifest wants, tendencies, and aspirations of mankind. He knows that the attitude of mind of the incessant inquirer after truth—by which the philosopher is supposed to be distinguished—can belong only to a few. While claiming freedom for such inquirers, he has no expectation and no wish that they should take the place of teachers of the multitude. They could not give to that multitude their own thoughtfulness: they would give their doubts, but not that spirit of inquiry which invests doubt itself with a sacredness. Personally, we know nothing of M. Renan; but there has not often come before us a writer whom we should be more disposed to select as a type of the philosophic mind. This is a very different thing from saying that M. Renan is himself a great philosopher, or that we should accept him as an authority on all points. Those to whom we give the title of *great*, are those who have made some signal addition to the realm of human knowledge. It is simply as a type of the highly cultivated mind that we should speak of M. Renan. Men who do great things—who make these conquests for us in the realms of human knowledge, or who forge new armour and new weapons by which such conquests may be made—are not always distinguished by a completeness of culture. The efforts they have made in one direction have

probably developed some faculty disproportionately, and left others unexercised. Both in body and mind greatest strength does not always accompany or imply the most exact symmetry of form. Vulcan himself, though a god, and forging armour for the gods, was represented as lame—by which we understand that the great workman was tethered to his smithy: it is the more idle Mercury who flies through all regions of space, and who himself is the perfect model of grace and beauty.

There is a tone of philosophic despondency heard faintly throughout these Essays which will win the sympathy of very many readers. The tone is of one who has sought for truth, and has not found it, and who yet holds that the search for truth is the greatest good and the most exalted occupation that can fall to the lot of any individual. Such tone, we say, is sometimes heard; at other times a confidence is expressed in a few great results, which stand, he thinks, the test of severest examination. But, hopeful or despondent, his is not the mind that so limits itself to its own conclusions as to find no beauty, worth, or honesty in the convictions of others. He is far removed from that type of the French *philosophe*—now, we hope, almost extinct—from that most exclusive of thinkers, who, having once satisfied himself that certain beliefs were delusions, had no particle of respect or sympathy for them as they still existed in the minds of others, to whom they were sacred truths. Though he would not allow it to obstruct his own path, yet where there is an error which has a virtue under it, M. Renan would not go out of his way to displace it. If the verdure of his neighbour's field should be somehow connected with the rude stones that cover it, and which contrive to detain the moisture on the ground, he is not the systematic and pedantic improver who would rush into that neighbour's field to remove these manifest obstructions

to the plough. Not his the presumption that would project his own mind as a type for all others. Claiming freedom of inquiry and freedom of utterance, and asserting loudly that on these must depend the intellectual life and progress of a people, he is yet one of the first to acknowledge that the simple results of philosophy suffice only to the philosopher himself. To the present existing multitude they are but barrenness, and a negation of those hopes and fears—of those fears especially—by which they have disciplined themselves into some virtue. He shuns polemical discussion, and abjures an indiscriminate desire to make proselytes: he thinks the duty of those who are more wise and learned than the crowd is "to express with candour the result of their studies, without seeking to trouble the conscience of those who are not called to the same life as himself." He would not intentionally weaken the foundation on which the morality of more simple-minded or more imaginative men than himself is seen to rest; but the gradual permeating influence of a truth once spoken he has no wish, no power, to arrest. This, he believes, *must* be ultimately beneficent. For this he would willingly be responsible, if any individual could, without presumption, assume to himself a personal responsibility for the irresistible progress of truth.

A fervent faith, he remarks, must needs resent all attack upon it; and he who has cultivated a philosophic temper, and who understands the value, to society and to the individual, of a fervent faith, will in some measure sympathise even with the anger he may unavoidably provoke. He regrets that he cannot share in that energy of the religious sentiment which on this occasion goes forth in indignation against himself. "The greatest penalty," writes M. Renan, "by which a man who has raised himself above the multitude expiates his exceptional position, is this of feeling himself isolated from the great religious

family (who are, without doubt, the best souls of the world), and knowing that those very persons, with whom he would desire above all others to be in happy communion, are compelled to regard him as perverted or corrupt. One must be very sure and confident of one's self not to be troubled at heart when women and children join their hands and their prayers and cry, Believe as we do! There is one consolatory thought; this separation between simple hearts and the critically reflective mind, is the sad necessity of the age we are traversing, and there is a region common to all pious and elevated spirits, and in which those even who condemn each other often encounter without suspecting it,—that ideal city of which the seer in the Apocalypse gives a momentary glimpse when he speaks of a multitude that none could number, of every tribe, of every nation, of every tongue, all proclaiming with harmonious voice the one symbol in which they all unite, 'Holy, holy, holy, who is, who has been, who will be!'"

M. Renan, in his own system of philosophy, appears to agree with Kant both in the impotence of the speculative reason to attain to religious truth, and also in the sure foundation that remains to us in the conscience, or what Kant called the practical reason. We would by no means plunge ourselves or our readers into the wide controversy which the very enunciation of these propositions suggests, but we may be permitted to say that we do not ourselves share in that profound distrust of the human reason, when engaged in the great problem of religious truth, which this system teaches. And it is fortunate for us that we can hold tenaciously to certain great convictions attained, as we say, by the exercise of the reasoning faculty; for we have never been able to regard the conscience, or the sentiment of responsibility, as itself the primary basis for religious belief. This appears to us to be

the result of some prior conviction. The idea that we originally perceive God—so to speak—through the sentiments of the conscience, just as we perceive the sun in heaven through our susceptibility to light (in neither case the object itself being otherwise known than through sensibilities of our own), is of a very subtle order, and gives to those who can embrace it a sure and lofty position; but it does not seem to us authorised by the history of mankind, or the progress of religion, or to be in harmony with what little we do know of the nature and development of human feeling. The sentiment of duty towards a supernatural Being can hardly be developed till the existence of that Being is known or suspected. We hold that the knowledge or imagination must precede the sentiment, and not the sentiment itself reveal its own object. M. Renan, however, apparently thinks otherwise. In his preface to the *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, he says—

"These papers, now united in one volume, have, so far as their subjects are concerned, no necessary connection. They have little in common but the one sentiment which has presided over all—namely, that morality is *par excellence* the grave reality of this world, and suffices of itself to give to life its meaning and its aim. Impenetrable clouds hide from us the secret of this world, whose reality at once forces itself upon us, and yet startles and oppresses us; it is a Proteus which no science binds, and no language can express. But there is one indisputable foundation for faith that no scepticism can invalidate, and where man will find to the end of his days a secure refuge from all his uncertainties: the good is the good, and evil is evil. In order to love the one and to hate the other no system is requisite: here is given us the one only means by which man can comprehend anything of the problem of his origin and his destiny. When Kant, the Aristotle of modern times, carried his criticism to the very root of human intelligence, resolved not to arrest his course till he stood before the indisputable, he found nothing clear but the sentiment of Duty. In the presence of this sovereign revelation doubt was no longer possible. On this solitary basis of

the conscience, the inflexible critic reconstructed all that he had previously destroyed. God, religion, liberty, which the reason presented to him involved in contradictions, appeared now, beyond the field of controversy, in a pure calm light, resting not on syllogisms, but on the invincible wants of human nature, and imperatively removed from all discussion. This bold and noble recantation (*volte-face*) in the German thinker is the history of all those who have traversed with much energy the circle of thought. Object of an eternal dispute for our reasoning—of evident intuition for the moral sentiment—religion thus becomes the property of those who are worthy of it, and who find its demonstration in a voice, listened to with docility in their own hearts."

But our German Aristotle has at this moment very few adherents—very few who accept both his scepticism and his faith. There are multitudes who are ready to take the voice of their own conscience as the utterance to them of religious truth; but these would be startled if they were to be told that this was the sole ground they could possess for any religious conviction. If this were insisted on, they would find themselves, not in the presence of an indisputable truth, but of a metaphysical controversy of a most stubborn character. That a good life is a sure refuge from perplexed cogitations, is what we are quite ready, and happy, to believe. But that the human conscience contains in itself intuitively all the great truths we are seeking, is a metaphysical theory which may have its most intelligent partisans, but which certainly cannot be proposed as a harbour of refuge against metaphysical discussion. We most readily accord our sympathies to those who, having been disappointed in their speculative inquiries, take refuge in a good human life as the one certain end they can propose to themselves. So it be not the mere *thinking* of a good life, but the actual thing itself, this expedient will not fail them. To him who leads a good life, doubt itself is not incompatible with tranquillity of mind. But he who, after having been beaten back from the region of

speculative truth, imagines that he can return in triumph on the force of some moral sentiment or moral intuition, is surely deluding himself. An intuition about which two philosophical parties can honestly dispute, gives no standing-place that is above the waves of controversy. But into these abstract discussions we had no intention to enter: our mention of the philosophic temper of M. Renan has led us accidentally into some notice of his philosophic opinions.

M. Renan is no flatterer of the age in which we live. He makes indignant protest against what he regards as one of its prevailing errors—the confounding the material prosperity with the true greatness of a people. He thinks that the advantages which accrue from our progress in the industrial arts are greatly over-estimated—are so magnified as to hide from us the necessity of a moral progress, on which, indeed, the destiny of a nation must ultimately depend. It is rare to find in a Frenchman such energetic denunciations as M. Renan deals forth against the too frivolous, the too worldly and irreligious, temper of the age. Perhaps, however, at the present time, it is rather from a French than an English philosopher that we might expect this strain; the worship of wealth and luxury being, according to all reports, at its very height in France under the Imperial *régime*, and extremes of this kind having a constant tendency—thanks to that inherent energy of the human mind which cannot be altogether suppressed—to produce a reactionary movement in an opposite direction. The higher aims and aspirations which have been neglected till they seem in danger of being forgotten, find some ardent champions, call forth some enthusiastic defenders—Stoics or Christians—who revive them for the world. Here is M. Renan's calm but severe judgment of his own times—

"Agreeing with M. de Secy on the serious dangers to which modern society lies exposed, from the loss of certain

energetic virtues which constituted the strength of the antique world, I yet differ from him a little in his manner of appreciating the intellectual movement of our epoch. I think that no age has seen farther, or so far, as ours, into the true theory of the universe and of humanity; I think there are in some thousands of our contemporaries more penetration of mind, more delicacy of perception, more true philosophy, and a more enlightened morality, than you could extract from all the past ages of mankind. But this rich culture, to which, in my opinion, no antiquity, heathen or Christian, can show anything comparable, has very little influence on the age: it stands apart. A gross materialism, which looks at everything from the point of view of its immediate utility, tends more and more to take the supreme direction of the human mind, and to throw into the shade what serves only to satisfy our taste for the beautiful, or our thirst for pure truth. Cares of a quite domestic kind, which occupied our ancestors but little, have become our most serious concern, and take the place of more manly anxieties. Now, whether we adopt the language of religion or philosophy, it is equally true that man is born for some ideal end, some purpose which transcends our pleasures and our interests. Does our material progress approximate us to this end? Does the world, in general, become more intelligent, more honest, more devoted to true liberty, or more susceptible to the beautiful? That is the question. One may believe in progress without sharing in that dangerous optimism which can see, without feeling of shame or indignation, any meanness or humiliation of character, if only such humiliation can present itself as favourable to certain improvements in our material comforts. Ameliorations of this kind must surely appear, to every man of liberal education, a poor compensation for the loss of those higher sentiments which alone make life desirable, which alone give to it a value and a meaning."—*Essais de Morale et de Critique*, p. 20.

This tone of complaint we find often repeated; and though we presume it applies more especially to France, where the extinction of political liberty and of the opportunity of leading a great public life, has given an undue predominance to luxury, it is not intended by M. Renan to be restricted to his own

country. And indeed there is no nation that might not examine itself as to the real value of some of these arts and inventions which we boast so loudly. The thoughts and emotions actually clustered about any circumstance or incident constitute essentially our *human life*, not any modification of these circumstances. A certain proficiency, for instance, in the arts of building and fabricating furniture, is necessary for civilisation, for the development of the amenities of life; but the feelings which gather round a dwelling-place, and make it a *home*, are not much improved or heightened by changing deal boards into mahogany, or by any of the ingenious devices of upholstery.

"Man," says M. Renan, "is a divine being only in his soul. Let him realise in some measure a moral and intellectual ideal, and the end of his existence is attained. Nothing is indifferent that can help him forward to this end. But it is a grave error to think that improvements of a material kind, which lead to no progress in the mind or the heart, can have any real value. External things are valuable for the human sentiments they elicit. Any ordinary garden shall now enclose those splendid flowers that were formerly confined to royal conservatories; but what avails all this horticultural luxury if the simplest flowers of the field, such as God made them, spoke better to the heart of man, and awoke in him a more genuine love of nature? The women of our day may dress as queens did formerly; what matters it if they are neither more beautiful nor more amiable? The means of pleasure are infinitely multiplied; what matters it if ennui and satiety poison them, and if the poverty of our fathers was happier and more gay? Has the progress of intelligence been in proportion to that of industry? Does education amongst us take a large and liberal direction? Have men's characters grown in force and elevation? Do we find in our generation of mankind an increase of dignity, of nobleness, of intellectual culture, of respect for truth, of solicitude in the formation of their own opinions, of firmness against the seductions of wealth and power? I will not attempt to answer; I will content myself with asserting that in these true progress must consist."

M. Renan does all he can to guard himself here against misconstruction. He is prepared to admire the triumphs and achievements of industrial art, but he will not give to these a place which is due only to the triumphs and achievements of the human soul. He recalls to mind that "the progress of industry does not run parallel, in history, with progress in the fine arts, or in true civilisation; for the two nations in which art attained its highest development, Greece and Italy, were strangers to the refinements produced by industrial skill." He has no sweeping condemnation of his age. It does not tend in any marked manner, he thinks, towards good or evil; it tends especially towards mediocrity: it sinks down, in its easy arm-chair, into a contented mediocrity of thought and feeling. Men have become effeminate, not in their physical but their mental habits. M. Renan makes an observation which, we suspect, in this country, would be generally opposed; he thinks the influence of women has been carried too far in moulding the tastes of men. Affairs which we are accustomed to consider as the province of women, occupy a disproportionate space in society at large. If this be the case, it is plainly no fault of womankind, who are labouring in their own unmistakable vocation, when they contribute all they can to the elegance of life—it is the fault of men for becoming too effeminate. "But," says M. Renan, "it cannot be denied that this predominance *des soins domestiques*, displacing more manly passions, contributes to a littleness in modern society, disturbs the grander proportions of human activity." There may be some truth in the observation. Though the influence of women in modern society has been, on the whole, of incalculable advantage, yet, like most other excellent things, that influence may be carried too far. It has apparently made man too solicitous about home and furniture, and all that pertains to elegance or ostentation. It has bound many

a man, fit for better things, to the endless toil of adding pound to pound, and acre to acre. It produces also a certain cowardice in the sphere of speculative opinion. From being arbiters of elegance, they become rulers in the higher realms of thought! That democracy of religious opinion, which in every country of Europe tends to degrade and depress the intellectual character of our faith, has its chief strength in the influence of women. Here, in England, when we speak of *Exeter Hall* as a power, we are really speaking of the influence of women, and those teachers, of course, who have addressed themselves with success to the female mind.

There is another topic on which M. Renan would have from the English reader a more decided and hearty concurrence. He is energetically opposed to that centralisation, to that elaborate administration, which, emanating from the highest power in the State, promises to accomplish, in the most perfect manner, all the ends of government, but, in fact, entails upon a people the loss of individual freedom, and the liberty of spontaneous association. These *simple governments*, so strong in their unity, approach us with the tempting offer to do everything for us, and end by incapacitating us to help ourselves. M. Renan takes to task the Liberal party in France for their contempt of traditional rights—those inherited rights, whether of individuals or corporations, to which the general government (of a monarch or a senate) has to accommodate itself; rights which, in defiance of all logic, assert an independent foundation of their own, and do not acknowledge themselves to be the mere creatures of a state policy, determining for the good of the society.

"The error of our Liberal school," writes M. Renan, "is the having imagined that it was an easy task to create liberty by an effort of reasoning and reflection, and of not having perceived that a political arrangement is not se-

cure unless it has an historical basis. Under the predominance of an idea very like that which has governed China for ages, by the illusory opinion that the best government is that which is rationally organised, as one consistent scheme for the good of the whole, it forgot the due respect for the individual, and for existing rights. It did not perceive that all its efforts could end only in a good administration, never in liberty, since liberty results from a right that is felt to be anterior and superior to that of the state, which never recognises itself as a mere deduction from abstract and general propositions.

"Of the two schemes of polity which will for ever share the world between them—the one founding itself on abstract right, the other on prior possession—France, the country of logic and of large and generous ideas, has always chosen the first. Who shall dare to convert this into a reproach, since it is to this glorious fault that she owes the splendour of her history and the sympathy of the whole human race! But such is the subtle nature of our social developments, that the nation which, with a perfect sincerity, desired to labour for the liberty of the human race, was, on that very account, rendered incapable of founding her own liberty."

M. Renan proceeds to show that Frenchmen have always had the desire for one great uniform organisation. Equality in the eye of the law, and the law emanating from one central source, has been and is the ideal of the Frenchman. Englishmen, it seems, with more restricted ideas, with minds which look more often to their parish than to the nation, add to this desire of equality in the eye of the law the wish to have some hand in making and administering the law itself. If this be true, and if the Liberal party in France did not find in the people any attachment to individual or local rights, they are not to blame for neglecting to build their system where no foundation existed for building on. Their error was merely theoretical. There were no actual traditions which could be made available.

Nothing can, indeed, be more logical than a scheme of government founded on the simple abstract

principle of the good of the whole. The mischief is, that those who proceed upon this principle have almost always had a tendency to *over-govern*. In reality, the fault lies here, and not in their abstract principle. The difficult question is to draw the line that excludes the action of the state, or the interference of the legislature. What France wants at this moment is a public opinion which would hedge in a few great subjects from the control of the state; a public opinion in which it is declared that it is for the good of the whole that a freedom of action, that a freedom of voluntary association, should be left to individuals on certain great matters—as commerce, education, and whatever pertains to the higher cultivation of the mind. Such public opinion, however, to be effective, should be combined with the public spirit that is not daunted by a little additional trouble. To have everything arranged for you by the state—to be spared from any collision with your neighbours, a strong police marshalling us all *en queue*—has its temptations. Men are more easily drilled into an obedience of this kind, than trained to the capacity for free association.

A favourite subject of M. Renan, and that perhaps to which he has devoted the greatest share of his attention, is the history of religion. One of these volumes, *Études d'Histoire Religieuse*, is entirely devoted, as its title imports, to this most interesting of topics. The papers in this volume, though written on different occasions, and with different degrees of amplitude, are so arranged as to carry the reflective mind down the main current of this history. The "Religions of Antiquity," the "People of Israel," the "Lives of Christ," the "Saints," "Calvin," "Channing"—these titles are sufficient to lead the mind from the earliest known form of religion to its latest development in the last born of our civilisations. It is as if the hand of a master just touched the strings here and there down through

the whole compass of the instrument. Our space will not permit us to follow him even through the whole of this rapid prelude, but on two or three of these essays we can afford to pause for a little time, and we shall not find the time misspent.

The first essay, on the Religions of Antiquity, was written *à propos* of M. Guigniaut's translation (with additions and improvements) of Creuzer's work on the mythology of Greece. M. Renan takes a mid-way course between the exaggerated symbolism of Creuzer and the hard and cynical views of some of his opponents, who will see nothing in Greek mythology but empty fictions invented by a succession of poets, good and bad.

When, in the later years of the Roman empire, men who had some tincture of philosophy attempted to reconstruct a religion out of the traditions of paganism, they gave to the popular fable their own philosophical interpretation. They could proceed in no other way. Nevertheless, it was manifest that the fable, if it so pleased them, might be interpreted in twenty different ways—that it lay there, in fact, at the mercy of the philosopher, to be reanimated by whatever wisdom he could supply. It was like a Swedenborgian's interpretation of the Old Testament: the occult meaning might be anything they pleased. The very supposition that the original framers of the fabulous history had any abstract truth in their minds, which they expressed in this highly figurative manner, is of a most hypothetical character. The truth that suggested the fable was probably some simple natural fact, patent to the senses. In some instances, and after many such fables had been invented, it is conceivable that a few far-reaching minds may have used a *language of fables* at once to express and to conceal some abstract or general thoughts. But what these thoughts were, who can guess? or who can know when he has guessed rightly?

When Christianity had completely

triumphed over paganism, there was no longer any desire to elevate its fables into an expression of abstract truths. For a long time after the revival of classical learning, European scholars condescended to collect and put together wild, absurd biographies of heathen gods and goddesses, simply because the knowledge of them was necessary to the understanding of Greek and Latin poets. These mythological fictions had for them no deeper interest. Greek and Latin poets had themselves treated them as mere fictions, to be told and decorated with what skill and taste they could bring to the task. Why should a Christian critic take any further concern with them?

But when the study of the early ages of mankind came to be pursued with greater earnestness, it was felt that this contempt of pagan fables, as the mere fabrication of poets, was as little satisfactory as the elevation of them into symbolic expressions of abstract thought. There was an earlier form of these fables in which they really formed a religious belief. This religious belief was worthy of being studied, more especially as it was for a long time held by nations distinguished for their political institutions, and for their cultivation of the fine arts. We know not who, amongst the more thoughtful scholars of Germany, has the credit of having first led the way to a deeper study of ancient mythology; but the name of *Creuzer* is generally associated with this movement. As might be expected, one whose task was in some measure to rehabilitate Paganism, and to relieve it from the sort of contemptuous study hitherto bestowed upon it, was carried into an opposite extreme—transforming everywhere the fiction into a symbol of some truth. This, of course, gave rise to abundant controversy. Other questions as to the origin of Greek mythology—whether it was native to Greece—whether it arose amongst an Eastern people in whom a simple worship of nature had existed—whether the Greek pantheon had

not been constructed by a conquest and agglomeration of what were originally the chief gods and goddesses of distinct people—were raised by *Creuzer's* great work. It soon found several potent and learned adversaries, some of whom, with a scholarship equal to its own, advocated a quite opposite view, and declared that nothing *could* be known, that was at all worthy to be known, of a number of absurd, contradictory, often obscene fables, whose very absurdity and obscenity constituted from the commencement their sole attraction. *Lobeck* especially distinguished himself on this side of the controversy.

We, for our part, feel persuaded that, if we could understand these defunct religions of the earth, we should find them well worthy of our study; but we doubt if it is possible for us, whose very imagination has been trained by the knowledge acquired through intervening ages, to enter into the religious faiths of remote antiquity. *M. Renan* thinks we can understand no religion unless we have once believed in it. He does not, however, relinquish all attempt to penetrate the meaning and nature of mythological creeds; still less does he think that such creeds are simply to be dismissed as so much nonsense. Equally removed from *Creuzer* and *Lobeck*, and availing himself of all the lights which succeeding scholars have thrown upon the subject, he rapidly touches upon the several points of discussion. We quote a few of his remarks. Speaking of *Creuzer*, he says—

"This mystical enthusiasm, the first outbreak of that *philosophy of nature* then rising in Germany—this sympathetic manner which signalised a real progress in mythological studies, would inevitably be carried to excess, and have its hours of intoxication. *M. Creuzer* has all the faults of his Alexandrian masters—the symbolic fever, and the tendency to see everywhere a profound mystery. *Iamblicus* and *Hesiod*, *Nounus* and *Homer*, figure side by side in the interpretation of the same myth. The Alexandrians are in his eyes good com-

mentators, true restorers of Paganism, who have recovered by a philosophical intuition its primitive dogmas. For Creuzer there seems to be no such thing as time. He seeks his solutions in too high a region, because he himself resides in this high region of thought—because he cannot fully enter into that simple, naïve, infantine, imaginative life out of which the earliest myths arose. . . . The myth, in its true signification, exists only in those epochs when man believes himself to live in a divine world, without any defined notion of the laws of nature. Now long before the end of Paganism this primitive simplicity had disappeared. The supernatural had become the *miracle*—that is to say, an interruption by the divine power of the order of nature—a conception radically different from that of our primitive man, for whom there as yet existed no established order, but a continued play of free living forces. In this antique age there was nothing that could be called dogma.

“Creuzer saw clearly that the meaning of the ancient symbols was lost in a remote epoch; that Homer indeed was a very bad theologian, whose gods were poetic personages leading a noble joyous life, like his own heroes, between action and pleasure; and that in his hands the most respectable myths became transformed into piquant histories. But was he justified, therefore, in concluding that before this poetic age there was a great theological age, during which Greece narrowly escaped being a sacerdotal country, with a profound religion, and venerated symbols, and hierarchical institutions, and a basis of monotheism derived from the East? We think not.”

After a tribute of praise to Ottfried Müller, who may be said to have lost his life in his pursuit of mythological knowledge, for he died of a sunstroke received while exploring the ruins of Delphos (he had denied that Apollo was originally the god of the sun: did Apollo, says M. Welcker, thus revenge the slight upon his godship?), M. Renan proceeds to speak of the later labours of M. Preller—

“M. Preller may be considered in many respects as the continuator of the method of Ottfried Müller. In his eyes also the mystic element of the Greek religion came from the Thracians and the Pelasgians. The fundamental idea of the Pelasgian worship was the adoration of nature contemplated as living and

divine. In opposition to the naturalism of the Pelasgians, M. Preller places the anthropomorphism of the Hellenes, represented by the Homeric age, in which the national and popular mythology took a definite form. But when the spirit of this warlike epoch had evaporated in the age of Solon and Pisistratus, there was a certain reaction in favour of the more ancient worship, which expressed itself in two ways—in *Orphism* and in the *Mysteries*, both mingled with new elements and with some charlatanism, and both seized upon with eagerness at a later period by the Neo-Platonians.

“The distinction of epochs is thus the base of M. Preller's studies. Gods have their chronology as well as their nationality. In general, antiquity seems soon to have wearied of its chosen symbols: a worship might be reckoned old at a hundred years: fashion, as even in later times, had much to do with the forms of devotion. Religion, being one of the ever-living products of humanity, must indeed change with that humanity. Greece, in this respect, gave herself full liberty, and often favoured her gods, not according to their merit or their antiquity, but according to their youth and beauty. Not that the new worship altogether destroyed the old; it threw it into the shade, or gave it some subordinate position. Nearly all the Pelasgian divinities suffered some affront of this kind. You see the venerable Pan admitted into the cortege of a young and fashionable god, Dionysos. Hermes, a great Pelasgic divinity, is reduced to keep guard at the corners of streets, and to show travellers their way. The honest and laborious Vulcan is admitted into heaven only to receive the rebuffs of Venus, and the contemptuous blows of Jupiter. The old gods of an industrious people—gods of the plough, of the forge, of the sheepfold, sad, serious, useful divinities—become demi-gods, satellites, and servants to more noble and beautiful deities.”

Some excellent remarks follow on the *Mysteries*; but we must withdraw ourselves from this very interesting paper: we must also pass over the essay on the people of Israel, in order that, before our space is exhausted, we may make some quotations from a very judicious review of the celebrated work of Strauss's *Life of Christ*. Nothing (so far as it goes, and considering from what quarter it emanates) could be

more just or more candid than M. Renan's criticism on this remarkable book; and coming from one who may be said to belong to the same camp as Strauss, it will be read with interest. Acute and learned that work assuredly is, but it was a misnomer to call it a Life of Christ. There is no life of Christ given or attempted; it is merely an explanatory criticism showing how certain portions of the narratives that have descended to us *might* have arisen.

We have heard persons, by no means favourable to its views, express surprise that the work of Strauss had made so little impression on the English public. Its erudition, and its calm, acute criticism, it was thought would have at least called forth a more strenuous opposition than it did. But there is a certain *common sense* in the English mind that at once revolted from a life of Christ which made no attempt even to represent to us the once living and historical person. An impression went abroad that Strauss altogether denied the reality of any historical personage, and reduced even the existence of Christ to a myth—a most absurd impression, but one likely enough to arise from the limited and exclusive character of his book.

Several causes conspired to render this work inapplicable to our countrymen. 1. In the first place, it *assumes* the incredibility of the miraculous. The reader of Strauss is supposed already, from his scientific education and a wide historical survey, to have arrived at this conclusion; whereas a disciple of Paley enters on the examination of this one history, asking himself whether *it* does not force upon him the belief in the miraculous. 2. In the second place, a large portion of the work is wasted in a tedious controversy against a certain mode of explaining the miraculous narrative which had never taken any root in England. No one in England cared for Dr. Paulus. Any downright thinker would at once dismiss him and his interpretations of the miraculous. It is not at all improbable

that in *some cases* a real event may become distorted or exaggerated till it assumes the form of a miracle. But who can say *in what cases* this has taken place? And even if this is determined, who can venture to divine what precisely was the real nucleus of fact that had grown into the miracle? All this controversy with Dr. Paulus and his *rationalistic* interpretations fell on the English ear as useless and wearisome in the extreme. 3. In the third place, there was a certain Hegelian Christology put forth by the author himself, so wild in its nature, that although it occupied a very small portion of the work, it gave a character to it which deterred many from its perusal. To us it seemed that this Christology was merely an attempt to express certain abstract philosophical ideas in the language of Christian theology. M. Renan, we find, ranks Strauss, on the strength of it, amongst the *theologians*. 4. But in the fourth and last place, that which really condemned the book with the straightforward Englishman was, as we have intimated, the absence of any strenuous attempt to bring before him what *was* the veritable history. He might listen very patiently, if not approvingly, to much of the explanatory criticism by which Strauss accounts for what he calls myth or legend; but supposing that our English reader admitted that there was legendary matter to be thus explained, the explanation of this legendary matter did not constitute a life of Christ. There was still to be described the great living being—prophet—use what designation you will—who existed on the face of the earth—taught and suffered—and left such trace of his existence as no other being has done. Let us hear what M. Renan says:

“One objection not less grave, and which lies against the very principle and nature of the work, is, that Strauss has too much neglected the importance of the individual action and character of Christ. Whilst reading it, one almost imagines that Christianity was developed without the aid of Christ. It can-

not be denied that the process of thought by which he attempts to explain so many of the narratives of the Evangelists, has had a certain influence on their formation, and that some of them owe their existence to a mode of reasoning like this:—The Messiah must be the son of David; now Jesus is the Messiah; therefore Jesus is the son of David, and there must be some genealogy by which he is attached to the royal race. Or this:—The Messiah was to have been born in Bethlehem; now Jesus is the Messiah; therefore some circumstance there must have been to explain how one who passed all his life in Galilee came to be born in Bethlehem. . . .

"But it would be a poor estimate of the wealth and power of the human mind that would explain by this one method even all that could be considered legendary in the Evangelists. Sometimes the individual peculiarities of Jesus modified the ideal of the Messiah. Many of the traits that are given by the Evangelists as Messianic are far from belonging to an ideal of the Jews. In these cases, it is a veritable fact in the life of Christ which has prompted the application of a biblical text, in which, probably, no one had before thought of seeing an allusion to the Messiah. When, for example, a circumstance of the Passion suggests to the Evangelist a verse of the Psalms, 'They have parted my raiment, and for my vesture did they cast lots,' would any one argue that it was the desire of showing the accomplishment of a prophecy that led to the invention of the incident? It is far more probable that a veritable incident prompted the quotation.

"And now, supposing even that all were constructed according to the play of these two syllogisms—1. The Messiah is prophesied to do this; Jesus is the Messiah; therefore Jesus did this; and, 2. Jesus did this; Jesus is the Messiah; therefore this was prophesied of the Messiah. It is plain that both these syllogisms are founded on the same minor, *Jesus is the Messiah*, and it still remains to account for this minor. When the apostles once believed in his Messiahship, they might, as M. Colani has observed, have added to the real portrait some traits borrowed from prophecy. But how came they to believe in his Messiahship? This Strauss has nowhere explained. It is evident that the personal character of Jesus must have singularly surpassed all ordinary proportions; in other words, 'a great and fundamental

portion of the evangelical narrative must be true.'

We need hardly say that believers in revelation (amongst the staunchest of whom this Magazine will always rank itself) would not yield so much as M. Renan; we have here the criticism of one who accords to Strauss his assumption with regard to the miraculous. But it is well to observe that, view the history from what light we may, it is evident that some great personality—a great living soul—lies at the basis of all. He who would really write the life of Christ must strive to present to us this great reality.

Perhaps the essay which, above all others in this volume, will most attract the attention of the English reader, is that on "Channing." Here we are brought down to our own times. Here, too, we see how the philosopher of a *Catholic country* estimates our Protestant movements. It has been often observed that such a philosopher rarely does justice to Protestantism; and we cannot say that M. Renan, with all his accustomed impartiality, is an exception to this observation.

Impatient with the Protestant for retaining so much of a system which he has discarded, the French philosopher seldom shows a willingness to recognise that measure of freedom and intelligence which is involved in Protestantism itself. He endeavours to persuade himself that, according to all the rules of logic, the Protestant nation ought not to be more free, more responsive to advanced culture, than the Catholic country. But even should he succeed in this point, it does not follow that there may not be a quite *illogical* freedom which somehow or other falls to the lot of the Protestant people. It is an indisputable fact that amongst such a people a free movement on religious opinion exists.

"I avow, for my part," says M. Renan, "that I accept more willingly the authority of the Church than of the Book. The Church is more human, more living (*plus humaine, plus vivante*.) and, though proclaimed immutable, she accommodates herself better to the wants of each

epoch. If I may so express myself, it is more easy to bring her to listen to reason (*de lui faire entendre raison*) than a book which has been finally closed eighteen hundred years ago."

Reasoning *a priori*, one might perhaps have imagined that this would be the case, and that a priesthood, a succession of living men, would have yielded more readily to the intellectual progress of mankind than a written book, whose text must remain unaltered. But experience has not shown it to be thus. A Channing could not have arisen under the Catholic Church, could not have speculated with the same freedom, yet sheltered himself constantly under the authority of the Church. A living priesthood pledged to the traditions of the past is a more potent adversary for the innovating thinker than a sacred volume which lies passive in the hands of the interpreter. Unless some one interpretation is supported by a powerful priesthood, it may be made slowly to yield to some newer interpretation. The Catholic Church was no doubt, at one time, capable of moulding itself, and did mould itself, to suit the temper of a people or of an age; but it has now fixed its dogmas by a series of councils—by the Council of Trent in particular; it has all the fixity of a written book, and all the power of a living organization.

M. Renan finds that such freedom as the Protestant takes is inconsistent with that *intellectual obedience* which is the very counterpart of a belief in revelation. But even with the Catholic this intellectual obedience must have some limits; it is, in reality, a question of degree. And, whether logical or not, the position the Protestant occupies is assuredly most favourable to a *conservative progress*. There is progress, because, without a doubt the Protestant does most conscientiously discover in the sacred writings a more enlightened interpretation as he himself becomes more generally enlightened; and that progress is of a most conservative character, for he reasons under the very

shadow of authority; he moves under the weight of eighteen centuries; he can introduce no novelty unless he can claim for it a position in the great scheme of religious truth which has long reigned over all Europe. Is it some unconscious sacrifice to the popular prejudices of his own country that makes a French philosopher so slow to recognise the advantage that accrued from the great Protestant movement?

In other respects our author makes, we think, some admirable observations on Channing, and that school of divines to which he belongs. One hint he, as a student of history, seems entitled to give them; one lesson they could draw (perhaps some of them do not need it) from a writer like M. Renan. Let them proceed on their way to a perfect development of Christianity, but let them not be anxious to show that their development is really a resuscitation of the primitive Christian Church. Not one ideal church, but, from the very commencement, several churches were formed: history, at all events, will not enable us to go *back* to the one purest type of Christianity; the Protestant must construct that purest type out of reason and Scripture.

"The Protestant theory," says M. Renan, "of a golden age of Christianity followed by an age of iron, in which the primitive thought became obscure, is hardly to be accepted. Christianity never had at its commencement what Protestants imagine to be its perfect form, nor has it ever been so degraded as Protestants imagine it to have been in its decline. There has been no age in its long career which could be selected for this ideal, neither has there been any in which it has totally failed in its mission. A historical criticism of the earliest periods of Christianity would show what singular illusions have prevailed with respect to them, because, in fact, they have been generally studied for some polemic purpose, perhaps to find arguments for certain dogmas, the germ of which then hardly existed."

We had intended to dwell longer on this essay on Channing, but

something reminds us that we, in our turn, may be growing too polemical. We have said enough to introduce M. Ernest Renan to those of our readers to whom he was not previously known. He is one of those writers whom all will like, even though there should be few who would entirely agree with him.

Reverting again to that philosophical temper we have admired in him, we do not know, on second thoughts, whether he does not carry a little too far his disposition to stand aloof from the multitude, and to wrap himself in his own robe of calm and philosophic truth. He underrates the power of the class of men to whom he belongs. Abstract thinkers do not govern the world, but they have much to do in moulding the men who will one day govern the world. On some occasions M. Renan speaks as if the philosopher could sincerely hold some truth, which, nevertheless, he believed would *never* be generally received. This appears to us almost to involve a contradiction. Truth, from its nature, must be that which all human minds, if properly trained, will perceive. A man cannot believe himself in the possession of truth, and not believe that, sooner or later, it will have its day of triumph in the world. Patience to bear with opposition—a candid appreciation of those opinions which are at present in the ascendant—this is what we have a right to expect from the philosopher. *Noblesse oblige*. True tolerance comes always from above. The lower in-

telleet may be excused for an angry exclusiveness; it can understand no opinions but its own; in other opinions it feels nothing but a sense of opposition to what it believes to be truth. It is for the higher intellect to admit the merits of the lower, for it can embrace both its own opinions and those of other minds, and can estimate what there is of truth and of virtue in very varied modes of thought. *Noblesse oblige*. The philosopher should be the most tolerant of men. But how can he hold a truth, and not believe that it will one day prevail? He must either suspect that it is *not* a truth that he holds, or he must take the most desponding views of the progress of human intelligence. The philosopher would lead the idlest of lives if he were not silently moulding the future ages of mankind. "The government of the earth," says M. Renan, "belongs to quite other powers than those of science and philosophy. The thinker arrogates to himself very little right to the direction of the affairs of this planet, and, content with the lot which has fallen to him, he accepts this powerlessness (*l'impuissance*) without regret." The thinker, as he stands face to face with his own generation, may accept his *impuissance* with perfect calmness. But he who belongs to the highest class of mankind is not therefore without his power, without his task, without his place and function in the great scheme of humanity; and that task and that power is to influence silently the great stream of opinion.

THE RECANTATION.

HOR. *Od.* i. 16.

LOVELY mother's lovelier daughter,
 Those sharp verses, edged with blame,
 Hurl into the Adrian water,
 Cancel, if thou wilt, with flame.
 Rhea from her mountain-hollow,
 Liber at his royal feasts,
 From his Delphian shrine Apollo,
 Shake the spirit of their priests.
 Hark! the votaries loud and often
 Shrilly-clanging cymbals ring—
 These are savage, but may soften—
 Anger is a sterner thing.
 Not the ship-destroying ocean,
 Noric steel, or flaming fire,
 Not the storm-god's mighty motion,
 Fright it from its purpose dire.
 When Prometheus first transmuted
 Atoms culled for human clay,
 Deep the lion's rage he rooted
 In our breast, as legends say.
 Anger with a grievous ruin
 Smote Thyestes and his line;
 This, the fount of sheer undoing,
 Left of cities scarce a sign,
 When, among the sworded nations,
 Armies flushed with pride and spoil
 Ploughed up many a state's foundations
 Planted in imperial soil.
 Curb thy soul with juster measures—
 Me youth's sweetness, prone to wrong,
 Heated into quick displeasures,
 And an ill-directed song.
 Now my bitterness would mellow;
 I annul the trenchant strain;
 Be once more my true love-fellow;
 Take me to thy heart again!

P. S. WORSLEY.

THE SEARCH.

TRACKING each inlet
 Painfully, well,
 Lonely she wanders
 Down in the dell;
 There, while the night-winds bleak
 Whiten her wasted cheek,
 Something she seems to seek,
 In the pale starlight
 Down in the dell.

And there is one who
Knows very well
Why she walks nightly
Down in the dell—
Knows where the maid, unseen,
Weeps like a Magdalene,
And what the searchings mean,
In the pale starlight
Down in the dell.

Covered up somewhere,
He knoweth well,
Lies a rich treasure
Down in the dell;
She to and fro doth flit,
Thinking to find it yet
Where he hath hidden it,
Under the alders
Down in the dell.

Cold is the starlight,
He knoweth well,
Chill sweep the night-winds
Down in the dell—
Ten times more chill and cold
That which her arms would fold
Rests underneath the mould,
By the dank alders
Down in the dell.

Seemeth too surely
Something not well,
Where blow the night-winds
Down in the dell:
He, who in cradle deep
Laid there a babe to sleep,
Never once paused to weep,
Where the leaves whisper
Down in the dell.

Hollow-eyed dreamer,
God guard thee well
From the dread secret
Down in the dell!
Better in wildered brain
Feed a false hope in vain,
Than by its father slain
Find thy lost darling
Down in the dell!

P. S. WORSLEY.

THE LATE EARL OF EGLINTON.

It is with unfeigned grief that we record, in the pages of the *Magazine*, the great loss which the country has sustained by the early death of one of the most amiable and accomplished of the public men, whose ready obedience to the calls of duty, high rectitude of character, and rare administrative talent, have vindicated in this generation the proud position assigned to the aristocracy of the land. When an aged statesman, a venerable relic of the past, passes away from amongst us, full of years and honours, our mourning is tempered by the thought that, long before his summons arrived, he had reached the confines of time, and looked forth upon the ocean of eternity. We know that the period of his labour was over before the sun had set—that his work was ended, his mission accomplished, and that he had nothing further to bequeath than the memory of his good name, and the example which he has left to posterity. And therefore our natural sorrow for the death of such a man is rather a testimony of filial respect than a token of deep affliction; and even in the hour of bereavement we may gratefully give thanks to God for having spared to us so long the veteran whose deeds were the glory, and whose thoughts were the inspiration, of our fathers.

But far deeper is the sensation, and more bitter the grief, when in the noontide of his life, and the meridian of his fame, a man whom we have loved and honoured, in whose career we have felt a proud and personal interest, and whose noble qualities have seemed to us but the earnest of future achievements, is suddenly struck down. It is not for mortals to repine, or for creatures of the dust to challenge the will of the Almighty; but our human weakness cannot be altogether overcome, nor can we in such a case assume—at least instantly or readily—that stoical indifference which reconciles itself, through the cold argument of necessity, to heavy losses and sore calamities as inevitable visitations from above. Mourning is part of our existence; and should we mourn less sincerely for the great and good, than for the feeble and wayward of our kind?

In the roll of those who, dying ere the tale of their years was accomplished, have nevertheless won for themselves a high reputation, and commanded the applause of their contemporaries, Archibald William Montgomerie, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, will hold a conspicuous place. High ancestral honours were his inheritance; but it was no accident of fortune or advantage of birth that raised him to his proud position, and won the affections of his countrymen. Rank and wealth do undeniably afford many advantages to those who are actuated by an honourable ambition, inasmuch as they remove out of the upward path many obstacles which the less fortunate must overcome by dint of personal exertion; but on the other hand it must be remembered that the early possession of these is apt to engender a spirit of slothfulness and luxury, and by limiting the sphere of the rewards which ambition may fairly contemplate, to detract from the necessity of patient and continuous exertion. In this favoured land of ours, nobility, unfortified by any other pretension to the public favour, may indeed claim precedence, but will not receive any higher form of recognition. To station and wealth we cheerfully allow their proper place and significance; and he who is their owner, assumes for a time some little adventitious importance in right of that of which he is the representative. But to the mere wearer of nobility, the lord of wide domains, or the possessor of unbounded riches, we accord neither our admiration nor our esteem. Such are but the puppets of pageantry, and fade from our recollection, and from the broad memories of mankind, if they have failed to signalise their lives by any acts of virtue or of goodness, or by words and thoughts so gracious and so true that it would be a calamity should they wholly perish.

It is, if rightly considered, the highest privilege of our nobility that they may, if so disposed, devote their attention, with fewer chances of interruption than can be predicted for any other class, to public affairs, so as gradually to assume, according to their individual capacity and experience, the position of practical statesmen. Common sense, as well as observation and example, convince us that we require others besides successful merchants, ingenious lawyers, or accomplished rhetoricians, to watch over the destinies of the State; and to that labour, at once the highest and the most useful, we expect that those shall turn to whom the commonwealth has given rank, and from whom it may therefore demand laudable and patriotic service. It is the glory of Britain, and has added immensely to the strength and stability of our Constitution, that the call has been nobly answered; and that many of our greatest statesmen, alive and dead, have incontestably proved, by their devoted labours for their country's welfare, that the gifts of fortune have not been bestowed on them in vain; that they have exercised no Lethean influence over the energies of their minds, but have rather stimulated them to honourable action. Long may it so continue! The democratic principle has never yet been able to achieve a triumph, except where the way has been cleared for its advance by an effete and unworthy aristocracy.

It is not our purpose to offer anything resembling a biographical sketch of Lord Eglinton. His was a career so useful, yet so unobtrusive—except when, in obedience to the command of his sovereign, he assumed the high functions of Viceroy of Ireland, and exercised that office in a manner that conciliated at once the deep affections of a people—that his influence was rather felt among his contemporaries like an irresistible magnetic power, ever present and ever potent, than displayed in dazzling bursts, or flashes of extraordinary brilliancy. Of him it may emphatically be said that honour was his polar star, and no consideration whatever could induce him to swerve one step, to the right hand or to the left, from what he believed to be the path of duty. Deeply devoted to the interests of Scotland, in whose history the names of some of his ancestors occupy so conspicuous a place, he did not commit the mistake, with which others certainly were chargeable, of allowing a sentimentalism, not purely national, but coloured with a certain tinge of romantic prejudice, to obscure his vision, or lead him to take a distorted view of the position which Scotland holds in relation to its more powerful and wealthy sister. The agitation—if that name could be appropriately given to the moderate remonstrance against some instances of Imperial neglect—which about eight years ago was audible in the northern division of Great Britain, terminated as quietly as it began; and to the judicious conduct of Lord Eglinton, and the weight which each successive Government most justly attached to his opinion, may be ascribed the increased attention which has, since then, been bestowed on Scottish affairs, and some most valuable measures of legislation, among which we may specify the Act for the better regulation and improvement of the Northern Universities.

Strong political opinions have, even within the memory of the present generation, in many instances detracted from the popularity of individuals, high in station, and animated with a sincere desire to perform their duty, according to the best of their judgment, without regard to personal considerations. The opinions of the late Earl were, as is well known, eminently Conservative; but such was the high esteem in which his character was universally held, and so sincere the admiration which his high qualities inspired, that he was, without exception, the most popular nobleman in Scotland; and even those whose views were most diametrically opposed to his, acknowledged the justice, and ratified the decision, of the general voice. To the commonalty of the West of Scotland, the district in which he usually resided, he was especially dear; and the strong feeling of admiration and enthusiasm created by his first appearance as a public speaker in the year 1844, when he officiated

as President of the famous Burns' Festival, never underwent any diminution, but rather grew and increased, year by year, until that manly heart ceased to beat, and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

In his capacity of Viceroy of Ireland, an office which he twice filled, he exhibited the highest administrative talent; and his rule, so firm and yet so wise and conciliatory, did more to banish prejudice and to produce harmony, than could have been anticipated from the efforts of the most experienced and indefatigable statesman. Hence his removal from Ireland, when his party left office, was regarded almost in the light of a national calamity; and by the whole bulk of the population, Catholic as well as Protestant, the name of EGLINTON will long remain a household word, recalling the memory of a happy period, when the angry passions of strife and faction were silenced, and prosperity once more began to shed its blessings upon the land.

Faint and wholly inadequate as is the tribute which we can pay to his worth, we should do violence to our feelings were we not to add our expression of grief to the general mourning for the loss of this ornament to his country and his age. Death has indeed been busy in the high places. Not three months have elapsed since the generous and tender-hearted Lord Herbert was summoned away, and again the shadow of the stern messenger has been seen, and the high-minded and chivalrous Eglinton has gone to his rest. Bitter were the tears that have been shed for both, by those who knew and loved them; but though Providence has seen fit to remove them before old age had dimmed their vision or impaired their intellectual strength, they have bequeathed to us a noble example of honour, rectitude, and patriotism; and the virtues that adorned them when living, will not be forgotten in their graves.

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CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK'S CHAMPAGNE.

A WEST INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

PART III.—CHAPTER IX.

WE come now to the day on which Mr. Arabin and his daughter are to sail to Port Henderson, and thence proceed to Spanish Town. Mrs. Arabin, it seems, is not to be of the party. There has been a little hurricane blowing for a day or two at Crystal Mount, and all the leaves are ruffled, and the genius of domestic harmony has fled before it. Mrs. Arabin is in disgrace — she sometimes is so : Violet is scarcely able to elude the storm ; it requires all her little management, and all her great affection and grace, to escape its fury : Mr. Arabin is dreadfully out of humour ; he is the *Æolus* from whom proceeds the tempest. No wonder, then, that when his wife proposed to remain at home, Mr. Arabin ungraciously agreed to the arrangement, and thought within himself that it was quite a lucky whim ! So Mr. Arabin and Violet are expected in Kingston by Melhado between ten and eleven in the morning ; Leander and Rosy are ordered to go down on foot, and rendezvous at the boat-wharf in Port-Royal Street ; and Mrs. Arabin has numerous duties to attend to at Crystal Mount.

On a bright morning, before the sea-breeze has set in, the city of Kingston is anything but a cool place. Spite of the heat, though, it is in a wondrous bustle ; for all of English race, true to their traditions and descent, persist in transplanting every possible custom that is English, and, reason and climate notwithstanding, adhere to the hours of labour and business which are prescribed at the London Docks and the Stock Exchange. Only to hint at the grateful *siesta* of the south of Europe, and the other simple adaptations by which a tropical climate may be made enjoyable, is to rouse the old Adam Bull, and bring down frightful comminations on Jews, Turks, infidels, and especially on Frenchmen. Better to say nothing about it, and take things as we find them — to sleep away the delicious hour of daybreak, bathe and breakfast in the blazing heat of eight or nine o'clock, swelter in the streets or the counting-houses, the highway or the fields, till evening ;

get a hasty ride or drive, then dine at sunset, and go to bed when the moon and stars distil their heavenly influence, and the land-breeze gently agitates the air; swearing that the night-wind is the source of all disease, and that the only way to thwart its influence is to take plenty of stimulants before going to rest!

Kingston, then, is a busy place for at least three hours before and three hours after noon. In the stores and counting-houses, or bustling along the streets and piazzas, are to be seen faces of every shade, from the fair tint in which are set the Saxon azure eyes, to the deep jet of the African, all engaged in the service of Mammon; but to do them justice, looking as if they were not always so employed, and not half so gaunt and careworn as we see men about the resorts of commerce in England. Three great square dark holes under a piazza in Harbour Street were the entrances to the store of Melhado, Huggins, and Bamboo, one of the most celebrated depots in the island. Near one of the doorways sat, in the American fashion, with his feet upon an inlaid cabinet which stood exposed for sale, a youth, descended from both Abraham and Canaan—deriving from the former patriarch his features and screwy ringlets, and from the latter his smutty complexion and the woolly texture of the curls. He was mastering the leading article of the *Jamaica Despatch*, and refreshing himself with a cigar. Deeper in the store, which, when you got out of the glare, you found to be stocked with merchandise of all imaginable descriptions strangely huddled together, were seven or eight other youths, white and brown, supplying customers or attempting some arrangement of the miscellaneous wares, among which could now be distinguished furniture, iron and tin utensils, printed calico, Indian-corn, cheeses, wax-candles, watches, books, china, glazed ware, pianofortes, patent medicines, umbrellas, saddles, harness, salt-fish—we can't go on!

There were several inner rooms, all stocked with goods, and one of them containing a dozen shoemakers working under a white foreman. It was observable that the customers to this establishment stood in very humble relation to the young gentleman who dispensed its contents; black and brown people waited patiently until it should be the pleasure of these ingenuous youths to serve them, and did not dare to make remarks on price or quality: an old lady who was entitled to a quarter-dollar as change against a dollar, stood expecting for ten minutes, and at the end of that time ventured to ask for it; whereupon the amiable attendant flung it with an oath across the store, and asked her why the devil she was so troublesome.

When any entered whom the shopboys deigned to look upon as equals, they shook hands with them, and had a little conversation concerning things in general before they transacted business. There was a horse, or a dance, or a lady to be discussed, or a complimentary exchange of cigars to be effected, or a bet to be booked, or possibly a bottle of porter to be tasted, with much smacking of the lips and criticisms on its quality. But if such glorious independence characterized the inferior officers of this great establishment, what must be the estimation in which is held a partner in the grand concern—a great, pay, the greatest triumvir, beside whom Huggins and Bamboo hide their diminished heads! What must the effect have been on this very morning, when, from a little den enclosed by railings, issued in unusual glory and fashion the irresistible Manuel Melhado! The coloured purchasers stood and stared in utter abasement before the brilliant apparition; the white ones composed their features, and watched from beneath their eyelids if haply on them might fall one gracious glance from the glass of fashion and the mould of form; while the gentlemen vendors struggled hard to exhibit a demeanour

which should do proper honour to their great principal without sully-
ing their dignity in the eyes of inferior beholders. The semi-Hebrew youth alone, who was of a rash and presumptuous disposition, lifted up his eyes to those of Manuel Melhado, and said, in pretty firm accents, that the sea-breeze wasn't come, and it would be infernally hot outside; and we have the pleasure of recording that this act of gallantry was followed by no appalling consequences to Aaron Mendoza. Melhado, it is true, did not directly answer the remark of his servant, but he desired him to get out of the way and mind his business—not, however, curtly, but with a good many expletive and intensive particles of speech. On the whole, it was apparent that this venture of the young Mendoza was considered a success, as having been answered by the head of the house; and Aaron's consideration in the establishment increased from that day forth.

Melhado, meanwhile, made his way to the wharf in Port-Royal Street, where he was to await and prepare for the arrival of the party from Crystal Mount. The hour of meeting approaches, and already at the highest end of the city the fair fresh face of Violet Arabin breaks like the rosy dawn on watchers of the night. How dark or sallow show all visages when she appears! No lady, however, successful at other seasons, can abide comparison with this sweet girl: they withdraw from sight while they cannot but look and envy; and from behind the jalousies they fret at the approach of Superior Beauty. Miss Vermont, a *quasi* belle of a desponding turn, is not seen in public for a week after; while Harriet Hope, stimulated anew to master the secrets of fascination, returns once again to her oft-spurned cosmetics, and resolves to be admired or perish. How do men of all ages gaze and whisper and follow with their eyes the rolling carriage, occupations being suspended as she passes! Thus

did Kingston comport itself at the presence of Christy Arabin's fair daughter. "But," it may be asked of us by lips whose questions we love to hear, "what were the pretensions of this West Indian Violet? Was she short or slender—frank or shy? Where lay her particular attraction? Was it style or features—figure or complexion? Was she—was she—at all, you know, in *my* way?" By the zone of Venus, fair querists, we cannot tell. We did never tabulate her charms. We saw, and we bear record, that Violet Arabin was lovely, and that she received what she deserved—to wit, the homage of all hearts: this is the sum of our knowledge. One hint, however, we will and can give: when you are natural and gracious, when least you seek for admiration and triumph, when you are most feminine and most attractive, you are most like the Beauty of the Antilles!

They had hit the time exactly, and had not to wait. Canoes and wherries were rolling about and bumping against the jetty, showing that the breeze had come. Sometimes the aforesaid breeze breaks faith with the islands, and does not arrive till long after his appointed time, ruffling the patience of intending voyagers, and wearying many a poor delicate soul that is longing for its refreshing influence. Let him who has known the prostration of those climes recall the anxiety with which he placed every day his pale thin lips and nostrils against the jalousie-blades, and looked out to seaward for the *Doctor*—how he has watched every tint of the horizon, hoping to detect the *cat's paw* which is to harbinger the refreshing wind. After being again and again disappointed, he has seen at length the unmistakable sign. Old ocean rises now and shakes his mane. There is the line of foam, miles—who shall say how many miles?—away. But the health-giver travels fast; and there has been little more than time to secure papers and fasten doors ere he is sweeping through the

house, making everybody aware of his presence. In the harbour, too, he creates a considerable revolution. The clear emerald surface which looked, during the calm, not a yard above the bottom, where could be seen the treasures of the deep as plainly as if it were a large aquarium, is corrugated into infinite little waves and breakers, and the distorted rays show rocks and starfish and polypi and sea-weed monstrously transformed. The true depth also is now more apparent. The little white horses dance over the expanse, and there is motion everywhere. He who has never seen a Jamaica canoe can have but little notion of how a small shell can walk the waters. She does not sail, but fly with you, light and airy as a bird; and they to whom rapid motion is a joy, may in her luxuriate as they could do in no other craft. True it is that there is a risk of her being rotten, and of your foot or the boathook going through her; true, that her mast, tackle, blocks, and sails are equally treacherous with her hull; true, that, besides all this, her mere lightness renders her liable to capsize at a sudden puff; and then the harbour is full of sharks! These considerations, however, weigh but little with wilful youth and health in the pursuit of pleasure. Up gets the breeze and away go the canoes, studding the water like nautili, and darting like a glance of the mind. We do well remember our first approach to the island when running down in the deep water outside the *Palisades*, over whose low sandy breadth from the deck of our ship we could see the inner harbour. From out at sea shot suddenly athwart our gaze a canoe—the first we had seen—with half-a-dozen negroes on board. Before we could collect our ideas, and settle what this fleet object might be, they had run her on shore on the *Palisades* and leaped to the land. There in another moment they lifted the light shallop on their shoulders, and carried her rapidly across the isthmus, from whose other shore they launched her again and shot into distance, the whole sight passing quicker than we can relate it.

Again, the sea-breeze is in Kingston harbour a “sojer’s wind,” i. e., you can sail both up and down with it. Jack, we fear, in bestowing the epithet, wished to evince profound scorn for the character of the land forces as equivocal and shifty, compared with his own, which prompts him to go right in, and never contemplate coming out again, except with an enemy’s ship in tow. Whether this etymology is just or not, certain we are that sailors as well as soldiers acknowledge here the blessing of the oblique wind which enables them to pass with the least exertion, the greatest rapidity, and the coolest temperature, from point to point of the harbour. The newest comer is aware that his chance of navigating the little bay is dependent on the coming of the sea-breeze, but woe to the yahoo or Johnny Raw who, confiding in his prudence and the well-coined maxims of his friends, ventures among the sooty amphibii whose yells and jargon vex eternally that sunny strand. There is a most exciting competition for the possession of the yahoo, and a free pulling hither and thither of his person, for as yet he knows not that the flourish of a switch will scare the rascals as the crack of a hunting-whip a pack of dogs. Even when, after these tribulations, he is fairly seated in a canoe, they cease not to warn him of the demerits of the one he has selected, and the surpassing qualities each of his own barky. On this subject no two voices agree, but when he alludes to the sea-breeze, there is a sudden and miraculous unanimity. “Him come, massa; him blow quite trong outside; him bin dere dis hour,” are vociferated from all sides. The yahoo is satisfied, surrenders himself to his boatman, and suffers himself to be paddled a little way into the harbour, beyond the possibility of his leaping on shore. Then he perceives

the surface of the sea to be like glass—not a breath stirring; and a vertical sun is scorching him up as he floats motionless. He upbraids the deceitful boatman, and demands where is the sea-breeze, of whose propinquity he has been assured. In reply he is told, “Me no God, massa; me can’t make de breeze blow.” We earnestly hope that every yahoo feels as properly as we ourself did under these trying circumstances; that is, that he forgives and yearns to embrace the man and brother who sits baking face to face, to whom the rays are not disagreeable, and who intends to charge by the hour.

The bark prepared by Melhado to carry fair Violet and her fortunes was of the class called “wherries” — very different boats from those which bear that name on the hoary Thames. The Jamaica wherry is properly a commodious barge, and this one had been fitted with cushions and awnings. They sail well, though, of course, not with the lightning speed of the canoe. After a greeting on the wharf, the embarkation was rapidly effected. Leander and Rosy posted themselves forward with the baggage and commissariat. The latter was considered indispensable by Christy, though the voyage would not last two hours; it included a carefully-packed ice-pail, that the senator might not lack a cool drink. Violet, her sire, and lover were reclined beneath the awning; Christy taking a whole side to himself, that he might lie at length and blow his smoke away to leeward. Melhado seats himself by Violet’s side — takes carelessly, and as of right, a place for which any other youth in the island would have fought, or knelt, or dared adventure perilous! Her presence alone would have subdued a generous nature, and a belief that she regarded him with favour should have made a man worship her! Such are the freaks of Hymen. Loveliness and lovingness, and all the gentle excellencies of woman withered by a

barbarian who knows not what nor why he blights! Well, Melhado intends to be agreeable, but it is necessary to show that he feels elegantly tranquil, and politic, perhaps, now that matrimony is so near, to let it be guessed that he will hold his own. The savage! The atmosphere, even at a short distance from land, is by comparison fresh enough to yield a most grateful sensation. Violet’s tresses are moved about, and she slightly resigns herself to the pleasant languor, her eyes soft and downcast, and her accents low. “By George, she is a dainty one, and no mistake!” thought the young Melhado: “how she’ll distract the men with admiration and the women with envy! ’twill be devilish pleasant to have her spoken of and addressed as Mrs. Melhado!” Then, in the magnitude of his devotion, Manuel thought how he would adorn this beauty to make it shine its brightest; how he would ransack earth to deck her person; and how he would entertain sumptuously the world of fashion, that they might view his prize and envy him, the possessor. But, faithful to his breeding, his mind began, even now, amid the enthusiasm of admiration and the dreams of happiness, unconsciously, as it were, to consider the cost. “It’s of no use desiring things that you’ve no chance of getting; therefore, Manuel, before you allow yourself to think about ’em, consider whether you’re likely to be able to buy ’em, or to procure ’em in any other manner!” was a maxim of old Mrs. Melhado, which her son had so well drunk in that he couldn’t break it if he would. His dreams were always associated with estimates. The amazing splendour which he had now called up would be realised, he perceived, only at a heavy outlay; and yet the generous fellow did not determine to forego it. He only thought how much it would assist such meditations if he knew actually the utmost that, in the present or the

future, he might expect to get from old Christy. Totally unconscious of the speculation he was exciting, that old gentleman had fallen asleep, though he smoked still. People breathe, don't they, in their sleep? and to Christy smoking was rather more necessary than breathing. Christy slept, considerate old fellow! Now, then, what a glorious opportunity to whisper impassioned nothings, and perhaps, under the guise of nothings, manage two or three important matters!

"Only that I want to talk to you, Violet, I could wish you to go to sleep, you look so handsome in that sleepy humour," said Manuel.

"I am not inclined to sleep," Violet answered; "but this pleasant languor makes one pensive; don't you feel it?" and she sighed gently.

"Makes one sigh too, don't it?" said Manuel. "I wonder now what these pretty sad thoughts are about, eh?"

"There is not the least mystery about them," she replied. "I was thinking of my mother at home, now alone, and of what a different home it must be to her, poor dear, when—when——"

"Yes, I know!" said Manuel, archly; "well, I daresay it will; but shall I tell you now, what I was thinking of? I was thinking of all the delightful things we shall have by-and-by, and the style we'll do 'em in. I should like you, you know, to be the most brilliant person in the island—to have your house, and dress, and equipage, and entertainments on a scale of unprecedented magnificence: won't it be glorious?"

"I thank you much," answered Violet, "for proposing to gratify me at such trouble and cost; but I assure you that it is a glory which I should hardly appreciate, and for which, certainly, I do not think myself suited."

"By Jove, I know better, though," said Melhado, briskly; "you've more of the right stuff in you than you know of. You'll

come out a splendid woman of fashion. I'm sure of it."

"I cannot agree with you," Violet replied. "I do not at all mean that I wish to lead a life of seclusion or inaction; but that may be avoided by many methods preferable to becoming the slave of fashion."

"Well," said Manuel, "I don't know anything that you could do better when you've got the station and the means. Poor devils mustn't try it, of course; but for you, who may eclipse the whole of them, what can be more attractive?"

"I should think that some noble or useful motive would animate more enduringly than a passion for display. I can understand," said Violet, fixing her gaze upon the waters and thinking, we fear, not exclusively of Melhado—"I can understand a woman's energies being aroused by duty and affection: I can understand her devoting herself to the solace and support of a generous mind, enduring privation, partaking danger, supporting pain, relinquishing accustomed delights, or roaming the world; but these are not fashionable ideas."

"All right," Melhado said. "It always takes a romantic turn at first, and a pity it shouldn't. A little enthusiasm makes people look so captivating sometimes. But then it always ends in silks and diamonds and that sort of thing. You'll come all right at last, and, I say, won't we be a stunner when we do break out! What lace and satins we'll have, what parties we'll give, what horses we'll drive, and how we'll astonish the world, our little self amazing 'em more than all the rest. *By Jove!*"

Manuel spoke with much enthusiasm, and poor Violet, believing that it proceeded from devotion to her, upbraided herself with the ungrateful return which alone she could make for such generosity. If Manuel could not win her love, did he not deserve something better than deceit? She had done him injustice.

Such compunctious reflections were not long allowed to distress her, for the gallant Manuel, eager to satisfy his curiosity, persisted in conversing.

"The worst of doing things in this style," said he, "is, that it takes such a confounded lot of money: and though we shall be pretty well off, I fancy, yet a trifle won't suffice for all that I meditate."

"You have stated an excellent reason for leaving it undone, then," said Violet, smiling.

"Well, that depends," pursued Manuel; "when there are expectations, you see, people needn't be too chary of their present means. Everything will come our way, I suppose, eh? Do you happen to know how it's settled?"

"Settled! what?" said Violet. "I don't understand."

Melhado nodded at Christy's sleeping figure with a meaning look. "Must come to an end some time," he said; "not in any hurry—hope it'll be a long time first; but you ought to see that it's all left without reserve: no tying up. And you should be a pretty good judge of the figure too, eh?"

His meaning struck upon the affectionate girl's heart like the touch of winter; it actually froze her blood. She could not reply, but sat paralysed with horror and disgust. Manuel, however, thinking that some silly hesitation kept her silent, prepared his most potent blandishments to follow up the inquiry. Heaven knows to what indignant utterance he might have driven poor Violet, had not the subject of his solicitude suddenly stretched and turned himself, declaring that it was cursedly hot, and he must have a drink. While Leander was ministering to the old gentleman's wants, Violet subdued her feelings, but quite acquitted herself of injustice towards Manuel.

"They were about midway between Kingston and Port Henderson. The wherry shot along deliciously, and Christy Arabin, having refreshed

his inner man with his favourite drink of brandy and iced water, thought he had slept enough. The problem was how to pass the rest of the voyage. He would continue to smoke, of course; but he didn't want to meditate, and all the shores of the harbour were as familiar to him as the pattern on his pocket-handkerchiefs, of which he had a liberal stock all alike. He took credit for much good taste and delicacy of feeling in not requiring Violet and Manuel to amuse him, and so at last he said he would go forward and have a talk with the Commodore—one of the black boatmen, and a personage of whom we shall presently have more to say.

Melhado saw at length that he had given offence. He did not exactly know how, but somehow he had clearly gone wrong. This must be rectified immediately. He must change the conversation forthwith, and strive doubly to be agreeable. Violet's resentment subsided into contempt. She perceived, after a short reflection, that the man's intention had been harmless, and that his nature only was to blame. Her manner was no longer what it had been before, yet it evinced a quiet tolerance which persuaded Manuel that he would soon fix the loose screw, wherever it was, and make all go smooth again. He became assiduously attentive, pressed refreshment upon Violet, and was certain that she was faint and ill from the want of it. She took a little wine to put an end to his importunity—construing which act into a sign of returning favour, the magnanimous youth once more gave a loose to his fascinating conversation.

"I ain't a bad-tempered fellow, you see," said Manuel. "Can stand caprices capitally: they never put me out: shall be just the same hereafter, too, you'll see, however whimsical *you* may be. By George! I rather like to see you pettish; it becomes you—does, 'pon my soul. No, we shall never disagree about that, nor about any little feminine

tricks: Only, you know, you must never try to make me jealous — couldn't stand that on any account. Tease me in other ways as much as you like — in reason, that is — only in return I must have all those bright smiles to myself — must, by Jove, you little tormentor."

It was such a relief to Violet to find how thoroughly despicable this man was, that she felt disposed to be merry, and she laughed at this sally, to the great delight of Melhado.

"I am afraid you are a tyrant," said she.

"Not at all, not at all. I'm sure I'm quite right, only ask your mother. 'Twould never do, you know, to have a parcel of dancing and singing men about the house, paying you attentions after you are married."

"I don't think there is the least danger of that," said Violet, still smiling and amused.

"Oh, by Jove, I don't know," her lover replied; "there are many of these military fellows whom it won't do to break with altogether, and who are yet forward, presuming coxcombs that require to be kept in order."

"Why," said Violet, "I thought the military officers were your chief and approved associates!"

"So they are, I don't mean by any means to exclude them; they're too much in the fashion for that. I only want to keep 'em from getting saucy, as I know they will when they're allowed. There are one or two in particular that I should caution you against."

"Indeed!" Violet said; "you must tell me their names."

"Well, in particular," replied Manuel, "there's that fellow Brune; one of the most conceited, offensive pretenders among them."

"You don't think well of Mr. Brune, then?"

"No; certainly not. He goes everywhere, and therefore people are obliged to know him, till his character is better understood. But I shall have my eye particularly

on that fellow, and I trust that you will always keep him on respectful terms. I shouldn't at all like to have to kick him out of the house."

"No; I am sure you would not," Violet said.

There was something real or fancied in the last quiet observation which disconcerted Manuel, and brought the colour into his cheeks.

"No; certainly not," he said; "and I'm sure, when you know my opinion of him, there'll be no occasion for it. 'Tis just as well we mentioned the matter. You remember he used to be a good deal about Crystal Mount, until he saw that his attentions were not relished, and that some of his doings began to be smoked. No doubt he would be delighted to make a lounge of our house, if he were allowed, for he's a sly, sneaking puppy."

Violet's eye flashed, and her lip quivered. It was with difficulty that she could control her feelings; but she thought again of Manuel's utter baseness, and summoned scorn to her aid.

"I have seen him do things," she said, "which would entitle any man to be spoken of in different terms from those you have used. 'Twould have been more like the character you describe, if, instead of acting, he had boasted of what he intended to do, and boasted to women."

This was getting decidedly disagreeable, Manuel thought. 'Twas very hard too, for he had intended to be unusually complaisant, and had expected a most delightful sentimental voyage. Well, he had done his best, and couldn't help it if he failed. Women are so full of humours. "Perhaps, too," mused the profound Manuel, "she thinks it necessary to display her power. Well, let her; my turn will come, I promise her!" And, thinking thus, he saw without regret the shore not far ahead, and old Christy returning aft, that the boatmen might be free to attend to the landing. Christy had been hearing

some nautical reminiscences from the Commodore, who claimed to have once sailed in the British fleet, and under Britain's greatest admiral. When Christy went forward, the Commodore, who had been holding an animated conversation with Leander, turned to him, and said—

"I jis' telling dis gentleman I glad to find him bin in England. Dat is de way to make a man sensible, trabel about; 'top at home, you no sabby nutting, sar!"

"Very true," said Christy; "experience like yours is not to be picked up without going a long way to look for it."

"Yes, sar," replied the Commodore, "me hab plenty of experience, and me is able to 'pin a yarn or two widout telling lie."

"Of course you can," said Christy. "Now then, Commodore, if you want a glass of rum, let's have one of your best."

"Top, Massa, make me see," said the Commodore. "You ebber hear 'bout de French frigate we chase off Teneriffe?"

"Yes, I know all that," said Christy; "the devil came and took her in tow, and got her off just as you were within range: that won't do."

"Hei! well, me will tell you ob de fight me hab with de shark to leeward of de great Cayman?"

"Heard that fifty times," said Christy, "and how you cut off the French admiral's pigtail, and your marriage to your twenty-fourth wife at Havannah, and the loss of the ship, with all your prize-money aboard, in a hurricane, which prevented your owning half the island: none of those will do."

"Chaw, massa know ebberying," fretted the Commodore, much perplexed; "what can me tell him?"

"Let's have some fighting," said Christy; "a good engagement now, and the glass of rum shall be stiff."

"Dat de berry ting," replied

the Commodore, slapping his trousers; "me will tell you of a great engagement between Nelson and Boney. You see, we bin cruizin' some time 'pon de coast of 'Pain; nebber go into harbour, becausin, you see, Nelson hab a most lubly nyouny woman aboard, dem call Lady sunting or 'nother, me can't rightly tell the name. Well, after we keep the blue sea till the water stink faber jack-fruit, and the biskit walk about de table, we begin to tink, 'Dis here no fun. Why de debil him no take we into port to get some fresh probishun, and hab a dance wid the gals?' De people beginnin' to get dam obstropolous, I can tell you, and it impossible to say what de dooce might hab come ob it, only one forenoon dem report a French frigate in sight. One of our frigates clear for action directly, and get under way to go out and meet her, when it seem she coming up quite friendly wid a flag ob truce. De lads forget all about de prog and de gals, and begin to wonder what make the Frenchman come dis side. Berry soon we hear what in de wind. Nelson pacing de quarterdeck, 'tamping him great foot, and raising him great voice, and cussin' faber madman. My, how dat man swear! Lad Gad, what you tink! de impedince of dat Boney! Him send for tell Nelson he mus' hab de nyouny woman, and carry him to France, and Nelson better gib him up quietly, and no gib Boney de trouble for come and fatch him away. Of course, Nelson send him back a dam 'pirited answer, and tell him he quite ready whenever Boney like to come, and he gib him coco for yam. But de passion dat man in, me never see such a ting! him flog half de ship's company, and crack the gunner's cocoa-nut* wid a rammer-head. Nobody didn't dare to go near him, and when the signal hoffer go up to do him dooty, and report the French fleet in sight, Nelson fly at him faber wild-cat, and he say, says he (terrible 'trong voice

* Skull.

Nelson had), 'You infernal cussed

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 . (desunt asperrima verba) .

what de debil make you come 'peak to me dis-a-way? Eh, sar?' De leef-tenant try again for do him duty, and report the hennemy's sail, when Nelson square up to him wid both hands, and swear to Garamity he knock him into next week if him no pull foot and be off. 'Knock away, admiral,' says the brabe nyoung hofficer, 'but I tell you de French fleet comin' for all dat.' 'Hei, what!' Nelson say; 'de debil, dat quite another ting. Ax for you pardon, sar; glad to see you to dinner and grog after we sink dese damnable French 'coundrels.' Den he pass de word for get all ready, and by de time Boney come, we hab someting warm waiting for him. You see for me dooty keep me down below, and me no see what go on when dem first go into axion, only me hear de row and see de smoke. After lilly bit ebbery ting quiet, all de noise 'top, we can't tink how dem make sich dam short work ob it. So me run up to see, and anoder gentleman ob color, who likewise come up to look about him, infarm me dat Nelson bin and boarded Boney ship, an' all about it. When de boarders 'cramble on deck, he tell me Nelson sing out, 'Where dat lubber Boney, eh? Make me see him; me 'mash him bl—y brains out. Hab, boy, you dere, eh? Come on,' 'How de debil you know me?' Boney say; 'you ebber see me before, eh?' 'Know you, sar, by de cut ob your infernal jib,' says

Nelson. 'No more nonsense; bear a hand, now. Make me 'mash you.' 'Two can play dat game,' Boney say; 'now den come on, boy.' When dem see Nelson and Boney goin' fight, everybody 'top firing and hollering, and come to deir ship's side to see the battle same as me is doing myself. In two minutes Nelson and Boney draw off 'pon de quarter-deck, and down heads. Ebberybody hold him breat', when dey run at one anoder. My fader! cr-r-r-r-ack! What a whop!* Berry well, dem shake deirself and draw off again. Hei! noder crack, terrible hard! Boney 'tagger lilly bit dis time, but him no capsized yet. Him 'tand anoder knock. But, my king! it a pounder faber fifty-pound shot. Nelson's yeyes flash fire, and he grind him teet' horrid. Den he rush 'pon Boney, and fell him as de cook's mate knock down a bullock. Boney, nearly killed, and no able for get up, rub him head, and say he fight again anoder day; dat he bin come out widout him breekfiss dat morning, and sich kind ob pretence. But Nelson sing out sharp, 'Belay dat jaw; me will teach you to sarve out saroe to a better man dan yourself. Now, lads, seize up dat light-libbered lubber; put he in irons and gag him, den chuck him in a rum-cask, and carry him home to King George.' When dem see Boney walloped, de French fleet 'trike and de English cheer. King George send Boney to pick oakum in Santeleny, and he make Nelson a prince of de blood. What you tink of dat, sar?"

"Very good indeed," said Christy, "and worth a dollar; here it is. I thought, though, that you were on quite familiar terms with Nelson; haven't I heard you say so?"

* For the benefit of those readers who have not studied the natural history of the Commodore's countrymen, we beg permission to explain that a negro duel, when it comes to blows, is conducted very much like a contest between two rams, except that the excitement and clamour of the bystanders belong more properly to ghouls and satyrs than to sheep. The combatants lower their heads and run at each other, meeting with a great shock. The heads are uncommonly hard, and sometimes a succession of encounters is required before one of the heroes drops, or declines a further trial. In most cases the tongue is the weapon employed, and there is a prodigal expenditure of words and elevating sentiments.

"Me couldn't say dat, massa, becasin it was not de fack, and massa know me always 'peak de trut.' Me hab berry little personal 'quaintance wid Nelson—berry little. De last time me see him was at de *Gun* at Deal wid a 'plendid nyoung lady. Dem jist bin dancin' when me come in, and Nelson's pipe gone out while him dance. 'Hillo, messmate,' sing out Nelson, 'shibber my timbers, gib us a light and be d—— to you.' So ob course I hand him a light, and him say, 'What will you drink, old ship—glass o' rum?' 'No, admiral,' me say, 'rum is a common liquor; any low nigger can drink rum: me prefers brandy.' 'Two glasses ob de bes' brandy,' sing out Nelson. 'Your healt', sar,' he say. 'Your good healt', admiral,' me say, and so we pull 'foot and part. 'Who is de coloured gentleman I take brandy wid?' I hear Nelson say jes' after. Dat de last time I see him, but I b'lieve him is generally lounging about the Point in de summer mont'; but in winter him shut up, becasin it cold deer, and you see him gettin' dam elderly; besides dat, him drink hard and bin a debilish sly feller."

After these interesting anecdotes,

so characteristic of our renowned sailor, the Commodore's conversation became less worthy of repetition, and in a short time he was obliged to discontinue it altogether as they neared the land, and to request Christy to go aft, that the lightened bows might slide well on to the beach and allow of a pleasant landing.

A few minutes saw Violet and Christy seated in their carriage, and starting for Spanish Town; while Manuel, by no means the happier for his long draught of love, prepared to return home in the wherry.

We watch our Violet along the dusty road, catch the flutter of her veil, and wave a sad adieu as the carriage turns out of sight; then away again to ruder scenes.

Pause we one moment, though, to make a startling revelation. We hear that on this day a note passed from Crystal Mount to Stony Hill; that Arthur Brune was again at the former place, and closeted with Mrs. Arabin; that Mr. Chitty was highly scandalised and much disturbed. The report is almost incredible, and yet subsequent events did not contradict it.

CHAPTER X.

One day, a short time after noon, a tandem was scientifically pulled up at the door of the same pavilion in which Lieutenant Lorton lived. On the box sat Tom Gervaise in great state, with his luscious hat and double-thonged whip; beside him was Arthur Brune.

"Mr. Knox at home, bo?" inquired Brune, descending.

"Yes, massa; he upstairs keeping de passover," replied a spare pensive young negro who stood on the steps.

"The devil!" exclaimed both gentlemen, who appeared to entertain a particular objection to that festival.

Keeping the passover was, however, only a phrase at that time in

vogue in Jamaica, to denote a very simple domestic precaution. It meant spreading out one's kit or stock of clothes for the purpose of airing them; an operation which requires to be frequently performed in hot climates. Its etymology was this: Of yore the phrase had been, *Holding a Rag Fair*, or a *Monmouth Street*, the displays being much like those of the children of Israel. One day, however, it flashed across the brain of an officer who was a profound Orientalist, that there was some historical connection between the passover and old clothes. Whereupon, without waiting to refer to his Josephus or Strabo, he applied the name at hap-hazard and on the spot; for, as Sir John says, a quick

wit will make use of anything. The *jeu d'esprit* had a tremendous success, and was immediately adopted into the vocabulary of men of spirit, the discarded epithet of Monmouth Street descending to slow quartermasters and commissaries, or to subalterns who came in rearward of the fashion, and digested wit like boas, taking six months to a *bon mot*.

Lieutenant Knox, then, was keeping the passover, and was discovered by our two gentlemen in his verandah reclining in a rocking chair, a cigar in his mouth, a volume of *Tom Jones* on his knee, and a tumbler of brandy-and-water beside him. Over and about him hung festoons of cord laden with apparel, and open doors and windows showed within his apartment a continuation of the garlands exposed to a thorough draught. Flannel and linen formed the bulk of the wardrobe, but there were cloth uniforms seldom used, and plain cloth clothes very musty, and with traces of moth; while in a corner—how fallen from the consideration which they enjoyed in England!—slunk some greatcoats and cloaks, conveying a bitter moral to those who persist in going where none has need of them. Some worsted stockings and mufflers, which had been overlooked at the last passover, appeared now in a lamentable state of decomposition, and did not outlive the present feast. Besides preventing the ravages of moth, it was necessary to remove all sorts of grubs and insects, which, with no evil intention, crawled among and stuck to the clothes; and to dissipate the souvenir which cockroaches leave behind them.

As old Tom came thumping along the verandah with his stick, "Hollo," shouted he to the proprietor of this miscellany; "what the deuce are you keeping passover for? Why didn't you choose some other day?"

"By Jove, old Tom!" responded Knox, ducking and shouldering aside the pendant garments, as Roderick Random was wont to do

among the sick hammocks, "how do, old boy? And Brune, too! devilish glad to see you," as the latter gentleman followed in Tom's wake, bearing the tandem whip as a gillie carries the pipes when the piper is not performing.

"The devil take your passover!" repeated Tom Gervaise.

"Amen," answered Knox, reverently; "we'll put it off. Here, Gonsalvo, down with this rag shop, and let's have some second breakfast."

"Massa goin' to 'top de passover?" asked Gonsalvo, who had had some trouble in arranging the hangings.

"Yes, and be hanged to you! we'll have it next week," decreed Knox in utter defiance of Gregorian Calendar and Council of Nice. "Shut shop, do you hear? Skip, jump, and make a clearance in the crushing of a mosquito."

Gonsalvo de Cordova (for Knox's domestic bore the name of the great captain), after taking order for the supply of some food, proceeded to remove the display of woollens, muttering as he did so—

"Now, now, now, now, now, now! Did anybody ebber hear of sich a ting! Tree mortal hours me bin preparing dis dam passover dis mornin'; massa mus'a mad. It really too wort'less. Wish dis Cap'n Gerbis did dead. Hei!"

"Well, Knox, how do you get on, old fellow?" inquired Brune. "How's old Clutterbuck? We must take care to congratulate him before we go back."

"We'll have him in to second breakfast!" said Knox, "and probably another well-disposed person or two. He's going to give a devil of a dinner. You are coming down, of course."

"Of course not," said Tom Gervaise; "what the devil do you take me for, that you expect me to join your debauchery? I shall spend that evening in meditation, with *Blair's Sermons*, or the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

"If you get drunk early, you will probably enjoy some very heavenly imaginings during the entertain-

ment," replied Knox. "Now then, boys, what's brought you down here—anything particular?"

"That I will tell you more of before we part," said Brune. "I want you to lend me a hand in a small adventure."

"You may always command Edward Knox, you know, Arthur."

"Sure of that, old fellow; more anon. Here come more company."

Captain Clutterbuck, who has kindly lent his name to this narrative, now entered, and received the hearty felicitations of Brune and old Tom. Poor old Clut was overjoyed, and could hardly believe in his accession of rank. He nailed them both for his dinner, and declared he would have every officer in the island—the General included, if he could get him—and drown the whole in champagne.

"I'll tell you one man you won't get," said Knox, "and that's Lorton. Got a devilish sharp fever."

"Don't know anybody whose absence I should have less regretted," said Tom. "Now, then, is this second breakfast coming, or not?"

"Here in a minute, my old file," said Knox. "Suppose you season your impatience by mixing some porter-cup."

"Ah!" said Tom, "when I can be doing anything to benefit my fellow-creatures, I'm never impatient. Hand us the jorum."

Clutterbuck's excitement had not yet subsided, and it made him awfully hot. This was unfortunate, as, being a gentlemanly commonplace man, he shunned anything remarkable. If he had a coxcombry, however, 'twas an affectation of appearing cool. His wristbands were turned up, and his collar turned down, to a remarkable extent. The ribbon round his neck was scarcely more than a thread. His face was shaven almost bare, and his hair cut very close. All his clothes were well made, and on every other occasion of his life he looked cool and placid.

One or two idle men lounged in, and the second breakfast took place.

This meal, which has different names in different countries, is in England denominated luncheon. The second breakfast, though, is rather heavier and wetter than the lunch, showing either that physiologists are mistaken in their dietetic theories for warm climates, or that creoles are very imprudent.

"Nobody'll dispute my right to the first pull at the porter-cup, I suppose, as I mixed it," said Tom Gervaise, drawing the cuff of his jacket across his lips, and grasping the jorum's stem with his other hand.

"Oh, no!" said a smart ensign, "that would be a useless dispute; we only hope you'll let us have a little after you've done."

Gervaise did not allow the remark to interrupt his draught, which was on this occasion profound; but after he had drunk and passed the glass, with a river running down its inside, to his neighbour, his trusty stick was heard to make a *spiritual* noise against the ensign's shin-bone.

"Hillo, by Jove, what's that!" exclaimed the youth.

"That your leg?" said Tom; "how badly it rings!"

"Does it? I don't like that fun, though, I can tell you."

"They come out from England so devilish thin-skinned!" said Gervaise, addressing Brune. "Just look at his hands, Arthur, a mass of mosquito-bites! his neck on fire with prickly heat, and his leg, you see, can't stand a pat; must be carious."

"I don't despair of him though," said Arthur. "If he listens to the teachers who are ready to form him, he may rival some friends of mine, and sport a face with bubuckles and whelks and knobs and flames of fire, like Bardolph."

"I pity you for having such tender shins though," Gervaise said. "When I used to suffer from that infirmity, the prescription I followed was, extreme politeness to men who carried thick sticks."

"No use to offer you, pine-apple, Tom?" said Knox, half inquiringly,

while he wrenched the tuft of a beautiful Ripley that a duke would have been proud to produce in England.

"No, I never eat Jamaica turnip," was Gervaise's reply; and the same indifference seemed to be felt by the whole party. The delicious fruit became afterwards the perquisite of Gonzalvo de Cordova, to whose morbid mind, however, it gave small satisfaction, for he said, as he slobbered it gloomily, and the juice ran out at both sides of his mouth, "S'pose now me mus' eat dis pine; it sure to make me bad. Dat is de way wid ebberytin' in dis world; if you hab de pleasure, you hab de pain too. De lubliest mornin' end in 'torm and tunder, and de number 'leven mango give de 'tummick-ache. Heigh-ho!"

A heavy tread was now heard outside, and a voice sent before the newcomer pronounced in a fine Irish brogue, "God save all here." Nearly every man in the party exclaimed "Pat Shane, by Jove!" as a jolly bronzed figure, the owner of the voice, strode into the room and commenced shaking hands. "How do, Knox?" "How do, Arthur, me boy?" and so on. When he arrived within reach of Tom Gervaise's stick he received a thrust under the fifth rib, accompanied by the salutation, "D— your eyes," to which attentions he did not reply till he had grappled with the two men who intervened. Then he stood behind Gervaise, and, getting into either hand the nether lock of Tom's great whiskers, playfully seesawed his head, saying at the same time, "Tom, y' incorr'g'ble ould sinner, why don't ye die?" Refinement combines the closest familiarity with perfect decorum.

"Now then, boys, where d'ye think I've come from? Walked up in the hate of the sun from Rock Fort. If that doesn't deserve a drink, let no man do well in the hope of reward henceforth. Tom, rache the jor'm, me son. No dry fodder, Knox; couldn't ate it if the loife depinded on it. Deloighted that I hit the moment for brandy-and-

water and cigars. Another tumbler, Julius Sasar, or whatever name belongs to that beatific countenance ye've got."

Brune and Knox, at the head of the table, were engaged in a dialogue which appeared to become more and more interesting. At first they occasionally interrupted their colloquy, and joined in the general conversation; but they became by degrees more absorbed in their subject, and would scarcely attend, when appealed to, to corroborate a story of old Tom, who was affirming that he had one night heard two parrots on a tree conversing like human beings.

"Didn't I hear them, Arthur, as I was riding home from a dinner at old Taylor's?" asked Tom.

"I've often heard you say so," replied Arthur; so I suppose it must be true."

"It must be," said Pat Shane. "Of course, Tom, ye were as sober as a church at the toime!"

"As sober as a small cathedral," answered Tom, modestly declining comparison with St. Paul's or York Minster.

"D'ye mind what they said, Tom?" inquired Pat Shane.

"One of them remarked [here Tom tried his tongue at the brogue]. 'Isn't Pat Shane a mortal ould riprobate?' to which the other replied, 'True for you Poll; begorra, ye're roight this time.'"

"I persave," remarked Pat, "that they were imps incited by the devil to slander virtuous men. That being their mission, of coorse they didn't mention yerself, Tom."

Brune and Knox were now so earnestly engaged that they withdrew into Knox's bedroom to avoid further interruptions. The eyes of most of the company followed them to the door, then there was a slight pause and an exchange of meaning glances, after which Clutterbuck observed—

"Our friend Arthur is decidedly down in the mouth; he has hardly spoken during second breakfast, and he ate next to nothing."

"Ye've not tould the worst yet," Pat Shane said: "he was very shy of his liquor too, and a man can't neglect that with impunity anywhere, more especially in this wearing climate."

Clutterbuck, who was a very moderate man in most things, ventured to remark that he thought fellows in general would do better if they had a little more of the shyness of which Pat complained; to which Pat replied—

"Then how the devil is it that, when a man gets shaky and queer, and stupid people begin nodding their heads and saying he's gone it too hard—how is it, I say, that the doctors who ought to know best, always order wine, and if the case is bad, brandy? Tell me that. If liquor's the *disease*, how can it be the remedy? In my last regiment, where they drank like fishes, we'd an assistant-surgeon from the county Kerry, a very larned man, and a beautiful *ecarté* player; and when he'd see a man lying on his bed, wake and pale and narvus, he'd say, 'Cheer up, me man, we'll give ye something to support the system and corricit this deprission.' Then maybe the patient 'ud say, 'Oh, doctor dear, but its upsot entirely that I am—so *wake* and *spacheless*.' And the doctor 'ud ask him, 'D'ye see tadpouls?' And if he said he didn't, he'd get a drink of brandy, and soon be better. But he was sure to be asked, 'D'ye see tadpouls?' and if he said he did, they'd send for the priest to make his sowl, but he'd get the brandy all the same. Now, would a dying man get brandy if it wasn't good for his health? And could it be good for his health if it was the cause of his *decease*, I'd like to know?"

And Pat, in triumph, paused for a reply. No man ventured to question such an overwhelming argument, and Tom Gervaise's nod of approval ought to have quite rewarded Pat for his effort in exhibiting it.

"Well," continued Clutterbuck, 'without intending to prescribe the

quantity that any man should take, I should like to see Brune a little heartier. All the fun and the energy have left him. He never thanked me for the seal I sent him—not, I am sure, from indifference to the gift, but from distraction and blue-devils."

"I was wanst crossed in love," said Pat Shane, "but it didn't make me stroike off a tumbler; if anything, the contrary."

"What! has Brune had a disappointment?" screamed out one of the youngsters. There was a sudden hush. Arthur had managed to make himself respected among them; and though he was beyond earshot, his name and affairs claimed the low cautious tone in which men speak of those whom they look up to. The voices and manner of some of the party, and the stick of Gervaise, admonished the last speaker to be prudent.

"I wonder now," said Pat, thinking aloud—"I wonder whether if that hucksterin' robber Melhado was to lave the field, Arthur's success would be certain."

"That's a useless speculation," Gervaise said, "Melhado's young and strong and saucy, and not likely to get out of the way."

"He might be politely requested to stip aside," responded Shane, "and he'd not stop the road again if he got hit."

"I daresay Brune 'll pull his nose for him some day," pursued Tom, mysteriously; "you may all be sure that, if he doesn't do it now, he knows 'tien't the right time."

"I know a man, replied Pat, "that'll think it the right time whenever he can get a colourable quarr'l with the dirty daler."

"Why, Pat, one would think you were his rival," said Tom.

"I'm no man's rival, the heavens be praised, but a Christian gentleman, at pace with all mankind, and the mortal inimy of this presuming pup," answered Pat. "Ye don't know how well he deserves my distinguished detestation, but I'll tell ye."

"Ye see, he's been scraping up a wonderful acquaintance wid that disagreeable fellow Lorton, who's got a bitter tongue; but thin he's a gentleman, and knows when and where to give a taste of it. Be me sowl, but it's made me laugh sometimes when I heard him scarifying some poor unready divil, who could feel the points sticking in him, but didn't know how to parry them—ha, ha! Well, then, this gineral merchant—this Mister Melhado—thinks he must imitate Lorton's bitin' impident humour, though he hasn't got Lorton's taste and disarrmint to show him when he's got hould of a fair subject. He tried it I'm tould, once or twice, quite in Lorton's worst style, and was pretty successful in his hits: the men were taken aback, and didn't know what to make of it. But what does the thunderin' oaf do then, but think he's a proficient in the sat'r'cal line, and begin to make his thrusts indiscriminately, when, bedad! he falls foul of a tartar, if there's one in Christendom, so he does. If ye'll believe me, the low, dirty, money-getting vagabone thinks proper to take his fling at an Irish gentleman, of a family that's been celebrated since the building of Babel. The Shanes commenced about that time. Yes, boys, may I niver see glory if the baste didn't try his indacent jistin' upon myself—be the powers he did! and this was the way of it. They'd the Gineral dining at the mess at Fort Augusta, and I was there, and so was this unmannerly robber. And, sis the Gineral, sis he, 'What's the news that's come by the packet, for I've been so busy wid despatches that I couldn't read it yet?' What is there stirrin', Mr. Melhado?' Now, you see, Melhado and me niver took kindly to one another, and we'd been sparr'n' a little that evening, and so he says to the Gineral, takin' care that I should hear, 'There's no news at all of any importance, sir: two or three Irish blackguards hanged, that's all.' Presently I asked him, 'Might I

inquire why you applied' the term *Irish blackguards* to the persons that ye said was iced?' 'I called them Irish,' sis he, 'because they wor born and hanged in Ireland; and I called them blackguards because they wor convicted of a diabolical outrage.' But I wasn't to be put off that way; and so I went on, 'You coupled the words together in an objectionable way, sir; I'd have you to know that I, as an Irishman, don't fancy hearing you speak that way of "*Irish blackguards*." ' 'You do quite right,' sis he, 'to stand up for your order. I wish I'd spoken more respectfully of these unfortunate men.' Well, I knew the whelp was troffin' with me, but for the loife of me, I couldn't tell how to meet him at the moment, his manner seemed so quiet and sincere. I caught a twinkling in the Gineral's eye, too, as he looked across the table at one of the staff. First I thought of sending a decanter at Melhado's head, but that wouldn't have done, of course; and so I said quietly to meself, 'Make much of your joke, me flower of the forest, for your laugh won't last long. Pat Shane owes you one, and he'll pay to the last pinnyweight;' and so I will, divil take me if I don't."

"Serve him right too," said in concert two or three of the juniors, with whom Shane was an oracle in matters of honour.

"Gervaise," said Clutterbuck, who wished to change the subject, "I knew a brother of yours, called James, many years ago. We travelled in France together. Where is he now?"

Tom, when this question was asked, was transferring his cigar, which was very dull, from between his fingers to his mouth. As soon as his lips had a fast hold of it, he turned his forefinger vertically downwards, looking at the same time at Clutterbuck, who understood from the pantomime that James Gervaise, his *quondam* acquaintance, had been gathered to his fathers, and that his disconsol-

late brother Thomas was unable to answer articulately, either from emotion at the mention of his name, or from the risk of letting his light out. Then Clutterbuck, seeing that Tom was for the present silent, turned to Shane and asked him whether he was aware that Lorton, of whom he had lately spoken, was seriously ill.

"I heard," said Pat, "that he'd a slight fever."

"Quite correct," answered Clut; "the fever has never been violent, the doctors say, but it hangs upon him and wears him sadly. He's been in a low nervous condition for some time, and that keeps up the complaint. They would send him home if he could be patched up sufficiently to be put on board, but he's too weak at present."

"He'll come to no harm," said one of the party; "he's too disagreeable for that. It's only your good fellows that are taken off, like poor Simpson, and Hillyer, and Drysdale."

"I don't feel sure of that," Clutterbuck replied; "the doctors are puzzled, and shake their heads. Ordinary treatment appears to have failed, and when it comes to that, there's ground for apprehension."

"Then, by this and by that, Tom, ye must pray for him as ye did for the corporal at Hutton's Lodge. You're the boy for healin' when the faculty breaks down."

Seeing a look of great astonishment appear, after this observation, on the countenances of the younger guests who had not been in the island at the time of the occurrence to which Pat alluded, he offered to enlighten them concerning it; but as Pat was not remarkable for condensation, we will tell his story in our own words:—

Tom once lay at an outpost in charge of a small detachment, one of whom was, on a sudden, taken alarmingly ill. The nearest surgeon was sent for, and he declared that the patient could not live two hours. It was the spiritual physician who was now required in

haste; but, alas! the whole dreary district boasted no such comforter. In this extremity, Tom, though all unused to religious exercise, determined that his dying brother should not lack such assistance as he, Tom, could afford. Accordingly he appeared, prayer-book in hand, beside the bed of suffering, and, opening the volume, read impressively that portion of our beautiful liturgy which supplicates spiritual aid "as for this kingdom in general, so especially for the High Court of Parliament." Whether the man's almost miraculous recovery was the direct result of Tom's ministry (as hath by some been affirmed), is a point which we presume not to decide. We leave it to be judged of by every man as his conscience shall prompt, believing that course to accord best with the interests of truth and the principles of religious toleration for which this realm hath long been famous.

Tom growled surlily when Pat narrated this anecdote, and shook his stick at those who laughed. He wouldn't, however, be decoyed into conversation, and the whole company seemed to feel the effect of their meal, and to sink into a sleepy, smoky condition. So, finding them such stupid company, we propose to follow Knox and Brune, and to find out what their important conference was about.

"Did I rightly understand your hint, Arthur?" asked Knox, when they had got clear of the din. "Have you really determined to attempt it on Clutterbuck's night?"

"I have determined!" said Arthur. "It must depend now on others whether I shall be able to carry out my scheme. Gervaise is to be charioteer from the mountain's foot. Mr. Grant, who considers that matrimony is, at any price and under any circumstances, to be encouraged among the blacks and the military, has promised his assistance. I go this afternoon to get the important parchment from the Governor, and I have taken means for the success of the attempt on

the high ground. We must now see how Melhado and Mr. Arabin can be detained in camp till daylight after Clutterbuck's entertainment."

"Depend on me," said Knox, "to aid in any scheme you may devise. My invention's not so good as yours. How do you propose to manage it?"

"I've thought," said Arthur, "of making them tipsy, or of crippling their chaise, or both?"

"Both very uncertain devices," said Knox; "we must do something surer than that. What think you of a quarrel?"

"I have rejected that plan," said Brune, "because I would allow no man wantonly to endanger his own life or another's for my gratification."

"Leave it to me, then," said Knox; "I think I see how to manage it, and we'll risk no lives, but have some fun. We'll keep them here, if we have to lock them up. In the last resort I would advise some of our lads (who will by that time be full of champagne) of what's afoot, and I don't think they would allow sport to be spoiled."

"One word more, then, before I disturb Gervaise from his grog. They tell me, my dear fellow, that you've been playing deeply lately. For heaven's sake stop while it's not too late. Anything that my small means can do you may command. Think of your mother—do, Knox; and if they have any play after Clut's dinner, as they probably will, refrain."

"I assure you, Brune," said Knox, "that I am perfectly disgusted with play, and have formed a resolution, which I think will hold, to give it up entirely."

This resolution, though, was formed with a proviso and exception which Master Knox thought proper to keep in reserve. He was most sincere at that moment in his contrition, and wished with all his soul that he had never touched card or die; for he had been playing deeply, as Arthur had heard,

and so great was his embarrassment that the sale of his commission alone could extricate him. About half its value was already lost, and he had determined to risk the other half in the attempt to retrieve his affairs. After Clutterbuck's dinner, he determined to have cards or hazard in his room, and it was in connection with this plan that he proposed to bring about the detention of Melhado and Christy. He was obliged to reserve himself for the great *coup* which he meditated at play, but he thought Pat Shane might be wrought into a humour to do the quarrelling. Accordingly, after Tom Gervaise had been got under way, and the tandem en route for Spanish Town, Knox sued for a private interview with Pat, which Pat graciously accorded, merely guarding his honour by stipulating that he was to hear no proposal concerning mutiny, or coining, or making away with the mess sherry, which was a widely celebrated wine.

Having reassured him on these points, Knox proceeded to inquire if it would give him any pleasure to serve Arthur Brune, to which query Pat Shane replied by a series of questions to the following effect:

"Does a game-cock like foitin'! does a turtle-dove love billin' and cooin'? does a mortherin' lawyer love fingerin' the fees? They do? Well then, what they'd do for either of them deloights, I'd do for Arthur Brune, d'ye see? Now then, go on, Knox, me boy."

"Certain reasons make it desirable that Melhado and his party should not leave this too early after Clutterbuck's dinner. I can't enter into particulars."

Shane compressed his lips till his mouth nearly disappeared, and executed a series of short double nods indicative of entire comprehension of an ineffable mystery; then he repeated, in business-like tones,

"Go on, Knox, me boy."

"We thought, perhaps, that the surest cause of detention might be the settlement of some misunder-

standing — always a longish affair, and that if you didn't mind——"

"That's it; be me sowl, you've hit it. That's the card, Knox. Consider 't settled from this time. He'll not go home till mornin', ye may take your dying davy, and perhaps he'll not go then; he may be carr'ed. Ah, go to the devil wid ye!"

Saying which, he smote Knox playfully on the ribs so as to render him inarticulate, and was walking off highly satisfied with the result of the interview, when the other seized his arm and held him till he recovered breath enough to speak again.

"Stop a moment, Pat—(gasp)—you—(gasp)—you—(gasp)—haven't quite—(gasp)—understood me."

"Haven't I? the devil! but I have though! I have yer meaning as true as gospel, and when that's the case, the less said the better. There's censorious persons always ready to pervert a gentleman's spache, and insinuate that he thought of doin' it beforehand. Oh, bother, don't let's talk."

"But, Pat, you *don't* understand, I assure you. I never thought of anything serious. A little sham sparring just to prevent their seeing how time flies, and then an amicable arrangement, you know, and a breakfast here, or something of that sort——"

"Mr. Knox," said Pat, drawing himself up, "is it me, of the blood of the Shanes, that ye mane to insult?"

"Am I a likely man to insult you, Pat?"

"Maybe not. We've been ould friends these seven years, but may I starve if I can construe yer last remarks otherwise than dishonourably!"

"My dear Pat, can't you understand a bit of fun?"

"Fun! on proper subjects, of coorse I can. If it's cardin' a proctor, or boutlin' a turnpike, or takin' a funky rider over some damnable raspers, or any other harmless diversion, I've not the laaste objection.

But to be throofflin' with matters of honour! Is't a Shane ye're asking? Bathershin!"

"Why, what could be the harm of it? only a little joke."

"Harm!—joke!"

"Yes: what harm?"

"A purty commotion there'd be in Ballyshane the day they heard of it! Can't I fancy Father O'Rourke, with the big hat on him, and the heavy whip in his hand, bidding them keep their tempers and bear the dispensation with patience, and foaming himself at the mouth with rage and shame! And Tim Brallaghan and the rest of them turning up their eyes and cryin', 'Who'd have thought it of Pat Shane—a boy that would never crack a joke on a piper, because a piper once played before Moses?—and to find *him* making a jest of serious things;' and Mike Duffy, the villain! that I bate out of shape for rudeness to Mary Higgins, with the heart's black drop welling over at the eyes of him; while he pretinds to be tinder and sorry for poor Pat's disgrace—the desateful Judas! And one says this of me, and one says that; and at last comes by a little black-eyed devil with the purtiest feet in the world, and she says—God bless her!—says she, 'What's that ye're saying about Mither Shane?' says she. 'Which of ye is there that would dare to tell him to his face that black's the white of his eye, or the smallest spick on it? Shane's sarving his country,' says she; 'and I'll be bail for him he never done a thing the likes o' yeeshould dispise him for. Oh, that the Vargin 'ud give me a man's strength this hour, and I'd write *Slanderer* upon the forehead of the first that dared to slight him, ye calumniating villians!' She'd say this, but she'd be wrong—she'd have to own afterwards that 'twas heaven's own truth—and she'd hide her darlin' head for shame. And—oh, blood and turf?—can a mortal man bear this thought? Knox, me boy, ye're an old frind and a true, but before Pat Shane'll troifle with his honour, or

make a sport of sacr'd institutions, he'll be caught robbin' a church or finchin' at the second tumbler!"

Thoroughly overcome by this burst of eloquence, Pat allowed himself to be posted in a chair, and wiped his face at considerable length with a cotton handkerchief, whose home was in the crown of his hat, where it performed the office of a sun-screen when not on active duty.

Knox began to despair of obtaining Pat's consent to a quarrel of convenience; at any rate, he thought it prudent not to push the point further just now. He had secured his Irish friend's co-operation to a certain extent, and he would find a more favourable opportunity, or perhaps corrupt Pat's second; for the same love of combination which made him confident with the pasteboard and bones, made him take a pride in mastering this difficulty.

So Knox sat down to ruminate—a process to which he was at all times prone, whether he had any business requiring consideration or not. With a little more of the active, and a little less of the reflective element in his composition, he might possibly have run a more honourable career than he has achieved, or is ever likely to achieve. For, dreamy desultory reflection is a dangerous and unprofitable, though a seductive habit. Knox, who is still alive, does not consider that the pleasures of imagination have compensated him for the consciousness that his life has hitherto been of little use: he has seen visions and dreamed dreams, but he has contributed nothing to the great mass of human work; the next generation will be neither the better nor the worse for his existence: he fears that he has lived in vain. Yet 'tis a strong mind that, having learned the spell, can refrain from using it: he who possesses the golden key is evermore drawn toward the enchanted garden. He will clothe the arid desert with bubbling fountains and fresh mossy

banks; on the tented field he hears the voices of children and the songs of youth and home; he roams delighted through the mouldering Past, and dares to frame a forethought of the awful Future. But to the striving, active present, what does he contribute? And whenever Knox thus searched his own nature, he would see in envied contrast the character of his friend Arthur Brune. Arthur could think too, but he usually thought with a purpose in view; he could take a rapid survey and form an irrevocable decision: then his bodily energies took up the matter and wrought it to its end; he realised and conformed to the actual present, all other thought excluded for the time; and as it was with his gun or in the race, so was it afterwards amid the din of battle; he drew his sword from its scabbard with a determined arm, and until it returned thither again after an eventful encounter, his mind was with it. And the fortunes of the two men have been such as their dispositions might have led one to predict.

This, however, is not hastening to the event, according to the maxim of our friend Quintus Horatius Flaccus.* Wherefore we interrupt these reflections, and take up the relation of events from the line where we writ that Knox sat down to ruminate. Between scheming and dreaming, he was very happy in his rocking-chair, but there we must leave him or disobey Horace, and possibly exhaust the patience of the courteous reader. The substance of what Knox thought will appear by-and-by, and we have nothing more at present to say of him or his establishment, except that Gonzalvo de Cordova, after clearing the tables of the second breakfast, made a melancholy meal in the verandah, standing up as he ate, after the manner of negroes, and mingling on his plate pork chops, rice pudding, lobster salad, and apple-sauce; after which sad repast

* "Semper ad eventum festinat."—HOR.

he felt in some degree prepared for the duties of the afternoon, which consisted of sitting on the back doorstep and scratching his head.

CHAPTER XI.

"Yah-i-epp," shouted old Tom, as he put his team in motion, making his voice perform the office of the guard's horn; whereupon orderlies and stray con-commissioned officers faced inwards and saluted as the tandem passed, and niggers, with broad grins on their faces, scampered out of the road, crying, with their peculiar chuckle, "Hei Massa Gervaise!" and one or two of them got tickled by Tom's lash, to the unbounded amusement of the rest. At the sound of wheels, half-a-dozen dogs rushed frantically from the different buildings to bark, but, perceiving the unerring hand that wielded the whip, they suddenly altered their minds and retreated, many of them, though unscathed, emitting faint yelps from agreeable associations.

We have incidentally mentioned that Gervaise and Brune were bound for Spanish Town. They were going to wait on no less a personage than his Excellency the Governor; that is, Brune was going to beg an audience with the great man, and Tom Gervaise went to pass the time, and on the probability of getting up a jollification at a strange mess.

The Government was, in those days, still a very high appointment. The importance of the island was waning, but she still boasted herself the brightest jewel in the British crown. Soon after, she ceased to boast or to give any other sign of self-esteem. Her complacency, if she retained any, became reflective and visionary, turning evermore silently back to the days of her glory. It has amused us sometimes, while lounging listlessly in a hammock, and surveying through the half-opened jealousies the laughing mountains and the teeming plain, to recall her past history, and conceive a parallel between her vi-

cissitudes and those of the mother country.

There have been four epochs in the history of Jamaica suggestive of, if not answering to, the radical points of English history.

It had its savage aborigines, a less warlike race than the Britons, and to whom the fierce Charaibes, inhabitants of the Western Antilles, acted the terrific part of the Picts and Scots.

Then came the haughty Spaniard, so far resembling the Roman that he introduced science and the arts of life. But in his treatment of the harmless and ignorant natives, how far did the proud champion of the Cross sink below the Pagan! At the time of the Spanish conquest, the island contained 60,000 inhabitants; and fifty years after, hardly one representative remained of these wretched Arowauks. Their wholesale destruction was accomplished by the invaders with circumstances of wanton cruelty too horrible to relate, or even to reflect upon. The marvel is, how human beings could be guilty of such atrocity; and the human beings here upon the scene professed to be the most devout sons of the Church—her missionaries, God save the mark!!

Anon, the third race of conquerors not only corresponded to the Saxons, but were the veritable sons of Hengist's and Horsa's host. In 1655, Heaven, by the agency of Oliver Cromwell, answered the cry of vengeance that had gone up from the slaughtered Indians. An English force landed on the island in May, and smote the cruel Spaniards to the uttermost parts thereof, annexing Jamaica thenceforth to the British empire.

To complete the historical parallel, something important is wanting. We have matched our Britons, our Romans, and our Saxons; but how

to find an antitype to the glorious Normans? Bare facts will not do it for us; but if we look at the results of those facts, we may yet light upon something that burns with the flame of chivalry. It is true that no knights and warriors came in pomp and panoply to dispossess, and then unite with the Anglo-Saxon, for the next immigration tells of chains and degradation, and the horrors of the middle passage. Soon after our conquest began the regular introduction of African negroes* to the West Indies—a race whose miserable beginnings and servile condition gave no warning that their weakness should one day agitate nations and penetrate the hearts of kings. These were not Normans; no! but were lance and mail ever associated with a more sublime enthusiasm than that which impelled Christian Europe to the succour of the slave? Was the rescue of His sepulchre or the deliverance of His creatures the grander achievement of the soldiers of Christ? Hermit and paladin, and most Christian prince, and most holy father, though their zeal was ardent and their courage boiled, can vie with crusaders of these latter days only as the host of Israel may be compared with the universal Church; the former but a type of the latter. Yea, the intermingling of the sable race with the bright children of the Saxon has given rise to a school of chivalry the highest and the most powerful that the world has ever seen,—the highest, because its aims and its rewards are beyond the earth; the mightiest, forasmuch as it has triumphed over nations and governments and monarchs in the Old World, and is now about to shake terribly the New World of the West!

At the date of our story, the negro question was creating its very fiercest contentions. Jamaica was being torn and ruined by excited factions. The planting interest, after years of domination,

found itself suddenly overborne and trampled on, while upon its forehead were branded all the sins of oppression committed since the world began. The triumphant abolitionists, as if the sacredness of their grand object absolved them from all blame as to the means they might use, conducted themselves with a vindictiveness and rancour which disgraced their profession, and soon were blinded to the difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. The weak Government at home, unable to control the torrent, lent itself to the iniquity with which emancipation was carried out, so that every official appointed by the Crown, from the Governor downwards, was forced into the position of a partisan, instead of holding the scales and controlling the fury of the factions. Confounded by, and indignant at, the injustice with which they conceived themselves to be treated, the planters nevertheless exhibited their ancient independence, and showed once more the bold front which had before now successfully resisted Imperial aggression. But this time the opposition was vain and ruinous; it served only to stimulate the hatred of their irresistible foes. The battle was not yet fought out at the date of our tale: the island legislature was as yet vigorous and hopeful, and breasted manfully the waves that were destined to overwhelm it; but it often, in its indignation and despair, lost sight of dignity and prudence. The local government, reduced to be the leaders of a violent faction, appeared to no more advantage than the legislative body. The Governor was said to be "a fine old fellow, who would stand no nonsense." The Council and Assembly likewise contained several fine old fellows who would stand no nonsense. Nonsense, therefore, seemed to have but a bad chance, and yet the proceedings on both sides were marked by the folly and petulance of childhood. Had it been the for-

* James I. chartered the slave-trade in 1618.

tune of the island at this critical time to be governed by a man of temper and discretion, instead of by a fine old fellow who would stand no nonsense, or had the colonists appreciated the magnitude of the opposing force, and bent before instead of resisting it, she might, like Barbadoes, have passed comparatively uninjured through the ordeal of emancipation. But that was not to happen.

The state of dissension of course afforded openings for loud-mouthed agitators and demagogues to exhibit their stump-oratory, and to grasp at places and gains. Crowds of these appeared, all with liberal and philanthropic sentiments on their lips, but the lives of many of them characterised by greed and hate. Like Judas, they were eloquent concerning the claims of the poor, not that they cared for the poor. And in the very front of the political agitators stood the religious sects,* the preachers acting as the leaders, and instilling their secular doctrines, and inciting to deceit and dishonesty from their pulpits. The clergymen of the Establishment, for the most part, sided with the planters, and shared the odium levelled at them. They were, therefore, of little use. But there were a few young and enthusiastic ministers, like our friend Mr. Grant, who endeavoured, amid the roar of factions, to gain a few ears for the voice of true religion. They were nearly all young and inexperienced; most of them, going as far right as they could see, were unable to realise in their minds the state of things, and many of them had a zeal which outran discretion.

All of us are aware of the wreck in which these things resulted; but many who know the results may not know the elements from which it proceeded. We have ventured, therefore, on these few words of explanation.

And now we have to be taken

rapidly over the thirteen miles that separate Up Park from Spanish Town. Old Tom is the very person to do us that service. We rattle along, each person absorbed in his own reflections, and noticing nothing—not even the immense cotton-tree on the right of the road, beneath which sits an elderly negro retailing the milk of young cocoanuts for the refreshment of parched travellers, hewing off the outer husks with a weapon that might, for its form, have hung by the side of Haroun al Raschid, and converting the nut itself into a cup. 'Tis a simple draught rudely prepared; but if the old tree be there, and an old vendor beneath it when you go that way, our life on it, reader, you will halt and drink! He found no customers in Arthur and Tom that day. They passed silently along, first a warm horse stepping smartly and tossing his head, then another ditto, ditto, then two travellers abreast in their chariot, then two little streams of smoke.

Now, it naturally enough happened that his Excellency the Governor, being, as has been said, a fine old fellow, held a favourable opinion of a fine young fellow like Arthur Brune. But fine old fellows then had a way of showing their goodwill which we should in this day think objectionable. His Excellency gave Arthur a reception whose warmth, as indicated by the oaths he used, was intense. He had just then a little leisure, which he kindly devoted to the entertainment of his young friend, to whom he addressed a sprightly conversation, strongly spiced with *doubles entendres*, and illustrated with anecdotes, from which the chaste Maga, even though approaching her fiftieth year, would avert her eyes with indignant majesty. That was the way in which fine old fellows condescended to those whom it was their pleasure to honour. Arthur for a long time bore with his Ex-

* We except the Wesleyan Methodists, who were said strictly to confine themselves to spiritual concerns.

cellency's humour, and laughed at his jokes, longing to speak of the business which brought him thither, but not finding an opportunity, so continuous was the flow of his Excellency's conversation. At length the great man looked at his watch, interrupted his discourse, and was about to dismiss his young friend graciously, when Arthur besought an extension of five minutes, saying that he had a favour to ask.

"Well my boy, what can I do for you?" said his Excellency. "Name something in reason, and you may command me."

"I want a licence to marry," said Arthur, firmly; "and I beg of your Excellency the favour that you will for a short time keep the granting it a profound secret."

"Licence to marry!" repeated the Governor in amazement. "Why, what the devil! Marry! Why, you can't be serious."

"Quite serious, sir," Arthur said.

"Why, I really thought now you were one of the fellows that will take the places of us old cocks when we go our ways. I took you for a soldier, every inch of you. Marry! By Jove!"

"I have not the least intention, sir," said Arthur, "of giving up the service; and if I know myself at all, I shall not be less worthy of his Majesty's commission after marriage than I am now."

"Pooh, pooh!" said his Excellency; "wait till you're a field-officer at least. Marriage is a mistake in a young officer; fellow's never worth a farthing after. Takes all the dash out of him. And a married subaltern! damme, you must be joking! Eh? Can't mean it. All humbug. Mustn't think of such thing. Rather sign a death-warrant for you!"

Arthur made a suitable acknowledgment for this mark of regard, but persisted that he was quite in earnest, and had well considered the step he was about to take.

"Then I can only say I'm infernally sorry," said the Governor, "Mark my words! You'll live to

repent it. Fine young fellow like you throwing yourself away! Besides, I thought you were rather soft about that girl Melhado's going to marry—devilish delightful girl she is too—splendid bust—cursed deal too good for that fellow;—thought you were a little moonish in that direction, which seemed a capital thing, as it would keep you single. I say, Brune, whoever it is, you haven't got anything to match old Arabin's daughter, I'll take my oath!"

"Miss Arabin's," said Brune, steadily, "is the other name which I wish to be inserted in the licence."

His Excellency looked hard at Arthur to examine whether his eye showed symptoms of insanity; failing to perceive which, and at the same time recollecting Arthur's demand of secrecy, the representative of majesty began to perceive how matters stood.

"The devil it is!" then said the Governor. "May I ask what Mr. and Mrs. Arabin and Mr. Melhado say to the arrangement?"

"I grieve to say, sir," answered Arthur, "that the marriage, if you give me the means of effecting it, will be clandestine."

"After which will come duels, actions at law, courts-martial, and I don't know what pleasures beside!" said his Excellency, inquiringly.

"I think not, sir," replied Arthur. "I have weighed well the consequences of what I meditate."

"You think you can do it neatly?" asked the great man.

"I have every hope of carrying out my design."

Here his Excellency was so overpowered by his feelings, that after a suppressed chuckle or two he burst into a fit of hearty laughter, which brought tears out of his eyes.

"Capital!" said his Excellency, when he regained command of his voice; "only do it well, and I'll forgive you for marrying."

"Don't you," continued he again, unable to control explosions of delight—"don't you feel great remorse

at the trick you're going to play that excellent young man, Melhado?"

"I do," said Arthur; "I wish I could avoid it."

Whereupon his Excellency made a grotesque face, which said, as plainly as a grimace could do, "I see you're a wag as well as a sly dog; but I have some fun in me too, and we understand each other," and then he pursued his remarks with intervals of laughter.

"By —, it'll set the whole island by the ears. Why, what an audacious young scamp you are, eh! Arabin won't have *bo* to throw to a goose for the next twelvemonth; and as for Melhado, oh, 'pon my soul, it's too bad. Well, she ought to marry a red-coat, I'll be — if she oughtn't; 'twould be a slur upon the cloth to let a civilian have her. But the sell it'll be for them is best of all. Oh, by Jove, it's capital!"

In fine, so great was the Governor's glee that he promised to have the necessary parchment prepared that evening with great secrecy, and desired Arthur to dine at the King's House that he might receive it. And Arthur having incidentally mentioned that Gervaise

had travelled with him, his Excellency graciously extended his invitation to that officer, who was somewhat embarrassed at receipt of it, seeing that he had come over unprovided with a red jacket, without which it was as bad taste to appear at King's House, as for a Jew to go to a marriage without a wedding garment. The difficulty was eventually got over; but as Tom was both tall and stout, there was some trouble in fitting him. They applied at last to a captain of the St. Jago Militia, who was sufficiently stout, but who being of small stature, Thomas presented himself at the viceregal board with six inches of ragged shirt visible round his waist. The hiatus did not spoil his dinner, and his Excellency was so delighted with the coming elopement that there was little ceremony. It would have given us great pleasure to repeat some very excellent anecdotes and *jeux d'esprit* to which the Governor gave voice on this occasion; but we have so altered in only a quarter of an age, that the conversation of men who enjoyed fame and rank, and who were of mature age at that time, is objectionable in the present day.

AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN.

It is common to complain of the want of personal individuality in this age of much action and many achievements. The picturesque of man and man is bewailed everywhere as all but lost in the height of civilisation, instruction, and universal refinement to which we have attained. In classes, in masses, in nations—grandly, yet with an abstract blank which touches no heart, the story of modern life has to be written. We say so calmly, as a received truth; and without an interval, in absolute contradiction of what we have just said, put down upon paper such a name as that which heads this page—a name representing one of the most remarkable and characteristic figures which Art has ever added to the notable persons of the world; and introducing into the common level of social life an individuality as rampant and untamed, as distinct from every other thing and person round it, as if its possessor had inhabited a pristine forest or a mediæval feudal castle. Such is the way in which special facts contradict the ordinary conception which, only half seeing them the while, we form of the times in which we ourselves are living. Perhaps when the age is over, and orbs into its perfect sphere, these exceptional facts may bulk large enough to impress upon the gaze of our great-grandchildren, not in subordination to the mechanical progress we ourselves are so conscious of, the well-developed outline of a generation of men.

The architect Pugin, known by name to many, and well known to those whose knowledge is fame, died nearly ten years ago, at the height of his reputation and in the prime of his life, but amid disastrous circumstances, which gave a

sadder force than usual to that going down of the sun at noon, which is so usual among artists and men of genius. After the lapse of years he has found a biographer in the person of a fellow-craftsman—not of genius, so far at least as literature is concerned; and in a volume partly architectural and partly Catholic, not specially adapted to the general reader in either point of view, all the dim portrait that appears possible of this singular man is now given to the world. Notwithstanding the increase of even technical knowledge, it is possible that there may be people to whom crockets and finials are unintelligible, who yet would receive with interest what can be learned of an extremely characteristic and remarkable person, a man who swept through life with the motion of a torrent, and who worked and talked and acted and suffered, during his forty years of existence, as much or more than most men could in a hundred. On the tame blood and unexcited pulses of the general spectator, the spectacle of such a life will probably have an effect something akin, to what must have been the impression made on the commonplace Roman of old by the sight of the gladiator's agonies. It is not the vulgar pangs, and blood, of the arena which make that fierce pleasure attractive; it is the sight of the grand critical moment of life violently exaggerated, yet still human, enacted before those who, in their tame fashions, shall somehow go through the same dully, without cheer of spectators or heroic impulse, but with a certainty as irrevocable and absolute. How a man can dare and undergo everything from which flesh and blood shrink—how, save one's self, one can see that tragedy, with all its thrilling

Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin, and of his Father, Augustus Pugin; with Notices of their Works. By BENJAMIN FERREY, Architect, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix by E. SHERIDAN PURCELL, Esq. Stanford, Charing Cross. 1861.

accompaniments of pity and terror, has always been a sight inexpressibly attractive to the primitive mind. Except in the case of the most highly-gifted actors, the stage itself does not supply this savage requirement of nature: and now that life and death are no longer made the subjects of actual sport, it is only literature that can provide this necessary stimulus and excitation. There are lives, written and unwritten, in which the visible agony goes on before us under conditions so touching and splendid, as to make us all spectators at a martyrdom. There are other lives in which, with interest almost as tragical, it is the gladiator only, whom, with a shivering sense of human sympathy, yet serenity, we survey at our leisure in his passion and death-struggle. Both are among the most profoundly interesting of human sights; and it is to something between the two—not to the sacred drama of a saint's tragedy, though religion is deeply involved in the story; nor to the vulgar legend of a gladiator's sufferings, though passion and action of the rudest primitive description are in the tale—that we invite our readers now.

It is not difficult to understand how biography becomes the favourite study of middle age. Fiction, to which the modesty of nature puts a hundred impalpable limits, which it must not transgress under hazard of forfeiting all its influence, is emphatically for youth. Most people lose the faculty of reading novels and relishing poetry in the middle of their days. Yet the perennial necessity of beholding how other human creatures bear their trials and overcome their difficulties does not on that account forsake the hard-working man. It is here that this art of portraiture, little studied, but much practised, comes in with an influence perhaps greater than that of any other species of literature. It is a perennial tragedy to which, in the heat and burden of the day, our eyes turn involuntarily. The termination dear

to youth has been found to be but a beginning, on the other side of that rose-coloured line; and now no termination is possible but that inevitable end of the chapter which puts its Amen upon all human works and ways. Thither with a thrill of fellow-feeling we turn our middle-aged and sober eyes. Nothing in art or nature is so touching and close to our hearts as that real man, marching steadily or unsteadily, as we are doing, through his tedious campaigns—drawing up, unprepared or prepared, for his inevitable battles—going on painfully after they are over-daunted or undaunted, as the case may be—and drawing near, as we also shall draw near, to the thin-worn edge of life, from which perhaps he may send back some message of cheer to us against our own journey thitherward. With so distinct a place and so large an audience, nothing is more strange than the singular inattention to any art in it with which this work of biography is carried out. A relative who knows the bare facts of a man's existence, but who, by mere disability of nature, can never get far enough off from him to see his figure rounded full against the surrounding world, is calmly identified as the "natural" author of the portrait, whether or not he is able to draw a single line of it; or failing a relative, a professional friend, a man of similar pursuits,—any one who has sufficient command of the facts, falls into the vacant position. This solemn tragic muse of real life—this teacher from whose hands we are all more or less prepared and content to take lessons—comes stumbling upon her platform, with uncertain utterance and unaccustomed voice, not much aware of her story in her own person, and still less able to communicate it to others. This is an equal mistake and injury to a very important branch of literature, and prepares a series of perpetual disappointments for a large and most influential class of readers. The slight and imperfect biography at present in

our hands would be unfairly made the subject of any general strictures; for its pretensions are small, and its execution sufficiently honest. But while it is certain that we do not trust to the efforts of amateurs, or the loving recollections of kindred, for our portraits of eminent men, it is surely a great piece of folly to confide the fuller and larger picture of themselves and their lives to untrained and unfit hands. There are men who devote themselves, with the severest study and labour, to the elucidation of history; there are poets who live in exclusive devotion to that great use of genius; and these are the historians and the poets who enlighten the annals of our history and glorify our national life. Philosophers train themselves to an utterance big enough for their thoughts; even novelists give themselves up to the requirements of their craft. But all the world is agreed that, to write a man's life, all that is necessary is to have been that man's son or nephew, friend or professional collaborateur, and to know the facts. Biography is no art, but an accident. You put in for an individual history, and you may get an essay, pointed with bits of personal detail, or the broken scraps of a journal, or anything else like or unlike what you aimed at. Such is the present theory of written memoirs; and nobody can be surprised that, in most instances, the life is not written, but *taken*—a well-intentioned manelughter, not to say culpable homicide.

In the present instance the case is different. A professional sketch made by a conscientious member of an important and increasing profession, these *Recollections* are a contribution to the recent history of English architecture, and to the gossip of a class, more than a serious attempt to delineate a man. The "author of these pages," as the architect-writer describes himself, has no vocation towards that kind of portrait-painting which would have made his hero visible before

the world. Such was not his purpose nor special desire—his aim was to trace the career of an eminent and somewhat eccentric architect, very odd in many of his ways, and concerning whom everybody had some stories to tell, and its effect upon their common craft; to note the churches he built, the houses he designed, the manner in which he sometimes treated his patrons—all those minutiae of the profession which exist and are interesting in every trade from the highest to the lowest. The immediate stimulus to the production of the book seems to have been a generous attempt now going on to raise a memorial to Pugin, in the very becoming form of a travelling Scholarship of Art. The attempt is still in progress, and promises to be successful. For the promotion of this virtuous end, and the satisfaction of professional curiosity, Mr. Ferrey's *Recollections of Pugin* have been put together; and the book will no doubt fully answer, its intention, and carry out the purpose of its writer. But through the dim architectural lantern herein held forth, there gleam such glimpses of a passionate human soul, hard driven, but never overmastered till the end of its career, that we cannot refrain from attempting to elucidate a little more clearly this Agonistes' life, contending for forty years with a world of material difficulty, which it could and did overcome, and with a spiritual might which repulsed it hopelessly, and drove it to its rest through the anguish of madness and premature death;—a life not perfect, nor entirely noble—a hasty, rude, peremptory, unreasonable existence, incapable of repose, in many respects deficient, wanting in grace, gentleness, and patience; but still, according to its arbitrary and impatient strain, a life worth noting—the passion and conflict of a full-blooded and genuine man, through a world of phantoms, and creatures half alive.

For the information of such of our readers as may barely know Pugin's name, let us briefly sketch,

before entering into detail, who he was. So considerable a man in his generation as to be named by the *Times* the founder of the new and better school of architecture now existing among us, and to be stigmatised by Mr. Ruskin, in the Appendix to the *Stones of Venice*, with complimentary virulence, as "not a great architect, but one of the smallest possible or conceivable of architects"—he was the hereditary champion of mediæval art while scarcely any arm but his own was raised in its defence. Perfectly lawless and unscrupulous in speech, he fought for his beloved art not only by demonstrations of its own excellence, but by assaults as vehement and hot as if they had been living men, instead of spires and cupolas, at which he ran a tilt—against the calm classic opponent, all plaster and pretence, which already had possession of the field. An artist-soul, incapable of contenting itself even with domestic surroundings till it had conformed them to its ideal, drove him, while young and fervent, into the Church of Rome, where his imagination ran riot in a dream of perfection to be procured by faultless pointed churches, chasubles, albs, and altar furniture, all designed by his own restless fingers, and executed with the carefulest graces of art. The Church of Rome, however, could no more gratify and content this absolute spirit than any other system or corporation. Fretted by the restrictions, the perpetual curb and limit to which his imagination and will were compelled to yield, within as without that holy enclosure, encompassed by the disgusts and fatigues which sooner or later overwhelm every such arbitrary and vehement organisation, Pugin found in the rock of the Church only a remorseless wall of obstacle against which he dashed himself; and in bitter disappointment, and wild agony of disenchanted heart and overworked brain, went mad and died, not without pathetic remorseful yearnings, in the twilight of his

troubled faculties, towards a Christian union and Catholicity wider than Roman, to which the former utterances of his life were at dead variance. Before this ending of his career, however, he had lived long enough to influence the entire architecture of the country, to lend large assistance in changing public sentiment, and to leave worthy evidences of his own genius before the world—the chief of which, perhaps, are to be found in the splendid pile of the Houses of Parliament, which are at least as much the creation of Pugin as of Barry—probably more. Such was the wild and vehement career, disastrously closed in fiery noonday eclipse, descending through Bedlam and mysterious neglect and ingratitude into a sudden grave, which Mr. Ferrey faintly memorialises. The character and circumstances of the man who accomplished it, we shall try to follow at greater length with the guidance of his biographer. The measure of his genius we shall neither attempt to discuss nor decide. "Phidias," says Mr. Ruskin, with that dignified spitefulness in which he is always so happy, "can niche himself in the corner of a pediment, Raffaele expatiates within the circumference of a clay platter; but Pugin is inexpressible in less than a cathedral." Notwithstanding, but for the extravagant straightforward assaults of Pugin, the audience influenced by Ruskin might have been much limited in extent and conviction. He was the working pioneer, the miner explosive and gunpowdery, of the new era of art. Before the public mind was prepared for the fastidious philosophies and matchless landscape-painting of the art-critic, the art-workman, vehement and furious, had to dash his battering-ram at the old stuccoed crumbling walls, and bring them down in tempests of dust and hurricanes of contemptuous shouting. The two encounter each other afterwards with grim scorn and lofty disdain—two remarkable figures. The one fastidiously refined and dainty in

a rarified eclectic atmosphere, too fine for common humanity: the other flashing on in a torrent of rude manhood, endowing the very stone and lime opposed to him with flesh and blood, and demolishing his windmills furiously with hearty hatred. Mr. Ruskin puts his delicate lancet pleasantly into the flesh of the big Arab, while Pugin stands aside and growls contemptuous, not without a certain sense of impotence to contend with these dainty unrivalled weapons. "Let the fellow build something," growls the victim, vainly thinking to lure his assailant into ground where he himself was the better man. But despite this inevitable jealousy and conflict of the practical against the theoretical—of the workman with the philosopher—Ruskin had been impossible without Pugin; the material giant always preceding in rude material encounter the intellectual champion with his diamond blade and touch. Neither apparently recognised their natural succession and connection; but it is plain enough to the outside spectator, who sees both.

We have said that Pugin was the hereditary champion of medieval art. His father was an *émigré*—one of those virtuous, blameless, pains-taking Frenchmen whom the Revolution drove into England, and who, taking kindly to the sober land of his adoption, like so many of his countrymen, pursued thereafter a life of diligent and worthy industry, in utter contrast to the hideous tumult which had cast him forth. It would be an interesting inquiry to discover how many such, so utterly unpolitical that the fact of their having been driven to these shores by such a whirlwind of social agitation is almost unbelievable, have stimulated and afforded new developments to English industry and laboriousness. Augustus Pugin the elder, by dint of a faculty of drawing, not much cultivated or remarkable, fell, in his penniless and friendless estate, into the employment of Nash the architect, and by degrees be-

came himself a theoretical architect of much eminence and influence, laying the foundation in his careful practical works, and in the thorough training of his pupils, for all that has been since accomplished in Gothic architecture. It was the age of the Brighton Pavilion and other such monstrous follies, in which, with souvenirs of Normandy in his heart, the quick-eyed Frenchman, with his lively pencil and perception of awakening public interest, took up the vanguard in the new movement. He made the noble remains of former ages familiar to the eye and clear to the mind of the nation, which, stirred by many influences, and in the flush of a new outburst of national genius and splendour, began to be doubtful of its own tame mediocrity in point of art. When public taste has come to the length of bursting out into insane bulbs and pinnacles by way of relief from the dead flat of former dulness, such an oracle close at hand is invaluable. The French draughtsman, who loved his work, and had no other object in life than its accomplishment, filled his office with pupils, to whom he opened a new and fascinating world. Cathedrals and castles, not of stucco, all noble, real, solemn, rose out of the darkness around the fortunate lads who were to reproduce and emulate what they saw. Their master himself reproduced only upon paper, in books that stimulated the general curiosity, and helped to mend the vitiated taste which had exhausted itself upon pediments and cornices. They went into France and over England, sketching everywhere—making "examples" of the half-mouldering fragments which otherwise would have been lost to the world, and learning by what simple, splendid constructive art, edifices which look like creations, grew into being. Within the household, where the Frenchman trained his pupils into all the individualities of Christian architecture, a kind of Protestant conventual rule existed under his strong-minded English wife, who

"was possessed of considerable literary accomplishments and frequently contributed articles to the leading periodicals," as her son's biographer informs us with naïve and admiring wonder; and who was a griffin, as under such circumstances might be anticipated. This curious *menage* produced the younger Augustus; an only child stimulated into production from his earliest moments; the mother's darling, despotically loved and governed; the father's favourite pupil and precocious assistant. Such a position must have acted upon any temperament. It forced into wild luxuriance and premature development a nature almost savage in its fulness of energy and life.

The boy was nursed upon "examples" and "details" of Gothic art, which, instead of chilling him into a Dryasdust, a conclusion not improbable, or making him merely an ecclesiastical draughtsman like his father, had the effect of communicating very life and breath, through his vivid appreciation, to these stony remnants of another age. At fifteen, or before it, he had already found a channel for his independent exertions, and, striking distinctly off from his father's historical and pictorial undertakings, found utterance for his own individual faculty of *making*, in designing plate for the great silversmiths Rundell and Bridge, and furniture for Windsor Castle. Then the wild life and restless energies of the boy surged out into regions less satisfactory. Though Mrs. Pugin was Puritan enough to take her son to the Caledonian Chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, where such a preacher as Edward Irving was then addressing the world, her religious doctrines apparently did not condemn the theatre, into the service of which the precocious artist plunged with a zeal and abandon worthy his years. With all the ardour of boyhood and art, the young Pugin betook himself to scene-painting and its mechanical contrivances, the results of which, so readily attained, and so entirely

dependent upon his own individual creative will, were naturally delightful to a worker in his teens. His parents, humouring their sole representative in a fancy which was doubtless profitable as well as pleasant — since the adventurous lad was commissioned, shortly after launching out in this fantastic adumbration of his after life, to prepare the entire scenery for the new opera of *Kenilworth* — permitted him to construct a model theatre in their own sober house in the depths of Bloomsbury, where he went to work with a zest and fervour which will be very intelligible to most youths of his years — "cutting away roofs, constructing cisterns, removing the attic ceiling," and converting all the staid conveniences of an upper floor in Great Russell Street into a delightful chaos of stage-carpenetry and contrivances. "On this model stage," says the book, "he designed the most exquisite scenery, with fountains, tricks, traps, drop-scenes, wings, soffites, hilly scenes, flats, open flats, and every magic change of which stage mechanism is capable." All this the restless maker did and tired of, while still in the years which ordinary youths spend at school and college. "As earlier in life the duties of his father's office became utterly insupportable to the active mind of Welby Pugin," Mr. Ferrey tells us, "so now [age seventeen or thereabouts] his scene-painting and other theatrical engagements had no longer any attractions." In some exuberant lives the period of boyhood disappears. Here and there, even without any extraordinary results, from mere constitution or character, one finds a boy admitted into all the privileges of manhood, nobody about him appearing to be aware of the practical anachronism. Such seems to have been emphatically the case with this odd Bloomsbury boy. After he had cut his father's upper floor to pieces, and accomplished the most exquisite scenery among its ruins, he left the shattered attics in disgust, and went off

to another fancy—the entire antipodes of his earlier predilections: he went to sea.

It is to be presumed the young hero had filled his youthful purse sufficiently to be able to afford the whim which now carried him capriciously out of his vocation. He went to sea, possessed himself first of a pleasure-boat, then of a smack, lastly of a schooner, with which he cruised about the stormy Channel, carrying cargoes of eggs, gathering archaeological curiosities where he could, not with too much scrupulousness, or nicety as to the means, on the French and Belgian coasts, and pondering to the accompaniment of those familiar waves, within sound of which most of his life was to be passed, the stormy doings of his future life. The despair of his precise and gentlemanly parent may, as the newspapers say, be better imagined than described. "Few things," says Mr. Ferrey, with the greatest unconscious oddity of expression, "could have so severely shocked the finely poised susceptibilities of the elder Pugin." "God bless my soul!" exclaimed this distressed father, suddenly meeting a sympathetic friend, "it was but this morning I met my boy Auguste in the disguise of a common sailor, carrying on his shoulder a tub of water which he had took from the pump of St. Dunstan!" Here was certainly a son "foredoomed his parents' souls to cross." What the opinion of his strong-minded mother was on the subject, we are not informed. But Auguste's biographer describes the immediate effect upon the manners and appearance of his hero in a curious and original sentence, constructed upon architectural and not grammatical principles, which we should be sorry not to convey entire to the enlightened reader. "It may be naturally inferred," remarks our author, "that from the refined boy and polished gentleman, which were Welby Pugin's characteristics while under his parents' care, his present life had led him to assume the dress

and habits of a sailor, with the exception of his innate horror of tobacco and beer." With this important exception, he retained that dress and habits throughout his life, bringing himself and his friends often into awkward positions enough in consequence. While at the height of this fancy and of his relatives' despair, the young mariner managed to wreck his craft on the Scotch coast, and to owe the rescue of his penniless crew to an Edinburgh architect, Mr. Gillespie Graham, who gave him the best of advice, and sent back the boy captain into civilisation and art. This whim, too, had its day and served its purpose, but left likings and inclinations which, in the wonderfully different class of labours about to occupy him, never forsook the exuberant energetic soul. He had exhausted this mood of his youth when the prudent Scottish architect caught him at the turn, and sent the prodigal home. By this time he must have been felt to have graduated in all the recognised forms of mischief by which wayward sons break the hearts of indulgent parents. The last height of independence and waywardness was, however, attained when, after coming home, and dashing with hot haste into a business enterprise very successful so far as art was concerned, but an entire failure in the important question of profit, the youth at the age of nineteen, married and took home his bride to the troubled house in Bloomsbury, which could not approve, but dared not reject, this addition to the family. The business in which he had engaged was a shadow of the gigantic undertakings afterwards to flourish under his restless superintendence—a manufactory of carved work and Gothic decorative "detail" of every kind, to execute which the young designer trained and collected a staff of art workmen, those least manageable and most unsatisfactory of all operatives. Naturally, though he could teach, he could not control nor keep steadily at work these slippery and

insubordinate labourers; and this experiment came to an end dolefully, in loss and almost ruin, about the same time as his hapless essay at married life ended in premature death and grief. The boy, sobered at last by a stroke so unexpected, was left at twenty a father and a widower; and, threatened with early ruin, and steadied by early suffering, henceforward departed no more from the occupation of his life. His mother, taking in the most singular simple way his own estimate of his standing-ground, and calculating upon his precocity as upon established manhood, writes of him at this period of his life words which few mothers would be disposed to use of a youth of twenty. "I frequently think," says Mrs. Pugin, "how often he used (before he was fourteen years of age) to say, 'My own dear mother, how happy I am! nobody can be happier than I!' Alas, alas! look over the six years which have passed since that period, and we find a whole life of woe, such as is rarely experienced by the generality of men, huddled into it. From his works and his woes he has already experienced a long life; and when he dies, he will not die without some dignity, and have his name perpetuated." Some men are skilful in antedating their lives; Pugin clearly snatched five years at least from the happier side of his, and wrung its youthful days into the fiery web which, according to the ordinary estimate of life, was but half wrought out at its termination. But mortal existence has to be calculated otherwise than by years. He whose works and woes can be reckoned at twenty, and who by that time has come under one of the hardest disadvantages to be encountered in the life-struggle, is not to be estimated by the mere number of his days.

After this melancholy pause in his youthful career, the young man addressed himself more gravely to the profession to which he had been educated, and with which he had coquetted during the wild and

eventful boyhood now concluded. He seems to have leapt into architectural practice all at once, as soon as he chose to devote himself seriously to his work, his name and promise and auxiliary labours being well known. One of the first steps in his progress was the erection of a preposterous mediæval house for his own occupancy, in which all the rooms communicated with each other without any other mode of entrance, and which does not seem to have made up in beauty for its defects in comfort. This extraordinary erection was called by the scarcely less preposterous name of St. Marie's Grange; and was speedily occupied by a new wife and flourishing nursery, as well as by the archaeological museum for which it was primarily designed. From this centre the young architect, plunging into work with all the haste and impatience of his nature, began at the same time to make angry excursions among the English cathedrals, then deplorably neglected, or still more deplorably patched under pretence of restoration. His Protestant faith had been unsettled long before—very naturally, as Mr. Ferrey seems to think—by "the miserably ugly building in Cross Street, Hatton Garden," where his mother was in the habit of leading him. To expect that "such a youth would submit to be pent up for hours together without any relief, in a pew like a cattle-pen," without damage to his principles, is mere madness to the architectural mind. The natural result followed; and what had been begun by Edward Irving's crowded chapel was completed by the dread neglect, or restoration still more heartrending, of Hereford, Bristol, and Ely, from which places the enraged architect writes furious letters to his friends, tearing his hair the while, and seeing no refuge but in Rome. The style of these invectives, and the kind of emotions excited in artistic minds by churchwardens' Gothic and the parsimony of deans and chapters, may be faintly perceived by the following extracts:—

"Common brick houses, dull shops, and empty streets are the features of Hereford. Maddened by the sight, I rushed to the Cathedral; but, horror! dismay! the villain Wyatt had been there; the west front was his. Need I say more? No! All that is vile, cunning, and rascally is included in the term Wyatt, and I could hardly summon sufficient fortitude to enter and examine the interior. In this church there is much to admire, a good deal to learn, and most to deplore. . . . What do you think of a regular Roman altar-screen, a modern window over it, with the 'Last Supper' from West like a great transparency? 'What do you think of it?' said a canon triumphantly, when he showed it me. 'Think of it?' said I; 'why, I think it is yet more execrable than the window of New College Chapel.' The canon was dumb. . . . All these things raise emotions in the breast of the real antiquarian not easily subdued." "At Malvern the church itself is in dreadful repair; fall it must, and all that is to be hoped is that in its fall it may annihilate those whose duty it was to have restored it. . . .

On proceeding to the cathedral (Lichfield), which, from its distant appearance, promised great things, what was my horror and astonishment on perceiving the west front to have been restored with brown cement, cracked in every direction, with heads worked with the trowel, devoid of all expression or feeling, crockets as bad, and a mixture of all styles. My surprise, however, ceased on the verger's informing me that the whole church was improved and beautified about thirty years ago by the late Mr. Wyatt. Yes, this monster of architectural depravity — this pest of cathedral architecture — has been here: need I say more? I wound myself up to the pitch to bear the sight of the havoc he had committed. Of course, here his old trick of throwing the Lady Chapel into the choir by pulling down the altar-screen; then he has *pewed* the choir, and *walled up* the arches of the choir, making the aisles nothing but dark passages. The man, I am sorry to say, who executed the repairs of the building, was a pupil of the wretch himself, and has imbibed all the vicious propensities of his accursed tutor, without one spark of even practical ability to atone for his misdeeds. The repairs of the cathedral are conducted in the most puerile manner. What think you of

the replacing finials and crockets upon pinnacles, &c., when flying buttresses themselves threaten to fall daily?"

After a series of such atrocities, architectural indignation concentrates into religious conviction. It is the state of Ely—noble Ely, since so fitly and gracefully restored—which carries this wonderful process to its climax.

"Would you believe it possible?" asks the indignant artist; "there is no person appointed to attend to the repairs of the building, and the only person who has been employed during the last sixty years is a bricklayer. Not even common precautions are taken to keep the building dry. . . . The fine western tower is falling into great decay, and alarming fissures have taken place, and are becoming menacing to various portions of the western end, which receive the pressure of the tower. I truly regret to say that in my travels I am daily witnessing fresh instances of the disgraceful conduct of the greater portion of the Established clergy. . . . I can assure you that, after a most close and impartial investigation, I feel perfectly convinced the Roman Catholic Church is the only true one, and the only one in which the grand and sublime style of church architecture can be restored."

After this conclusion, the resolve which follows, with the whimsical term assigned for its accomplishment, is perfectly reasonable and characteristic. "A very good chapel is now building in the north," continues the almost convert, with the utmost good faith and gravity, "and when it is complete I certainly think I shall recant." Whether he kept his time, and recanted only when the good chapel in the north was complete, Mr. Ferrey singularly omits to tell us; but the amiable biographer, though not himself a Catholic, does not neglect to afford his readers one overpowering proof of the sincerity of the change in his hero's sentiments, equally professional and characteristic. "During the earlier part of his residence at Salisbury, Pugin was still in communion with the English Church, and regularly attended divine service in the cathedral. But after his secession he frequented the Roman Catholic

chapel of the town—an ill-shaped room, having no pretensions whatever to an ecclesiastical character. This change in his attendance from the glorious cathedral to the miserable chapel was a sacrifice of no small kind for a man of Pugin's taste to make. It was out of the question to alter the building, but he did his utmost to impart dignity to the externals of public worship, which were at that time sunk to the lowest level of bad taste." This triumph of faith raises the young convert into an altogether heroic position. Notwithstanding the anticlimax of that ill-shaped room, he not only held steadily by his new faith but blazed forth upon the world, not long after, in a book, in which the new régime of art which he was to inaugurate received its first important stimulus, given with all the exaggerated fervour of a religious neophyte, who could see no good possible anywhere but through the medium of his new faith.

This publication was entitled *Contrasts*, and was published in 1836. The book has dropped out of all living knowledge, except among members of the author's own profession, or those architectural connoisseurs whom his own labours have increased so considerably. But it was, when first published, the most daring assault upon the public mind, imagination, and temper, which had been made for long enough. The volume is a small quarto, very sparing in point of text, and exuberant in illustrations, which it appears no bookseller would undertake to produce, and which was published by the daring author himself, at St. Marie's Grange, in the heart of discomfort and mediævalism. This trenchant publication sets forth, in a style which, for unmistakable distinctness of meaning, almost rivals the *naïve* letters quoted above, the entire impossibility of Christian architecture in a Protestant community, and demonstrates not only that the Reformation has made an end of all true art, and appreciation of art, in England, but that nothing

except increasing decay, meanness, and penury in this important department of human endeavour is possible to us, until we return, as a nation, to the bosom of the Church. This uncompromising statement is not left to stand or fall on its own merits or the character of the accuser, but is backed and supported with a satirical force much more powerful than words by a pencil more graphic and eloquent than the pen. The substance and force of the work are in these pictures. One can laugh at the new convert's blaze of newfangled fervour, and take his contemptuous estimate of Protestantism at its true value, but one cannot laugh at the *Contrasts* visibly presented before us. On one page it is a splendid Belgian Hotel de Ville, placed side by side with the meagre impotence of Guildhall. On another, the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe in dread juxtaposition with the inhuman edifice known as All-Souls, Langham Place. With a similar savage scorn Pugin pursues his century through miserable parish-chapels, despoiled cathedral-altars, vulgar tombs and street-crosses, inns and parsonages, cruelly exposing its ignoble devices, and triumphing over its weakness. The examples are chosen cruelly, Mr. Ferrey says, and the contrast much too perfect. But no one can deny that the comparison is fair to the spirit, however it may have been to the letter. With an entirely irresistible force these sketches go to the heart of the subject. All-Souls, Langham Place, is a woeful specimen, but it is in perfect harmony with its "period;" and nobody can deny that the bald fronts and unmeaning ornaments which Pugin opposes to all the endless wealth of Gothic detail and nobility of Gothic form, are quite true and unexaggerated renderings both of the individual buildings represented, and the spirit of the time that produced them. The blow was fair and downright, and perfectly legitimate. We are not informed what amount of commotion it produced at the mo-

ment, but ere long the singular performance came to a second edition, and this time found a publisher. Such subjects are generally discussed by dilettante voices, and are not patent to the multitude; but this hearty utterance of honest discontent and scorn was distinct enough in its broad exaggeration to reach even the vulgar understanding, and make its moral apparent to the least-instructed vision. Perhaps the fact of its daring absurdity in point of assertion did not make it less acceptable to the Anglican mind, then stirring with thoughts of Rome. The lofty assumption with which Pugin takes it for granted that "in Christian architecture alone we find the *faith of Christianity embodied, and its practices illustrated*," must have been deeply gratifying and satisfactory to many a wavering soul which could at least set to work to renovate its chancel, and restore its ecclesiastical remains, while still wavering on the Papistical high-road; and there cannot be any doubt that this first bold stroke must have had infinite effect in directing the attention both of artists and spectators to the extraordinary failure, in everything that attracts the eye and imagination, of modern buildings, in comparison with those old fabrics which have stood the wear and tear of centuries without losing any of their pristine claim upon the admiration and love of men.

This book was the characteristic manifesto of the new Catholic. Though he took the trouble to explain, in a long letter published at the time, or shortly afterwards, the spiritual nature of those convictions, of which he had so triumphantly proved the sincerity by his attendance in the ill-shaped room at Salisbury, and was, there can be no doubt, warm and thorough in his new creed as in everything else he entered into, nothing can be more quaint and amusing than the architectural medium through which Pugin, and his biographer no less, contemplate such a serious matter

as a change of creed. "Had he, however, remained in the church of his birth," says Mr. Ferrey, with a sigh of regret at once professional and friendly, "what a noble field would have been open to him in the restoration of those ancient churches and cathedrals with whose beauty he was so familiar!" It is a new way of looking at a religious crisis, and has the advantage of honesty and simplicity, which a pretence of loftier motives might have failed in.

After this new direction had been given to his career, Pugin, with all the confidence of a neophyte, plunged into projects for the reformation and perfection of his new Church — projects which were at the same time religious efforts and professional speculations. The lips that had raved at the desecration of cathedrals, now burst into "vehement reprobation of the depraved and paltry character of some of the sacerdotal vestments;" and before the new Catholic was well settled in his altered faith, he began not only to condemn, but arrogantly to thrust his ever-restless hand into the work of emendation. Nothing escaped his incessant activity of mind and pencil. Before many years had elapsed he had every sort of work on hand for the service of the Church. Not only painted glass, a not unfit adjunct to his architectural labours, but brass work, goldsmith's work, embroidery, and ecclesiastical millinery of all kinds, occupied his restless genius, and were executed under his superintendence. As early as 1836, a reverend Catholic doctor compliments him with "the assurance which I felt that your designs of Catholic church-plate would on many occasions propitiate the goodwill of the man of taste towards the olden faith, and perhaps induce some to inquire into and adopt its tenets." All went on triumphantly at this early beginning. He acquired the friendship of Lord Shrewsbury, as ardent a Catholic and anxious an opponent of "depraved sacerdotal

vestments" as himself, and business flowed in upon him almost to an overwhelming extent. He himself describes the amount of it as "twice as much as I can do, though I work early and late." At the same time, however, this laborious life was not spent entirely in his office, if he took the trouble to have such a vulgar appendix. When his impatient nature rebelled at the restraints of ordinary life, he went off in his yacht to savage freedom, labour, and solitude, refreshing himself amid the salt spray and stormy winds of the Channel, where, indeed, in a "stiff gale off Calais," he managed to complete the etchings for his next book, to the total incredulity of his publisher. This book was the *True Principles of Gothic Architecture*, published in 1841, which, his biographer informs us, established his fame. He was now at the height of activity and success, with such an amount of schemes on his hands as appear, though in a list drawn out by himself, scarcely more credible than the careful etchings finished in the Channel did to the amazed bookseller. But ready as he was to undertake and design anything, this strange fellow, wandering over the country in rough pilot-coat and sailor's equipment, warned out of first-class carriages and left waiting in the halls of those who did not know him, was as ready to take offence, and as sensitively determined not to accept criticism, as any paladin. Some odd instances of a degree of artistic pride and self-will not usual in this age, when artists, like other people, have to put their interest before their temper, are recorded of him — though, perhaps, the calm disgust with which Pugin withdraws from the field where his efforts are not appreciated and unhesitatingly accepted, is more ineffable in its quiet arrogance than any effusion of temper. One noble lord sent for him to consult him about some new buildings he was erecting. Pugin came, saw, understood, and made sketches on the spot — sketches,

however, which necessitated the pulling down of some heavy stonework already completed. The noble builder demurred, but parted from his guest with the intention of renewing the discussion in the morning. When the morning arrived the refractory architect was gone. He had quietly got up at break of day, shouldered his portmanteau, and evacuated the field where he was not to be permitted to have his own way. A similar incident occurred when the Catholic cathedral of St. George's was first projected. Pugin proposed magnificent plans, and entered into the idea with warmth and fervour; till some unlucky committeeman asked an innocent question about expense, upon which the autocrat of the pencil and compasses quietly collected his drawings, put on his hat, "wished the gentlemen good-day, and walked out of the house, leaving the committee in perfect astonishment at his inexplicable conduct." He was prevailed upon, however, to reconsider this matter. Even his special friend, Lord Shrewsbury, did not escape his share of the same. "I cannot admit that I am to blame respecting the design of the dining-room," writes this impracticable artist to his patron. "Of course, I intended to make a fine thing, suitable to the purpose for which it is designed, and not a common room, fit only for a hotel. . . . If I am not enabled to exercise my judgment, and make use of my knowledge and experience, I am reduced to the condition of a mere drawing-clerk to work out what I am ordered, and this I cannot bear: and, so far from knocking under, I really must decline undertaking the alteration, unless your lordship will consent to its being made worthy of your dignity and residence. It shall never be said that I have spoilt the dining-room at Alton: I would not do it for a thousand pounds. . . . As regards the hall, I have nailed my colours to the mast—a bay window, high open roof, lantern, two good fireplaces, a great sideboard,

screen, minstrel gallery — *all or none*. I will not sell myself to do a wretched thing." Thus spoke Pugin, impatient and arrogant, the *wretched thing* being, of course, the thing the patron wanted, but which the artist refused to compromise his reputation by, and, indeed, was ready to cover with unscrupulous contempt. Such acts of self-assertion would be simply ridiculous in most men; but they were quite in accordance with this unreasoning, arbitrary soul. Arrogance is not an estimable quality, but it is somehow more forgivable under such circumstances than any other. This unregulated *real* man conducted himself like an ancient artist, and not like the mild modern type, which suits itself to all the exigencies of public taste, and is complacent to popular wishes. He was ready at any time to insult his best friend on behalf of an unappreciated arch or oriel, and never could separate himself from his productions. His professional tastes and instincts went with him into every particular of his existence. Furniture, jewellery, wedding-cards, nothing escaped his busy and insatiable faculty of decoration. High mass itself did not impose more than a forced stillness upon the fingers which itched to be at those unsatisfactory vestments and defective chalices. Ugliness was intolerable, and beauty (always under severely pointed limitations) a necessity to his impatient and restless spirit. By no other means, notwithstanding Mr. Ferrey's regrets, could so large a field have been opened to the enterprising mediævalist as was set before him by his "conversion;" for the truth was, he could let nothing alone which came within his sphere — and even the most florid Tractarianism could not have afforded a full outlet for the incalculable stores of "detail" accumulated within his architectural breast.

All did not, however, continue to go so well with the ardent Catholic. Even within the sacred limits of the Church, enemies rose against

him. For, deeply sad as it may be, it is still true, that even Roman Catholics are not unanimous in favour of rood-lofts and chancel-screens — that there are vulgar souls in that communion as in others, who press within the privileged pale, and show a profane desire to be near the altar and hear the service — and that a benighted section of the Church believes in St. Peter's, and thinks that big gorgeous temple a model for Christian churches. This sad fact became slowly apparent to the great apostle of pointed architecture in the very blaze of his convert fervour. The unworthy sons of the Church asked for estimates like a set of pettifogging Protestants, and clamoured for cheap churches to hold so many, as if they had been vulgar Independents or Methodists instead of bishops of the unalterable faith. He could not turn upon his spiritual fathers as he did on his secular patrons. They coaxed and remonstrated and humoured the exasperated artist, with all those priestly wiles which are as effectual and irresistible as wiles of women, and deluded him into cutting down his cathedral elevations and "debas-ing" his darling fancies, not without a rage and vexation which now and then boiled over, but could not free him from the toils in which now, at length, his intolerant spirit was caught fast. When he did succeed in building a church which partially pleased him, they, not less unworthy than the "tepid and parsimonious clergy" of the English Church, against whom he had thundered in the *Contrasts*, neglected and abused it. "I regret to say there seems little or no appreciation of ecclesiastical architecture among the clergy," he writes indignantly. "The cathedral I built at Eton-corthy has been completely ruined. The new bishop has blocked up the choir, stuck the altars under the tower!! and the whole building is in a most painful state of filth. The sacrarium is full of rubbish, and it could hardly have been worse

treated if it had fallen into the hands of Hottentots. I see no progress of ecclesiastical ideas in Ireland. I think, if possible, they get worse. It is quite useless to attempt to build true churches, for the clergy have not the least idea of using them properly."

Such was the melancholy reverse of the picture which, contemplated under different circumstances, had inspired his sanguine soul with such flattering hopes. The rest of Pugin's life was spent in beating against the bars of the prison which had now closed its skilful network round him; in such warfare as was practicable against Oratorians of depraved architectural tastes, and prying priests, and inane *Ramblers*, and in a gradually growing disgust and discontent which, without going the length of any theological change in his sentiments, kept him in hot water with a considerable portion of his Church, and subjected him to the perpetual coaxings of bland bishops and devoted fathers in God, whose sleek, smoothing-down letters are quoted by the champion of poor Pugin's Catholicity as proofs of the high regard in which that impracticable hero was held by the Church. A curious glimpse into the internal economy of that wonderful ecclesiastical domination is afforded by these letters, and by the careful apologetic statement of Mr. Sheridan Purcell, who adds an *Examination of the Character and Writings of Pugin, considered in their Catholic Aspect*, to Mr. Ferrey's narrative. Through this singular performance we can perceive the multifarious cross wires and springs by which the human puppet, however unlikely to answer the impulse of its managers, can yet be kept in some degree of subjection by mingled censure and encouragement. Such a man must have given a vast deal of trouble to his spiritual superiors. When he had been aggravated to the very verge of his patience, he had to be caressed and stroked down and indulged in the next

vagary that occurred to him; and when intrusive priests had driven him half-crazy on the one side, affectionate prelates had to come in on the other, taking him into their episcopal confidence, and representing how necessary such and such an amount of reticence and self-control was for the welfare of the Church. So restless and active a genius, especially when engaged in incessant material labours, with stone, iron, gold, and glass to mould to his will in the first place, had fortunately little time to think or go over again the hasty decision of his earlier years; but the endless worry in which it is evident his fellow-Catholics and spiritual guides kept the impatient soul of Pugin, is little encouragement to any similarly-made converts who may come after him. Possibly it might have been less easy still to keep him within the legitimate limit of his bonds, had he not been able to solace himself with the erection of a church of his own at Ramsgate, where by this time he had determined his habitation — a church in which, as he himself says, he was both paymaster and architect. When in the depths of disappointment with other undertakings, he could always console himself at St. Augustine's (a name which he gave at once to the dwelling-house and ecclesiastical buildings erected near the briny Foreland, in the completion of which all his after-life was spent) — which, accordingly, he elaborated with loving zeal, building himself a house close by it, and observing in it, as soon as that was practicable, all the repeated and continually occurring offices of his religion — a kind of half-monastic devotion which it is amazing to see made entirely compatible with the exigencies of a busy and laborious life. This cherished project carried off his ill-humour, and occupied the brief snatches of leisure which his impatient soul might otherwise have turned to mischief. He built this church on his cliff in flinty solidness and strength.

He decorated its little chancel with all the love at once of an enthusiastic artist and a votive sacrificer. He blazoned its windows with that revived art which he himself had done so much to bring to perfection, and lingered with tender touches over the enrichment of all its accessories. "The altars and tabernacle are elegantly designed, and executed in costly materials, the latter being entirely lined with plates of silver gilt," his biographer tells us, "and the rood-screen and stalls richly carved in oak." The cost of the church and land was upwards of £15,000. This prodigious sum he spared from his yearly income as the labour of love progressed, living meanwhile hospitably and well, but with a primitive simplicity and economy as unusual as his other characteristics. There is something affecting in this offering at once to his Church and to his art which consoled his vexed spirit for many disappointments, and to which not his money only, but the most loving efforts of his genius and personal exertion, were joyfully devoted. One smiles at the Rev. Dr. Rock's complimentary devoutness of assurance that the great architect's designs for church-plate would bring new converts to Catholicism, and were an "honour to our holy religion," but one cannot smile at the simple-minded artist's offering to the glory of God. St. Augustine's, doubtless, was a wonderful balance to his troubled mind in that noisy and toilsome battle of his life. His laborious days were timed by the bell which tolled forth its summons to the holiday mass, the daily Angelus, the prayers of matins and compline. He laid down his pencil and his busy fancies to answer these ever-recurring calls, and went out of the studio, where no one dared waste a moment, cheerful and hasty, in his sailor dress, a figure most unlike that half-conventual rule under which he lived, to say his hourly prayers. It is impossible to see him in that quaint unusual scene, so unlike the atmosphere around him, without feeling a certain affection for that sincere and passionate soul; at one moment making a furious onslaught, in turgid but effective print, upon some hapless sinner lost in architectural depravity; at another, facing the storm upon the Ramsgate cliffs, in vehement conflict with every influence which will or can prevent the salvage of some struggling ship, to which the fatal storm, or the still more fatal Goodwins, have made help impossible. On one such occasion, when a poor little Dutch schooner had been dashed to pieces upon Ramsgate pier, a friend met him rushing to the scene of the calamity, half raving that he had not been called soon enough, and, in his rash but generous confidence that he could have saved the sufferers, ready to denounce every man and thing that had kept the knowledge of it from his ears. Lending ready and skilful help on Ramsgate pier, fighting a Bobadilian battle with *Rambblers*, sneaking priests, and fanatical Oratorians, with Catholic committees which coaxed him into working for them, yet dwarfed his ideas with miserable limits of pounds and pence — with everybody, in short, who did not receive pointed architecture as another revelation from heaven; working with flying pencil and crowding fancies, yet stopping his work at the sound of the Angelus; with a houseful of children again motherless in the square-towered, flint-built house, and the daintiest labors of love going on for his consolation in St. Augustine's, close by; and all the family and its hangers-on, the ateliers scattered over the country, the workers in stone, in glass, in gold, in iron, in silken broderies and delicate carvings, dependent upon his teeming brain and laborious hands; — under such circumstances, it would be a hard heart which could refuse a throb of sympathy and admiration to this heavily burdened, hard-working, indomitable soul.

Nor were his struggles confined

to these. After having had two wives, Pugin, still a young man, and with a family of young children, naturally had occasion to supply himself with another of these necessary adjuncts to a household — and seems, oddly enough for a man of his experience, to have undergone a rather fierce fit of love, which, ending disastrously, blazed forth into still fiercer rage and satire against an unhappy lady, who seems to have jilted him by compulsion of her family, and with the worst will in the world. When it was all over, the remorseless middle-aged lover published, or at least printed, a *Statement of Facts*, which Mr. Ferrey has reproduced at full length, and which Pugin took pains to distribute at the time to all his friends. It is hard to excuse him for such a proceeding; but he had been deeply aggravated, and believed himself to have been slandered; though why Mr. Ferrey should have printed over again this ebullition of the moment is quite incomprehensible. Entirely characteristic as the production is, we will not enter into those details by which the author triumphantly proves himself an injured man, not only in his affections, but in more vulgar particulars. As soon as he had won the heart of the lady — which seems indeed to have been given without much asking — he had, as usual, plunged into decoration, and immediately amused himself by designing jewellery for her, and superintending the manufacture of her wedding-dress. The dress and the ornaments were made, to the very wedding-ring; but glum fathers and brothers came in and constrained an unwilling rupture of the secret vows; upon which, with a truculent quotation —

“Woman’s faith and woman’s trust,
Write the characters in dust” —

for his motto, the outraged artist blazed forth into pitiless retaliation. Though it was furious earnest to Pugin, and must have been still harder upon the unfortunate lady

thus held up to public censure, it is a most quaint and amusing episode in modern domestic history; and is entirely out of character with the “period,” though in perfect keeping with the man. The vacant place in his affections was, however, soon and happily filled up.

Not long after this remarkable personal drama, Pugin became absorbed into the vast whirlpool of labour occasioned by the erection of the Houses of Parliament. How much of that sumptuous erection was his, and how much Barry’s, perhaps nobody living is able to discriminate with perfect justice; but most competent authorities seem to concur in giving the lion’s share of the work to Pugin. It was he who, within doors at least, was the soul of the mighty mass. It was he who poured forth all the “detail” beloved of connoisseurs, which enriches those princely chambers. The regiments of manufacturers, of workmen, and even of artists, whom he must have inspired or created for this purpose, may be faintly guessed at by examination of all that prodigality of adornment. Of this prodigious amount of labour, almost everything passed through his own hands. The glass, though designed by another artist, who had for years before contributed human grace and the interest of sacred story to the unrivalled ornamental framework of the great architect, was still indebted to his personal touch for some of its decorative details, though unhappily, by some extraordinary chance which nobody seems able to explain, withdrawn from his influence in the execution. If Barry was monarch outside, and before the eye of the public, Pugin reigned within — a busy, intolerant, yet genial autocrat, rejoicing in the chaos of labour which few other men could have lived through. Perhaps the “rights” of this co-partnership can never now be fully ascertained. Mr. Ferrey remarks upon the strange fact that only one letter from Sir Charles Barry to Pugin has been preserved, or is accessible; but that

one letter is evidence sufficient of the very large share which the latter had in filling out the gigantic plan. He himself is said to have declared not only that "Barry's grand plan was immeasurably superior to any that I could at the time have produced" — but a still more significant fact, that "the commissioners would have killed me in a twelve-month." With such a statement before us, imagination is apt to recall such an arrangement as that which preferred the suave Lord Raglan to the uncompromising Highlandman, who might have fought our battles better, but certainly would have set us at logger-heads with our fastidious ally. A great artist, who loves his work for the work's sake, may be pardoned even for relinquishing his due share of the fame of a great national undertaking, under consideration of escaping at the same time from all the official worry which another man might be better able to bear.

We do not linger upon Pugin's journeys and criticisms during this busy period. He went to Rome, where he was utterly horrified and disgusted, as so *Pointed* a man was likely to be. Though he denied afterwards that he wished for the downfall of St. Peter's, a story is told of him so lively and characteristic that some truth undoubtedly is in the tale. He was found praying in one of the chapels in that vast centre of Papal finery and "debased" grandeur, and, on leaving the church, disclosed confidentially to a friend the fact that he had found out a crack in the dome, and had gone to his knees forthwith to give thanks! "St. Peter's is far more ugly than I expected, and vilely constructed, a mass of imposition," he writes: "bad taste of every kind seems to have run riot in this place. . . . The Sistine Chapel is a melancholy room; the 'Last Judgment' is a painfully muscular delineation of a glorious subject; the Scala Regia a humbug; the Vatican a hideous mass; and St. Peter's is the greatest failure of all. It is quite painful to walk

about. Italian architecture is a mere system of veneering marble slabs; it is enough to make one frantic to think that these churches, with their *plaster pilasters* and bad windows [here the furious artist interposes a sketch of a round-headed iron-barred window ludicrously like], have not only been the model for all larger churches erected during the last two centuries, but have been the means of spoiling half the fine old buildings, through the efforts that have been made to assimilate them to this wretched model." There were, however, gratifying circumstances in this Italian journey. The Pope presented the devout son of the Church with a gold medal, and out of his own country the prophet had all due honour. The crisis of his fate, however, was now approaching, and these momentary gratifications perhaps only enhanced the pain and annoyance that were to follow.

In 1851 came that great Papal effort, the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England, which caused so much commotion at the moment, and which has now fallen into such entire forgetfulness. Pugin, who never could confine himself to his own trade, and whose restless eye and spirit took cognisance of everything passing round him, had of course his word to say upon this exciting subject. He plunged into the midst of the conflict with an *Earnest Address*, as unforeseen and embarrassing as could be imagined, urging on Catholics, as the practical end of his discourse, the necessity of supporting their new episcopate by voluntary tithes of their substance, but at the same time reading that hierarchy an astounding historical lecture upon the backsliding of other hierarchies in times past, and upon the fact that the sins and schisms of the Anglican Church were not so much referable to Protestantism as to the treachery and depravity of the last Catholic bishops who had flourished in England. This astonishing performance fell like a thunderbolt among the new

dignitaries. The flutter and ferment which ensued did not end in the pages of the *Rambler*, as former controversies had done. This time the man who had devoted his life and substance to the thankless task of correcting, adorning, and perfecting, in the externals which were so important in his eyes, and indeed in her own as well, his mother Church, was denounced to the new-made cardinal as a doubtful believer, if not a heretic; and threats were uttered, and proceedings taken, to place this new production of his upon the fatal *Index* of Rome. What effect this disappointment, mortification, and sting of ingratitude had upon the vehement heart and overwrought brain, nobody perhaps, but the instruments of that wonderful ecclesiastical system, can tell. But not to enter into the mysteriously-veiled circumstances, to which, indeed, no means of entrance is afforded us, in less than a year thereafter, mysterious and sudden downfall had come upon the strong man in the height of his days. The wondering public heard by snatches, which did but increase its curiosity and the mystery of the matter, that Pugin, who but the other day had been visible in the full activity of his restless career, lavishing toil, genius, and money upon ecclesiastical offerings, and earning an income which could afford such liberality, was in Bedlam, in one of those cells so dismal to the popular imagination, where the pauper and the friendless find sad refuge in their hour of extremity. How he came to be there—he with friends in the highest circles of society, with an anxious family, and with supporters throughout the country who had even a commercial interest in his restoration—nobody ventures to say. But in Bedlam he was, when the news burst upon the astonished community which knew Pugin, and knew his almost arrogant independence, his fastidious honour, his English determination to “pay his way.” The natural conclusion was, that ruin had over-

taken the too-liberal and generous life—and an immediate commotion ensued, such as, thank Heaven, always ensues in England, whenever distress becomes clamorous enough to be spoken of. A thrill of immediate help and tender kindness awoke in the general heart, not unmixed with indignation. When that impulse found utterance, poor Pugin's guardians, whoever they were, were startled by the sound; they withdrew him noiselessly from that unbecoming asylum, and put his son forward to assure the public that their help was unnecessary. After a while they conveyed him home to his house, where, with extraordinary ignorance or heartlessness, he was suffered to see his library stripped of the sketches with which he had embellished it. A few days after he died. Such is all that apparently can be told of this singular tragic scene in the midst of commonplace modern life. Perhaps, were this hidden story known, its circumstances too might be natural and explainable enough; but all the parties concerned seem to agree in hushing up and covering over the melancholy conclusion. Whether this reticence is caused by personal feeling, or by the policy of a system which for once has made a failure, and cannot prove itself otherwise than cruelly in the wrong, or by sheer folly and incomprehension of the benefits of candour, it is impossible to decide. But in whatever light it is regarded, these mysteries, still kept up about the close of so singular and well-known a career, permit all kinds of possibly groundless conjectures as to the unexplained causes of Pugin's premature fate.

Perhaps the most pathetic particular of all remains to be told. When his overworn mind was trembling in its balance, and his heart vexed by the opposition and contradiction he met with everywhere among his fellow-Catholics (and it is impossible not to perceive that this opposition must have been aggravated rather than lessened by

the insincere blandishments of those priestly coaxers, whose part seems to have been to keep him in good-humour), Pugin began, of all extraordinary things in the world, to write a book, which he himself describes as being "on the real cause of the change of religion in the sixteenth century, which will place matters in an entirely new light, overthrow the present opinions on both sides, and may be the means of tending to much mutual charity on both sides, and a better understanding." This work, as described by Mr. Purcell, his Catholic apologist, was intended to prove more fully the fact which he had already stated in his *Earnest Address*, that the system of Catholicism in England had been overthrown by Catholics, and that the state of the Church of Rome at the time had been such as to account for the ruin and decay which overtook her. The proposed title-page was as follows:—"An Apology for the separated Church of England since the Reign of the Eighth Henry: written with every feeling of Christian charity for her children, and honour of the glorious men she continued to produce in evil times. By A. W. Pugin, many years a Catholic-minded son of the Anglican Church, and still an affectionate and loving brother and servant of the true sons of England's Church." "In consequence of the religious commotion of the times," continues Mr. Purcell, "the work, by the advice of the author's ecclesiastical superiors, was delayed: he was admonished, indeed, not to go on with this promised publication without a sound [the italics are the writer's own] theological adviser, nor before he had cleared up the objections and scandal which was feared to have resulted from his former work on the hierarchy—a work so taken up by the hostile papers, and by whom, certainly, it was hoped, Pugin could not wish to be considered as a friend."

Thus, without much grammar, the last pathetic project of his troubled but mellowing intellect

was peremptorily put down by the ecclesiastical superiors to whose sway in an evil hour this ungovernable and impetuous but generous soul had subjected itself. Finding out by dire experiment how hard and inexorable was that infallible mistress whom he now served, his heart yearned, not with a second change of faith, but with pathetic human affection, to that English community, not infallible, not perfect, yet reasonable and human, which had shown him kindness, and had not resented his sharp words. He acknowledges—for even this last project was architectural—that it was the English Church which had preserved the monuments of Catholic antiquity; and concludes his many battles against her, and virulent attacks on her clergy and her principles, as well as his own laborious life and many conflicts, in the following affecting words:—

"Let us then always speak and think with gratitude of the old bridge that has brought us over, and lend a pious help to restore her time-worn piers, wasted by the torrents of dissent and infidelity, but which God in His mercy, beyond our human understanding, appears yet to sustain, and to make it the marvel of some of the most zealous men that have appeared since the ancient glory of the Church in the pious early times. *Pax omnibus. Amen.*"

These, Mr. Purcell tells us, "were the last words which Pugin wrote." More pathetic words were never spoken by any soldier falling on the field. His life had been war from beginning to end—sharp, uncompromising conflict; attacks, often virulent, only made tolerable by the perfect unhesitating honesty and single-mindedness of the hearty fighter. But, struck to the heart by unkindness and desertion, that last and keenest blow of adversity, those of his own house lifting up their heel against him, the gallant unfortunate turns wistfully round to see a deeper bond of perfectness, a more universal catholicity than he had dreamed of. He falters his *Pax omnibus* as he falls, defeated, yet

victorious, escaping out of all the unthought-of pangs which his primitive rude knight-errantry was unprepared to meet. Whether his brain gave way under natural pressure, or whether he was driven mad, into Bedlam and the grave, by agencies more occult than toil and excitement, will probably never be known; and whether known or not, is now deeply indifferent to the dead soldier. He has his grave in flint-built St. Augustine's, within sound of the stormy Channel, which he loved almost as well, no longer able to interpose his desperate human exertions between perishing

sailors on these angry straits and the wide grave that gapes for them. — no longer able to feel the serpent's tooth, the pang of desertion; and somebody has offered unlimited money to complete what remains unfinished of the Pugin Chantry. It is a fit conclusion to the sad strange story. Those who build the sepulchres of the prophets whom their fathers have slain, may afford a little tabernacle-work and dainty "detail" after his own forlorn heart, could he but know it, to this rude but loyal mediæval vassal, who gave heart and genius, life and fortune, to the service of his Church and his Art.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

PART III.—CHAPTER X.

WHEN Nettie opened the door of the sleeping house, with the great key she had carried with her in her early dreadful expedition, there was still nobody stirring in the unconscious cottage. She paused at the door, with the four men behind her carrying shoulder-high that terrible motionless burden. Where was she to lay it? In her own room, where she had not slept that night, little Freddy was still sleeping. In another was the widow, overcome by watching and fretful anxiety. The other fatherless creatures lay in the little dressing-room. Nowhere but in the parlour, from which Fred not so very long ago had driven his disgusted brother—the only place she had where Nettie's own feminine niceties could find expression, and where the accessories of her own daily life and work were all accumulated. She lingered even at that dread moment with a pang of natural reluctance to associate that little sanctuary with the horror and misery of this bringing-home; but when every feeling gave way to the pressure of necessity, that superficial one was not like to resist it. Her companions were not aware

that she had hesitated even for that moment. She seemed to them to glide softly, steadfastly, without any faltering, before them into the little silent womanly room, where her night's work was folded tidily upon the table, and her tiny thimble and scissors laid beside it. What a heart-rending contrast lay between those domestic traces and that dreadful muffled figure, covered from the light of day with Nettie's shawl, which was now laid down there. Nettie did not pause to think of. She stood still for a moment, gazing at it with a sob of excitement and agitation swelling into her throat; scarcely grief—perhaps that was not possible—but the intensest remorseful pity over the lost life. The rude fellows beside her stood silent, not without a certain pang of tenderness and sympathy in their half-savage hearts. She took her little purse out and emptied it of its few silver coins among them. They trode softly, but their heavy footsteps were heard, notwithstanding, through all the little house. Nettie could already hear the alarmed stirring up-stairs of the master and mistress of the cottage; and,

knowing what explanations she must give, and all the dreadful business before her, made haste to get her strange companions away before Mrs. Smith came down-stairs. One of them, however, as he followed his comrades out of the room, from some confused instinct of help and pity, asked whether he should not fetch a doctor? The question struck the resolute little girl with a pang sharper than this morning's horror had yet given her. Had she perhaps neglected the first duty of all, the possibility of restoration? She went back, without answering him, to lift the shawl from that dreadful face, and satisfy herself whether she had done that last irremediable wrong to Fred. As she met the dreadful stare of those dead eyes, all the revulsion of feeling which comes to the hearts of the living in presence of the dead overpowered Nettie. She gave a little cry of inarticulate momentary anguish. The soul of that confused and tremulous outcry was Pardon! pardon! What love was ever so true, what tenderness so constant and unflinching, that did not instinctively utter that cry when the watched life had ended, and pardon could no longer come from those sealed lips? Nettie had not loved that shamed and ruined man—she had done him the offices of affection, and endured and sometimes scorned him. She stood remorseful by his side in that first dread hour, which had changed Fred's shabby presence into something awful; and her generous soul burst forth in that cry of penitence which every human creature owes its brother. The tender-hearted bargeman who had asked leave to fetch a doctor, drew near her with a kindred instinct—"Don't take on, miss—there's the crowner yet—and a deal to look to," said the kind rough fellow, who knew Nettie. The words recalled her to herself—but with the softened feelings of the moment a certain longing for somebody to stand by her in this unlooked-for extremity came over the forlorn courageous creature, who

never yet, amid all her labours, had encountered an emergency like this. She laid the shawl reverently back over that dead face, and sent a message to the doctor with lips that trembled in spite of herself. "Tell him what has happened, and say he is to come as soon as he can," said Nettie; "for I do not understand all that has to be done. Tell him I sent you; and now go—please go before they all come down-stairs."

But when Nettie turned in again, after closing the door, into that house so entirely changed in character by the solemn inmate who had entered it, she was confronted by the amazed and troubled apparition of Mrs. Smith, half-dressed, and full of wonder and indignation. A gasping exclamation of "Miss!" was all that good woman could utter. She had with her own eyes perceived some of the "roughs" of Carlingford emerging from her respectable door under Nettie's grave supervision, and yet could not in her heart, notwithstanding appearances, think any harm of Nettie; while, at the same time, a hundred alarms for the safety of her household gods shook her soul. Nettie turned towards her steadily, with her face pallid and her brilliant eyes heavy. "Hush," she said; "Susan knows nothing yet. Let her have her rest while she can. We have been watching for him all night, and poor Susan is sleeping, and does not know."

"Know what?—what has happened?—he's been and killed himself? Oh, miss, don't you go for to say so!" cried Mrs. Smith in natural dismay and terror.

"No," cried Nettie with a long sigh that relieved her breast, "not so bad as that, thank Heaven; but hush, hush! I cannot go and tell Susan just yet—not just yet. Oh, give me a moment to get breath! For he is dead! I tell you, *hush!*" cried Nettie, seizing the woman's hand, and wringing it, in the extremity of her terror for alarming Susan. "Don't you understand me? She is a widow, and she does

not know—her husband is dead, and she does not know. Have you no pity for her in your own heart?"

"Lord ha' mercy! but wait till I call Smith," cried the alarmed landlady, shrinking, yet eager to know the horribly interesting details of that tragedy. She ran breathless up-stairs on that errand, while Nettie went back to the door of the parlour, resolutely locked it, and took away the key. "Nobody shall go gazing and talking over him, and making a wonder of poor Fred," said Nettie to herself, shaking off from her long eyelashes the tear which came out of the compunction of her heart. "Poor Fred!" She sat down on one of the chairs of the little hall beside that closed door. The children and their mother up-stairs still slept unsuspecting; and their young guardian, with a world of thoughts rising in her mind, sat still and pondered. The past was suddenly cut off from the future by this dreadful unthought-of event. She had come to a dead pause in that life, which to every spectator was so strangely out of accordance with her youth, but which was to herself such simple and plain necessity as to permit no questioning. She was brought suddenly to a standstill at this terrible moment, and sat turning her dauntless little face to the new trial before her, pale, but undismayed. Nettie did not deceive herself even in her thoughts. She saw, with the intuitive foresight of a keen observer, her sister's violent momentary grief, her indolent acceptance of the position after a while, the selfish reserve of repining and discontent which Susan would establish in the memory of poor Fred: she saw how, with fuller certainty than ever, because now more naturally, she herself, her mind, her laborious hands, her little fortune, would belong to the fatherless family. She did not sigh over the prospect, or falter; but she exercised no self-delusion on the subject. There was nobody but she to do it—nobody but she, in her tender

maidenhood, to manage all the vulgar tragical business which must, this very day, confirm to the knowledge of the little surrounding world the event which had happened—nobody but herself to tell the tale to the widow, to bear all the burdens of the time. Nettie did not think over these particulars with self-pity, or wander over her hard lot. She did not imagine herself to have chosen this lot at all. There was nobody else to do it—that was the simple secret of her strength.

But this interval of forlorn repose was a very brief one. Smith came down putting on his coat, and looking scared and bewildered; his wife, eager, curious, and excited, closely following. Nettie rose when they approached her to forestall their questions.

"My brother-in-law is dead," she said. "He fell into the canal last night and was drowned. I went out to look for him, and—and found him, poor fellow! Oh don't cry out or make a noise: remember Susan does not know! Now, dear Mrs. Smith, I know you are kind—I know you will not vex me just at this moment. I have had him laid *there* till his brother comes. Oh don't say it's dreadful! Do you think I cannot see how dreadful it is? but we must not think about that, only what has to be done. When Dr. Edward comes, I will wake my sister; but just for this moment, oh have patience! I had no place to put him except *there*."

"But, Lord bless us, he mightn't be clean gone: he might be recovered, poor gentleman! Smith can run for Dr. Marjoribanks; he's nearer nor Dr. Rider," cried the curious excited landlady, with her hand upon the locked door.

Nettie made no answer. She took them into the room in solemn silence, and showed them the stark and ghastly figure, for which all possibilities had been over in the dark midnight waters hours ago. The earliest gleam of sunshine came shining in at that moment through the window which last

night Nettie had opened that Fred might see the light in it and be guided home. It seemed to strike like a reproach upon that quick-throbbing impatient heart, which felt as a sin against the dead its own lack of natural grief and affection. She went hurriedly to draw down the blinds and close out the unwelcome light. "Now he is gone, nobody shall slight or scorn him," said Nettie to herself, with hot tears; and she turned the wondering dismayed couple — already awakening out of their first horror to think of the injury done to their house and "lodgings," and all the notoriety of an inquest — out of the room, and locked the door upon the unwilling owners, whom nothing but her resolute face prevented from bursting forth in selfish but natural lamentations over their own secondary share in so disastrous an event. Nettie sat down again, a silent little sentinel by the closed door, without her shawl, and with her tiny chilled feet on the cold tiles. Nettie sat silent, too much occupied even to ascertain the causes of her personal discomfort. She had indeed enough to think of; and while her little girlish figure, so dainty, so light, so unlike her fortunes, remained in that unusual stillness, her mind and heart were palpitating with thoughts — all kinds of thoughts; not only considerations worthy the solemnity and horror of the moment, but every kind of trivial and secondary necessity passed through that restless soul, all throbbing with life and action, more self-conscious than usual from the fact of its outward stillness. A hundred rapid conclusions and calculations about the funeral, the mourning, the change of domestic habits involved, darted through Nettie's mind. It was a relief to her to leap forward into these after-matters. The immediate necessity before her — the dreadful errand on which she must presently go to her sister's bedside — the burst of wailing and reproachful grief which all

alone Nettie would have to encounter and subdue, were not to be thought of. She bent down her little head into her hands, and once more shed back that hair which, never relieved out of its braids through all this long night, began to droop over her pale cheeks; and a quick sigh of impatience, of energy restrained, of such powerlessness as her courageous capable soul, in the very excess of its courage and capacity, felt in its approaching conflict with the feeble foolish creature, who never could be stimulated out of her own narrow possibilities, burst from Nettie's breast. But the sigh was as much physical as mental — the long-drawn breath of mingled weariness and restlessness — the instinct to be doing, and the exhaustion of long labour and emotion, blended together. Thus she waited while the cold spring morning brightened, and Mrs. Smith went about her early domestic business, returning often into the little back-parlour with the mullioned window, of which domestic Gothic treatment had made a condemned cell, to re-express her anxieties and horrors. Nettie had an instinctive consciousness even of Mrs. Smith's grievance. She knew this dismal association would ruin "the lodgings;" and as she realised, in the restless activity of her thoughts, that bond upon her to remain at St. Roque's, felt at the same time a longing rise within her to escape and flee away.

All these crowding and breathless thoughts were a few minutes after reduced to absolute momentary stillness. It was by a step outside coming hastily with rapid purpose along the silent way. Nettie rose up to meet Edward Rider; not as the angry lover still fiercely resentful of that rejection, which was no rejection, but only a bare and simple statement of necessity; not as the suitor of Miss Marjoribanks; simply as the only creature in the world who could help her, or to whom she would delegate any portion of her own hard but inevi-

table work. She opened the door before he had time to knock, and held out her hand to him silently, quite unawares betraying her recognition of his step—her comfort in his presence. That meeting flushed the doctor's anxious face with a mingled shame and triumph not expressible in words, but left Nettie as pale, as preoccupied, as much absorbed in her thoughts and duties as before.

"Dr. Edward, I should not have sent for you if I could have done it all myself," said Nettie; "but I knew you would think it right to be here now. And I have Susan and the children to look to. I commit this to you."

"Do they know?" said the doctor, taking the key she gave him, and holding fast, with an instinct of compassion almost more strong than love, the little hand which never trembled.

"I will tell Susan, now that you have come—I could not before," said Nettie, with another sigh. "Poor Susan! I was glad to let her sleep."

"But there is no one to think whether you sleep or not," cried Edward Rider. "And those eyes have watched all night. Nettie, Nettie, could not you have sent for

me sooner? A word would have brought me at any moment."

"You were not wanted till now," said Nettie, not without a touch of womanly pride. "I have always been able to do my own work, Dr. Edward. But, now, don't let us quarrel any more," she said, after a pause. "You were angry once, and I don't wonder. Never mind all that, but let us be friends; and don't let all the people, and strangers, and men who don't belong to us," cried Nettie once more, with hot tears in her eyes, "be hard upon poor Fred!"

The next moment she had vanished up-stairs and left the doctor alone, standing in the little cold hall with the key in his hand, and Mrs. Smith's troubled countenance beholding him from far. Edward Rider paused before he entered upon his dismal share of this morning's work. Death itself did not suffice to endear Fred Rider to his brother. But he stood still, with a certain self-reproach, to withdraw his thoughts, if he could, from Nettie, and to subdue the thrill—the most living touch of life—which this meeting had stirred within him, before he entered that miserable chamber of death.

CHAPTER XI.

That dreadful day ebbed over slowly—tedious, yet so full of events and dismal business that it looked like a year rather than a day. The necessary investigations were got through without any special call upon Nettie. She spent the most of the day up-stairs with Susan, whose wild refusal to believe at first, and sullen stupor afterwards, were little different from the picture which Nettie's imagination had already made. The children received the news with wondering stares and questions. That they did not understand it was little, but that they scarcely were interested after the first movement of curiosity, dis-

appointed and wounded the impatient heart, which unconsciously chafed at its own total inability to convey the feelings natural to such a terrible occasion, into any bosom but its own. Nettie's perpetual activity had hitherto saved her from this disgust and disappointment. She had been bitterly intolerant by moments of Fred's disgraceful content and satisfaction with his own indulgences, but had never paused to fret over what she could not help, nor contrast her own high youthful honour and sense of duty with the dull insensibility around her. But to-day had rapt the heroic little girl into a different atmosphere from that

she had been breathing hitherto. To-day she was aware that her work had been so far taken out of her hands, and acknowledged in her heart that it was best it should be so. She heard the heavy feet of men coming and going, but was not obliged to descend into immediate conflict with all the circumstances of so horrible a crisis. It was a new sensation to Nettie. A year ago, perhaps, she would not have relinquished even that dreadful business to any one;—to-day, the thought of having some one else who did it for her, and took comfort in relieving her burdened hands, fell with singular soothing power upon the heart which had come to a knowledge of its own weakness in these last tedious months; and as Nettie sat upstairs with all the remorseful thoughts of nature in her softened heart, the impossibility of impressing her own emotions upon those around her struck her with a deeper sense of impatience, disappointment, and disgust than ever before. When she went softly into the darkened room where Susan lay in her gloomy bed, divided between wailings over the injuries which poor Fred had suffered, the harshness that had driven him out of doors, and the want of his brother or somebody to take care of him, which had brought the poor fellow to such an end—and complaints of the wrong done to herself, the “want of feeling” shown by her sister, the neglect with which she was treated, Nettie gazed at the sobbing creature with eyes unconsciously wondering, yet but half-surprised. She knew very well beforehand that this was how her dreadful tidings would be received; yet out of her own softened, awed, compunctious heart—her pity too deep for tears over that lost life—Nettie looked with the unbelief of nature at the widowed woman, the creature who had loved him, and been his wife—yet who could only think of somebody else to be

blamed, and of herself injured, at that terrible moment when the companion of her life was violently withdrawn from her. And to go out of that obstinately darkened refuge of fretful sorrow, into the room where the blind had been drawn up the moment her back was turned, and where these three tearless children, totally unimpressed by the information which they had received as a piece of news with mingled curiosity and scepticism, occupied themselves with their usual sports, or listened keenly, with sharp remarks, to the sounds below, which only the utmost stretch of Nettie's authority could keep them from descending to investigate, afforded a wonderful reverse to the picture, which startled her in her momentary clear-sightedness. The contrast between her own feelings—she who had no bonds of natural affection to Fred, and to whom he had been, by times, a very irksome burden—and theirs, who were his very own, and belonged to him, appeared to Nettie as no such contrast had ever appeared before. Her heart alone was heavy with regret over the ruined man—the now for ever unredeemable life: she only, to whom his death was no loss, but even, if she could have permitted that cruel thought to intervene, a gain and relief, recognised with a pang of compassion almost as sharp as grief, that grievous, miserable fate. When, a few minutes after, the noise of the children's play rose to an outburst, Nettie flushed into a momentary effusion of temper, and silenced the heartless impa with a voice and look which they dared not venture to resist. Her rebuke was, however, interrupted by a sudden call from their mother. “How can you have the heart!—Ob, Nettie, Nettie! I knew you had no feeling!—you never had any feeling since you were a baby—but how can you speak so to his poor children, now that he's left them on the cold world!” cried Susan, sobbing from her bed. If

Nettie sprang to her feet in sudden heat and disgust, and peremptorily closed the doors intervening between the children and their mother, nobody will much wonder at that movement of impatience. Perhaps Nettie's eyes had never been so entirely opened to the hopeless character of the charge she had taken upon her, as in the temporary seclusion of that day.

And meanwhile, down-stairs, Edward Rider was superintending all the arrangements of the time for Nettie's sake. Not because it was his brother who lay there, no longer a burden to any man; nor because natural duty pointed him out as the natural guardian of the orphaned family. The doctor, indeed, would have done his duty in such a hard case, however it had been required of him; but the circumstances were different now: the melancholy bustle, the shame, the consciousness that everybody knew what manner of existence this lost life had been, the exposure, the publicity—all that would have wrung with a hundred sharp wounds a spirit so susceptible to public comments—came with dulled force upon the doctor's mind to-day. When the people about saw the grave and seemingly composure with which he went about this dismal business, without those starts and flushes of grievous irritation and shame which the very mention of his brother had once brought upon him, they believed, and honoured him in the belief, that death had awakened the ancient fraternal kindness in Edward Rider's heart. But it was not fraternal kindness that smoothed off the rude edges of that burden; it was the consciousness of doing Nettie's work for her, taking her place, sparing that creature, over whom his heart yearned, the hardest and painfulest business she had yet been involved in. We cannot take credit for the doctor which he did not deserve. He forgave Fred when he saw his motionless figure, never more to do evil or offend in this world, laid in pitiful solitude in that room, which still was Net-

tie's room, and which even in death he grudged to his brother. But Edward's distinct apprehension of right and wrong, and Fred's deserts in this world, were not altered by that diviner compunction which had moved Nettie. He forgave, but did not forget, nor defend with remorseful tenderness his brother's memory. Not for Fred's sake, but Nettie's, he held his place in the troubled cottage, and assumed the position of head of the family. Hard certainties of experience prevented the doctor's unimaginative mind from respecting here the ideal anguish of sudden widowhood and bereavement. This was a conclusion noways unnatural or surprising for such a life as Fred's—and Edward knew, with that contemptuous hardness into which incessant personal contact with the world drives most men, that neither the wife nor the children were capable of deep or permanent feeling. "They will only hang upon *her* all the heavier," he said to himself, bitterly; and for her, with repentant love, Edward Rider exerted himself. In all the house no heart, but Nettie's alone, acknowledged an ache of pity for Fred and his ruined life. "Mrs. Rider, to be sure, will feel at first—it's only natural," said Mrs. Smith; "but there wasn't nothing else to be looked for; and if it were not hardhearted to say it, and him lying in his coffin, they'll be a deal better off without him nor with him. But Smith and me, we have ourselves to look to, and it's a terrible blow, is this, to a house as was always as respectable as ere a one in Carlingford. The lodgings is ruined! The very marks of the feet, if it was nothing else!" cried the afflicted landlady, contemplating the scratched tiles in the hall with actual tears of vexation and regret. But this was the true state of the case to every unconcerned spectator. Only Nettie, on whom the burden had fallen, and was yet to fall heaviest, felt the eyes which were hot and heavy with watching, grow dim with tears of unspeakable compassion. From the fullness of her youth

"Common brick houses, dull shops, and empty streets are the features of Hereford. Maddened by the sight, I rushed to the Cathedral; but, horror! dismay! the villain Wyatt had been there; the west front was his. Need I say more? No! All that is vile, cunning, and rascally is included in the term Wyatt, and I could hardly summon sufficient fortitude to enter and examine the interior. In this church there is much to admire, a good deal to learn, and most to deplore. . . . What do you think of a regular Roman altar-screen, a modern window over it, with the 'Last Supper' from West like a great transparency? 'What do you think of it?' said a canon triumphantly, when he showed it me. 'Think of it?' said I; 'why, I think it is yet more execrable than the window of New College Chapel.' The canon was dumb. . . . All these things raise emotions in the breast of the real antiquarian not easily subdued." "At Malvern the church itself is in dreadful repair; fall it must, and all that is to be hoped is that in its fall it may annihilate those whose duty it was to have restored it. . . . On proceeding to the cathedral (Lichfield), which, from its distant appearance, promised great things, what was my horror and astonishment on perceiving the west front to have been restored with brown cement, cracked in every direction, with heads worked with the trowel, devoid of all expression or feeling, crockets as bad, and a mixture of all styles. My surprise, however, ceased on the verger's informing me that the whole church was improved and beautified about thirty years ago by the late Mr. Wyatt. Yes, this monster of architectural depravity—this pest of cathedral architecture—has been here: need I say more? I wound myself up to the pitch to bear the sight of the havoc he had committed. Of course, here his old trick of throwing the Lady Chapel into the choir by pulling down the altar-screen; then he has *pewed* the choir, and *walled up* the arches of the choir, making the aisles nothing but dark passages. The man, I am sorry to say, who executed the repairs of the building, was a pupil of the wretch himself, and has imbibed all the vicious propensities of his accursed tutor, without one spark of even practical ability to atone for his misdeeds. The repairs of the cathedral are conducted in the most puerile manner. What think you of

the replacing finials and crockets upon pinnacles, &c., when flying buttresses themselves threaten to fall daily?"

After a series of such atrocities, architectural indignation concentrates into religious conviction. It is the state of Ely—noble Ely, since so fitly and gracefully restored—which carries this wonderful process to its climax.

"Would you believe it possible?" asks the indignant artist; "there is no person appointed to attend to the repairs of the building, and the only person who has been employed during the last sixty years is a bricklayer. Not even common precautions are taken to keep the building dry. . . . The fine western tower is falling into great decay, and alarming fissures have taken place, and are becoming menacing to various portions of the western end, which receive the pressure of the tower. I truly regret to say that in my travels I am daily witnessing fresh instances of the disgraceful conduct of the greater portion of the Established clergy. . . . I can assure you that, after a most close and impartial investigation, I feel perfectly convinced the Roman Catholic Church is the only true one, and the only one in which the grand and sublime style of church architecture can be restored."

After this conclusion, the resolve which follows, with the whimsical term assigned for its accomplishment, is perfectly reasonable and characteristic. "A very good chapel is now building in the north," continues the almost convert, with the utmost good faith and gravity, "and when it is complete I certainly think I shall recant." Whether he kept his time, and recanted only when the good chapel in the north was complete, Mr. Ferrey singularly omits to tell us; but the amiable biographer, though not himself a Catholic, does not neglect to afford his readers one overpowering proof of the sincerity of the change in his hero's sentiments, equally professional and characteristic. "During the earlier part of his residence at Salisbury, Pugin was still in communion with the English Church, and regularly attended divine service in the cathedral. But after his secession he frequented the Roman Catholic

coming out of the church, and turning round amazed to look what vehicle had come to so sudden a standstill there. All the world seemed to be on the road to St. Roque's Cottage that spring afternoon. The doctor made a surly gesture of recognition as he passed the curate, who gazed at him in calm astonishment from the church porch. No other intruder appeared between him and the Cottage. He hurried along past the willow-trees with their drooping tassels, surrounded by a certain maze of excitement and agitation. As he went up to the door, it occurred to him suddenly how Nettie had recognised his step that dread morning of Fred's death. The thought came like a stimulus and encouragement to the doctor. He went in with a brighter look, a heart more hopeful. She had opened the door to him before he could knock, held out to him that tiny morsel of a hand which laboured so hard and constantly, said—what did Nettie say? how many times had the doctor conned it over as he went between his patients?—"You were angry once, and, indeed, I don't wonder." The doctor went boldly in under the cordial of these simple words. If she did not wonder that he was angry once, could she think of saying over again that same conclusion which had cast him into such wrathful despair? He went in to try his fortune a second time, secure of his temper at least. *That* could never fail, nor sin against Nettie again.

Edward Rider went in, expectant somehow, even against his reason, to find an altered world in that house from which Fred had gone. He knew better, to be sure, but nature beguiled the young man out of his wisdom. When he went into the parlour his eyes were opened. Upon the sofa—that same sofa where Fred had lain, all slovenly and mean in his idleness, with his pipe, polluting Netty's sole retirement—Mrs. Fred now lay in her sombre black dress, with the white cap circling her faded face. She had her white

handkerchief in her hand, and was carefully arranged upon the sofa, with a chair placed near for sympathisers. At the table, working rapidly, as usual, sat Nettie. Sometimes she turned a momentary glance of mingled curiosity and wonder upon her sister. Evidently she did not interfere with this development of sorrow. Nettie had enough to do besides with her needle-work, and to enjoin a moderate amount of quietness upon Fredly and his little sister, who were building wooden bricks into houses and castles on the floor by her side. When the doctor entered the room he saw how it was with instantaneous insight. Mrs. Fred was sitting in state, in the pomp of woe, to receive all the compassionate people who might come to condole with her. Nettie, half impatient, half glad that her sister could amuse herself so, sat in busy toleration, putting up with it, carrying on her own work through it all—and still, as always, those bonds of her own making closed hard and tenacious upon the prop of the house. Even the chance of speaking with her by herself died off into extreme distance. Young Rider, who came in with the full conviction that anger could never more rise in his heart against Nettie, grew pale with passion, resentment, and impatience, before he had been a minute in the room. Always the same! Not relieved out of her bondage—closer bound and prisoned than ever! He took, with an impatient involuntary commotion, the chair placed beside the sofa, and sat down in it abruptly with the briefest salutations. His hopes and anticipations all went bitterly back upon his heart. The very rustle of Nettie's arm as she spread out that little black frock upon the table, and put on its melancholy trimmings, exasperated afresh the man who five minutes ago did not believe it possible that he ever could feel an impulse of displeasure against her again.

"I cannot say that I expected to see you, Mr. Edward," said Mrs.

Fred, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes; "indeed, when I remember the last time you were here, I wonder you could think of coming near us. But now my poor dear Fred is gone, we have nobody to protect us—and of course you don't mind how you hurt my feelings. If you had done your duty to my poor fellow when he was living, he might never—never—"

Here Mrs. Fred paused, choked by spiteful tears.

"Dr. Edward, don't mind what Susan says," said Netty. "It is very kind of you to come, after everything— If you would only tell the people not to take any notice, but just to let us go on as usual. They all want to be kind, you know—they keep coming, and asking what they can do; and you understand very well there is nothing to do," said Nettie, with a little pride. "We are just as we were before—nothing is changed: one does not like to be unkind, but nobody needs to do anything. We shall get along all the same."

"So it seems, indeed," said Dr. Rider, with irrepressible bitterness; "All the same! But, indeed, I came specially to ask what my sister-in-law meant to do," continued the doctor, bent on one last appeal. "Now that you are left to yourself, Mrs. Rider, what do you think of doing? Of course you must have some plans about the children and your future life?"

Mrs. Fred looked up at him with momentary alarm and dismay. She did not know what the question meant, but a certain vague terror seized her. It seemed to imply somehow that she was now to be left to her own resources. She gave a certain gasp of appeal to "Nettie!" and took refuge once more in her handkerchief. The doctor was desperate—he had no mercy in him.

"Nettie! always Nettie!" cried the young man. "And is it true, Nettie—is it all the same? Are you always to go on toiling for the miserable comforts of other people?

What is to become of us? Have you sold yourself to this fate?"

Nettie laid down the little black frock out of her laborious hands. "You have been up all night, Dr. Edward," she said with a certain tenderness, looking at his agitated face; "you are tired out and sick at the heart. I know it makes you say things you would not say; but after all, you know, except poor Fred, whom none of you think of, everything is the very same. I cannot make it different—nothing can make it different. There is Susan plain enough to be seen—and there are the children. Sometimes it has come into my mind," said Nettie, "that as I shall never be able to afford a *very* good education for the children, it would be better to take them out to the colony again, where they might get on better than here. But it is a dreadful long voyage; and we have no near friends there, or anywhere else: and," concluded the steadfast creature, who had dropped these last words from her lips sentence by sentence, as if eager to impress upon her own mind the arguments against that proceeding—"and," said Nettie, with wistful pathetic honesty, not able to deny the real cause of the reluctance altogether, "I don't seem to have the heart for it now."

Dr. Rider started up from his chair. He went to Nettie's side with a sudden thrill of agitation and passion. He clasped the hand with which Nettie was smoothing out that little frock, and crushed the delicate fingers in his inconsiderate grasp. "Nettie! if you must carry them always upon your shoulders, cannot we do it together, at least?" cried the doctor, carried away beyond every boundary of sense or prudence. He got down on his knees beside the table, not kneeling to her, but only compelling her attention—demanding to see the answer of her eyes, the quiver of her mouth. For that moment Nettie's defences too fell before this unlooked-for outburst of a love that had forgotten pru-

dence. Her mouth quivered, her eyes filled. If it were possible—if it were only possible!—They had both forgotten the spectators who gazed with curious eyes, all unaware how deeply their own fate was involved; and that fate was still trembling in the breathless interval, when a vulgar finger touched those delicate balances of possibility, and the crisis was over, perhaps never to return.

"Nettie!" cried Mrs. Fred, "if Edward Rider has no respect for me, nor for my poor Fred—my poor, dear, injured husband, that helped to bring him up, and gave up his practice to him, and died, as I might say, by his neglect—Nettie! how can you be so cruel to your sister? How can you go taking his hand, and looking as if he were your lover? You never had any feeling for me, though everybody thinks so much of you. And now I know what I have to expect. The moment my poor dear Fred's head is laid in the grave—as soon as ever you have me in your own hands, and nobody to protect me!—oh, my Fred! my Fred!—as soon as you are gone, this is how they are using your poor helpless family!—and soon, soon I shall die too, and you will not be encumbered with me!"

Long before this sobbing speech was concluded, Dr. Rider had risen to his feet, and was pacing through the little room with hasty steps of disgust and rage, and an agitation which overwhelmed all his attempts to master it; while Nettie sat supporting her head in her hands, pressing her fingers upon her hot eyes, beholding that fair impossible vision break and disappear from before her. Nettie's heart groaned within her, and beat against the delicate bosom which, in its tender weakness, was mighty as a giant's. She made no answer to her sister's outcry, nor attempted to comfort the hysterical sobbing into which Susan fell. Nettie gave up the hopeless business without being deceived by those selfish demonstrations. She was not even

fortunate enough to be able to persuade herself into admiring love and enthusiasm for those to whom necessity obliged her to give up her own life. She said nothing; she knew the sobs would subside, the end would be gained, the insignificant soul lapse into comfort, and with a sigh of compulsory resignation Nettie yielded once more to her fate.

"Dr. Edward, do not think of me any more," she said, resolutely, rising and going out to the door with him, in her simplicity and courage. "You see very well it is impossible. I know you see it as well as I do. If we could be friends as we once were, I should be very, very glad, but I don't think it is possible just now. Don't say anything. We both know how it is, and neither of us can help it. If we could get not to think of each other, that would be best," said Nettie, with another sigh; "but in the mean time let us say good-bye, and speak of it no more."

If the doctor did not take his dismissal exactly so—if Nettie's identification of her own sentiments with his, did lead to a warmer tenderness in that farewell, which could not be final while such a bond united them, it was at least with an absolute conviction of the impossibility of any closer union that they parted. The doctor sprang into his drag, and dashed away to his patients, plunging into the work which he had somewhat neglected during that exciting day. He was not without some comfort as he went about his business with Caire behind him, but that very comfort embittered the pang of the compulsory submission. To think he must leave her there with those burdens upon her delicate shoulders—to believe her his, yet not his, the victim of an unnatural bondage—drove Edward Rider desperate as he devoured the way. A hundred times in an hour he made up his mind to hasten back again and snatch her forcibly out of that thralldom, and yet a hundred times

had to fall back consuming his heart with fiery irritation, and chafing at all that seemed duty and necessity to Nettie. As he was proceeding on his troubled way it occurred to him to meet—surely everybody in Carlingford was out of doors this particular afternoon!—that prosperous wife, Mrs. John Brown, who had once been Bessie Obrian. She was a very pale apparition now to the doctor, engrossed as he was with an influence much more imperious and enthralling than hers had ever been; but the sight of her, on this day of all others, was not without its effect upon Edward Rider. Had not she too been burdened with responsibilities which the doctor would not venture to take upon his shoulders, but which another man, more daring, *had* taken, and rendered bearable? As the thought of that possibility occurred to him, a sudden vision of Mrs. Fred's faded figure flashed across his eyes. In the excitement of the moment he touched too sharply with his whip that horse which had suffered the penalty of most of his vagaries of temper and imagination for some time past. The long-suffering beast was aggravated out of patience by that unexpected irritation. It was all the doctor could do for the next ten minutes to keep his seat and his command over the exasperated animal, whose sudden frenzy terrified Mrs. Brown, and drove her to take refuge in the nearest shop. How little the Carlingford public who paused at a respectful distance to look on, guessed those emotions which moved the doctor as they watched him subduing his rebellious horse with vigorous arm and passionate looks! Bessie, with a little palpitant at her heart, could not refrain from a passing wonder whether the sight of herself had anything to do with that sudden conflict. Mrs. Brown knew little about St. Roque's Cottage, but had heard of Miss Marjoribanks, who it was not to be supposed could hold a very absolute sway over the doctor. Meanwhile Dr. Rider

struggled with his horse with all the intensity of determination with which he would have struggled against his fate had that been practicable. With set teeth and eyes that blazed with sudden rage and resolution, he subdued the unruly brute, and forced it to acknowledge his mastery. When he drove the vanquished animal, all quivering with pain and passion, on its further course, the struggle had refreshed his mind a little. Ah, if life and adverse fortune could but be vanquished so!—but all Edward Rider's resolution and courage died into hopeless disgust before the recollection of Mrs. Fred upon that sofa. Even with Nettie at one hand, that peevish phantom on the other, those heartless imps in insolent possession of the wonderful little guardian who would not forsake them, made up a picture which made the doctor's heart sick. No! Nettie was right. It was impossible. Love, patience, charity, after all, are but human qualities, when they have to be held against daily disgusts, irritations, and miseries. The doctor knew as well as Nettie did that he could not bear it. He knew even, as perhaps Nettie did not know, that her own image would suffer from the association; and that a man so faulty and imperfect as himself could not long refrain from resenting upon his wife the dismal restraints of such a burden. With a self-disgust which was most cutting of all, Edward Rider felt that he should descend to that injustice; and that not even Nettie herself would be safe against the effusions of his impatience and indignation. All through the course of this exciting episode in his life, his own foresight and knowledge of himself had been torture to the doctor, and had brought him, in addition to all other trials, silent agonies of self-contempt which nobody could guess. But he could not alter his nature. He went through his day's work very wretched and dejected, yet with an ineffable touch of secret comfort behind all,

which sometimes would look him in the face for a moment like a passing sunbeam, yet sometimes seemed to exasperate beyond bearing the tantalising misery of his fate. A more agitated, disturbed, passionate, and self-consuming man than the doctor was not in Carlingford, nor within a hundred miles; yet it was not perfect wretchedness after all.

Nettie, on her part, went back to Mrs. Fred in the parlour, after she had parted from Edward Rider, with feelings somewhat different from the doctor's. Perhaps she too had indulged a certain pang of expectation as to what might follow after Fred was gone, in the new world that should be after that change; for Nettie, with all her wisdom of experience, was still too young not to believe that circumstances did change everything now and then, even dispositions and hearts. But before Dr. Rider knew it—before he had even wound up his courage to the pitch of asking what was not to happen to them—the little Australian had made up her mind to that which was inevitable. The same Susan whose ceaseless discontents and selfish love had driven Nettie across the seas to look for Fred, was now reposing on that sofa in her widow's cap, altogether unchanged, as helpless and unabandonable, as dependent, as much a fool as ever. The superior wretchedness of Fred's presence and life had partially veiled Susan's character since they came to Carlingford. Now she had the field to herself again, and Nettie recognised at once the familiar picture. From the moment when Susan in her mourning came down stairs, Nettie acknowledged the weakness of circumstances, the pertinacity of nature. What could she do?—she gave up the scarcely-formed germ of hope that had begun to appear in her breast. She made up her mind silently to what must be. No agonies of martyrdom could have made Nettie desert her post and abandon those helpless souls. They could do nothing for themselves,

old or young of them; and who was there to do it all? she asked herself, with that perpetual reference to necessity which was Nettie's sole process of reasoning on the subject. Thus considered, the arguments were short and telling, the conclusion unmistakable. Here was this visible piece of business—four helpless creatures to be supported and provided and thrust through life somehow—with nobody in the world but Nettie to do it; to bring them daily bread and hourly tendance, to keep them alive, and shelter their helplessness with refuge and protection. She drew up her tiny Titania figure, and put back her silken flood of hair, and stood upright to the full extent of her little stature when he recognised the truth. Nobody could share with her that warfare which was hard to flesh and blood. She stood up to her post all alone, and saw how vain any attempt would be to share it with another. There was nothing to be said on the subject—no possibility of help. She was almost glad when that interview, which she foresaw, was over, and when Edward had recognised as well as herself the necessities of the matter. She went back again out of the little hall where, for one moment and no more, the lights of youth and love had flushed over Nettie, suffusing her paleness with rose-blushes. Now it was all over. The romance was ended, the hero gone, and life had begun anew.

"I can't say I ever liked this place," sighed Mrs. Fred, when the lamp was lit that evening, and Nettie had come down stairs again after seeing the children in bed. "It was always dull and dreary to me. If we hadn't been so far out of Carlingford, things might have been very different. My poor Fred! instead of taking care of him, all the dangers that ever could be were put in the way."

This sentence was concluded by some weeping, of which, however, Nettie did not take any notice. Making mourning by lamp-light is hard work, as all poor seamstresses

know. Nettie had no tears in the eyes that were fixed intently upon the little coat which was to complete Freddy's outfit; and she did not even look up from that urgent occupation to deprecate Susan's tears.

"I tell you, Nettie, I never could bear this place," said Mrs. Fred; "and now, whenever I move, the dreadful thoughts that come into my mind are enough to kill me. You always were strong from a baby, and of course it is not to be expected that you can understand what my feelings are. And Mrs. Smith is anything but kind, or indeed civil, sometimes; and I don't think I could live through another of these cold English winters. I am sure I never could keep alive through another winter, now my poor Fred's gone."

"Well?" asked Nettie, with involuntary harshness in her voice.

"I didn't care for myself," sobbed Mrs. Fred, "but it's dreadful to see you so unfeeling, and to think what would become of his poor children if anything were to happen to me. I do believe you would marry Edward Rider if it were not for me, and go and wrong the poor children, and leave them destitute. Nobody has the feeling for them that a mother has; but if I live another winter in England, I know I shall die."

"You have thought of dying a great many times," said Nettie, "but it has never come to anything. Never mind that just now. What do you want? Do you want me to take you back to the colony all these thousands of miles after so many expenses as there have been already?—or what is it you want me to do?"

"You always speak of expenses, Nettie: you are very poor-spirited, though people think so much of you," said Susan; "and don't you think it is natural I should wish to go home, now my poor Fred has been taken away from me? And you confessed it would be best for the children. We know scarcely

anybody here, and the very sight of that Edward that was so cruel to my poor Fred——"

"Susan, don't be a fool," said Nettie; "you know better in your heart. If you will tell me plainly what you want, I shall listen to you; but if not, I will go up-stairs and put away Freddy's things. Only one thing I may tell you at once; you may leave Carlingford if you please, but I shall not. I cannot take you back again to have you ill all the way, and the children threatening to fall overboard twenty times a day. I did it once, but I will not do it again."

"You *will* not?" cried Susan.

"Ah, I know what you mean: I know very well what you mean. You think Edward Rider——"

Nettie rose up and faced her sister with a little gasp of resolution which frightened Mrs. Fred. "I don't intend to have anything said about Edward Rider," said Nettie; "he has nothing to do with it one way or another. I tell you what I told him, that I have not the heart to carry you all back again; and I cannot afford it either; and if you want anything more, Susan," added the peremptory creature, flashing forth into something of her old spirit, "I shan't go—and that is surely enough."

With which words Nettie went off like a little sprite to put away Freddy's coat, newly completed, along with the other articles of his wardrobe, at which she had been working all day. In that momentary impulse of decision and self-will, a few notes of a song came unawares from Nettie's lip, as she glanced, light and rapid as a fairy, up-stairs. She stopped a minute after with a sigh. Were Nettie's singing days over? She had at least come at last to find her life hard, and to acknowledge that this necessity which was laid upon her was grievous by times to flesh and blood; but not the less for that did she arrange Freddy's little garments daintily in the drawers, and pause, before she went down-stairs

again, to cover him up in his little bed.

Susan still sat pondering and crying over the fire. Her tears were a great resource to Mrs. Fred. They occupied her when she had nothing else to occupy herself with; and when she cast a weeping glance up from her handkerchief to see Nettie draw her chair again to the table, and lay down a little pile of pinafores and tuckers which required supervision, Susan wept still more, and said it was well to be Nettie, who never was overcome by her feelings. Thus the evening passed dully enough. Just then, perhaps, Nettie was not a very conversable companion. Such inter-views as that of this day linger in the heads of the interlocutors, and perhaps produce more notable effects afterwards than at the moment. Nettie was not thinking about it. She was simply going over it again, finding out the tones and meanings which, in the haste and excitement of their occurrence, did not have their full force. The fulness of detail that lingers about such pictures, which are not half apprehended till they have been gone over again and again, is marvellous. The pinafores went unconsciously through Nettie's fingers. She was scarcely aware of Susan crying by the fire. Though it had been in some degree a final and almost hopeless parting, there was comfort behind the cloud to Nettie as well as to the doctor. She had forgotten all about the discussion with which the evening began before Susan spoke again.

"Richard Chatham came home with the last mail," said Susan, making a feeble effort to renew the fight. "He sent me a letter last week, you know. I daresay he will come to see us. Richard Chatham from Melbourne, Nettie. I daresay he will not stay out of the colony long."

Nettie, who was lost in her own thoughts, made no reply.

"I daresay," repeated Mrs. Fred, "he will be going out again in a

month or two. I do not believe he could bear this dreadful English winter any more than I could. I daresay he'd be glad to take care of us out—if you should change your mind about going, Nettie."

Nettie gave her sister a glance of resolution and impatience—a swift glance upward from her work, enough to show she marked and understood—but still did not speak.

"Richard Chatham was always very good-natured: it would be such a good thing for us to go in the same ship—if you should happen to change your mind about going, Nettie," said Mrs. Fred, rising to retire to her room. "I am going to bed to try to get a little sleep. Such wretched nights as I have would kill anybody. I should not wonder if Richard Chatham came some of these days to see us. Poor fellow! he had always a great fancy for *our* family; and it would be *such* a thing for us, Nettie, if you should change your mind about going, to go in the same ship!"

With which Parthian shot Mrs. Fred made her way up-stairs and retired from the field. Nettie woke with a startled consciousness out of her dreams, to perceive that here was the process of iteration begun which drives the wisest to do the will of fools. She woke up to it for a moment, and, raising her drooping head, watched her sister make her way with her handkerchief in her hand, and the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her shoulders, to the door. Susan stole a glance round before she disappeared, to catch the startled glance of that resolute little face, only half woke up, but wholly determined. Though Mrs. Fred dared not say another word at that moment, she disappeared full of the conviction that her arrow had told, and that the endless persistence with which she herself, a woman and a fool, was gifted, need only be duly exercised to win the day. When Susan was gone, that parting arrow did quiver for a moment in Nettie's heart; but the brave little

girl had, for that one night, a protection which her sister wist not of. After the door closed, Nettie fell back once more into that hour of existence which expanded and opened out the more for every new approach which memory made to it. Sweet nature, gentle youth, and the Magician greater than either, came

round her in a potent circle and defended Nettie. The woman was better off than the man in this hour of their separation, yet union. He chafed at the consolation which was but visionary; she, perhaps, in that visionary, ineffable solacement, found a happiness greater than any reality could ever give.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was some months after the time of this conversation when a man, unlike the usual aspect of man in Carlingford, appeared at the inn with a carpet-bag, and asked his way to St. Roque's Cottage. Beards were not common in those days: nobody grew one in Carlingford except Mr. Lake, who, in his joint capacity of portrait-painter and drawing-master, represented the erratic and lawless followers of Art to the imagination of the respectable town. But the stranger who made his sudden appearance at the George wore such a forest of hair on the lower part of his burly countenance as obliterated all ordinary landmarks in that region, and by comparison made Mr. Lake's dainty little moustache and *etceteras* sink into utter propriety and respectableness. The rest of the figure corresponded with this luxuriant feature; the man was large and burly, a trifle too stout for a perfect athlete, but powerful and vigorous almost beyond anything then known in Carlingford. It was now summer, and warm weather, and the dress of the new-comer was as unusual as the other particulars of his appearance. In his broad straw-hat and linen coat he stood cool and large in the shady hall of the George, with glimpses of white English linen appearing under his forest of beard, and round his brown sun-scorched wrists. A very small stretch of imagination was necessary to thrust pistols into his belt and a cutlass into his hand, and reveal him as the settler-adventurer of a half-savage disturbed country, equally

ready to work or to fight, and more at home in the shifts and expedients of the wilderness than among the bonds of civilisation; yet always retaining, as English adventurers will, certain dainty personal particulars—such, for instance, as that prejudice in favour of clean linen, which only the highest civilisation can cultivate into perfection. He went off down Grange Lane with the swing and poise of a Hercules, when the admiring waiters directed him to the Cottage. Miss Wodehouse, who was standing at the door with Lucy, in the long grey cloak and close bonnet lately adopted by the sisterhood of mercy, which had timidly, under the auspices of the perpetual curate, set itself agoing at St. Roque's, looked after the salvage man with an instinct of gentle curiosity, wondering where he was going and where he came from. To tell the truth, that tender-hearted soul could with more comfort to herself have stepped down a little on the road to St. Roque's, and watched whether that extraordinary figure was in search of Nettie—a suspicion which immediately occurred to her—than she could set out upon the district-visiting, to which Lucy now led her forth. But Miss Wodehouse had tremulously taken example by the late rector, whose abrupt retirement from the duties for which he did not feel himself qualified, the good people of Carlingford had scarcely stopped discussing. Miss Wodehouse, deeply impressed in her gentle mind by the incidents of that time, had considered it her

duty to reclaim if possible—she who had no circle of college dons to retire into—her own life from its habits of quiet indolence. She consented to go with Lucy into all the charitable affairs of Carlingford. She stood silent with a pitying face, and believed in all the pretences of beggary which Lucy saw through by natural insight. But it was no more her natural element than the long grey cloak was a natural garment for that spotless, dove-coloured woman. Her eyes turned wistfully after the stranger with suppressed impulses of gentle curiosity and gossip. She knew very well he did not belong to Carlingford. She knew nobody in Grange Lane or the neighbourhood to whom he could belong. She wanted very much to stop and inquire at the stable-boy of the George, their own gardener's son, who and what this new-comer was, and turned back to look after him before she turned out of George Street following Lucy, with lively anxiety to know whether he was going to St. Roque's. Perhaps the labours of a sisterhood of mercy require a special organisation even of the kind female soul. Miss Wodehouse, the most tender-hearted of human creatures, did not rise to that development; and, with a little pang of unsatisfied wonder, saw the unaccustomed Hercules disappear in the distance without being able to make out whither he was bound.

Nobody, however, who had been privileged to share the advantages of Mrs. Fred Rider's conversation for some time back, could be at a loss to guess who this messenger from the wilderness was. It was Richard Chatham come at last—he with whose name Nettie had been bored and punctured through and through from the first day of his introduction into Susan's talk till now. Mrs. Fred had used largely in the interval that all-potent torture of the "continual dropping;"—used it so perpetually as, though without producing any visible effect upon Nettie's resolution, to introduce often a certain sickness and disgust with

everything into that steadfast soul. Nor did she content herself with her own exertions, but skilfully managed to introduce the idea into the minds of the children—ready, as all children are, for change and novelty. Nettie had led a hard enough life for these three months. She could not meet Edward Rider, nor he her, with a calm pretence of friendship; and Susan, always insolent and spiteful, and now mistress of the position, filled the doctor with an amount of angry irritation which his longings for Nettie's society could not quite subdue. That perpetual barrier between them dismayed both. Meetings which always ended in pain were best avoided, except at those intervals when longing love could not, even under that penalty, refuse itself the gratification; but the dismal life which was lighted up only by those unfrequent, agitating, exasperating encounters, and which flowed on through a hundred petty toilsome duties to the fretful accompaniment of Susan's iterations and the novel persecution now carried on by the children, was naturally irksome to the high-spirited and impatient nature which, now no longer heart-whole or fancy-free, did not find it so easy to carry its own way triumphantly through those heavy clogs of helplessness and folly. In the days when Miss Wodehouse pitied and wondered, Nettie had required no sympathy; she had carried on her course victorious, more entirely conscious of the supreme gratification of having her own way, than of the utter self-sacrifice which she made to Fred and his family. But now the time predicted by Miss Wodehouse had arrived. Nettie's own personal happiness had come to be at stake, and had been unhesitatingly given up. But the knowledge of that renunciation dwelt with Nettie. Not all the natural generosity of her mind—not that still stronger argument which she used so often, the mere necessity and inevitableness of the case, could blind her eyes to the fact that she

had given up her own happiness; and bitter flashes of thought would intervene, notwithstanding even the self-contempt and reproach with which she became aware of them. That doubtful complicated matter, most hard and difficult of mortal problems, pressed hard upon Nettie's mind and heart. In former days, when she scornfully denied it to be self-sacrifice, and laboured on, always indomitable, unconscious that what she did was anything more than the simplest duty and necessity, all was well with the dauntless, all-enterprising soul; but growing knowledge of her own heart, of other hearts, cast dark and perplexing shades upon Nettie, as upon all other wayfarers in these complex paths. The effect upon her mind was different from the effect to be expected according to modern sentimental ethics. Nettie had never doubted of the true duty, the true necessity, of her position, till she became conscious of her vast sacrifice. Then a hundred doubts appalled her. Was she so entirely *right* as she had supposed? Was it best to relieve the helpless hands of Fred and Susan of their natural duties, and bear these burdens for them, and disable herself when her time came from the nobler natural yoke in which her full womanly influence might have told to an extent impossible to it now? These questions made Nettie's head, which knew no fanciful pangs, ache with painful thought, and confused her heart and dimmed her lights when she most needed them to burn brightly. While, at the very time when these doubts assailed her, her sister's repetitions and the rising discontent and agitations of the children, came in to overcloud the whole business in a mist of sick impatience and disgust. Return to Australia was never out of Susan's mind, never absent from her pertinacious foolish lips. Little Freddy harped upon it all day long, and so did his brother and sister. Nettie said nothing, but retired with exasperated weariness upon her own

thoughts—sometimes thinking, tired of the conflict, why not give in to them? why not complete the offering, and remove once for all into the region of impossibility, that contradictory longing for another life that still stirred by times in her heart? She had never given expression to this weary inclination to make an end of it, which sometimes assailed her fatigued soul; but this was the condition in which Richard Chatham's visit found her, when that Bushman, breathing of the wilds and the winds, came down the quiet suburban road to St. Roque's, and filling the whole little parlour with his beard and his presence, came stumbling into the confined room, where Mrs. Fred still lay on the sofa, and Nettie pursued her endless work.

"Sorry to hear of the poor doctor's accident," said the Australian, to whom Fred bore that title. "But he always was a bit of a rover; though it's sad when it comes to that. And so you are thinking of a return to the old colony? Can't do better, I should say—there ain't room in this blessed old country for anything but tax-gatherers and gossips. I can't find enough air to breathe for my part—and what there is, is taxed—leastways the light is, which is all the same. Well, Mrs. Rider, say the word, mam, and Am at-your disposal. I'm not particular for a month or two, so as I get home before next summer; and if you'll only tell me your time, I'll make mine suit, and do the best I can for you all. Miss Nettie's afraid of the voyage, is she? That's a new line for her, I believe. Something taken her fancy in this horrid old box of a place, eh? Ha! ha! but I'll be head-nurse and courier to the party, Miss Nettie, if you trust yourselves to me."

"We don't mean to go back, thank you," said Nettie. "It is only a fancy of Susan's. Nobody ever dreamt of going back. It is much too expensive and troublesome to be done so easily. Now we are here, we mean to stay."

The Bushman looked a little startled, and his lips formed into a whistle of astonishment, which Nettie's resolute little face kept inaudible. "Taken your fancy very much, eh, Miss Nettie!" said the jocular savage, who fancied raillery of one kind or other the proper style of conversation to address to a young lady. Nettie gave that big hero a flashing sudden glance which silenced him. Mr. Chatham once more formed an inaudible whew! with his lips, and looked at Mrs. Fred.

"But *your* heart inclines to the old colony, Miss Susan?—I beg your pardon—didn't remember what I was saying at that moment. Somehow you look so much as you used to do, barring the cap," said the Australian, "that one forgets all that has happened. You incline to cross the seas again, Mrs. Rider, without thinking of the expense?—and very sensible too. There never was a place like this blessed old country for swallowing up a man's money. You'll save as much in a year in the colony as will take you across."

"That is what I always say;—but of course my wishes are little thought of," said Mrs. Fred, with a sigh; "of course it's Nettie we have to look to now. If she does not choose, to be sure, it does not matter what I wish. Ah! if I don't look different, I feel different—things are changed *now*."

The Bushman gave a puzzled glance, first at one sister and then at the other. It occurred to him that Fred had not been so much of a strength and protection to his family as this speech implied, and that Nettie had been the person whom Mrs. Rider had to "look to" even before they left that colony for which she now sighed. But Mrs. Fred, in her sorrow and her white cap, was an interesting figure to the eyes which were not much accustomed to look upon womankind. He had no doubt hers was a hard case. Nettie sat opposite, very busy, silent, and resolute, flashing dangerous sudden glances occasionally

at her languid sister and their big visitor. It was confusing to meet those brilliant impatient wrathful eyes; though they were wonderfully bright, they put out the wild man of the woods, and made him feel uncomfortable. He turned with relief to those milder orbs which Mrs. Fred buried in her handkerchief. Poor little oppressed woman, dependent upon that little arbitrary sister! The sincerest pity awoke in the Bushman's heart.

"Well!" he said, good-humouredly, "I hope you'll come to be of one mind when Miss Nettie thinks it over again; and you have only to drop me a line to let me know when your plans are formed; and it will go hard with me, but I'll make mine suit them one way or another. All that I can do for you in the way of outfit or securing your passages—or even, if you would allow me——"

Here the good fellow paused, afraid to venture any further. Nettie looked up in a sudden blaze, and transfixed him with her eye.

"We have enough for everything we want, thank you," said Nettie, looking through and through his guilty benevolent intentions, and bringing a flush of confusion to his honest cheeks. "When I say I cannot afford anything, I don't mean to ask anybody's assistance, Mr. Chatham. We can do very well by ourselves. If it came to be best for the children—or if Susan keeps on wishing it, and gets her own way, as she generally does," said Nettie, with heightened colour, dropping her eyes, and going on at double speed with her work, "I daresay we shall manage it as we did before. But that is my concern. Nobody in the world has anything to do with it but me."

"Oh, Nettie, dear, you're giving in at last!—do say you'll go! and Mr. Chatham promises he'll take care of us on the way," cried Mrs. Fred, clasping her hands. They were thin hands, and looked delicate in contrast with her black dress. She was very interesting,

pathetic, and tender to the rough eyes of the bushranger. He thought that imperative little creature opposite, with her brilliant glances, her small head drooping under those heavy braids of hair, her tiny figure and rapid fingers, looked like a little cruel sprite oppressing the melancholy soul. When Nettie rose from the table, goaded into sudden intolerance by that appeal, the climax of the "continual dropping," and threw her work indignantly on the table, and called Freddy to come directly, and get dressed for his walk, the impression made by her supposed arbitrary and imperious behaviour was not diminished. She went out disdainful, making no reply, and left those two to a private conference. Then Mrs. Fred unbosomed her bereaved heart to that sympathetic stranger. She told him how different everything was now—how hard it was to be dependent even on one's sister—how far otherwise things might have been, if poor dear Fred had been more prudent: one way or other, all her life through, Susan had been an injured woman. All her desire was to take the children back to the colony before she died. "If Nettie would but yield!" sighed Mrs. Fred clasping her hands.

"Nettie must yield!" cried the Bushranger, full of emotion; and Susan cried a little and told him

how much the poor dear children wished it; and knew in her fool's heart that she had driven Nettie to the extremest bounds of patience, and that a little more persistence and iteration would gain the day.

In the mean time Nettie went out with Freddy—the other two being at school—and took him across the fields for his afternoon walk. The little fellow talked of Australia all the way, with a childish treachery and betrayal of her cause which went to Nettie's heart. She walked by his side, hearing without listening, throbbing all over with secret disgust, impatience, and despair. She too perceived well enough the approaching crisis. She saw that once more all her own resolution—the purpose of her heart—would be overborne by the hopeless pertinacity of the unconvinced, unreasoning fool. She did not call her sister hard names—she recognised the quality without giving it its appropriate title—and recognised also, with a bitterness of resistance, yet a sense of the inevitable, not to be described, the certain issue of the unequal contest. What chance had the generous little heart, the hasty temper, the quick and vivacious spirit, against that unwearied, unreasoning pertinacity? Once more she must arise, and go forth to the end of the world; and the sacrifice must be final now.

WASSAIL: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

It was a cold night—a hard, clear Christmas night. The cold was everywhere. It was in the sky, clear as it was; it fell in the rays of the stars, bright as they were; it lay on the crisp frost which covered the fields, and in the rags and tatters of snow which hung from the bushes, making them look like iced scarecrows. It was a cold which you would set your teeth against, walk at, buffet with, perhaps swear at; but it was a cold which would not make you bear malice, like an east wind or damp sou'-wester. It was a cold, too, which, when yielding to the proper antidotes of warm fires and warm rooms, left rather a crisp, braced, pleasant feeling behind.

It had it all its own way at the Garland Ox. That famed public, as it stood with its bare stone walls and unlit windows in the open sky, sheltered only by an old battered yew-tree and a hedge of blackthorn, seemed to offer as yet only a dogged resistance. The cold lay in layers of snow on the roof, meandered in little fret-work and imperfect cobwebs along the window-panes, had fallen in little heaps on the top of the signboard, and even bedabbled the figure of the noble animal represented thereon, giving him the appearance of having been snow-balled, and taking away altogether the vernal and festive character which the garland of Lent lilies around his neck was supposed to impress. The fowls and animals had all cowered under the sheds, and the path from the village was as yet silent and solitary, it being too early for the rustics to meet the cold for the sake of the cheer and revelry within. Inside, too, the cold held a sort of neutral ground. A single dip flickered on the table, showing dimly the outline of the large kitchen, though a

row of brass candlesticks on the dresser, profusely adorned with holly and laurel, promised that by-and-by the tapers would glimmer fair. Christmas eve was only in expectation at the Garland Ox. The fire was banked up with black coal, and the embers beneath glowed only fitfully across the sanded floor, scarcely counteracting the chill from the frosted windows, though now and then shooting forth a light which revealed rows of pewters, clear and highly burnished, hanging from the shelves, and occasionally darted into the depths of the bar, where casks stood, already tapped; and bottles of the vine-leaf design, bearing the labels rum, brandy, &c., and dangling nets of lemons, gave goodly promise of coming joviality. Two individuals sat in the chimney-nook. One was mine host—just such as a host should be, according to the orthodox type, fat, ruddy, short-necked, short-legged, and wheezy. He had gone through the grades of knife-boy and footman ere he attained the dignity of landlord; and a skilful anatomist might perhaps have discovered in his well-fleshed body the different strata belonging to each period. The other was a large and apparently young man, who lay loling on a bench, and was so disguised by a loose dress, half-sailor, half-navvy, and by a fur-cap drawn well over his face, that it was hard to see what he was. Between them the hostess—sharp, thin, weasel-like—bustled up and down, engaged in what she called righting the hearth. The opinion of the good Sarah Battle relative to a clear fire and a clean hearth is doubtless true and orthodox, though the process by which these are attained is as certainly very disturbing to the domestic economy. It seemed especially so in the present instance, at

the broom in its sweeps invariably came in contact with mine host's fat legs, and the poker or tongs, or any other implement which required removal, took the same direction, so that he was obliged to be constantly drawing them up or hoisting them round, and sat in a state of harassing defensive warfare. He found little consolation in the stranger, who was silent and unsocial. The Garland Ox had made many overtures without effect, and he was not a man to force his conversation on any guest. At length the stranger began to smoke, and the fragrant fumes of his pipe overcame even the exclusiveness of the host, and forced him to break into colloquy.

"That's fine baccy of yours, sir."

The only reply was an outstretched arm with a hairy pouch in it. The Garland Ox accepted the proffer, filled and lit his pipe, puffed, gurgled, gyrated on his stool, choked and puffed again, but at each puff he seemed to abandon the attitude of hostile defence, and to regard all exterior circumstances, including even the eccentric movements of the broom and the flight of missiles, with a most benignant snavity. He was tasting cavendish for the first time.

After a while a loud shuffling of feet and hubbub of voices were heard in the passage.

"Here's the wassailers at last," said mine host, with a loud chuckle; "all the royal family, by Jove."

"Royal family! a pretty royal family!" said his helpmate, with scorn—"a set of idle vagabonds all them Dibbles; and a pretty mess they'll make on my sanded floor with their nasty dirty feet."

Presently the door opened, and in rushed twenty or more rough-looking men, some blowing the cold from them, some stamping it out on the floor, and some thrashing it off by beating their arms across their chests. Meantime their leader, with a dark wooden bowl under his arm, had pranced up playfully to the landlord of the Ox, and was shout-

ing forth, in a nasal twang, "Wassail, wassail, a jolly wassail!"

"I thought, Kit," said the Garland Ox, "that 'twas agin your rules to begin wassail with a dry bowl."

"Or with a dry lip either," replied the wassailer; "so we'll commence proceedings with a drop of Christmas ale."

The hostess was just in her designation of "vagabonds." The seal of vagabondism was set on the whole party. It bore, perhaps, no visible sign, and yet was as plain as the horn on a rhinoceros. It was common to all. There were patriarch Dibbles, middle-aged Dibbles, and young Dibbles—large Dibbles, middle-sized Dibbles, and small Dibbles; yet all bore the same impress of vagabondism. They breathed it; they walked it; it lurked in every look and in every turn of their loose, shambling gait; vagabondism was evidently a nature hereditary to the Dibbles. There was another trait equally universal—that of ugliness. It was not, however, the scowling low-browed ugliness which looks out garotte, burglary, and murder on the world; but a grotesque and comic ugliness, such as is seen on water-spouts and on the lion-heads of fountains. This ugliness maintained a general likeness throughout, yet had its flights and fancies, and indulged here and there in eccentric touches and variations. The leading feature of the Dibble physiognomy was the nose. In some it had the mangold-wurzel character—coarsely red, warty, and pitted; in some it was slightly fined down to the beet-root standard; in others it took more after the kidney-potato type; but however much toned down or modified, it was always sufficient to identify a Dibble. The other features were worthy of it. The eyes were small and piggy; the mouth large, with loose blubbery lips; the hair was of the lankest and the straightest, tallowy, and of a whitey-brown colour when not grizzled by age.

The costume, too, was based on general principles, though varied in detail. A greatcoat was the garment aimed at; and there were specimens exhibited, illustrative not only of different wardrobes, but of different generations. One Dibble had an upper benjamin fastened alternately by bows of tape and buttons; another had adapted the green plush shooting-jacket of a corpulent squire, which still bore one of its original mother-of-pearl buttons, hanging in unworthy association with others of horn and wood, assisted by an occasional pin; a third was happy in the possession of a braided coat, short-waisted, long-skirted, after the fashion of the Regency; and as this was the most diminutive individual of the party, the garment reached from his neck to his heels, giving him the appearance of a gentleman in his dressing-gown who had made a hasty toilet.

An article of apparel still more common to all was the comforter. It had its variations; sometimes it was white with pink ends, sometimes white with green ends, sometimes of an honest brown; but a comforter enveloped every Dibble chin and touched every Dibble nose. It was evidently either the orthodox costume of a wa-sailer, or a distinctive badge of the race.

They are vagabonds, all these Dibles. Yet with a vitality not unusual to vagabond races, they had lived, thrived in their way, and spread like the horse-radish, generation after generation, in the same locality, outlasting and outliving old Norman families and good old Saxon houses, just as the badger and fox survived their mammoth contemporaries. The Dibles had appeared in the parish register century after century, generally occupying the same place and position—neither rising nor falling, hovering on pauperism, and coquetting with petty larceny, and only just skirting the workhouse and bridewell.

It was this pertinacity in multiplying, and this adherence to place,

which had gained them the nickname of the Royal Family.

This Royal Family was divided into several branches—there was the Unicorn, the Mermaid, the Beelzebub, and the Giant; and then the Mermaid had an offshoot, the Pretty Tommy, which had gained a distinctive appellation in consequence of having carried the Dibble physiognomy to the highest standard of development. These titles were a tradition—the *underrivatur* was lost in obscurity.

The different houses acknowledged kinship, and formed a sort of oligarchy or union of royal tribes, equal and indivisible, as our friends across the Channel would say. Sometimes circumstances would give one house a temporary predominance, but the old unity and equality was generally very soon restored. Young Kit, a scion of the Unicorns, seized with the ambition of becoming a landed proprietor, squatted on a dreary moor, known only to the snipe and the peewee, built a cob cottage, surrounded it with a garden, then enclosed a field about the size of a tablecloth, then added another and another tablecloth, until they had grown a tiny farm, which looked like an *al fresco* café with its boxes and compartments. A female member too, about the same time, had set up in the fish, chowder, and apple-stall line, which gave a sort of commercial eclat to the house. The Unicorn was now in the ascendant, but somehow they soon lapsed to the old Dibble standard.

Pretty Tommy had his turn. Under the pressure of a warrant for poaching or affiliation, he had entered on board a man-of-war, and served as a deck-swapper in the battle of Algiers. On his return he was paraded by his party as a hero; and 'twas considered doubtful whether he or Lord Exmouth contributed most to the victory. After having appeared, however, several times in the stocks, and suffered other indignities from the hands of officials, the hero-worship

waned, and he fell back on the usual privileges and dignities of a Dibble. The Beelzebubs had a distinguished era, when their representative man was sexton of the parish for several years.

The Giants enjoyed the notoriety of possessing the most terrible witch in the neighbourhood.

The Royal Family had also its moral characteristics. It was a tradition and law with them never to work except as the alternative of starvation; and then the work closer was always of a loose, vagabond kind, such as holding horses on fair and market days, lounging after sportsmen, carrying bills, or making brooms. Honest digging and delving was an abomination to them. Cleanliness and sanitary regulations were things also indignantly repudiated. A Dibble was supposed to live and die in utter innocence of cold water. Their homes were generally pitched amid gutters and dunghills; and there the young Dibbles squattered and gambolled and grew strong in defiance of typhus and boards of health. To get a sop from another man's dish, and a sup from another man's cup, was also a royal maxim; and there was a certain oiliness of tongue and wheedling manner peculiar to the members of all the houses, which was supposed to gain them access to larder and wardrobe, and be very effective in procuring broken victuals and cast-off raiment. A certain dry quaint humour, too, was known to be rewarded often by horns of ale and cider when hard-handed labour might go athirst. It was whispered, however, that the swains who took the daughters of the royal race to their hearths found that the oily voice could be pitched to a different key, and the wheedling manner raised to the imperiousness of a Zenobia.

Among other privileges, they claimed that of being the hereditary wassailers—the only true and orthodox ministrants of the jolly wassail. Filibusters had time after time attacked these rights, but had

always met with signal discomfiture. The Dibbles were the high-priests of wassail.

With the wassailers had entered a thin wiry man, with a pinched, snipy face and a keen twinkling eye. A stoop in the back and a bend in the knees would have given the impression of decrepitude to those who had not seen him working a cover or going across a country. He was dressed in a grey frock-coat, corduroy breeches and gaiters, and wore a broad-brimmed hat jammed well down over his forehead. There was a hunting-whip under his arm, and a pair of couples peeped from his pocket. He bore about with him a sense of dog—he was of dogs, doggy. This was Jim Seecombe, in turn kennel-keeper, whip, huntsman, dog-trainer, dog-breeder, dog-doctor—in fact, holding any office in the dog administration, and sometimes, like the Great Duke, concentrating them all in his own person.

"Hallo, James," said the Garland Ox, "be you turned wassailer? I tho't none but the Royal Family had that privilege."

"No, landlord," replied James, "I han't that honour, but perhaps when my old missus goes I may prowpose to one of the princesses, and shall then tail in somewhere in the chowrusses."

"No, James," said Kit the Unicorn, "we doesn't give or be given in marriage so easily. We must see the Peditree or the Jenny-Loggy, as the passon calls it, of a party before we takes un into our family."

"A queer Peditree Jim would show, I thinks," said the Beelzebub, who was evidently the bitter spirit of the race; "for them does say as how old Tom the huntsman found un wrapt up in a 'oss-cloth in the kennel, and the Squire said such a com-by-chance was a real drowit of the kennel, and so kept un there."

"Well, William," retorted Jim, "a kennel is as good a place to be born in as a garret, and good dowses I hould to be better company than bad umans."

"Just so," rejoined Kit; "but we're an ould family, Jim, and can't take no com-by-chances—we're an ould family."

"You comed over with the Conqueror, I s'pose; all the ould families comed with him. Old Mrs. St. Turnup says to me the other day, 'James,' says she, 'them fellows ought to pay me more respect, for the first St. Turnup came over with the Conqueror, you know.' 'Yes, ma'am,' says I; and thinks I to myself, what a lot of shoeblacks and sich cattle comed over with that 'ere Conqueror."

"I don't know nothing about Conquerors," rejoined Kit, "but we're an ould family—we haven't knowed many ups and downs—'tis as we was so we is, I thinks: we haven't changed much back'ards or for'ards, up'ards or down'ards; sometimes we hae a leek to our broth and sometimes we han't; sometimes we hae no puddin' to our flesh, sometimes no flesh to our puddin', and sometimes neyther one nor t'other; but here we've been for years upon years, and here we be still."

"Increasing and multiplying, bless the Lord," snuffled old Beelzebub, who was a rigid Brianite.

"And you han't falled off in the breed, nayther," said Jim, pointing to the youngest scion of the Pretty Tommy branch.

"Ay," said old Kit, patting young Pretty Tommy admiringly on the head, "he's a pretty cheeld, and a raal Dibble."

There was certainly little doubt of the paternity, and no one would have questioned his legitimacy. This youth, like other rising characters, had to contend with the fame of a great father. It had always been prophesied of him that he never could rival that parent in personal appearance, but he had falsified all the predictions by achieving what was allowed to be the *ne plus ultra* of Dibble beauty. All the features were in him exaggerated—the lips were more blubbery, the nose was turned up, the hair was more lank, and

whiter, if possible, and hung on his head like the thatch of a dishevelled beehive. He had evidently, too, come in for the fag-end of the stage properties, and instead of being allotted a great-coat, was attired in a blue dress-coat which came down over his hips, the tails hanging about his heels. He seemed to be very much flustered at the public notice he had attracted, and resented all the attempts to bring him forward with pokes of the elbow and abortive kicks.

"Ah," said old Kit, apologetically, "'tis the first time with un, and he is shy before company."

"And where be you a-going to spend your Christmas, Jim?" said the Garland Ox to the huntsman.

"Well, I've been axed to go to Tregarrow faarm, and I think one might go further and fare wus."

"You're right, Jim," chimed in old Kit, "no better than Tregarrow for Christmas cheer, but I tho't you was in disgrace there, and that he han't forgive you for being a 'complice of chuck sheep, as he called it."

"What's that, Kit?" choked out the Ox, chuckling in anticipation of a story.

"Oh, you know, the hounds was a-passing through Faarmer Penrice's fields, when one of un, old Blackcap, was seed to chuck two sheep. The faarmer was in a cruel way, and stormed and cussed, and the Squire says very quietly, 'Will we gie un a Halgave trial? we'll hang un first and then try un after'ards.' So there was a gallows rose, and Jim was Jack Ketch, and ould Blackcap was left a-hanging. Pursently there was a fine bust, and the pack was going like mad across the thirty acres, when the Squire sings out, 'Why, dang it, there's ould Blackcap leading!' and there he wos, sartain enough. So the faarmer always swore Jim had tied the rope loose, or had gun back and cut un down."

"It's the missus favours James," remarked the mate of the Garland Ox, "'cause of young Maister Tom."

"I tho't, marm," observed old

Kit, "that the faarmer didn't approve of Maister Tom's 'sociates, and wouldn't see none of um."

"Yes, the faarmer may talk and bark, but he loveth in his heart anything that young Maister Tom liked, though good to know he've a right to hate 'em al!—all them idle scamping fellows, who go about the country leading young men astray with their sporting, and their drinking, and their betting. There was young Harry Rankin—a pretty end he come to, a-carrying off young Miss Emily, and then leaving her, and nearly breaking the poor parson's heart. He were anither of your favourites, James."

"I beg your parding, marm," replied Jim, indignantly; "there were a great difference 'twixt he and Maister Tom. A good sportsman, marm, may be a good man, and a man may be a bad un, marm, without sporting. Men drink, marm, and gamble, marm, and run away with young girls, marm, who was never sportsmen, and never knowed nothing about a oss or a doog. Maister Tom was a true man, jist a little hot and full-blooded; so he and the faarmer quarled, and he tuk off to try his luck; but he'll turn up all right yet, marm."

"Well, but, James, you were always a-praising that young good-for-nothin Rankin."

"No, marm; I said he were a pretty man in the field, but I never tuk to un as I did to Maister Tom. I've seed un kick his doogs, and I've seed his osses shake when he com'd into the stable, and I've said to myself, 'A man wot ill-treats them doomb things isn't the man for me.' I've seed un after a hunt sit down a-drinking in the publicks with all them low fellars, and I never 'spects a gentleman wot demeans hisself that way. Maister Tom never did that—he were another sort. The faarmer calls un a pordigal. Pordigal or no pordigal, he'll show hisself a true man yet, and we shall see un at Tregarrow once more, hearty as ever, and better p'rhaps for a little trial, marm."

Jim then took up his can, and, nodding round to the company, took a last sup with "A merry Christmas when it comes," then jammed his hat more than ever over his eyes, and slouched out.

During the latter part of the conversation the stranger turned once or twice on his bench so as to hear better without being more seen.

"Well, Kit," said the Ox, "what's your beat to-night?"

"Oh, landlord, we shall jist take one or two of the gintry in the village and then go on to the passonage, and finish up, you know, at Tregarrow faarm, as there's nobody at the Hall now. The faarmer never will have us, you know, till it strike twelve. But we must be a-mixing for the bowl, so bring the materials, if you please, landlord."

These were soon forthcoming—ale, spice, a slight dash of cognac, and roasted apples. All of the Royal Family now congregated round the bowl, and were busy in compounding the wassailoup. From the variety of tastes, and the variety of advice given, it was evidently not an easy matter. If too many cooks spoil the broth, too many advisers seemed more unfavourable still to the happy production of the wassail beverage. Every adviser, too, was a taster; and as every opinion was tested by a sip, the bowl soon was at a low ebb. The ceremony seemed endless. It was like the old story of lading out a pool with a limpet shell which had a hole in the bottom. Whilst the committee of taste were still engaged in controversy and trials, the stranger had risen from the bench, and, approaching old Kit, touched him on the shoulder, and beckoned him into a corner. There a very earnest conference took place, and a chink of money might have been heard. At last old Kit, by sundry coughs and hems, and becks and nods, summoned the other heads of houses together. When the conclave was duly formed, Kit formally opened the debate. "Now you see, brother wassailers, this 'ere young man is

very anxious to join our company to-night."

"Is he a Dibble?" said one patriarch. The stranger confessed that he was not sprung from that distinguished race.

"Be he married to a Dibble?" said another. The stranger also disclaimed this honour.

"No," said Kit, "he ben't connected wi' us at all, but he've be-have very handsome [chinking the coins in his hand significantly], and says he wull pay all the expenses of the bowl. P'rhaps he be a young chap belonging to one of them chowrus societies, or p'rhaps [lowering his voice] he be some young gentleman out on a spree."

The arguments seemed to convince the heads of houses, as they gave their assent, with the proviso that it was not to be considered as a precedent, or in any way to derogate from the rights and privileges of the Dibles to be the exclusive wassailers.

"Now then, comrade," says Kit, "what shall we call thee?"

"Oh, anything," responded the stranger; "Sailor Dick, if you like."

"Well then, Sailor Dick, come along—we must be moving; and be that your doog making so bould?" pointing to a grey wolfish-looking animal which lay at the stranger's feet.

"Oh yes, he is mine; but he's very quiet, is old Dingo, and will obey orders."

The bowl being now satisfactorily filled, and young Pretty Tommy as the neophyte being charged with carrying a can containing materials for replenishing it, the whole party started forth trolling out the burden of their chorus, "Wassail, wassail, a jolly wassail!"

As they moved on, a female figure started from behind the wall, but so silently and so stealthily that it might have been a spirit; and none saw, none heard her, as she treaded quickly in their track.

CHAPTER II.

The cold, too, had taken possession of the vicarage of St. Maddock, fenced in as it was by a quadrangle of wall, hedge, and trees. The row of poplars in front looked like the white plumes of a hearse in their snowy drapery, but the laurel and their kin had made an effort to cast it off and assert a Christmas greenness. The walks were hidden, but there were evidences of attempts at prettiness in flower-beds and in creepers trellised on the wall and over the porch. Neglect, however, was apparent everywhere. Shrubberies had become wildernesses—luxuriance had grown into rankness—the training hand was evidently absent. The house was of that square kind which seemed to have been selected as the model of parsonage architecture at that time. There was a porch in the middle, and a square small sitting-room on either side. The style could have been invented only with the malig-

nant intent, that the man who was doomed to meet everything that was mean and repulsive in his visits and daily ministrations, should not have the power of refreshing himself by the presence of beauty in his own home. We enter one of these square parlours; it is perhaps sparsely furnished, but the furniture had been costly, though dingy now rather from neglect than use. There was here also a general look of neglect, a general want of neatness and order. Books lay about in every direction on the table, on chairs, on the hair sofa, and lay against one another in a *degagée* manner on the shelves. There is one only ornament—a picture over the chimney-piece of a female face, almost angelic in its beauty.

In a large leathern chair by the fire sits Arthur Verstarne, vicar. He may be middle-aged, but there is a worn look, which perhaps makes him older. The chest is narrowed

and the shoulders stoop—the delicate finely-cut features are wan and shrunken—the eyes and cheeks sunk—the forehead, high and narrow, is clear and smooth, though very bare now, and the few silky locks which fall over it are fast turning grey. There is a shadow lying on the face and on the whole man—the shadow of a sorrow; and there is an expression which speaks of a man who is enduring an affliction which he knows to be a chastisement, and recognises in his trial the hand of God.

On the hearth stand two other persons—the one near him is the very opposite of himself. It is Guy Penrice, Yeoman. He is very fond of that title Yeoman—as proud of it as any earl-marshal would be of his, and as particular in writing it after his name as any offshoot of nobility could be in prefixing Hon. to his. It would have figured largely on his visiting-cards, if he had descended to such things. It always appeared in large firm letters in public documents and signatures; was very patent in all the entries in parish registers; showed out in vivid paint on all his carts, waggons, and carriages; and was, in fact, written and posted wherever he could do it. It was his pride, too, to stamp "Yeoman" on his life, manners, habits, and dress. There were certain things which he believed incumbent on a yeoman, and he always acted in character. He insisted on very primeval hours for his meals, and would always take them in the kitchen or hall, at the same table with his servants and farm-labourers. For retirement he went to the hearth, where a large chair was always reserved for him. He had always an open house and a table spread, so that any wayfarer might get his horn of cider and crust of bread-and-cheese. Tramps and vagabonds wouldn't come for such small matters, he used to say, but some poor footsore fellow might be glad of a rest, and a bellyful to set him on.

He could rarely be induced to

enter the parlour or his dame's bowdayoire, as he called it, and had a strong objection to all exclusive parties. His idea of sociality was best represented in harvest-homes, and all the regular farm-feasts. He had a maxim, too, that a farmer should work with his men, and not come now and then to look on like a gentleman. Guy Penrice had a strong objection to learning, or rather to the classics, or Latten, as he called it, which he believed had been the ruin of many a good farmer; and was very dogged, too, in recognising improvements, or any of the experiments in model farming. He didn't take to newfangled ideas, not he; he liked to farm as his fathers had done, and he didn't see how Tregarrow could be made to yield more than it did. His ideas of dress were peculiar, and he plagued his dame so much on this subject, that, had they lived in these days of crinoline, his conduct would have constituted a charge of cruelty and tyranny before Cresswell Cresswell, Knight. It was his maxim generally that yeomen should keep distinct from the gentry, and shouldn't try to ape their fashions and ways. He carried this into exaggeration—so far, indeed, as to affect the patois or dialect of the peasant in his talk.

A stout, sturdy, large man was Guy Penrice. He stood five feet ten, by how much across 'twere hard to say. Bloated and corpulent he might have been, for good living and prosperity had told upon him, except that constant exercise and exposure had toned down what would have been redness to a bright healthy brown ruddiness, wholesome and pleasant to look at, and had hardened his bulk into a robustness and firmness quite free from the offence of obesity. As Guy Penrice was dressed now, so was he always dressed—morning and evening, Sunday and workday, a-field and at home, at church and at market, at fair or at festival. He may have relaxed from the rigour of his costume and descended to a deshabille in the privacy of his hearth,

but no one beyond the privileged circle ever knew that he yielded such a small point as his boots even to the amenities of life.

These invariable habiliments were a blue coat of the stoutest Saxony, very broad in the skirts, and very full everywhere; the buttons always metal, more or less bright according to the wear; a waistcoat of the same pattern; brown corduroy breeches, and brown-topped boots. There was always a lucid interval of shirt betwixt the waistcoat and breeches; whether this was to suit the convenience or taste of the wearer, or whether there was a sort of border feud between these garments which prevented their meeting on an amicable footing, was a secret of the toilet. The breeches and boots were on the same distant terms, and had a good neutral ground of calf and grey stocking.

Such was Guy Penrice, Yeoman, a man who farmed more acres, and represented more cubic inches, than any one of his class in the neighbourhood. His compeers looked upon him as a magnate, and the squirearchy as a good type of a good class. He was a character even in those times. He had many virtues and many prejudices, and they were so oddly mixed that the virtues ran into the prejudices, and the prejudices into the virtues; and when you lighted on one, you found yourself treading close on the other. The virtues, however, had the best of it, and a warm heart shed a halo even over the prejudices.

His manliness, independence, hospitality, and the extent of his farms, gained him the name of King of the Farmers—a title of which he was very proud; and he used to say triumphantly, "Better to be King of the Farmers than to come in at the tail-end of the squires."

He was a character then, he would be a curiosity now. Men would discuss him—speculate, perhaps lecture on him. His species just lived into the utilitarian period, and left a few skeletons to prove their existence, and then passed away.

The other visitor was the curate, Jones: tall, stout, and ruddy, he seemed a disciple of the muscular Christianity. He was, however, evidently raw and new—strange especially to the life and people amid whom he had been cast. As far as general sympathies and knowledge of characteristics went, with his Cockney breeding, he might as well have been sent on a mission to the Ashantees or Caffres. He was, however, going manfully and heartfully at his work, and was making way.

Guy Penrice was standing, having received preliminary warning from several chairs that they were not up to his weight—standing, as he always stood, as though he were standing up against a stiff wind, a wrong, a newfangled idea, or some antagonist of that kind. He had evidently been enforcing some proposition, and the vicar was answering now in a quiet, melancholy tone. As he spoke, the shade of his sorrow seemed to close and deepen over him.

"No, Penrice, no, my friend, it cannot be. 'Tis kindly meant, but I could not join your merrymaking. A man so stricken is not fit for the house of feasting. I am better alone with myself and my sorrow. This, too, is the day when my affliction fell on me, when she left my hearth—she, the daughter of my love and my life-long care—and I always keep it as a day of humiliation and prayer."

"Well, passon, I am sorry for it. The dame would be cruel glad to see you at our merrymaking—so would Lily, and everybody; and 'twould do ye good, I think. Merry hearts lighten a heavy one, they say, and I don't see no use myself in putting one's skeleton in a cupboard—it does good to air 'em sometimes. I've had my trouble, you know—that pordigal Tom going away and leaving me in my old age, just as he was getting such a capital farmer. It broke my heart almost!"—(judging from the yeoman's appearance, heart-breaking did not seem a very wasting disease)—"but it eases me to talk it over sometimes."

"Yes, Penrice, men are differently constituted; it may do you good, and doubtless does, to publish your wrong, and discuss it, and gather sympathies on it, but such things would kill me. God knows that I do not hide my skeleton, but I cannot parade it before men. I place it fairly before me on the hearth, and face it manfully, though humbly. Ever and anon I look up to the angelic face above, and think what light and joy she once cast on this hearth, and then feel that I ought, hard as it is, to bear submissively the darkness which has now been cast upon it. Besides, our cases are different. Yours is a trial, but it bears no disgrace. Your home is left desolate—mine is both desolate and disgraced."

"Well, I don't know about disgrace," mumbled the yeoman, evidently half-ashamed of his doubt. "Who knows what that pordigal may be doing in they furrin parts, or what ill ways he may be led to?"

"That's forecasting evil. I don't think your apprehensions are just, and I trust the days may be few ere I see your hand joined in your son's in happy reconciliation. I cannot be with you to-night. I must keep solemn tryst here—my soul with my God. But perhaps," said he, after a pause, "Jones would like to join your merry-making; it would be a good opportunity for him to see something

of the people among whom he at present labours."

"Well, Mr. Jones shall be welcome," replied the yeoman. "We'll give un a hearty welcome; but you know my rule on wassail night—open house, open doors to high and low, rich and poor; we don't send out to the highways and by-ways, but all come who wish to come, and all for that night are alike."

"Our mission, my friend," said the vicar, "is to all—high or low, without distinction of class; and it will do Jones good to see such a gathering—it will give him an insight into the habits of his flock, and perhaps give him also a lesson or two how to appeal to their hearts and heads."

"Well, then, come along, Mr. Jones, and we'll show you what we call a jolly wassail."

The curate assented noway reluctant, and seemed rather eager in his acceptance of the invitation.

As they left the house the yeoman turned and said—

"No offence, passon—no offence at what I have said."

"Offence!—from you, too, at whose hands I have received so many benefits: no, no, my friend; God's blessing rest on you and on your hearth this night, and ever."

The vicar watched their retreating figures for a while, and then turned to keep his sad tryst by his own lone hearth.

CHAPTER III.

It was a common sorrow which had stricken Arthur Versturme—a very common sorrow—one of the commonest which befalls humanity. It was a sorrow which had scarred hearts and darkened hearths throughout all the generations of men. Yet this commonness took not from its terribleness. It is not catastrophes only which crush and deaden. Every great sorrow is a catastrophe to him on whom it falls.

When Arthur Versturme arose one Christmas morn and found

that the daughter of his love had flown and left his hearth desolate and dishonoured, it was as much a catastrophe as though a thunderbolt had struck, or a lightning flash scathed him—as though a flood had swept through his house, or an earthquake shaken it into ruins. Oh! he must bear up, and not give way so. Had not Lord Highmount and poor John Smith suffered the same? What was this to him? Was his heart to be healed because another was sorely smitten? Was

his hearth to be brighter because another's was dark and clouded? He could not accept such commonplace consolations, nor could he find relief in publishing his grief. He could not wear his sackcloth outside, nor could he sit at the corners of streets with ashes on his head. So the sorrow ate into his life—made his bread bitter, took the savour from his salt, and shaded even the pages of nature and mind which he had so loved to read. He knew this sorrow was a sin, and it was only when, standing the smitten before the smiter, he could say, "Lord, thy will be done," that his burden grew lighter and his soul less dark.

Four-and-twenty years before Arthur Verstarme had come to St. Maddoc's as the new vicar, bringing with him a young wife, very lovely, very graceful, but so delicate and fragile that she seemed quite out of place in the rough home and strange world in which her lot was cast. It was, indeed, a strange new world to both—new in the ideas, habits, and feelings which belonged to its life. He had spent much of his time at college, and then travelled as tutor to a young nobleman—had returned with him, and had met, during his visits at the family mansion, a young lady, whose beauty and gentleness had at once won his heart, and, without much thought or consideration for the future, had married her. She was a relation—a poor relation, indeed—of the noble family, but still had been brought up in all the luxury and refinement of a lordly home, and knew of poverty only as an abstract thing which she must some day encounter. The vicarage of St. Maddoc's was her dowry. Hither they had come these two, to live and labour among people and things so ungenial, so different from all their former experiences and associations. It was hard uphill work at first, but they had much faith in the future, much love for one another. It was perhaps the most difficult position in which they could have been placed.

The parishioners consisted almost entirely of yeomen and sturdy well-to-do farmers, who are always a class jealous of condescending, and fearful of appearing to court notice from those who may claim to be above them, and will keep aloof from a feeling of sturdy independence, which has, however, often the appearance of churlishness or discourtesy. There were few rich in his congregation, and very few poor. With the rich he might have been at home—with the poor he might have used conciliation; but conciliation with these yeomen would have been resented as condescension, and any attempt at sociability have been suspected as contraband patronage. After a time, however, passages of mutual kindness and sympathy brought the pastor and his flock more together. Sick-beds, death-beds, suffering, pastoral ministrations, made them feel more akin. The devotion of the vicar, too, in attending on the sick poor during a severe typhus, won him the championship of Guy Penrice, and where he led, others were sure to follow. The yeoman class are very much given to extremes; and they were as warm now in their friendship, and as earnest in their kind offices, as they had before been cold and distant. The vicar and his family were flooded now with hospitalities of every kind. Milk and cream came in such quantities that he might have set up as retail dairyman; and there were ever chickens, home-made cakes, honey, and fruit, and flowers coming from the different farms for the delicate lady. Arthur Verstarme would have been happy enough: he was getting well harnessed to his work; the magnates of the congregation gave him cordial help; the people were beginning to understand him, or rather he was beginning to understand the people better; his home, too, wore an aspect of beauty under the auspices of the young wife and her society; the fireside talks and readings, the summer rambles with her, gave the all of recreation or re-

finement which he cared for. She, too, was happy—content, very content; never complained, and perhaps never felt sensible of complaint; yet it was evident that, like a transplanted exotic, she was unconsciously feeling the external influences, and pining for native air and native life.

She did not knowingly crave for the elegancies and refinements of a former time, but her nature missed them: they had become accessories of being to her. And so, day after day, the strange life and the harsh cold climate began to shed a change over her—very slow it was, but to the practised eye it was also very sure; and then, a child, a daughter, was born unto them, and she would fain have lived on in that young life; but it was too late. The silver cord was too much loosed; the spring of life was broken. For some months she lingered, but each day was a stage towards the end. She was

“Wearing awa’ like a snaw-wreath in the thaw.”

melting away gently and softly; and one morn—a summer morn—her spirit glided away without a sign, without a sigh. When the sun had risen, Arthur Versturme had lost a wife, and the angels had gained a sister. A stricken man was Arthur Versturme. Sympathy was poured upon him, but he refused to be comforted. Then old Guy Penrice said, “Leave un alone; leave un to hisself, and he’ll come round quicker, and the dame will take the cheild.” So they left him to himself, and the dame took the child under her kindly nurture. When she thought that the fit time for his mourning was over, she brought his daughter, and, placing her on the hearth before him, bade him rise up and see that there were other duties before him. And he did rise up, washed, ate bread, was comforted, and entered again on the path of life, a sadder perhaps, but not an unhappy man.

The child was now all in all to

him, and he devoted himself to her care and training. Of course he made many mistakes, as all theorists and book-men do when they undertake the culture of real flesh and blood, mind and passions; yet still the young nature grew sweetly beside his own. As years went on, and he began to enter on the teaching, Dame Penrice often, when she saw the child grow thin or pale, knew that learning was going too far, would rush in, seize the young Emily, and carry her off to the farm, there to undergo the discipline of new milk, brown bread, early hours, no lessons, and romps in the hay-field. He was the teacher, the trainer, but was glad and eager to accept the aid offered by the squire’s governess in the accomplishments and lighter branches. Thus, in this triune pupillage, young Emily grew up healthy, cheerful, and intelligent, inheriting much of her mother’s beauty, though hers was less delicate, less spiritual—not inheriting the mother’s softness, for there were often symptoms of waywardness and a strong will, which would cast a shade over the father’s face. She was an only child, however, and it was natural to expect this; but it would grow out of her as the nature developed itself. So he comforted himself.

Just as she had entered on her maidenhood, and was standing

“Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet.”

the idea seems to fix itself upon him that this child was utterly unprovided for, and that, should he be stricken of God—he carried off by one of those virulent fevers amid which he was constantly moving—she would be left poor and friendless to battle with the world. This idea grew within him until it became a trouble. Ever was he debating with himself how this provision might be made. Had he not gifts—large gifts—God-bestowed gifts? and might they not now be turned to account? Surely it was a sin not to use them! First

his thoughts turned to literature; but a short trial soon proved to him that his talents and studies had not fitted him for popular literature, and none other he knew would be remunerative. A treatise on the Greek drama, or the root of a Greek verb, would not win a dower for the child of his love. Then he bethought him of the initiatory work of his life, tutorship. Plenty of leisure, plenty of room were his, and here too he would be at home, working with congenial elements; and his spirit lighted up at the thought of once more entering on the fields of the classics. His purpose, once made known, met with eager encouragement; his well-known scholarship and character made the opportunity too desirable to be overlooked. He had soon pupils enough. Even old yeoman Penrice was induced to send his boy, "jist," as he said, "to give the passon a lift, tho' he misdoubted that Latten, and knowed no good would ever come of it."

These were happy times now with Arthur Versturme. His vocation was congenial; he felt, too, that his talent was not buried in a napkin, but brought forth to make other talents. The child of his love, too, was by his side sharing his studies. The days were fair then—fair indeed; for now that the old tastes were resumed, he could not resist the temptation of bringing the young mind on with his, initiating it into the beauties which had once been the charm of his life; and it was seen how his eye brightened, and what an unction there was in his tone, as he read the favourite passages to her. She too entered into the readings with zest, though it was doubtful whether they were good or not, as they brought her so much into contact with the boy-clases, and that gave a masculine and independent tone to her character, which perhaps had much to do with the future.

The chief among the scholars—chief in years as well as in prominence—was young Harry Rankin. He

was an orphan, and had just succeeded as heir to an old uncle. His family stood in that debatable ground when it rests with the man himself whether he will rise up higher or descend to the lower place. This lad was the sort of fellow who is always popular. His popularity was what the philosophers would call nowadays muscular popularity. His character had that manly strong cast, overlaid with bright, brilliant colouring, which always attracts those who care not to seek the effects of tints and shades. His beauty was of the same manly tone—bright eyes, bright colour, rich bright hair, a strong but musical voice, a figure large and muscular, yet elastic, all made up a beauty which is sure to please the eye of man and woman. He had, too, a certain frankness of manner and an apparently reckless generosity; and when are these things not popular? Selfishness will often find this frankness and this generosity a good investment, and use them accordingly. Whether real or feigned, they were certainly with him a good investment, and brought in fine returns in popularity and influence. He had a certain courage too, though it was more the courage which springs from the assurance of strength and power, than that high-bred, high-souled courage which is a nature, and depends not on muscularity. His abilities, too, were fair, and his taste was vivid and warm, though perhaps not over-refined. He had, above all things, the faculty of making the most of his gifts, and poor old Tom Penrice, with all his pluck and strength, never came in anything more than a bad second. Such as he was, he exercised a wondrous fascination on all around him. Two only seemed proof against it. The vicar and the yeoman. The vicar, spite of himself, felt repelled from him, and shrank from his attraction as from the rattle of a snake.

The yeoman was more open and pronounced in his impressions. "He's faalse, that youngster, de-

pend on it—he's false, and there is nothing foreright about un."

Over none was this fascination greater than over Emily. She did not conceal her partiality, but would always refer to him in her studies, keep by him in their walks and rambles, sing with him at night, and sit beside him in the evenings when the vicar read to them, from the English classics, extracts which his fine taste had selected. The father saw this growing feeling—saw it with a vague apprehension of evil, and yet knew not how to check it. Thus the years passed on, and the boys were advancing into manhood. The guardians of young Rankin now recommended that he should travel, go forth and see the world before entering on his inheritance. So farewells were to be said. No word was spoken—no engagement made—no troth plighted; and yet Harry and Emily parted with the silent understanding of lovers. The separation was a relief to the vicar, though he saw with regret that the influence of the lover seemed not to wane with absence.

The time for his return came; he was of age; was to take possession; and the event was to be celebrated with great eclat. Many thought him improved, others declared that he had been only vulgarised and made more knowing by his contact with the world. Emily would see nought but increased attraction in her lover. The intimacy between them was renewed with all or perhaps more of the old warmth, and at last the vicar, wrought upon by their importunity and by his tenderness for his child, reluctantly consented to their betrothal. So things stood. Young Harry now started forth into life with a great dash, playing the part of the young heir, though perhaps not going beyond what might be allowed to young blood and strong healthful impulses. After a while, however, it was seen that the gentlemen and the better class of his associates began to keep aloof, repelled by his braggart manner and ostentatious style of life. Still he was a

popular man, kept a liberal establishment, set up tandem and hounds, and startled the neighbourhood by his daring driving, feats of horsemanship, and profuse hospitality. Then rumours floated about the midnight riot and excess at Lawton House. The vicar remonstrated; his remonstrance was met with respect—deference. A change was promised, and a change was made. There was more decorum at Lawton, and no more stories of riots were heard. To be sure Rankin was often absent for days together, and it was whispered that he then carried on his orgies in a distant town. This, however, was surmise, and the vicar was too guileless to suspect such things. The year of probation which he had insisted upon was drawing to its close, and his heart grew sorrowful as he saw months melting into weeks. The day was now very near, when one afternoon Arthur Verstorme was summoned to attend a young girl in the village who was dying, and there by that death-bed the name of Harry Rankin fell on his ear with such a revelation of falsehood, treachery, and betrayal, as curdled his blood, and made his soul shrink within him. As he left that death-scene, his anger was still hot, though softened by thanksgiving at his own escape.

"And this man was to have been my daughter's husband! thank God for the deliverance—thank God," he uttered again and again, as he wended his way homewards. He had reached his gate, and there, standing by the open window, with his arm around his daughter's waist and his hand playing with her curls, was he, the liar, the traitor, the seducer. His wrath was again kindled at the sight. He stepped forth, and there and then denounced him with a vehemence and an indignation which cowed even Emily. Her lover cowered beneath his words, and slunk, without protest or vindication, over the threshold which he had been forbidden again to cross.

When the first agitation was over

the vicar sought by every means, by reasoning and by tenderness, to soften the blow to Emily. She seemed to bear it with a passive and rather sullen resignation. She neither accepted nor rejected the consolations offered. Months even had passed, and no symptoms of communication betwixt them were seen; so the vicar thought fondly that in time all would be well. A fearful contraction met him on the Christmas morn.

He came down expecting to receive his Christmas greeting, and give his Christmas blessing. There was no greeting for him, and in-

stead of blessing was a curse. He came down to find his hearth desolate, and darkened by the spot of shame.

The child of his love had left her home, and fled without word or line—none knew whither—all, however, guessed with whom. Rankin disappeared at the same time, and it was known that for some time he had been realising his property and preparing for flight.

This was Arthur Versturme's sorrow—it was a common sorrow. It was an old story, yet terribly new to those who had to act the old parts in it.

CHAPTER IV.

"And that was how Tom and I comed to quarl," said old yeoman Penrice, who had been telling the story in his own circumlocutory way to his companion, and had now brought down the narrative to his own wrongs.

"Your son did not assist in the abduction, surely?" said the curate.

"No, no," replied the yeoman, vehemently; "he was too honest for that, was Tom. If he had done such a thing, I wud have disinherited un then and there, if there hadn't been another creature of the name of Penrice on the face of the arth. He was too honourable for that, was Tom. No, 'twas all along of that 'ere Harry Rankin. That fellow had such power over un that he could wheedle un into anything, and slock un anywhere; and they was allays a-coosing about the country, hunting and shooting and badger-baiting, and all kinds of sport and frolic. Tom, to be sure, didn't join in any of the racketing, and rioting, and chorowsing. He hadn't no turn for that. But he was a-getting uncommon onsettled and on-tedy; and there was many an ill-word spoke betwixt us then. In cose things got worse. He said I was allays a-nagging at un, and I said he was allays a-aggravating me by his doings. I was very on-

happy, and so was Tom. But he was cruel, wilfil, and wouldn't gie up that Rankin, and I was so angered by the goings-on that I couldn't bear the sight ov un, and wouldn't allow un a-nist my doors. So hot blood got ill blood, and Tom and me never meet but to quarl. And then come that elopement and throwed all the fat in th' fire. I couldn't help a-taunting un wi' his friend, and he was ashamed to upheuld un any longer, and so used to get cruel vexed with hisself, and almost wild wi' me.

"At last he comed up to me one day, in his manly, foreright way, and says, 'Father,' says he, 'we're going on in a very bad way, and no good 'ill come of it. I shall be drove to do something desperate, or take to bad courses, and then we shall repent it all our lives. So I've been thinking, fayther, that we had better part for a bit. I'm of age, and can take up that money old graufaar left me, and go out to see something of the world, and when I come back, things will have been forgotten, and we shall go on as hearty as we used to. So, give me your blessing, fayther, and I'll go.' 'No,' says I, for I was awful cussed in heart that day, 'I won't give no blessing to any pordigal who goeth from his fayther's house to spend

his substance in riotous living.' 'There will be no rioting,' says he; 'so shake hands then, and let us part friends.' So we shook hands and parted; but I didn't think he was meaning it really. However, he wasn't at breakfast next morning, but I wus too proud to ask for un; and he didn't come to dinner, and I saw the dame's eyes wus red, and then I knowed he was gone. Many a night have I wished that I had gived un the blessing."

"And have you not heard from him since?" said the curate.

"Oh, yes, we heard from un, or ov un. He went to 'Stralia,—they all goes there; and had took to sheep-farming, and was doing brave, and had a very fine prospect. But who knows in that outlandish place what may come? He may go the bad any day, or catch the fever, or be murdered by them blackamoor fellows, and I shall be left in my old age without chick or child."

"Not childless, surely," said the curate; "I saw a young lady in your pew who I thought was your daughter."

"No, no," said the yeoman, with a chuckle, "that wus Lily, as we call her. She don't belong to our breed, and don't favour our people a bit, do she?"

The curate thought, as he called up the memory of the sweet delicate face which had made him read the wrong lesson and stammer in his text, and then looked down on the hard, rough countenance of the old yeoman, that kinship would scarcely be established by a family likeness.

"No, she was a com-by-chance—a godsend, my dame says. I call her my legacy—a pretty legacy, wosn't it?"

The curate thought that one might have worse bequests made him.

"'Tis a curious story how we com by her; my dame says that I tell it to everybody."

The curate suggested that there was no reason why he should be an exception.

"It wos the romance of my life,"

continued the yeoman. "The pesson used to say that every life had a bit of romance some time or other—his was a dark bit, poor dear!"

"Yours," remarked the curate, "seems to have brought happier consequences."

"Yes, mine have done me good—have made life more pleasant and more lightsoine like. The legacy have sartainly give a sort of colour and a movement to it. But for her, I should have gone on in the regular faarmer way, sowing and reaping, and garnering, toiling, and eating, and sleeping; but she have took us out of that, and made us shake hands with the world outside the church town. 'Tis a good long story too, and I al'ays like to begin at the beginning, and go right through; but 'tis a brave step to the faarm yet—so 'tis my romance."

"About the time I was married, and fust comed into the faarm, there was a young fellow called George Carthew, who used to come and go at the Hall. He was a neph' or ward of the squire's, as fine-hearted and merry a lad as ever I seed—with sich a spirit, too, as gay as a lark. I was a smartish chap then, and on-common fond of sporting, though I was never such a good sportsman as that pordigal Tom. Well, George used to come over to the faarm for the pathridge-shooting, and took wonderful to me; and if the squire's family wos away, he wud come and spend his holidays with me; and how he did enjoy hisself, and how he wud work at har'est, and how he wud sing and dance with the maidens at har'est-home! We wos cruel fond ov un, the dame especially, and he was al'ays oncommon welcome at Tregarrow. After a year or two he went to larn to be a lawyer or counsellor at a place they call the Temple, but used still com now and then to get a breath of the country, and blow the smell of the Thames out ov his nostrils, as he said."

"One day, when 'twos wet, I took it into my head to look over my deeds and papers, and thoft that

there was something wrong about one ov 'em. This made me very on-easy, and I eudn't get it off my mind; so I says to the dame that I shud go to a lawyer. 'Well,' the dame says—says she, 'if you go to the lawyers, 'twill cost a purty passal of money, and there'll be no satisfaction' after all; why don't ye write to Master George about it?'—and so I did, and he writes back, 'Come up to me, old boy, and bring your papers.' So, after some thought, up I goes, for 'twas a brave step to Lunnun, and I felt uncommon tired and strange-like when I got there. But I sets off at once for the Temple, and there I found un in his chambers, as he called it, awaiting breakfast for me. He was hearty as ever, and there was two or three friends with un, as free and hearty as hisself; for they comed up at once, and shook hands, and called me old fellow. Arter breakfast, George says, 'Now, then, old Guy, for business, and I must take you and your papers to our great conveyancing-man.' So off we went, and I was 'specting to be showed into some fine place sure, and was quite throwed back to find us in a little dark dingy room, so close and stuffling that I could hardly breathe. There was a dingy, shabby old gentleman, too, sitting in a shabby chair, with a heap of papers afore un on the table. 'This, sir,' said George, a-going up to un, 'is my friend that I spoke about, with the title-deeds.' 'Ah,' says he, putting the glass to his eye, 'a character, eh! *Ganus rustyus*!' I never knowed what he meant, for I was never supposed to be a *ganus* in any way. However, as he looked up I saw that 'twas Sergeant Thunderston, the great counsellor at our 'sises. 'How be, sir?' says I; 'you don't know me, but I was foreman of the jury in the great Trevean mine case. Lor', how you did a turn and twist us which way you liked then! I was never easy in my conscience quite about that verdict since.' 'Ah,' says he, smiling in a gashly sort of way, 'as I made a hole in your conscience then, I must

try and mend all the holes in your deeds now in return.' So then he nodded to us, and out we goes, George telling me that I made a capital hit about the verdict.

"Well, I stayed three or four days with un, and we saw all the lions, and had a very jolly time; but I thoft I must be going back to the old dame and the faarm; so George gives me the deeds, and says, 'There, old boy, 'twould be as hard to find a speck of dust in the missus's milk-pans as a flaw in these.' So I says, 'George, if ever you wants a friend, you knows where to find un; one good turn deserves another.' 'Yes,' says he, 'I may want one, God knows, bad enough some day, and I'll claim your promise, old Guy.' So we parted.

"'Twas a bravish long time afore we saw un again; when, one afternoon, as the missus was a-knitting, and I a-smoking my after-dinner pipe, in he walks, a-leading by the hand what I thoft was a chield at first, until he says, 'Here, old Guy, I've brought my little wife to see you;' and she was little, sure. Sach a tiny thing, but with such a sweet purty face, with long fair curls falling over it. She was shy at first, but soon got at home with the missus, and smiled and larfed so purty like, 'twas quite a treat to look upon her. 'Now,' says George, 'if you can give this giantess of mine house-room, I will leave her with you. I brought the little woman to the Hall to get a few roses in her pale cheek from the country air, but the squire and all his belongings are off for the Continent to-morrow; so I came to see if you could take the little mumper in.' In coose we was agreeable enough, and so she stayed wi' us. I thoft at first that she wud be too delicate for our coose living and rough ways, but in a little bit she got used to 'em, and was then as happy and merry as a bird. The dame fitted up a little chamber in the turret for her. We used to call it the Owlety, 'cause two old white owls had took up their quarters in the thatch above;

but they had multiplied so, that I was obligated to make 'em immigrate to the barn. Well, this chamber was made all white and tidy and purty, and she was put there. Arterwards we al'ays called it the Dove's Nest. The dame, too, tho't our fare was too coose for her, and wanted to coodle her with her kick-shaws, and pomps, and vanities, as I call 'em. But she took to the brown bread and the milk quite hearty, and the roast beef, and sometimes even a bit of straikey bacon and greens. But milk was her particular fancy. Lor'-a-massy, how she wud drink the milk and cream! She al'ays had her mouth in the milk-pan a'most, and I used to say she was like the caalves, and had al'ays a white spot of milk on her nose. So she growed quite blooming and hearty, and so frolicsome. She was al'ays coosing about the house or garden. The dame said she would com shooting in like the sunshine, dance around one, and then shoot out again. You could hear her, too, all over the place, singing like a bird, and larfing; Lor'-a-massy, what a larf it was!—the purtiest moosic I ever heard."

The curate muttered beneath his breath—

"Through the very heart it thrilleth,
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth."

"Just so," said old Penrice, "that was just the very way it was with us. So we felt cruel grieved when George comed to take her away; and when she was gone, the place seemed duller and darker, and I said to the dame that I tho't the autumn weather had shut in very early."

"We never saw them again. Soon arter Georgey got a fine place in Ingy, and took the little woman out with un. We had one letter from 'em there, but 'twere wrote so close, and so cut and smoked, that we cudn't make much ov it. There was a box too comed from Lunnun, with a drinking-cup made out of buffalo's horn for me, and some oheny and knick-knacks for the

dame, and bow and arrows for Tom. And now com my bit of romance. One market-day the Boots comes up and says that a gentleman wants to speak to me in the inn. So up I goes; and there wos a stiff, prim man in rusty black, and there was a little maid a-lying half asleep on the sofy. 'Mr. Penrice, I believe,' says he. 'Yeoman Penrice,' says I, 'at your service.' 'The same, I suppose,' he saith. 'I have to deliver to you a charge and a letter from your late friend George Carthew.' 'My late friend; why, sure, George ben't dead?' The grim man nodded. 'And his little wife?' 'Dead too,' he says. I never had such a turn in my life; my heart went quite cold, and my limbs went all of a tremble. I was never good at crying, but I ould have cried right out like a woman then, except for the grim man. 'Perhaps, Mr. Penrice,' says he, 'you had better read this letter.' 'Twas from George, very short, but I knows it by heart. It went thus—

"DEAR OLD GUY,—I am dying, and the dear little woman is gone before me. We leave one little orphan girl, without a friend in the world. Will you give her a shelter and bread? I know old Guy will do this for the sake of old times, and this quiets my last hours. God bless you, dear old boy.—Yours,
'GEORGE CARTEHW.'

And then there was a P.S.—'I send with the child the only thing I have of any value.'

"Is this the little maid then?" says I, going up to her, and taking her on my lap; 'and will she com and live with the old faarmer?' She put her little arms round my neck, and looked up, just like her mother. 'Do you accept the trust then?' says the grim man. 'In coose I do,' says I. 'Where should George's orfing find a home 'cept under my roof-tree?' 'And you agree to keep her until claimed by her friends?' 'Yes,' says I; 'and I hope 'twill be long enough afore

that time com.' 'It is my duty, then, to give you this also,' he says, giving me a box, with something in it, tho' I didn't take much note of it, 'and p'rhaps you will sign this paper.' I thoft it oncommon queer to sign for the little maid, as tho' she'd been a head of cattle or a pack of wool, but I did—and I was oncommon glad when the grim man refused to go back to Tregarrow. So when the little maid had took somewhat to eat, I orders a po-shay, puts in her little chist, and away we drove. Lor'-a-massy, how the people did stare to see me in a po-shay! They thoft I was canvassing the county; and the dame, too, she rins out in a flurry as we drove up to the door, and looked quite startled and 'mazed like, when I said, 'Here, dame—here's a foundling and ording for to nus.' But when she knowed the rights, she took the little maid in her arms, and hugged and kissed her. So she was put at once into the Dove's Nest, and from that time we took her to our home, and she was to us as a daughter. And that's how I com by my legacy."

"It must have been a great charge," remarked the curate, "to bring up a young lady like that?"

"Oh, no! my dame can rear anything, from a kitten or a calf to a child. She brings up everything hearty and keenly. Everything thrives under the dame."

"But you must have found some difficulty about education in this remote part of the world?"

"Education! oh, there be some things which edicate themselves, and she was one. Lily was al'ays out in the fields and the woods, and in the sunshine among the flowers, and with the birds, and the beasts, and the bees; and I'm sure that she larnt more thus than from all the old books, especially the old Latten. Then the missus was a bewtiful needlewoman, and taught her to hem and sew, to spin, and to make cream and cheeses, and seed-cakes, to cure hams and pickle onions, and presarve plums, and suchlike."

The yeoman poured forth this

programme of instruction, *ore rotundo*, as though he felt rather proud of it. The curate, however, heaved a sigh, which might have done duty as a groan, at hearing this *role* of accomplishments for a young lady.

"Then," continued he, "the por-digal taught her to be a beautiful hesswoman, and bought a filly for her. Lor'-a-massy! how I stared when I looked in my banker's book and saw the price of that filly. 'Twould have bought I don't know how many steers."

"But, p'rhaps," hinted the curate, "the young lady's friends, if they reclaimed her, might expect to find her versed in the more modern accomplishments."

"Then they should have looked out for that theirselves; but I don't think they would have much right to complain even about all that fal-lal larning, for Lily used to go with Miss Emily to the squire's governess for all that, only I forbid the Latten. No, thank God, I wudn't hear of that. There was a lady too come to the Hall, a sister of the squire's, and she brought her little daughter with her: the little maid was in a very bad way—a-dying of consumption—and they did everything to indulge her. So she took a fancy to Lily, and wud have her there for hours, sometimes days with her; and the mother, for a return like, taught her parley-vous-ing and 'talianosing, not with my knowledge, tho' no bad have com ov it, nor no good either that I knows ov."

"Oh," said the curate, "it must be a great advantage to have acquired the languages under such circumstances."

"Well, I don't know about advantages; she can never find anybody to speak 'em here. To be sure, she had once a chance with her Italiane; a poor little 'Talian boy com to the faarm one day all footsore and worn out wi' hunger and travel. Lily went up and spoke to'm, and at the sound of his own tongue his eye brightened, and he jumped up for joy. It seemed

to hearten 'm more than the beef and beer. He stayed three days to talk with Lily, and then the tramp fit took 'm again.

"However, the lady too was a beautiful moosician, and she taught Lily to sing and play oncommon fine. Then the little maid died away one spring, and she had ordered all her things—her boxes, her paint-tools, her guitar, and her grand piany—to be sent to Lily. Lor'-a-massy! When that grand piany com, what a quandary it put me in? I ouden't put un in the hall, for that wudn't be fitty, and 'twos too big for the dame's bowd-yoire, so we wos obligated to clear out the great parlor and put it to rights, and the women used to stlock me in ov nights to hear Lily sing.

"So you see my legacy han't been neglected or brought up quite like a faarner's wench, and she've paid us back, she've paid us back, she have. 'Twos jest the mother over again, dancing and singing about the house. She wud put a new spirit into our life, and give us a new nature, like, at times. Then she brought some books from the Hall about old English characters, and the verses of a fine old passon, and some old ballads, which she wud read by the hour in the nights, and draw me away from thinking too much of the crops and the cattle and the price of wool. I don't know what wud have com of me but for Lily, 'specially arter the pordigal went away; I shud have took to saving, or to drinking, or growed melancholy, perhaps.

"It used to be so oozy thus after work-hours, and then her singing of the evening hymn is the finest prayer I ever heard, and sends one to bed so calm and comfortable like.

"Yes, she've been a very blessed legacy to me."

"But you said something," remarked the curate, pausing some time after the yeoman's narrative, "about a box which came with the legacy."

"Oh, yes, 'twas the queerest

thing you ever seed, a bone cup with tinsel trade all round the rim."

"'Twas curious that such a thing should be sent so far—it must be more valuable than you think. I have been bred in citles, and among merchants, and have seen and heard somewhat of gems and precious stones. I should like to see this cup."

"Shalt see un—shalt see un anon. Here we be now at the barton."

As he spoke they came in front of a large gate which stood wide open, seemingly inviting all comers, and rendering rather superfluous the offices of the great bell which swung over it. There little needs a summons where the doors are open, and the boards plenteous. Opposite stood the house. The space between was a quadrangle—a large paved court with a circle of green in the centre, and diamond-shaped plcts of grass at the corners. On one side rose a high wall, along which was raised a garden-terrace, planted with the old-fashioned sweet flowers—sweet-williams and gilliflower—and beds of old sweet herbs, marjoram, thyme—all for the especial delectation of the bees. These were their summer delights. Poor bees! Christmas seemed anything but a jovial time for them. Their homes looked very forlorn and dreary with the snow weighing down their thatch, and the icicles hanging from their eaves, chilling all ideas of pleasant hummings, and the sweetness of honey and the honeycomb.

"They'm profitless things, rather, the bees," said the yeoman, "but I like to hear and see 'em in the summer-time, and I love too the old-fashioned flowers and the yarbs, which they loves. The dame, too, likes her jars of honey and her bits of comb, and a glass of methegelin."

On the other side of the quadrangle was a broad walk, bordered by a low hedge of privet and thorn, which seemed intended rather as a boundary than a fence, and from it a succession of garden-slopes stretched down to the valley below.

At the end of this walk, near the entrance-gate, rose a grassy knoll, crowned by a clump of trees, which formed in themselves a natural arbour. An old yew-tree—a lusty old fellow, some centuries old, yet so vigorous and green and hale, that he seemed only yet in the prime of manhood—was the magnate of the group, and rather overlooked and overbore his *vis-à-vis*, a green bay-tree, which seemed, however, flourishing enough to offer an illustration of the most prosperous sinner; between, a tall poplar rose like a banner-staff. Beside the knoll a fine horse chestnut threw his branches far and wide, stretching them partly over the wall out into the world, and partly in kindly tender towards the neighbour clump. Below, on a plateau which seemed to have been formed as a pedestal for it, stood a glorious old pink hawthorn. The snow-flakes lay on it now like icy buds, and ever and anon a gust of wind would scatter them in a sleety storm, a cruel mockery of the shower of sweet buds with which the sweet south would sprinkle the grass in the beauteous summer-time.

In the midst of the clump a summer-house had been erected—not such an atrocity as these things generally are, but still a standing insult to the natural screen behind. This was a favourite spot with old Penrice; from hence he could command the prospect of his goodly domain of the open fields, stretching from a broad belt of upland down to the meadows, through which gurgled and rippled a tiny brook, struggling now with an invading border of ice—of the large pond into which it flowed, sheeted now with ice, though the glint of a starbeam here and there marked breaks and fissures in the cold surface—of the substantial home, with its cold outside and its reeking chimneys—of the great masses of outbuildings, barns, and stacks, which, with their white tops and their irregular shapes, and in the shadowyness of distance, looked like a field of icebergs—of the broad

lands stretching far and far beyond, shaded here and there by darker spots where the copses and plantations lay.

Old Penrice insensibly led his guest to this point of view. The scene, even under its present dreary aspect, was a pleasant one to him.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the curate, as he looked down over the homestead, "I was not aware that there was a village hereabout."

"No more there ben't," answered yeoman Penrice.

"No! then what are all those houses?" asked he, pointing to the outbuildings.

"They—why, they're the town-place—the faarm-yard—the haggard, as you calls it up the country;" and the old fellow chuckled long and loud, half with humour, half with pride at the indirect compliment paid to the extent of his possessions.

"I had no idea," said the curate, "that it would have been so extensive."

"Why, you see," continued the yeoman, "Trigarrow is a bravish large faarm, and there be one or two small outlying ones; so, as we brings all the crops to one stead, it makes a very keenly show."

"Yes," murmured the curate; "it is a goodly heritage."

"Why, yes, so it be, thank God; and I sits here for hours sometimes in the summer, a looking at the crops as they are ripening for the harvest, and then to the last year's ones stacked all snug in the mowey; and I do rejoice in the abundance."

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." The curate delivered this text almost involuntarily, as though he were speaking aloud; but old Penrice started at it, as a man does when he thinks that he hears his conscience speak with the tongue of another man. The text was one which had evidently obtruded itself many a time; it was one which he had tussled with and evaded—which

he had protested against and set aside, and argued down time after time, without actually overcoming it.

"No, no," remonstrated the yeoman; "'tis not exactly like that—no, not so bad as that neither: I al'ays gives of my abundance. If I don't squander, I don't hoard; and nobody ever goeth from my doors a-hungred or a-thirst."

"Yes, very likely," replied the curate; "but there is, my friend—but there is a pride of giving as well as of saving, and both belong to the pride of prosperity."

"'Tis true enough. I daresay all you say is gospel; and I don't doubt that the trial of that pordigal was sent as a judgment for my fatness of heart: and God knows it have done much; for what pleasure can it be to look out on all these possessions, and feel perhaps that I may have no child to inherit it? But come along; let us go and see the dame."

"A good, solid, substantial old place, ben't it?" said Penrice, as they stood in front of the house.

'Twas in reality a substantial place. It had evidently, in former times, been part of a small manor-house, and had then become the residence for the barton. The front was of plain grey stone, and at each angle was a square turret. The windows were large and mullioned with stone mouldings. The top had been battlemented once, but the

heavy, thatched roof had either obscured or destroyed all trace of this. That thatch was certainly an incongruity: an attempt had been made to train ivy along the walls, but the stone was too cold and hard even for it to gain a holding, and it hung down in hungry-looking branches, beaten and dejected. On the side of one turret some roses and clematis had been trained, by means of a trellis-work, to cluster around the windows of the chamber. This was the Dove's Nest.

"'Tis a brave substantial old place," reiterated the yeoman.

"Yef," assented the curate; "it certainly is, and spite of its plainness, is somewhat picturesque too; but I must say that I think the thatch incongruous."

"I knowed you would say so; that's what they all say—the parson, the squire, Tom, and all; incongruous—incongruous. 'Twas al'ays the same cry with 'em. But the thatch was put there by my grandfa'r, and repaired by my fayther, and it shall stand there for all my day."

"Thou fool! how knowest thou what a day may bring forth!" was on the curate's tongue for utterance, but he would not venture on another text that night; and he saw, besides, that this prejudice of the thatch, from long assertion and contradiction, had grown to the strength of a principle.

A WORD FROM A NEW DICTIONARY—"FLUNKEYISM."

WHAT with rationalists who try to explain away our old beliefs, and materialists who sneer at them, and spiritualists who offer to supply us with the most startling new ones in their stead, and laughing cynics who excoriate our social system, and show us that "all is vanity" except shilling serials—the ordinary public of stupid easy-going people has rather a hard time of it in this nineteenth century. It is well known, however much to be lamented, that the world does not altogether consist of philosophers of any school. The popular eye sees a very little way into the millstone. There is a heavy majority which acts much in the same way as the disproportionate bread does to the ham in the railway sandwich; holding this thin layer of pungent genius cribbed and confined in its grasp, concealing much of it from public observation, and neutralising to a great extent the salt and the smoke-essence (if the comparison is uncomplimentary, it is the metaphor's fault, not mine) whose racy combination might otherwise be too strong for weak digestions. In the case of the aforementioned sandwich, the travelling public seems to be agreed that the proportion of bread—dry and tasteless though it be—is a merciful dispensation of the purveyor's providence; that the internal and more precious stratum, whose flavour and quality, though potent, is not always readily comprehensible, is none the worse for being modified by the simpler element which surrounds it. So also in the great human sandwich of which society is made up, it is probably quite as well that there should be an immense proportion of innocent and insipid material in the composition.

This predominating and common element is, of course, held rather cheap by the more piquant article with which it is associated. The

clever people who analyse everything from conscience down to cocoa, and find humiliating revelations in both, are very hard upon their duller brethren, who swallow a good many things as they come. They have a set of terms, half compassionate and half contemptuous, by which they designate the vast majority of the uninitiated; just as the Chinese (who do know a good many things) express their own superiority over Europeans by calling them "outer barbarians." "The British public," "the ordinary observer," "country gentlemen," "the majority of our readers"—all innocent-looking expressions enough, as they stand here—take to themselves, as used by certain speakers and writers, a peculiar non-parliamentary sense, which conveys a sort of quiet insult. It is remarkable how many very foolish things the "British public" is supposed to believe, and how many patent facts the "majority of our readers" is supposed not to know. And the unfortunate "ordinary observer," who has been brought up in the belief that black is black, is handled in the savagest manner by the scientific theorist who has made the discovery that black is white, and has vials of contempt poured out upon him as the most despicable of all created intelligences—excepting only the rival teacher who has made the counter-discovery that black is blue.

Happily, this lower order of beings—these "ordinary observers," "British public," or what you will—are a hardy and much-enduring race. Nature has been said by very high authority (probably Paley) to have provided for those animals who are the natural prey of cleverer and fiercer enemies a special organisation; they have immense vitality, strange powers of reproduction, and thick skins or thick heads as the case may require. When so many

boys are so very "fond of animals—that is, fond of throwing stones at them," like Tom Tulliver, and while field-sports continue the delight of English gentlemen, it is clear that unless cats had nine lives, and a fox rather enjoyed being hunted (for both which facts we are indebted to a scientific friend), those persecuted races must have died out under their miseries long ago. The slow coaches of nature beat the fast ones occasionally. The present deponent (an "ordinary observer") was once acquainted with a pet eagle who spent the greater part of his day in sitting on the back of a tortoise, his companion in confinement, and making vain attempts to eat him; but a tortoise (as may be known even to the "majority of readers"), if he have only the sense to keep his head inside his shell, takes a great deal of eating; and though said deponent cannot now trace the relative fate of the two parties in question, he thinks it most probable (remembering that the old Peterborough tortoise outlived seven bishops of that see, and must have seen with calm indifference the rise and fall of more than one system of theology) that the hard-shelled old gentleman just mentioned lived to see his enemy stuffed and shelved, after all. So you and I, my reader, may live yet to see a dozen vagaries of science exploded, and a good many clever and popular theories, with which people now torment and perplex us, safely shelved.

The hidden wisdom of the present generation seems to lie in undermining—in all questions, from the highest to the most trivial—established creeds and canons; teaching us that there is an esoteric view of human life which lies fully open only to the initiated, but of which they are willing to reveal to us such glimpses as we can bear; not enough to give us much definite idea of what *ought* to be, but enough to make us comfortably dissatisfied and suspicious about what *is*. We all laugh, in these days, at

that once fashionable romantic school of sentiment which saw gloom and hollowness in all things, love and friendship included; which was sick of the world at twenty-five, and could only relish its wine out of a skull. That was a false view of life, on the whole, we now admit; young England at present does not much affect sentimental misanthropy; it chews a short pipe instead of "the cud of bitter fancies," and drinks its beer out of a pewter like a bargee. It is easy enough to explode the affectations of a past generation. Modern cynicism, which affects also that discerning of spirits which sees through the hollowness of society, takes a different view of social life; it finds it not a thing to frown and stamp at, but rather to smile at with a sort of superior pity, or shrewd contempt.

It has invented a great number of highly philosophical terms, which form the vocabulary of this new science. There is one set especially which serve to express the relationship supposed to exist between the higher and lower grades of English society. Flunkeyism—plush—beadedom—lordolatry—Mumbo-jumbo—phantasms—these are a small selection out of many phrases which express, we are told, the characteristic elements of English social life in this nineteenth century.

The words are not pretty ones, whether you look at them as a philologist or as a civil-spoken English gentleman. It is the sort of language which, if suddenly applied to you in the street by a stranger, your instinctive natural delicacy would prompt you to answer with your fist; you would resent it as decidedly insulting, though not wholly intelligible—like the poor fishwoman when she was called "a paral-lelogram." The words are indeed very ugly words; but by dint of incessant loud repetition they have carried a certain weight with them. Poor human nature has had these unpleasant vocables thrown in her teeth so often, that she has in a

tacit way accepted them, or at least has seldom found courage to protest against such a voluble battery of abuse. It is like the case of the unfortunate gentleman, upon whom, when in perfect health, his friends practised the cruel jest of exclaiming, as they met him one by one in the street—"Good heavens, how ill you are looking!" and who went home, took to his bed, and died—in deference to his friends' opinion. No man or woman likes to be called a "flunkey," or a "beadle"—parochial or extra-parochial; but, like delicate reputations under a loud slander, they often submit in shrinking silence rather than moot the question. "Am I a flunkey? do I look, speak, act, think like a flunkey? why does this man and that man assume that I am a flunkey?" Such must be the sort of catechetical lecture which many an alarmed "ordinary reader" inflicts upon himself, fresh from the enjoyments (?) of the last paper of a clever essayist, or the last chapter of a satirical novel. For even professional flunkeys and valets, be it remembered, are not proud of the title; they prefer to call themselves, and to be called by others, somebody's "man"—or even somebody's "gentleman." No wonder that, as an amateur profession, we are all shy of confessing to it.

Let us examine a little this term "flunkeyism," so largely and recklessly used of late. It was from Mr. Carlyle's mint, or at least a child of his adoption. But the word and the idea have passed into other hands, and have been adopted by writers who address a larger circle; for Mr. Carlyle, however piquant, is hardly reading for the million. A very able and popular writer—who can do better things—gave to the world some time ago a series which he entitled the *Snob Papers*. Their apparent aim was to show up the universal tendency in English society to toady the great, to worship rank, and especially to "ignore Arts and Letters." These papers described scenes in various grades

of English society, which, if there was the faintest shadow of life-resemblance in them, only showed into what peculiar circles the author enjoyed an exclusive ticket of admission. They appeared originally in the papers of *Punch*; and would not be worth referring to at all, if they had not been republished, and thereby received, to a certain extent, an *imprimatur* from the author's maturer judgment. Some of them—the sketches of "political snobs"—were withdrawn; the writer shall give his own reason—"because they were so stupid,—so snobbish, in a word." It would have been wiser, and more worthy of his well-won position in the ranks of literature, if this self-sacrifice had been extended to the whole. But unfortunately there was a temptation to retain them; their key-note was one which the writers of this school think can never be sounded too wide or too loudly, and which is always sure to call down popular applause—of some sort.

"Rank and precedence, forsooth!—the table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward some great marshal, and organise Equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel-truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary great-man worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory."

Now such a piece of mooning as this might be all very well for *Punch*. Even that amusing periodical cannot always find the supply of wit or novelty equal to the weekly demand, and probably finds its interest, in a pecuniary point of view, in giving a "column for the pot-house" occasionally. There appeared, in one of its late numbers, a woodcut (apropos to nothing), representing a huge mushroom with a coronet on the top; round which several stout gentlemen

in white waistcoats (happy emblems of a British public) were bowing in adoration; intended, no doubt, to teach a certain class of readers, to whom pictures are more intelligible than small picn, the same great moral lesson. It is easy to imagine such a paragraph as the above covered with honourable scars from black and beery fingers, and quoted as a burst of genuine eloquence—"That's your sort for touching up the haristocracy!" But really, for an English gentleman to include it deliberately in a collected edition of his works, is a humiliating fact in the literary history of the day. "Gospel-truth," forsooth!—one shrinks from dealing with such questions here; but if one were to answer such declaimers in their own spirit, "according to their folly"—if one were not willing always to remember that the author of these papers has written in a Christian spirit elsewhere—one would be justified in asking whether they had ever really studied this "Gospel" which is so often in their mouths. Rank and Precedence, indeed, are not "Gospel" words, any more than Liberty and Equality and a Free Press; but the One Authority, to whom we all sometimes so rashly appeal, as surely recognises the "upper rooms" of society, and "honour amongst them that sit at meat,"—as decidedly admits what we call position as a legitimate object in social life, provided it be sought without obtrusiveness,—in short, sanctions all kinds and degrees of inequality in men's earthly relationships as distinctly as it proclaims their equality in the "larger and other eyes" of Heaven.

The peculiarity about this charge of flunkeyism is that it is launched indiscriminately at the heads of all her Majesty's subjects; and the presumption is that Majesty itself is only exempted by the hardship of its position; and it would be delighted to take a part in the general bowing and scraping, if it could find somebody to receive the homage; and that it is almost tempted

to make the voyage to China for the sake of the opportunity to perform the *kotoo*. "It is impossible," we are told, "for any Briton, perhaps, not to be a snob in some degree." The British public, it is true, takes all this in the quietest way possible; perhaps it believes it; perhaps it doesn't care about it; perhaps such is its snobbish nature that it "likes to be despised."

Still, it is worth while to ask, what is the meaning of it all? what are the grounds for this sweeping assertion, that "all English society is cursed by this superstition"—that we are all "sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the highest to the lowest?" A very unpleasant "gospel" this; not to be embraced hastily, though it be proclaimed ever so loudly in the marketplace. A man is not a flunkey because two or three clever gentlemen call him so. I suspect that under this term of reproach is comprehended a good deal of what used to be called respect for one's betters—recognition of the legitimate claims of rank and station; in short, to go back to an old-fashioned formula, still taught in some benighted districts as a rule of life to children,—*"behaving one's self lowly and reverently to all one's betters."* But the school of which I am speaking does not confess to any betters; and as to reverence, if there is to be any such feeling, it is rather the *worshers* of society who are to be revered; their companionship is to be cultivated, their natural weaknesses condoned, their prejudices respected. What is vice in May-Fair becomes a kind of unlicensed virtue in St. Giles.

There is an old chivalrous sentiment known to us and to our forefathers by the name of loyalty. It can hardly be denied that it has given birth to some of the most gallant deeds in history. It has been hitherto the pride and honest boast of every Englishman. But now, in some quarters, if confessed at all, it is under apologies and dis-

guises. We are continually invited to respect and admire the highest Lady in the land on grounds which are carefully limited to personal and private character; because she has set an admirable example as daughter, wife, and mother; because the moral atmosphere of her Court is pure; because she rises early, walks about, and goes to church like other excellent women; all which facts are happily true, and are national blessings, for which we may very well be thankful. But there seems to be a tacit implication, that if she were less than all this, the claim on the nation's respect would be reduced to an almost nominal term; "*quandiu se bene gesserit*," is the tenure by which modern loyalty limits its devotion. Surely there is a principle, besides and beyond this, upon which men are bound to "honour the Queen;" if to attach the allegiance to the personal character, and not to the office, be one of the precepts of this new "gospel," assuredly it is the very contradiction of the old.

Modern loyalty is content, however, for the present—always with these apologies and reservations—to recognise the Throne. A man is not to be included in the charge of Flunkeyism because he takes off his hat to the Queen. I am by no means so confident as to the Prince Consort. I feel it would require a certain amount of moral courage—which I trust would be forthcoming—for me to pay him that mark of ordinary civility in Hyde Park, if I felt that the awful eyes of *Punch* or "the Snob" were upon me. But as for allowing this modicum of respect to descend an inch lower in the social scale—as for feeling or showing any kind of deference to a man because he happens to be a Duke, or a Knight of the Garter, or a Prime Minister,—that sort of thing, we all now understand (if we don't, it is from no neglect on the part of our teachers) is "plush," "flunkeyism," and all those other pretty names we find in this new philosophical dictionary. It is

still allowable, I conclude, for a clergyman (at all events for a curate) to perform a mild *kotoo* to his bishop, and a middy may still be expected to touch his cap to the captain on the quarterdeck; but both these classes can only be considered as sucking Britons, not yet admitted to their full national privileges.

It is wonderful indeed that if such plain-speaking "gospel-truths" are truths at all, so many of us should still refuse to see the error of their ways. Human nature in England must be, as Mrs. Stowe's niggers say, "dreadful wicked." How otherwise could people still be found so lost to all sense of propriety as to go to Court at all, still less to desire stars and garters, and suchlike tinsel? It is astonishing that when her Majesty holds a Chapter of the most noble order of the Bath, or Thistle, or whatever it may be, that natural good-sense and propriety, which we are taught entitles that Royal Lady to our allegiance, does not lead her, instead of giving the *accolade* to the noble knight-expectant, to box his ears, and bid him begone for a goose. The "yeomen of the guard on duty" cannot be real English yeomen, or they would certainly drive York or Lancaster herald, whichever it might be, wearing his "collar and chain and badge" (as though he were the very genius of flunkeyism), out of the royal presence in disgust. How any duke, since the eyes of the public were thus at last opened, can get any one to dine with him—except another duke—and where those people who still persist in dining with dukes (when they are asked) expect to go to, are questions which lead us into the very depths of social depravity.

The only comfortable refuge from such preaching lies in blank infidelity; a distinct denial of the doctrine that Rank and Precedence are not good things—legitimate objects of ambition for ourselves, and of respect in the person of others; and of the assertion that a mean cringing to them is the characteristic of the mass of English society. One

need not wonder how this cry against artificial social distinctions survives from age to age, and borrows a freshness of tone every now and then when taken up by a clever performer. These externals of society always present an admirable field to the satirist; there is always an absurd point from which they may be viewed, which commands an amused and attentive audience (for there are few whom *some* social line does not exclude); and carries with it the semblance of an independent spirit which charms the self-love of both writer and reader. And, on the other hand, it is dull and stupid work to call into court all the old witnesses in favour of hereditary rank and titular nobility; they have been heard long ago, and have little to say that is new; the case has really been decided often already upon their evidence, and will be so again. After all, the best evidence in favour of such social distinctions is of the strict legal kind—adverse possession; they have held their ground, identical in the main, from such time as "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." If these new teachers of ours were genuine philosophers, they would know that "shams" do not last so long.

Deference to rank and station is a principle which lies deep in man's social nature, and develops itself as society develops. It is liable, of course, to run into extremes and abuses, like everything else. But the feeling itself is one of the props of social life. The wheels on which the great machine works cannot be all of the finest gold; you must put in some mechanism of coarser metal—inferior motives (meaner motives, if you will), in order to keep all going. What the acquisition of real power is to the higher spirits, that the semblance of power is to lower ambitions; influence over others, distinction above others, of some kind or other, is as natural to us all as any other appetite, and serves, like other motives, to keep us all up to our work. It is all

very well for Pleasure to go about in the very decided *négligé* in which Mr. Noel Paton's picture represents her, secure of drawing votaries enough in her pursuit; but Duty, or Virtue, by whatever name she calls herself, is so very commonplace and uninteresting, that she needs to have her drawing-room dress on in order to attract a following. Even when she made that little tour in Ireland, under Tommy Moore's auspices, relying upon "Erin's honour and Erin's pride," and that sort of thing, she travelled, as we all remember, in full court-dress;

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore"—

and she even carried a "gold stick." Paddy himself might have failed to recognise her, if she had adopted Pleasure's costume. Human energies require some other stimulant, unfortunately, besides the approval of a good conscience.

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

are the prizes which all grown-up children, who are good for anything, like to carry off. If wealth conferred nothing upon a successful man except plenty of beef and pudding, it would be a meaner thing than it is. It was well pointed out some time ago, that the nation had a store of coveted wealth that would cost nothing, and yet satisfy many an honest craving, in "bits of ribbon"—judiciously bestowed.

But here I can understand that I should be interrupted at once by the reply, that it is quite right to bestow a bit of ribbon, or a modicum of deference, for any service actually done the commonwealth. But that to hand down the bit of ribbon from generation to generation—to expect deference to be paid by individuals, or honours reserved by the State for Alexander the Little because Alexander the Great was his father,—this is the outrage against which the finer sense of Equal Right rebels. Or, as a witty French writer pleasantly puts it, if

some consideration be due to the son of Racine, you can scarcely spin out the great tragedian's merit to cover the shortcomings of the next generation; "the grandson is bound to write tragedies for himself." The best answer is, that perhaps Racine himself would hardly have said so. Neither men of letters, nor men of action, work in this world merely for their place and pay. They desire—and often the more earnestly if they themselves have risen from the ranks—to leave a name behind them which shall secure a definite rank and station for their children, and their children's children. It is one of the most powerful, and not one of the worst, motives to human exertion; and there is not one that can be spared. It is surely one of the least selfish. We shall not live to see it; but, none the less, we like to think our children shall inherit, not the mere dross of gold and silver that we may have stored for them, but such poor honour and respect as the world has seen fit to accord to us. Burke, in the British House of Commons, touched a chord that thrilled even in the cold breasts of politicians, when he said that he had hoped to have been "according to his mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age he lived in," in some sort "the founder of a family;" but that since he had lost his son, he would not give "a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world." "A peerage—or Westminster Abbey!" was the hope with which Nelson went into action at the Nile. There was truth enough in the apology offered by the Minister of the day for making him only a baron—that no man would think of measuring the pattern of Nelson's coronet; but the explanation neither excused the meanness of the Government, nor soothed the hero's natural mortification. Sir Walter Scott—as noble and kindly a spirit as was ever given to this lower world—took more pride and pleasure in the smallest link that he could recover of his old family his-

tory, than in the most successful of his romances; and as his pride was in the past, so his hopes were for the future. "His first and last worldly ambition" (not, alas! to be gratified) was, his biographer tells us, "to be the founder of a distinct branch;" he "dreamt not of personal fame, but of long distant generations rejoicing in the name of 'Scott of Abbotsford.'" "It is easy enough," the writer goes on to say, "to smile at all this; many will not understand it, and some who do may pity it. But it was at least a different thing from the modern vulgar ambition of amassing a fortune and investing it in land." There is no need to multiply instances. If the shadow of flunkeyism rests upon Scott and Nelson, because they had set their hearts upon winning for their descendants a certain position and precedence in society, and went to their rest in the hope that posterity would recognise the claim, then you and I, good reader, will not be over careful to answer for ourselves in this matter.

For, be it remembered, in this question of hereditary claims of place and worship, we must give and take. If the successful general or the distinguished statesman looks to a peerage as the fitting reward of his own services, and sees in the future descent of his honours the testimony of a nation's gratitude outliving his own frail tenure of life, he must have been content to recognise the same claim in the inheritors of the honours of past generations. If you or I would wish that poor little Naboth's vineyard of ours to descend in security to our children's children, we must be content not to remove our neighbour's landmarks, however inconveniently some coveted corner may interfere with our own. And the law of honours ought to be the same in principle as the law of property. Territorial possessions, or even money in its baldest shape, are the warrants of successful exertion or industry in some time past; for even

successful speculation is a perverted industry of some kind. So titular rank and precedence are, in most cases—and exceptions are no argument—the acknowledgment of some service done to the Crown and State. If we insist upon revising these grants occasionally, and withdrawing them, upon proof (as we fancy) of the unworthiness of the present holder, all we are doing is to lessen the value of similar privileges granted to ourselves or our contemporaries, and to shake the foundation of hereditary rights of all or any kind. When we succeed in this—when we cease to aim at social distinction for ourselves and for our children, and refuse to recognise it in others—then we may have inaugurated a model commonwealth, exceedingly pure and beautiful (in theory), but we have done with this busy, enterprising, hardworking, and, for that reason, in the main powerful and happy, England.

The artificial distinctions of society always will be, as they always have been, tempting subjects for ridicule. But they have their sound and wholesome point of view as well. Equality is *not* a law of human nature, let its advocates and admirers say what they will. Reverence—by which I mean the looking up to something above us—is one of its laws. It ought to be felt and applied always, no doubt, to the right objects—the good, the true, the beautiful; but these abstracts are hard to find in this workday world. We are not altogether to be blamed, then, when we exercise this feeling towards the objects in which we *ought* to find these qualities. We do ourselves no harm in imagining all the noblest and grandest qualities in the sovereign whom we obey. They *should* be there; our love and loyalty are worthily due to that grand abstraction which "can do no wrong." So far as the reality may correspond with our ideal, the homage rests where it is paid. So far as the actual sovereign falls short of this, the offering has not run to waste; it returns to us again. It is

the same, in less degree, in all the lower relations of society. There is a respect due to the individual himself, to his personal character, his own proper deeds and actions. This all are agreed to give, cheerfully and without grudging, and it does us good to give it. But there is also a respect due to the position a man holds in the State, in his county, in his village; and it is very good for us to give it. If those whom Providence has placed in positions of honour are not in themselves honourable, it is one of the loose joints in this world's arrangements which we were never born to set right.

I see no reason why a man is to be laughed at because he likes the acquaintance of a "lord," unless he has done something mean to secure it. Carry such a principle out through the lower grades of society, and see what you come to. Is every man a "flunkey" that hangs himself on by some little innocent hook to the grade above him? Take that little child—your gardener's daughter, who was watching for your look as you passed out of your gate just now—so careful to make you her best curtsy, poor little soul! so pleased because "the lady" stopped to speak to her, and patted her little curly head—who sets such value upon that little trumpery book or pin-cushion your daughter gave her at Christmas, because it came from her betters,—has she, too, learned the wicked ways of the world above her thus early in life, and is she merely cringing, crawling, toadying those whom she thinks greater people than herself? Have you the heart to see infantile flunkeyism sucked in with mother's milk in that poor child? No. You walk a hundred yards farther, and you see Stubbs the weaver standing at his door. He touches his cap to you, as he may have done twenty times in the last month. You stop a moment, and ask him how trade goes, and when he heard last from that scapegrace of his in Australia; and as you turn away with a pleasant "good-morning," Stubbs dabs

his hand up again at that remarkable head-dress (the *excoela* of a favourite cat) and goes back to his loom with an indefinable but positive sensation of pleasure. Is he cringing to you for your custom? He works for a wholesale house, and is as independent of you as you are of him. Is it because he thinks you a better man than himself, if one comes to look at the make of the article, as he might express it? Not at all; in the first place, you are a Whig-Radical, and Stubbs "has always voted blue, and always will" (though his political principles do not go much beyond that formula); and if you walk into his house, about election time, and try to tempt him to change his colours, he would give you to understand that the sooner you walked out of it the better. But he respects your position as a gentleman, and he is pleased that a gentleman should stop to talk with him, and remember his boy Jack. You take your ride into your market-town; and there, lounging with a friend along the pavement, you meet an acquaintance of what is called rather "doubtful" position—not standing quite upon your level in society—the cashier of your Branch Bank, let us say, or a small surgeon who has married into a family that you used to know; and you ask him, in your friend's hearing, to bring his daughters (I am supposing you to be good-natured, for the girls are no beauties) to that luncheon you are going to give next week to the Rifle Corps; and the doubtful individual goes home to his dinner a pleased and happy man; for, if he were to confess the truth, the poor girls have been speculating for some days as to the possibility of an invitation which gives them a little lift in the social scale. And now you may go with a safe conscience and take your seat in the committee-room of that Philanthropic Society (whichever it may be that you especially patronize); and, whatever good you may or may not do there, I will allow that you have not entirely

wasted your morning; and though, as you walk away, I can see that you are trying to catch the eye of the Lord-Lieutenant, who is coming down the other side of the street (and who really does *not* see you, he is talking so busily with that farmer about turnips), still, I will not call you a "flunkey," because there is a shade of vexed inquiry in your face as to whether he turned away his head on purpose; and when, a little after, he meets you as you are leaving town, and declares that he has been looking for you all the morning (a slightly figurative assertion on his lordship's part, which we will not criticise), and asks you to shoot pheasants, and dine and sleep on Monday—I sympathise with your pleasure in accepting the invitation, although it is a long way to go, and you don't care for that sort of shooting. I do not believe in my heart that his lordship is particularly enchanted with your society, any more than I believe you are a personal admirer of either of the two stumpy young ladies who are to grace your luncheon-table, and fire their unsuccessful shots at the gentlemen Volunteers; but I fancy that I see brought into play some of those smaller charities of social life, which rather exalt than degrade both giver and receiver; which it is natural, and not undignified, for us to expect one from another in our several degrees; and which, perhaps to a greater extent than we suppose, go to increase the sum of human happiness.

I suppose the fact is that we have all of us this tendency—call it what you will; we all like to be noticed by those above us. It is one of the lower springs of action with which the large wisdom of Providence has supplied us. Its effect upon our own character depends upon the degree in which we keep it subordinate to higher and nobler principles. Its effect upon others depends upon how far its action is judiciously veiled, or awkwardly and unbecomingly exposed. In this point, it is like a woman's consciousness of her beauty; it is a very na-

tural feeling; we know that it must exist; it may even give, imperceptibly, an additional nameless charm to her tone and manner; it only becomes an offensive weakness, when she continually forces upon us the impression that she thinks herself beautiful. So, if our friend Thompson boasts to us, either openly or under some flimsy disguise, of his numerous acquaintances in the peerage, the man is a fool—that is all; as foolish as if he were to boast of his new coat, or his new book that he has written, or anything else connected with him, except his horse or his love—subjects upon which every man claims a right to be egotistic, and is allowed an exceedingly wide licence of imagination. [Let my fair readers here understand, that if it is voted bad taste to boast of one's wife, it is only because the value of that possession *va sans dire*.] Our friend may feel a gratification at having acquaintances in the higher walks of life, quite as innocent and as natural as he feels in his new hat, or his last popular article. If he boasts to me that he dined with the Duke last week, or obtrudes that fact upon my notice (who did *not* dine there) in any disagreeable manner, I set him down in my own mind as a man of very bad taste, inferior breeding, and probably of rather weak understanding. I form much the same conclusion if he dilates to me upon his literary success, and points out with a grin the words "Tenth Edition" on his title-page—to me, whose writings, much more meritorious in my own opinion, fall dead upon a senseless public). But, on the other hand, if he is always labouring to impress upon me that he doesn't want to dine with the Duke—that he considers Brown, who dines there once a fortnight, a toady and a snob for so doing—that he never did and never would dine with a duke, unless it had been the Duke of Wellington, and then only as a compliment to an illustrious soldier in that unfortunate position,—why, in that case, I come to much

the same conclusion still as to his taste; and even if I give him credit for a trifle more brains, it is at the expense of another valuable quality—his veracity. I am not in the habit of dining with dukes myself (simply, I must explain, because the dukes don't ask me—from no higher motive whatever), but if a peer of even lower degree invites me, I am not ashamed to own I am rather pleased to go. I scarcely flatter myself that I am asked because I am supposed to contribute much additional brilliancy to the dinner-circle, but simply as a piece of neighbourly politeness. And I am quite sure that, being his guest, his lordship will treat me as a gentleman, even if I were his valet's son. If he treated me in any other way, I should take care to let him know I was aware of it. And though I appreciate his lordship's civilities, and am willing cheerfully to yield him every inch of precedence and worldly honour to which his position entitles him, I should stand out perhaps rather more stiffly for my rights and my position, in a question in which he was concerned, than as against any commoner of my own calibre. Nor do I imagine that I am any remarkable exception in this particular. There are certain concessions freely made to rank and local influence here in England; but let their holders advance but an inch beyond their recognised limits, and the British public sets its back up pretty stiffly. Those who talk of subservency as the characteristic of any large class of Englishmen, high or low, take a very shallow view of English life.

Whenever we hear the doctrine of social equality proclaimed very loudly, and a profound contempt expressed for the *Court Circular*, and the Peerage, and Tables of Precedence, it is impossible to resist the suspicion that the preacher has in his heart a banking after the vanities he denounces. None are more emphatic upon this subject than our cousins the Americans; and none, as others besides English

travellers have told us, have more respect for a lord. Those who value social distinctions at neither more nor less than what they are worth, are not given to make themselves unhappy about them one way or another. Every one remembers the story of the little marquess at Eton, who being seized by a big commoner, with the usual interrogatory put to new boys as to their name and parentage, answered that his father was "a duke," and received forthwith from that independent Briton four kicks; one for himself, and "three for the duke." It is commonly told with great gusto as an instance of the levelling discipline of our public schools. So far as this—that to be kicked early in life was very wholesome for the little marquess—I concur in the moral; but I am by no means so sure as to the young gentleman who is usually regarded as the hero in the transaction. According to my lights in the science of flunkeyism, to kick a duke (even by deputy) must be, to the genuine flunkey mind, even more delightful than to toady him.

For this reason we need not be surprised to find, in these very *Snob Papers*, a lament which might otherwise have appeared rather out of place. Literary claims, it appears, are not recognised in the present code of precedence. Successful authors and editors are not admitted, by virtue of their intellectual peerage, into such intimate communication with dukes as might be desired. Especially, there is no recognised place for them at Court. We are told, with a bitter irony, that "two of them have actually been invited to Court during the present reign," and that probably "towards the end of the season one or two will be asked to dinner" by the Premier of the day. In short, in this literary century we have "a Court system which sends men of genius to the second table."

Now, when we come upon such passages as these in pages which profess to anathematise all the tinsel of

Court etiquette, and the influences of aristocratic dinner-parties, as degrading to the very soul of man, what is a bewildered ordinary reader to think? It may be an uncharitable query, but it is an exceedingly natural one, which forces itself upon his mind—*Hinc illæ lachrymæ?* Is this where the shoe pinches? Does all this magnificent protest against the "exclusiveness" of social barriers, this noble scorn of the yoke of fashion, this proclamation of the common dignity of common nature, resolve itself into this—that *we*, the said scorners and protesters, have had no "command" to Buckingham Palace, and no cards for my Lord Tinsel's fashionable parties? Has Diogenes taken to his tub merely because he was not asked to Alexander's feast?

I must say that if I were a preacher of this doctrine of the total depravity of human nature in the matter of Flunkeyism, and were in search of illustrations for my sermon, I should assuredly mark this down for future improvement. All the little jealousies which are supposed to agitate half-bred society, all the moral indignation expressed by Mrs. A. because Mrs. B. allows her daughters to visit *such* a woman as Lady C. (who has struck the A.'s off her list)—all these fungoid growths of society which form the study of some approved modern novelists, surely present no idea so ridiculous as Genius snivelling because it is not asked to dinner.

I almost think that, if I were Genius, I would be above that. It seems very natural, and very allowable, for us dull mediocrities to have our little social ambitions, and to value such recognition on the part of society; but there is something better too. Titular rank may be desired and accepted by ordinary commoners; but one can well understand that "Coke of Norfolk" did not care to be made a lord. The painter who allowed the monarch to pick up his mant-stick would not have cried about a seat at table.

Such a complaint does dishonour to the true claims of intellect. "There is a divinity that doth hedge a king;" and it is right for us all to acknowledge it. But Genius is untrue to itself, if it veils its own divine right before any king that reigns. The poet or the philosopher has an empire wider than Cæsar's. He has his court, his audience-chamber, his subjects whom he sways with a word. He is himself a king of men; his "rank and precedence" is not within the cognisance of stars and ribbons. Consign Genius to the "second table!" Its seat is amongst the gods—"beside their nectar—careless of mankind."

But when men of letters condescend from their heroic status to mix in the battle of life with mortals, they are not the foremost men in the fray, in any State or in any generation. They have often been said to be so, in all sorts of languages; but then it was themselves who said it: and they have never been able to persuade the world of it, though they have had its ear so long. A shrewd observer, himself a half-brother of the craft—Lord Shaftesbury—has placed them, justly enough, "in the second rank of men." A commonwealth officered entirely by an aristocracy of genius would probably take no very high place among nations. In spite of the brilliant example of some modern English politicians, it may be safely said that it is not in so far as they are clever writers, but in so far as they are practical men, that they have been useful in the State. The public would rather have the reduction of a penny in the income-tax from the hands of its Chancellor of the Exchequer, than a new *Paradise Lost*. The aristocracy of letters complains that it has no recognised place in the *Court Circular*; would it be better satisfied, if authors were privileged to bear the titles of their works as designations of honour, and had assigned them heraldic bearings derived from their literary

achievements, as Mr. D'Israeli (the elder) once fancifully suggested? Be it remembered that certain clever men have complained before now of being received in society merely as clever men—to figure as the lion of the evening, and "make sport," as it were, for the Philistines. No doubt, to any but a very vain man, such a position must often be disagreeable. Yet they have been reminded that the complaint against society was hardly just; that Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, if they walked into the drawing-room minus their authorship, might often have no claim to be there at all.

But Genius has always been complaining of neglect. It is the crying child of the human family. It was rather ill-used by cross nurses some years ago, and has been ailing and fretful ever since. And it has the advantage which the loudest crying child in a family always has—the public ear. The groans of the practical workers of this world are seldom heard—the martyrs of unrequited labour die mute. But Genius, even if it starves, seldom starves in silence. It is a lamentable fact, but it has seldom been too respectable to beg, in some form or other. It is quite true that it cannot live upon praise; but in these days it commonly gets its pudding too—probably quite as much as is good for it. In fact, it is rather the pet of the family just at present, and for that reason seems to cry louder than ever on the slightest provocation.

It is not to be denied that Flunkeyism does exist, and that the term may have a wider application than our particular school assigns to it. There are mean and grovelling natures to be found under all governments and all states of society. If they cannot toady rank, they will toady wealth and political power. They will do even worse; they will toady a popular opinion, and prostitute a "Free Press" to the most mischievous public mania of the day. And it is far better for national character, a far less wrong to

the cause of universal truth and honesty, that a man should fall down and worship even a coroneted mushroom than a false and base principle. Any form of Mumbo-Jumbo were better than that.

For my own part, I believe Duke-dom to be as useful and wholesome an institution, in its way, as author-craft. I am willing to give it such "worship" as has been assigned it from the national fountain of honour. I honestly respect a good duke, as I do a good writer. Taking the class as members of society, I believe them to be quite as desirable acquaintances, their characters quite as good, their domestic relations quite as respectable, and if their dinners are better (as I daresay they are), that need not be a fatal objection. If there are some indifferent specimens, I am not responsible for their manufacture. The reasons for some men being born in that station of life are to me as inscrutable as the reasons for some men being popular authors. But, for all that I can see, I am so far content with hereditary Right Honourables

that I have no desire to have them replaced by extempore coronets, conferred by the voice of the people upon those whom *they* consider the great men of the day. Popular suffrage of this kind does not always proceed upon the same safe and intelligible principle as that which the soldiers of a certain Crimean regiment adopted, when they unanimously elected for the Victoria Cross the sergeant who served out the grog. There is a kind of "great-man worship" (to borrow one of these new terms) against which even my flunkey spirit rebels. I cannot accept Mr. Tupper for a philosopher, or either Mr. Bellew, Dr. Cumming, or Mr. Spurgeon (let me be unsectarian in my selection), for a prophet. Every superstition has its limit; and these happen to be the particular forms of Mumbo-Jumbo before which I cannot fall down. I will be content with the hereditary teraphim to which I have been accustomed. Surely it was an unfair reproach against idols that they were "dumb;" the most ghastly of all impositions are the idols which talk.

FECHTER IN HAMLET AND OTHELLO.

IN the present deplorable state of the drama and the stage, every lover of the art must rejoice at the surprising success achieved by the remarkable Frenchman who has undertaken to give a new aspect to Shakespearian tragedy, and who has drawn all London to witness two of the greatest dramatic works ever written. No man ever before played Hamlet for seventy consecutive nights; no man, since the great Kean, ever excited so much discussion. That much of this success is owing to the curiosity of seeing a Frenchman play Shakespeare in English, no one will doubt. But whatever the cause, the success is a fact which must have its influence; and now that a second part has been added to Fechter's Shakespearian repertory, the discussion becomes more animated, and the questions involved become more capable of solution.

To express my own opinion in a sentence—I think his Hamlet one of the very best, and his Othello one of the very worst I have ever seen; and I have seen all the good actors, and many of the bad actors, from Kean downwards. On leaving the theatre after *Hamlet*, I felt once more what a great play it was, with all its faults, and they are gross and numerous. On leaving the theatre after *Othello*, I felt as if my old admiration for this supreme masterpiece of the art had been an exaggeration; all the faults of the play stood out so glaringly, all its beauties were so dimmed and distorted by the acting of every one concerned. It was necessary to recur to Shakespeare's pages to recover the old feeling.

Reflecting on the contrast offered by these two performances, it seemed to me that a good lesson on the philosophy of acting was to be read there. Two cardinal points were illustrated by it. First, the very general confusion which exists

in men's minds respecting naturalism and idealism in art; secondly, the essential limitation of an actor's sphere, as determined by his personality. Both in *Hamlet* and *Othello*, Fechter attempts to be natural, and keeps as far away as possible from the conventional declamatory style, which is by many mistaken for idealism only because it is unlike reality. His physique enabled him to represent Hamlet, and his naturalism was artistic. His physique wholly incapacitated him from representing Othello; and his naturalism, being mainly determined by his personality, became utter feebleness. I do not mean that the whole cause of his failure rests with his physical incapacity, for, as will presently be shown, his intellectual conception of the part is as false as his execution is feeble; but he might have had a wrong conception of the part, and yet have been ten times more effective, had nature endowed him with a physique of more weight and intensity. Twenty Othellos I have seen, with far less intelligence, but with more effective representative qualities, whose performances have stirred the very depths of the soul; whereas I cannot imagine any amount of intelligence enabling Fechter's personality to make the performance satisfactory.

His Hamlet was "natural;" but this was not owing, as many seem to think, to the simple fact of its being more conversational and less stilted than usual. If Shakespeare's grandest language seemed to issue naturally from Fechter's lips, and did not strike you as out of place, which it so often does when mouthed on the stage, the reason was that he formed a tolerably true conception of Hamlet's nature, and could represent that conception. It was his personality which enabled him to represent this conception. Many of the spectators had a conception as

true, or truer, but they could not have *represented* it. This is self-evident. But what is the meaning of the natural in art? On this point great confusion prevails. By naturalism and realism, men commonly, and falsely, suppose that an imitation of *ordinary* life is meant: a reproduction of such details as may be recognised among our daily experiences. Whereas naturalism truly means the reproduction of those details which *characterise the nature of the thing represented*. Realism means *truth*, not vulgarity. Truth of the higher as of the lower forms: truth of passion, and truth of manners. The nature of a Macbeth is not the nature of an Othello; the speech of Achilles is not the speech of Thersites. The truth of the "Madonna di San Sisto" is not the truth of Murillo's "Beggars Girl." But artists and critics often overlook this obvious fact. Actors are especially prone to overlook it, and, in trying to be *natural*, sink into the *familiar*; though that is as unnatural as if they were to attempt to heighten the reality of the Apollo by flinging a paletot over his naked shoulders. It is this error into which Fechter falls in Othello; he vulgarises the part in the attempt to make it natural. Instead of the heroic, grave, impassioned Moor, he represents an excitable creole of our own day.

Intellectually and physically his Hamlet so satisfies the audience, that they exclaim, "How natural!" Hamlet is fat, according to his mother's testimony; but he is also—at least in Ophelia's eyes—very handsome—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye,
tongue, sword,
The glass of fashion and the mould of
form.
The observed of all observers."

Fechter is lymphatic, delicate, handsome, and with his long flaxen

curls, quivering sensitive nostrils, fine eye, and sympathetic voice, perfectly represents the graceful prince. His aspect and bearing are such that the eye rests on him with delight. Our sympathies are completely secured. And as he endeavours to *act*, not to *declaim* the part, we feel that we have Hamlet the Dane before us. All those scenes which demand the qualities of an accomplished comedian, he plays to perfection. Never before have the scenes with the players, with Polonius, with Horatio, with Rosenkranz and Guildenstern, or the quieter monologues, been better played; they are touched with so cunning a grace, and a manner so *natural*, that our delight is extreme. We not only feel in the presence of an individual, a character, but feel that the individual is strictly consonant with our previous conception of Hamlet, and with the part assigned him in the play. The passages of *emotion* also are rendered with real sensibility. His delightful and sympathetic voice, and the unforced fervour of his expression, triumph over the foreigner's accent and the foreigner's mistakes in emphasis. This is really a considerable triumph; for although Fechter pronounces English very well for a Frenchman,* it is certain that his accent greatly interferes with the due effect of the speeches. But the foreign accent is as nothing compared with the perpetual error of emphasis; and *this* surely he might overcome by diligent study, if he would consent to submit to the rigorous criticism of some English friend, who would correct him every time he errs. The sense is constantly perturbed, and sometimes violated, by this fault. Yet so great is the power of true emotion, that even *this* is forgotten directly he touches the feelings of the audience; and in his

* An idle attempt has been made to juggle away the objection to his foreign accent on the ground that he is not a Frenchman, having been born in London. But these biographical facts cannot weigh with an audience. His accent is a French accent; and if he is an Englishman, the accent is unpardonable.

great speech, "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" no one hears the foreigner.

Physically then, we may say that his Hamlet is perfectly satisfactory; nor is it intellectually open to more criticism than must always arise in the case of a character which admits of so many readings. It is certainly a fine conception, consonant in general with what the text of Shakespeare indicates. It is the nearest approach I have seen to the realisation of Goethe's idea, expounded in the celebrated critique in *Wilhelm Meister*, that there is a burden laid on Hamlet too heavy for his soul to bear. The refinement, the feminine delicacy, the vacillation of Hamlet, are admirably represented; and it is only in the more tragic scenes that we feel any shortcoming. For these scenes he wants the tragedian's personality; and once for all let me say that by personality I do not simply mean the physical qualities of voice and person, but the physiological qualities which give the force of animal passion demanded by tragedy, and which cannot be represented except by a certain animal power.

There is one point, however, in his reading of the part which seems to me manifestly incorrect. The error, if error it be, is not peculiar to him, but has been shared by all the other Hamlets, probably because they did not know how to represent what Shakespeare has indicated rather than expressly set down. And as there is nothing in his physique which would prevent the proper representation of a different conception, I must assume that the error is an intellectual one. On this account I submit to his consideration the following suggestions.

Much discussion has turned on the question of Hamlet's madness, whether it be real or assumed. It is not possible to settle this question. Arguments are strong on both sides. He may be really mad, and yet, with that terrible consciousness of the fact which often

visits the insane, he may "put an antic disposition on," as a sort of relief to his feelings. Or he may merely assume madness as a means of accounting for any extravagance of demeanour into which the knowledge of his father's murder may betray him. Shakespeare has committed the serious fault of not making this point clear; a modern writer who should commit such a fault would get no pardon. Now the actor is by no means called upon to settle such points. One thing, however, he is called upon to do, and that is, not to depart widely from the text, not to misrepresent what stands plainly written. Yet this the actors do in Hamlet. They may believe that Shakespeare never meant Hamlet to be really mad; but they cannot deny, and should not disregard, the plain language of the text—namely, that Shakespeare meant Hamlet to be in a state of *intense cerebral excitement*, bordering on *madness*. His sorrowing nature has been suddenly ploughed to its depths by a horror so great as to make him recoil every moment from the belief in its reality. The shock, if it has not destroyed his sanity, has certainly *unsettled* him. Nothing can be plainer than this. Every line speaks it. We see it in the rambling incoherence of his "wild and whirling words" to his fellow-watchers and fellow-witnesses; but as *this* may be said to be assumed by him (although the motive for such an assumption is not clear, as he might have "put them off," and yet retained his coherence), I will appeal to the impressive fact of the irreverence with which in this scene he speaks of his father and to his father—language which Shakespeare surely never meant to be insignificant, and which the actors always omit. Here is the scene after the exit of the ghost:—

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;
You'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of
man once think it?
But you'll be secret.
Hor., Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all
Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come
from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point
you—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is,—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and hurling words,
my lord.
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily:
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my
lord.
And much offence too, touching this vision
here.
It is an honest ghost, *that* let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good
friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have
seen to-night.
Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord,
already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
there, truepenny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellar-
age.—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen.
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our
ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. *Well said, old mole! can'st work'st
the ground so fast?*
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good
friends.

Now, why are these irreverent words
omitted? Because the actors feel
them to be irreverent, incongruous?
If spoken as Shakespeare meant them
to be—as Hamlet in his excited and

bewildered state must have uttered
them—they would be eminently sig-
nificant. It is evading the difficulty
to omit them; and it is a departure
from Shakespeare's obvious inten-
tion. Let but the actor enter
into the excitement of the situation,
and make *visible* the hurrying agi-
tation which prompts these wild
and whirling words, he will then
find them expressive, and will throw
the audience into corresponding emo-
tion.

But this scene is only the begin-
ning. From the moment of the
Ghost's departure, Hamlet is a
changed man. All the subsequent
scenes should be impregnated with
vague horror, and an agitation com-
pounded of feverish desire for ven-
geance with the perplexities of
thwarting doubt as to the reality
of the story which has been heard.
This alternation of wrath and of
doubt as to whether he has not been
the victim of an hallucination,
should be represented by the fever-
ish agitation of an unquiet mind,
visible even under all the outward
calmness which it may be necessary
to put on; whereas the Hamlets I
have seen are perfectly calm and
self-possessed when they are not in
a tempest of rage, or not feigning
madness to deceive the King. It
is part and parcel of this erroneous
conception as to the state of Ham-
let's mind (unless it be the mistake
of substituting declamation for act-
ing) which, as I believe, entirely
misrepresents the purport of the
famous soliloquy—"To be or not
to be." This is not a set speech to
be declaimed to pit, boxes, and gal-
lery, nor is it a moral thesis debated
by Hamlet in intellectual freedom;
yet one or the other of these two
mistakes is committed by all actors.
Because it is a fine speech, pregnant
with thought, it has been mistaken
for an oratorical display; but I
think Shakespeare's genius was too
eminently dramatic to have com-
mitted so great an error as to sub-
stitute an oration for an exhibition
of Hamlet's state of mind. The
speech is passionate, not reflective;

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two Provencal roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

In direct contrast was the performance of Othello. It had no one quality which could arrest our condemnation. Bad and false in conception, it was feeble in execution. He attempted to make the character natural, and made it vulgar. His interpretation of the character and of the play from first to last showed utter misconception. He departs openly from the main language of the text, on points where there is no justification for his departure save his own will. Thus Othello tells us he is "declined in the vale of years." Fechter makes him young. Othello is black—the very tragedy lies there; the whole force of the contrast, the whole pathos and denunciation of his life of sin, depend

on this blackness. Fechter makes him a half-caste, whose mere appearance would excite no repulsion in any woman out of America. Othello is grave, dignified, a man accustomed to the weight of great responsibilities, and to the command of armies; Fechter is unpleasantly familiar, paws Iago about like an over-demonstrative school-boy, shakes hands on the slightest provocation, and bears himself like the hero of French *drame*, but not like a hero of tragedy.

In his edition of the play, Fechter urges two considerations. First, that Shakespeare is to be acted, not recited; secondly, that *tradition* ought to be set aside. In both points he will find most people agreeing with him, but no one willing to see any novelty in his positions. We, who have seen Kean in Othello, may surely be excused if we believe that we have seen Othello *acted*, and so acted as there is little chance of our seeing it acted again; the consequence of which is, that we look upon Fechter's representation as acting, indeed, but as very bad acting. Then as to tradition, we are willing enough, nowadays, to give up all conventional business which does not justify itself; but we are very far from supposing that, because Fechter's arrangement of the business is new, therefore it is justifiable or acceptable. In some respects it is good; in the arrangement of the scene in the senate there was a very striking improvement, which gave a really natural air to the scene; and some other scenical details show a decided faculty for stage arrangement. But in many others there is a blundering perversity and disregard of the obvious meaning of the text, which is only to be accounted for on the supposition that Fechter wished to make *Othello* a *drame* such as would suit the Porte St. Martin.

The principle has doubtless been the same as that which, in a less degree, and under happier inspiration, made the success of *Hamlet*: the desire to be natural—the aim at

realism. But here the confusion between realism and vulgarism works like poison. It is not consistent with the nature of tragedy to obtrude the details of daily life. All that lounging on tables and lolling against chairs, &c., which help to convey a sense of reality in the *drame*, are as unnatural in tragedy as it would be to place the "Sleeping Faun" of Phidias on a comfortable feather-bed. When Fechter takes out his door-key to let himself into his house, and, on coming back, re-locks the door and pockets the key, the *intention* is doubtless to give an air of reality; the *effect* is to make us forget the "noble Moor," and to think of a sepoy. When he appears leaning on the shoulder of Iago (the great general and his ensign!), when he salutes the personages with graceful prettiness, when he kisses the hand of Desdemona, and when he employs that favourite gesticulation which reminds us but too forcibly of a *gamin* threatening to throw a stone, he is certainly *natural*—but according to *whose* nature?

In general, it may be said that, accomplished an actor as Fechter certainly is, he has allowed the acting-manager to gain the upper hand. In his desire to be effective by means of small details of "business," he has entirely frittered away the great effects of the drama. He has yet to learn the virtue of simplicity; he has yet to learn that tragedy acts through the emotions, and not through the eye; whatever distracts attention from the passion of the scene is fatal.

Thus, while his Hamlet satisfied the audience by being at once naturally conceived and effectively represented, his Othello left the audience perfectly cold, or interested only as by a curiosity, because it was unnaturally conceived and feebly executed. Had the execution been fine, the false conception would have been forgotten, or pardoned. Many a ranting Othello contrives to interest and to move his audience without any conception at all, simply uttering the language of Shake-

speare with force, and following the traditional business. Shakespeare, if the personality of the actor be not too violently in contradiction with the text, carries effect in every scene: we listen and are moved. But unhappily Fechter's personality is one wholly unsuited to such a character as Othello. This is evident from the first. My doubts began with the first act. In it Othello has little to *do*, but much to *be*. In this masterpiece of dramatic exposition the groundwork of the play is grandly laid out. It presents the hero as a great and trusted warrior, a simple, calm, open, reliant nature—a man admirable not only in his deeds, but in his lofty and heroic soul. Unless you get a sense of this, you are as puzzled at Desdemona's choice as Brabantio is. But it is inevitable that with such a personality as Fechter's you should feel none of this. He represents an affectionate but feeble young gentleman, whose position in the army must surely have been gained by "purchase." This is not the actor's fault. Even had he been calm and simple in his gestures, he could not have been dignified and impressive; nature had emphatically said No to such an effect. Voice and bearing would have failed him had his conception been just. An unintelligent actor, who is at the same time a superb animal, will be impressive in this act if he is simply quiet. If, for example, you compare Gustavus Brooke with Fechter, you will see this at once. Still more strikingly is this seen on a comparison of Edmund Kean with Fechter. Kean was undersized—very much smaller than Fechter; and yet what a grand bearing he had! what an impressive personality! He affected you like a lion.

In the second act my doubts increased. The entrance of Othello, with the flame of victory in his eye, eager to clasp his young wife to his breast, and share with her his triumph and his joy, was an opportunity for being *natural* which Fechter wholly missed. Never was

there a tamer meeting. Kean's tones, "O my fair warrior!" are still ringing in my ears, though a quarter of a century must have elapsed since I heard them; but I cannot recall Fechter's tones, heard only the other night. I only recall a vision of him holding his wife at most "proper" distance, kissing her hand, his tone free from all tremulous emotion, though he has to say—

"O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened
death!"

If it were now to die
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

And from Desdemona he turns to the gentlemen of Cyprus, as affable and calm as if he had but just come home from a morning stroll. There was none of the emotion of the situation.

In the scene of the brawl we have the first indication of Othello's tremendous vehemence when roused. Fechter was loud, but he was not fierce. It is characteristic of his whole performance in the passionate parts, that he goes up the stage and bids them

"Silence that ~~dead~~^{idle} bell, it frights the
From her propriety,"

with an accent of impatient irritability, as if he were angry at the bell's preventing his hearing what was to be said.

But little as the performance in these two acts came up to even my moderate expectations of Fechter's power to represent Othello, it was not until the third act that I finally pronounced judgment. That act is the test of a tragedian. If he cannot produce a great effect there, he need never seek elsewhere for an opportunity; the greatest will find in it occasion for all his powers, and the worst will hardly miss some effects. To think of what Edmund Kean was in this act! When shall we again see that lion-like power and lion-like grace—that

dreadful culmination of wrath, alternating with bursts of agony—that Oriental and yet most natural gesture, which even in its *naturalness* preserved a grand ideal propriety (for example, when his joined up-lifted hands, the palms being upwards, were lowered upon his head, as if to keep his poor brain from bursting)—that exquisitely touching pathos, and that lurid flame of vengeance flashing from his eye? When shall we hear again those tones: “not a jot, not a jot”—“blood, Iago, blood”—“but oh, the pity of it, Iago! the pity of it”? Certainly no one ever expected that Fechter, with his sympathetic temperament and soft voice, could approach the tragic grandeur of the elder Kean; but neither could any one who had heard that his *Othello* was “the talk of the town” have supposed that this third act would fail even to move the applause of an audience very ready to applaud. In saying that he failed to arouse the audience, I am saying simply what I observed and felt. The causes of that failure may be open to discussion: the fact is irresistible; and the causes seem to me clear enough. He is incapable of representing the groundswell of passion, which by him is broken up into numerous petty waves: we see the glancing foam, breaking along many lines, instead of one omnipotent and roaring surf. He is loud—and weak; irritable, not passionate. The wrath escapes in spits, instead of flowing in one mighty tide; and after each spurt he is calm, not shaken by the tremulous subsidence of passion. This lapse from the wildness of rage to the calmness of logical consideration or argumentative expostulation, this absence of gradation and *after-glow* of passion, is the error always committed by Charles Kean and other bad tragedians, and arises from their not identifying themselves with the feeling of the part. I expected something better from Fechter. To give what Bacon calls an “ostensive instance,” let me refer to the opening of the

fourth act. *Othello*, worked upon by Iago’s horrible suggestions, is so shaken by wrath and grief that he falls down in a fit. Fechter, probably because he felt that he could not render the passion so as to make this natural, omits the scene, and opens the act with Iago soliloquising over his senseless victim. In spite of the awkward attitude in which Fechter is lying, those of the audience who are not familiar with the play imagine that *Othello* is *sleeping*; and when he rises from the couch and begins to speak, he is indeed as calm and unaffected by the fit as if he had only been asleep.

Another source of weakness is the redundancy of gesture and the desire to make a number of points, instead of concentrating attention on the general effect. Thus, when he is roused to catch Iago by the throat, instead of an accumulation of threats, he jerks out a succession of various threats, looking away from Iago every now and then, and varying his gestures, so as to destroy all sense of climax.

If it is a fact—and I appeal to the audience as witnesses—that we do not feel deep pity for the noble Moor, and do not sympathise with his irrational yet natural wrath, when Fechter plays the part, surely the reason can only be that the part is not represented *naturally*? Now much of this, I repeat, is the necessary consequence of his personality. He could not represent it naturally even if he conceived the part truly; and, as already intimated, the conception is not true. Certain points of the conception have been touched on; I will now specify two others. The unideal (consequently *unnatural*) representation may be illustrated by the manner in which he *proposes*, instead of ordering, Cassio’s death. Shakespeare’s language is peremptory:—

“Within these three days let me hear thee
say
That Cassio’s not alive.”

The idea in his mind is simply that Cassio has deserved death. He

does not trouble himself about the means; and surely never thinks of murder. A general who orders a soldier to be hung, or shot, without trial, is not a murderer. Yet Fechter proposes a murder, and proposes it with a sort of subdued hesitation, as if conscious of the crime. He thus completely bears out Rymer's sarcasm: "He sets Iago to the fighting part, to kill Cassio; and chuses himself to murder the silly woman, his wife, that was like to make no resistance."*

The second illustration which may be noticed, is the perverse departure from the obvious meaning of the text, which, in his desire for originality and naturalness in the business, makes him destroy the whole art of Shakespeare's preparation, and makes the jealousy of Othello seem preposterous. One defect in the play which has been felt by all critics, is the rapidity with which Othello is made to believe in his wife's guilt. Now, allowing for the rapidity which the compression necessary to dramatic art renders almost inevitable, I think Shakespeare has so exhibited the growth of the jealousy, that it is only on reflection that the audience becomes aware of the slight grounds on which the Moor is convinced. It is the actor's part to make the audience feel this growth—to make them go along with Othello, sympathising with him, and believing with him. Fechter deliberately disregards all the plain meaning of the text, and makes the conviction sudden and preposterous. It is one of his new arrangements that Othello, when the tempter begins his diabolical insinuation, shall be seated at a table, reading and signing papers. When first I heard of this bit of "business," it struck me as admirable; and indeed I think so still; although the manner in which Fechter executes it is one of those lamentable examples in

which the dramatic art is subordinated to serve theatrical effect. That Othello should be seated over his papers, and should reply to Iago's questions while continuing his examination, and affixing his signature, is natural; but it is not natural—that is, not true to the nature of Othello and the situation—for him to be dead to the dreadful import of Iago's artful suggestions. Let us hear Shakespeare.

Othello and Iago enter as Cassio takes leave of Desdemona; whereupon Iago says, meaning to be heard, "Ha! I like not that!"

Othello. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

Othello. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? no sure, I cannot think it.

That he would steal away, so guilty like, seeing your coming.

Othello. I do believe 'twas he.

Desdem. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a sutor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othello. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why your lieutenant Cassio; good my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you, His present reconciliation take.

I prithee call him back.

Othello. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay sooth; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Othello. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Othello. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Othello. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow, dinner, then?

Othello. I shall not dine at home.

These short evasive sentences are subtly expressive of the state of Othello's mind; but Fechter misrepresents them by making Othello free from all misgiving. He "toys with her curls," and treats her as a father might treat a child who was asking some favour which could not be granted, yet which called for no explicit refusal. If the scene stood alone, I should read it differently;

* RYMER: *A Short View of Tragedy, its original excellency and corruption*. 1693. P. 93. This most amusing attack on Othello reads very often like sound criticism, when one has just witnessed the performances at the Princess's Theatre.

but standing as it does between the two attempts of Iago to fill Othello's mind with suspicion, the meaning is plain enough. He has been made uneasy by Iago's remarks; very naturally, his bearing towards his wife reveals that uneasiness. A *vague* feeling, which he dares not shape into a suspicion, disturbs him. She conquers him at last by her winning ways; and he vows that he will deny her nothing.

If this be the state of mind in which the great scene begins, it is obviously a serious mistake in Fechter to sit down to his papers, perfectly calm, free from all idea whatever of what Iago has suggested; and answering Iago's insidious questions as if he did not divine their import. So clearly does Othello divine their import, that it is *he*, and not Iago, who expresses in words their meaning. It is one of the artifices of Iago to make his victim draw every conclusion from premises which are put before him, so that, in the event of detection, he can say, "I said nothing, I made no accusation." All he does is to lead the thoughts of Othello to the conclusion desired. The scene thus begins:—

Iago. My noble lord—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

Now Iago perfectly well knew this, for he had heard Desdemona say so just the minute before.

Othello. He did from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Properly, Iago's answer should end at the word *thought*; that is the answer to the question, but he artfully adds the suggestion of harm, which falls like a spark on the inflammable mind of his victim, who eagerly asks, "Why of thy thought, Iago?"

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. Oh yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?
Othello. Indeed? Ay, indeed: Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Othello. Honest? ay, honest?
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Othello. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?

It is difficult to comprehend how any one should fail to interpret this dialogue, every word of which is an increase of the slowly growing suspicion. If the scene ended here, there might indeed be a defence set up for Fechter's notion that Othello should reply to the insinuation in a careless manner, "playing with his pen as he speaks;" but no defence is permissible for one moment when we know how the scene proceeds.

Othello. Think, my lord? By heaven he echoes me!
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, Indeed?
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me
Show me thy thought.

Fechter will perhaps reply that this language is not to be understood seriously, but as the banter of Othello at seeing Iago purse his brow and look mysterious about trifles. It is in this sense that he plays the part. But how widely he errs, and how seriously Othello is disturbed, may be read in his next speech:—

"I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close denotements, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule."

Is this banter? and when he bids Iago

"Speak to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy words of thoughts
The word of words,"

it is impossible to suppose that his mind has not already shaped the worst suspicions, which he wishes Iago to confirm.

Here, I affirm, the plain sense of Shakespeare is not only too clearly indicated to admit of the most ingenious reading in another sense, but any other reading would destroy the dramatic art with which the scene is conducted, because it would destroy those indications of the *growth* of the feeling, which feeling, being really founded on Iago's suggestions and the smallest possible external evidence, becomes preposterous when the evidence alone is appealed to. Now, Fechter so little understands this play, after his twenty years' study, as not only to miss such broadly marked indications, but commits the absurdity of making Othello *suddenly* convinced, and by what? by the *argument* of Iago, that Desdemona deceived her father, and may therefore deceive her husband! But *that* argument (setting aside the notion of a character like Othello being moved by merely intellectual considerations) had already been forcibly presented to his mind by her father:—

"Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see:

She did deceive her father, and may thee."

Whereupon he replies, "My life upon her faith." And so he would reply to Iago, had not his mind already been filled with distrust. Fechter makes him careless, confi-

dent, unsuspecting, until Iago suggests her deception of her father, and then *at once* credulous and overcome. This may be the art of the Porte St. Martin, or the Variétés; it is not the art of Shakespeare.

It is unnecessary to pursue this subject, or to adduce other illustrations of misconception, for I have already declared my conviction that with the most perfect conception Fechter could not adequately *represent* the character of Othello; and for his own sake, no less than for ours, it is to be hoped that he will take warning in time, and not attempt *tragic* parts again. So accomplished an actor, with so charming a physique, will be a great gain to our stage, if a misguided ambition, similar to that which makes all baritones try to be tenors, does not lead him into such mistakes as this of Othello. Let him be assured of one thing, that the success of his Othello is due entirely to the reputation created by his Hamlet, and to the scenery, dresses, and novelty of the "business," which excite a temporary curiosity. If he suffer panegyrists and flatterers to delude him into the idea that his acting of Othello *moved* the audience, or satisfied the judgment of those whose judgment finally determines an actor's reputation, he will rapidly lose the high position he has won. This is the language of a sincere admirer.

A MONTH WITH "THE REBELS."

ABOUT the middle of last September we found ourselves at New York, with a few weeks' holiday in hand. The stay there was impossible. We had "done" the Hudson, visited the theatres (at all of which, by the by, the English character was vulgarised and held up to ridicule), society was "out of town," Broadway given up to the tender mercies of "irregulars," dressed in every variety of costume, suggestive rather of the army in a transpontine melodrama, than of one enlisted to serve under the banner that "makes tyranny tremble."

The *New York Herald*, a paper which all Americans read, most abuse, and none believe, daily recounted, in glowing terms, exciting details of great battles fought, where generally one man was reported to have been killed, and two slightly wounded, on the side of the Federalists; while large bodies of the Confederates were daily made to bite the dust.

Another newspaper depicted the miseries which the Southern army was encountering from pestilence, famine, and rags. A third assured its readers that a strong Union feeling was growing up in the South. A fourth was authorised to state, upon the authority of a "reliable gentleman," that the "arch traitor," Jeff. Davis, had "really been dead" some weeks; while a friend of ours informed us one morning after breakfast, that he had gone to the trouble of counting the number of the enemy killed since the commencement of the war, and found it to be, according to a leading journal, 1,200,000.

On the other hand, we learnt that Lexington had fallen; that the Rebel army was nearer to the capital than it was two months previously; that Kentucky was almost lost; that Missouri had passed an ordinance of secession; and that President Davis was in excellent

health. We therefore determined to judge for ourselves what the condition of things really was in "the land of Dixie."

Having been informed that crossing the lines at Washington was out of the question, we applied for a passport to go west,

"Where roll Missouri and Ohio's flood
Beneath the umbrage of eternal wood,"

hoping we should obtain access to the South through Kentucky. To our dismay, when the precious passports arrived, we found upon them the following endorsement, strongly smelling of Fort Lafayette:—

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, 15th Sept. 1861.

It is expected the bearer will not enter any insurrectionary State.

W. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.
WINFIELD SCOTT."

We therefore returned the documents whence they came.

How we passed the Federal outposts, it is unnecessary to mention; suffice to say, that the first indication we had of our approach to the Secessionist army was finding a bridge, by which we had hoped to cross the Green River in Kentucky, burnt down to the water's edge, and the debris still smouldering on the banks.

The country-people informed us that a detachment of Southern troops had been encamped here for some days, and had "done the job at the bridge yesterday." From the way in which these good folks spoke of the soldiers, assuring us that they did no harm, but paid for what they wanted in gold and silver, it was quite plain that the allegiance of our informants was not given to Mr. Lincoln's Government, and that we had fairly entered the forbidden "insurrectionary States." Moreover, we were reminded by a slight incident that

here "property" has another meaning beside that to which Blackstone has applied it.

Being obliged to stop for the night at the cottage of a simple-minded primitive old couple, we were sitting round a log-fire in the room, which formed our kitchen, parlour, and host's bedroom, when a little black woolly-headed urchin made his appearance, and began diligent preparations for our supper. "Smart lad that, ma'am," we remarked to our hostess. "Yes, siree," replied the old lady. "Wouldn't take 700 dollars for my boy. There's not such another in all the country round. A gentleman offered me 600 for him last week; but dear me, 'twould break my heart to part with my boy. He goes with me to meetin' every Sunday—to mind my horse and waggon."

Having reached a station on the Louisville and Nashville line, we found the regular trains stopped, and the "track" altogether devoted to soldiers and munitions of war. A delay, therefore, of several hours ensued, which we passed most agreeably at a small hotel in the company of several gentlemen of Kentucky, whose opinions made it necessary for them to proceed south in order to avoid arrest, and who for some days previously had suffered considerable privations in eluding the grasp of the Federal authorities.

This State, "the eldest daughter of Virginia," presented to the stranger an interesting, and at the same time painful spectacle. Her people, generally esteemed the bravest in the Union, strongly attached to the national flag, refused at first to secede, although a considerable number of her most distinguished statesmen openly avowed their sympathy for the Confederate Government. Subsequently her neutrality was recognised by the authorities at Washington, which the Confederates say was afterwards violated by the North—and the North declare was broken by the Confederates. However that may be, she is now

armed to the teeth; forts crown her pleasant hills, and the smoke of the camp-fire curls over her dense oak-forests. In and around Louisville a large army of Union soldiers are quartered. Freedom of speech there is at an end, and arrests are reported in the newspapers every morning.

At Bowling Green, a little to the south, there is a great Confederate camp, commanded by a gallant General, who certainly possesses the undivided affection of his soldiers. In the west, another large corps threatens Paducah; while General Zollicoffer, in the east, is organising an army to oppose any movement that may be made from Frankfort. The forces of these three commanders are daily increasing, and the arbitrary acts done at Louisville, Elizabeth Town, and elsewhere, have served greatly to swell the ranks.

Yet Kentucky is not altogether Secessionist. Her legislature is still strong for the Union. Whole counties are the same. Distinguished men, opposed to the Government, still adhere to the stars and stripes. The mature and honoured judgment of the venerable Crittenden is yet against "the rebels;" but where are Morehead, Buchner, Preston, Breckenridge?

Our party at the little inn broke up on the arrival of a train, and we found standing-room in a car crowded with soldiers. Few were dressed in uniform, but all were well armed: one beside us, not a bad sample of the rest, had a breech-loading carbine slung over his shoulder, two revolvers in one side of his belt, and a bowie-knife in the other. What a contrast these men presented to the soldiers we had hitherto seen! Determination and reckless daring marked every feature and gesture.

"Do you think the Yankees are going to whip us, sir?" inquired our friend, looking like a walking infernal machine.

"Well, they have a fine army, and will do their best, I think."

"Don't care, sir; they *can't* do it. If they beat us in the field, we'll take to the woods, and shoot them down like squirrels." "Look here, sir; see what they have done to me. I am a shoemaker by trade. They tried to arrest me in Elizabeth Town; I got away, but they took my wife; so, by —— I'll take five-and-twenty Yankee scalps, or they shall have mine"!!

Being disappointed in finding any of that Union feeling in the south of Kentucky of which we had heard so much in New York, we proceeded to Nashville in Tennessee. More camps, more soldiers, more drilling. Men, women, and children think of nothing but the war. Fathers of large families are frequently seen serving in the ranks as privates, side by side with their sons. Ladies make soldiers' coats and trousers, while children knit their stockings. Trade is in a great measure at a stand-still; but the rapidity with which the people, hitherto dependent upon the North for every manufactured article, however simple, are beginning to supply their wants for themselves, receives at Nashville a curious exemplification. A few weeks ago a boy discovered a method of making percussion-caps, which the army was then much in need of. A factory was forthwith established, that now turns out some millions per week.

Amongst the dangers which we had heard at New York threatened the South, a revolt of the slave population was said to be the most imminent. Let us take, then, a peep at a cotton-field, and see what likelihood there is of such a contingency.

On the bank of the Alabama river, which winds its yellow course through dense woods of oak, ash, maple, and pine, thickened with tangled copse of varied evergreens, lie some of the most fertile plantations of the State. One of these we had the advantage of visiting. Its owner received us with all that hospitality and unaffected *bonhomie* which invariably distinguishes

a Southern gentleman. Having mounted a couple of hacks, we started off through a large pine-wood, and soon arrived at a "clearing" of about 200 acres in extent, on most of which was growing an average cotton-crop. This was a fair sample of the rest of the plantation, which consisted altogether of 7000 acres. Riding into the middle of the field, we found ourselves surrounded by about forty slaves, men, women, and children, engaged in "picking." They were all well dressed, and seemed happy and cheerful. Wishing to know what time of day it was, I asked Mr. —— the hour, whereupon one of the darkies by my side took out a gold watch and informed me.

"Do your labourers generally wear gold watches, sir?" I inquired.

"A great many of them have. Why, sir, my negroes all have their cotton-plots and gardens, and most of them little orchards."

We found from their own testimony that they are fed well, chiefly upon pork, corn, potatoes, and rice, carefully attended to when sick, and on Sundays dress better than their masters.

Many of them had six or seven hundred dollars of their own, which they either lend to the banks or hide in the ground. In the hot weather they begin work at six in the morning, and go on till ten; they then go home till about three, and when the sun declines, return to their work till six or seven. In the cool weather they begin soon after daylight, and rest for two or three hours in the middle of the day.

We next visited the "Station," a street of cottages in a pine-wood, where Mr. ——'s "family" reside. These we found clean and comfortable. Two of the men were sick, and had been visited that morning by a doctor; in the mean time they were looked after by the nurses of the establishment, of whom there were three to take care of the children and invalids.

On the whole, it can fearlessly be said, if this is a true type of the

mode in which slaves are treated in the South, that their physical condition is as good, if not better, than that of any labouring population in the world. The masters ridicule the idea of disloyalty. They live amongst them in the most perfect confidence, and never bestow a serious thought upon what they consider such an impossibility as a "negro insurrection." Having visited other plantations in Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, we cannot resist the belief that the great mass of the slaves in the South must be pronounced to be well cared for and contented; and although there are necessarily a thousand things connected with "the institution" of which no Englishman can approve, it is undoubtedly true that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of abolitionists, the negroes bear the yoke cheerfully, and heartily join their fortunes to those of their masters in the great struggle in which they are now engaged.

Many plantations may now be seen without a white man upon them, except the overseers; and instances occur daily of the fidelity with which "servants" who have accompanied their masters to the war serve them in the camp and field. Further, the generals employ the negroes in the commissariat, and upon earthworks in situations where desertion and consequent freedom would be perfectly easy, thereby showing in the slaves a confidence which is justified by the fact that the Northern army, now on Arlington Heights, find it almost impossible to obtain correct information of what is going on in the Confederate camp, two miles distant from the Union outposts.

The perfect unanimity throughout the whole South in the belief that their cause is just, strikes the stranger as one of the most formidable symptoms which the Union has to fear. Without pretending to form an opinion as to whether this universal conviction is rightly or wrongly arrived at, we simply assert the fact. The same story is told in the

trains, in the hotels, on the plantations, in the drawing-rooms, in the camps, and in the newspapers, by young and old, rich and poor, men and women, with a uniformity that would be monotonous, were it not for the fire generally thrown into its narration.

They say that the North began the conflict years ago, in the irritating and unprovoked agitation of the slavery question, and have continued it from the time of the Missouri controversy to the 4th of last March, when the President announced that the platform of his party was "a law unto him," and that party had declared there was an "irrepressible conflict" between the two sections of the Union. If we remarked that slavery was an evil about which we considered all American statesmen must feel anxiety, they replied, The President was sworn to defend it. It is an institution which feeds and clothes the world, which protects the negro against the vicissitudes of old age, sickness, and infancy, and keeps him in the only position where he can be useful to society, and harmless to himself. That the sun fixed the boundaries between white and black labour, in spite of arms and laws; and so sure as one flourished in Massachusetts, the other would prosper in Georgia. That when the North abolished slavery, and sold their slaves to the South, they then turned round, broke faith, and endeavoured to disquiet a title emanating from themselves.

That the tariff laws were ruinous to the South. That in raising their revenue by heavy duties on foreign goods, which came back in return for Southern produce, the North were making the South pay the great bulk of the expense of government.

That by prohibiting trade in foreign ships, the South were obliged to take Northern to the exclusion of foreign goods.

That, by monopolising the European trade, the North obtained great profits in brokerage and in

freights upon Southern produce to Europe, as well as upon European goods brought back in return for that produce, from all of which the South reaped little benefit.

If we remarked that the political power of the United States had been for many years in the hands of the Southern party, who ought therefore to have remedied these evils, we were told, True; many Northern men—the whole Democratic party, in fact—disagreeing with the extreme Republicans, would vote with the South on general subjects, and in the choice of statesmen; but when it became a question between the two great sections into which the country is divided, the North would unite and outvote the South. That Southern statesmen acquiesced in a financial policy of which they disapproved, because they feared that, if the management of affairs were given into the hands of the Republican party, the evils complained of would be immediately aggravated, and the condition of their country rendered altogether desperate. That division among the Democrats had led to the return of Mr. Lincoln, and the triumph of a party purely sectional, but pledged to the destruction of the peculiar institutions and material interests of the South.

The women of all classes seemed not less unanimous and devoted than the men. Along the line of railway crowds waved flowers and handkerchiefs as the train bore towards the seat of war those who were nearest to their affections. Mothers, sisters, wives, flocked to the railway stations to bid farewell to those for whom they would willingly give their lives. Yet few shed tears at these partings. All the weaker feelings of their natures seemed sealed up or banished; and a conviction that each was making a sacrifice in a holy cause was stamped on every countenance.

In passing along the line of railway, between Montgomery and Charleston, we had many opportunities of conversing with the

soldiers in the trains; these were representatives of every class in the country—planters, lawyers, shopkeepers, and even clergymen. Our conversation was generally quickly courted, and questions eagerly asked as to our opinion upon the war.

But "conspicuous by their absence" were the farmer-boys—a body from which the best of the Northern army are recruited. In the South, of course, this class does not exist, the whole of the field-labour being carried on by slaves. This industrial peculiarity, which was considered by foreigners as the great weakness of the Confederates, has hitherto proved to them a tower of strength. We found in all the States which we visited, agricultural operations progressing with as much vigour and regularity as in times of profound peace. Indeed, tracts of land hitherto allowed to run waste will this year be sown in corn to counteract as much as possible the inconvenience of the blockade.

But the slaves are not employed exclusively in out-door labour. Necessity has taught the South that she must rely upon herself for many things which she cannot do without, and which, in former times, it was cheaper to import than to manufacture. Large numbers of hand-looms and spinning-wheels are seen in the country districts, which the population are rapidly learning to make good use of; and we met one planter who showed us enough cloth for the uniforms of fifty men, that had been entirely made on his own property.

Again, before the war, leather was so little manufactured in the South, that hides were seldom saved, and tan-yards were almost unknown. Shoemaking, saddlery, and many other industrial employments, are now being quickly brought into operation; and all the country appears to want is the machinery to adapt its boundless natural productions to the wants of man. The blockade has undoubtedly been productive of great individual in-

convenience. All communication by letter has been cut off. Friends are unable to correspond. Painful instances are met with every day of the anxiety to hear tidings of relatives abroad. But we doubt very much whether it has at all materially crippled the South, while nothing has more served to effect that social separation which the people take pleasure in, declaring it is as complete now as if the Confederacy had been established for fifty years.

Charleston being the commercial emporium of South Carolina, which was the first State to "go out" of the Union, may be said to be the metropolis of Secession. Her harbour, a shallow bay with low marshy woods on each side, which are plentifully supplied with racoons, squirrels, rattlesnakes, and malaria, contains the famous Sumter. The town, built on a promontory jutting out into the harbour, looks straight upon the sea, and the "battery," from which the ladies waved their handkerchiefs during the siege, lies along the water's edge, and forms the favourite promenade of the fair and gallant citizens.

The "Fort" is situated about five miles from the "Battery," nearly half-way between it and the mouth of the bay, and more than a mile from the northern and southern shores. It is a brick pentagon building, built upon an artificial island, and contains three tiers of guns, the two lower being in casemates, and the higher one in embrasures. The former are protected by arched bomb-proof coverings, the latter by a parapet eight feet high. The number of guns altogether is about 140. Round the parade are the men's quarters, and in the centre stand two furnaces for heating shot. The magazines are capable of containing 40,000 pounds of powder, with a proportionate quantity of shot and shell.

During the siege the garrison consisted only of 1 major, 3 captains, 4 lieutenants, 1 sergeant, 15 bandmen, and 55 gunners—

making a total of 79; or about sufficient to fight ten guns. Upon this work were brought to bear fifty pieces of heavy artillery from batteries erected on both sides of the harbour and from Fort Moultrie, situated on the northern shore.

It is here unnecessary to describe the siege minutely; but we may mention that, on Thursday the 11th of April, General Beauregard made a demand on Major Anderson to surrender, which, the latter replied, it would be inconsistent with his duty to comply with; that under the direction of President Davis General Beauregard informed the Major that if he would evacuate the fort when his provisions were exhausted, there would be no appeal to arms. This offer was refused, and the first Confederate gun opened fire on Friday morning the 12th, marking the commencement of civil war in the United States.

The bombardment lasted during the whole day and following night, when, about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, a column of smoke rising above the battlements announced the fact that "Sumter was on fire." About this time Colonel Wigfall, aide-de-camp to the General, and Private Young, embarked in a small boat, and, entering the fort through a porthole, demanded a surrender. Major Anderson replied, "They are still firing on me!" "Then take down your flag," said Colonel Wigfall; "they will continue to fire on you so long as that is up." After some explanations, in the course of which it appeared that the small garrison were fast suffocating in the casemates, the gallant commander agreed to an unconditional surrender to General Beauregard, who, as Colonel Wigfall remarked, "is a soldier and a gentleman, and knows how to treat a brave enemy." A horse was the only living thing killed during the bombardment. This is explained, on the one hand, by the guns in the embrasures hav-

ing been scarcely worked at all; while those in the lowest tier, the only ones used, were covered with two strong bomb-proof arches; and on the other, by the protection afforded to the gunners in the works on shore, and from the long range at which the combatants engaged.

Few persons are now admitted to the fortress, but we were allowed to walk over the whole by the courtesy of the commanding officer, and must therefore speak of its present condition with reserve, particularly as at the time we are writing some of the enemy's largest vessels of war are off the harbour, and, for all we know, may be meditating a descent upon Charleston. It was quite evident that the fort had suffered considerably, both inside and out, from the Confederate guns; but by great labour and energy it has since been placed in a complete state of defence, and is now garrisoned by as fine a body of men as South Carolina can produce.

At Charleston we had an opportunity of visiting one of those societies which are organised throughout the whole South for supplying the army with clothes. The central depot is situated in the middle of the town. In the basement floor we found large packages marked for different regiments then at the seat of war. Up-stairs several ladies were engaged in arranging in "lots" different kinds of uniform, and measuring out cloth, flannel, linen, cotton, to be made up by the hands of the fairest in the land.

We learnt from those who have the superintendence of this vast establishment, that about a thousand ladies are daily employed at their sewing machines making different articles of military attire. The work of the week which had then just elapsed consisted of 200 coats, 300 pairs of trousers, 300 shirts, besides worsted gloves for the winter, stockings, old linen, and many fancy articles which were sold for the benefit of the society's funds.

These establishments save the Government enormous sums of money, and appear to be increasing in numbers and efficiency every day.

The army, being composed in a great measure of volunteers, possesses the hearty sympathy and affection of the whole population: and as most families have more than one of its members at the war, the comfort of the soldier is not only universally considered a subject of patriotic interest, but also one which excites the anxiety and stimulates the energy of every household. When we met ladies who spoke with evident pride of the number of coats, trousers, shirts, stockings, which they had completed, we could not help hoping that this useful education that the war had given them would not in happier times be thrown away, and that, being independent of tailors, dressmakers, and haberdashers, they would be able to avoid many of those mundane difficulties which usually beset "frugal marriages" and interrupt "the course of true love." We may, perhaps, have also expressed our conviction that no "Mother of Seven" south of the Ohio would ever have reason to "lament," but that the daughters of the South, having emulated the virtues and Spartan fortitude of Penelope, would each be rewarded with as many suitors and as brave a husband.

During our tour we had many opportunities of discussing a question which is generally considered to be the rock ahead of the Confederates—namely, the means of providing the "sinews" for carrying on the war.

The Government loan simply consists in a promise on the part of the lenders to subscribe specie, any circulating medium, military stores, raw produce, or manufactured articles, for which the borrowers give in return treasury bonds bearing interest at eight per cent per annum, payable half-yearly, and for the ultimate redemption of which

the honour and wealth of the nation are pledged. Very large quantities of produce have already been offered, and the most complete confidence seems to pervade the minds of all investors as to the sufficiency of the security. The general determination to succeed, and the importance of the issue involved, is of course the main foundation for this feeling. A distinguished senator from Tennessee, in expressing his own opinion of these treasury bonds, conveyed to us pretty correctly what we found to be the general opinion throughout the country. He said, "There is but one contingency that can be thought of, upon the occurrence of which these bonds may not be paid, or may decline in marketable value. That contingency is our defeat in the pending struggle for independence; in which event every man must perceive that we shall all be irrevocably ruined, and be alike stripped of freedom, property, and worldly respectability." What may be the ultimate result of this financial policy it is impossible to predict; but we could perceive in the minds of those most interested no mistrust in its soundness. The banks have, of course, suspended specie payments. In this they are supported by the different State authorities, who naturally are unwilling that anything should come in competition with the Government securities. In some States solvent bodies have also been allowed to issue notes. Paper money is, therefore, almost the only medium of exchange; and the inferior quality of which it consists has led to much inconvenience, for it soon gets destroyed and useless in the pockets of the bearers. Here, again, vigour and energy have met the difficulty, for we found that machinery had been imported into many districts for the purpose of making good strong notes, instead of the villanous scraps hitherto in common use, designated by the inelegant name of "Shin Plasters."

The Government have not pro-

hibited the export of cotton, except to the Northern States; but self-constituted authorities have, in more than one instance that we know of, made it impossible for ships to load which had run the blockade, and whose owners were desirous of doing so again. The popular feeling which has dictated these violent acts is caused, first, by the desire that the North should be made to suffer for enforcing the blockade, and the apprehension that, if any cotton were to be allowed to leave the country, Massachusetts would manage to obtain it; and, secondly, by the impression that in laying on a general embargo they would incline European governments to recognise the Confederacy. Amongst the enlightened this latter motive was always repudiated; but there can be no doubt that the prevalent conviction throughout the South is that England cannot do without the "king;" that all cotton, except American, is either too short or too long; and that the medium is the only staple which Manchester cares to have. In vain we would tell them that our manufacturers would soon change their machinery, and adapt it to the necessities of the times; that our Government was making great exertions to procure cotton from India and Africa; that it was our interest to foster our own colonies, and to produce it there if possible; and that the longer we were deprived of America as a market, the more strenuous would our efforts be to render ourselves independent of it. But it was no use; they were ineradicably impressed with the conviction that they can command the market at any time; and that the distance from England at which its rivals are placed must always give the Confederacy a great advantage.

The possibility of the North succeeding in obtaining any important success by "opening a port" was universally ridiculed. If they were to succeed in making a descent on

Florida or South Carolina, an event which appeared to be earnestly hoped for, we were told that no material result would ensue; the produce of the country would be removed to the interior, where it would lie safely in the bosom of trackless forests; and sooner than allow it to fall into the enemy's hands, the people would burn or destroy every pound. No such extreme measure as this, however, appeared to be anticipated, for the crop of this year being still on the plantations, no great quantity is accumulated in any one locality.

Being now desirous of pushing on to the army, we spent but a short time in Georgia and North Carolina, and were happy to find, on our arrival at Richmond, that President Davis was none the worse for the numerous deaths, violent, sudden, and natural, which had lately overtaken him, according to the various *Tribunes*, *Times*, and *Heralds* of the North. His popularity throughout the country is undoubted; and although there are some ardent spirits to be found who freely criticise the caution hitherto displayed in the strategy of the South, and are for marching at once on Washington and finishing the war "right away," the heart of the people is nevertheless entirely his, and all acknowledge the master-mind that directs the great plan of the campaign, and every important affair of the state, foreign and domestic.

Having been kindly provided with a pass to the headquarters of one of the generals near Manassas, about a hundred and twenty miles from Richmond, we were allowed to go up in a soldiers' train. All along the line we found flags waving from the houses, and crowds assembled at the stations to bid God-speed to those who were leaving home, family, and profession for the rough realities of active warfare.

General Johnston, the "chief" of the army in Virginia, is a man who appears to be about the age of forty-five or fifty. In stature he is mid-

dle size, and possesses a powerful upright form, a quick intelligent eye, while his manner is indicative of that resolute determination for which he has always been distinguished. General Beauregard, the second in command, looks two or three years younger, and bears in his face strong marks of French origin; while his features are those which generally characterise the gentleman of Louisiana, his native State. Small, active, and wiry, he struck us as a man capable of doing much hard work and enduring great fatigue. General Gustavus Smith, late Street Commissioner at New York, the schoolfellow and intimate friend of General McClellan, is third in rank. He is taller than the other two, broad-shouldered, slightly inclined to flesh, with as honest and straightforward a countenance as is possible to see. All three were distinguished at West Point Academy, and served afterwards with credit in the Mexican war. Undoubted bravery, scientific attainments, unimpeached integrity, kind disposition, and lofty patriotism, are qualities which the army believe their three great commanders to be endowed with. This conviction, added to the surprising success that has hitherto crowned the Southern cause, inspires in the ranks a confidence seldom to be found in newly-raised battalions.

We must, of course, speak with reserve just now of our visit to the great force which is defending the north-east of the Confederacy, and take care that we do not abuse the confidence with which, as guests of a distinguished officer, we were favoured.

The country for many miles around Manassas is hill and dale, covered naturally with dense hardwood of various kinds, which is cleared away from time to time, leaving patches of open ground, varying in size from two to a hundred acres; but few of these spaces are greater in extent than the Green Park in London, whilst some of

them are much less. Altogether the character of the district would not be unlike that of the neighbourhood of Bromley in Kent, if the latter were more extensively wooded, and less generally cultivated. Through the valleys run numerous streams, the largest being Bull's Run, a winding but somewhat sluggish river, about forty feet wide, varying in depth from two to eight feet, with rocky banks on each side, which in some places are quite perpendicular. The different camps are scattered about through this great wooded tract in strong positions, but so little seen are they, that frequently, when galloping down a narrow pathway, we would find ourselves in the midst of tents and soldiers almost before we could pull up our horses.

The first thing that struck us in riding through the country was the respect which is everywhere shown for the rights of property. Gentlemen's villas lie along roads over which many thousand soldiers daily pass, and we never saw a piece of paling hurt or a garden intruded upon; and in the villages the poultry and pigs are running about as in times of profound peace.

The appearance which a regiment presents on parade is remarkable to the eye of a European. Many are composed of companies who have uniforms of different colours; but in these cases there is always some distinctive badge by which their particular corps can be easily told. This defect, consequent upon the companies being raised in different neighbourhoods, is being quickly remedied, and we saw numerous regiments which had lately arrived, whose dress was all that the Horse Guards could desire.

The *personnel* of the army is very varied. For instance, in the Louisiana regiments are seen the bronzed and fiery-eyed French creoles mingled with many Irish and native Americans from New Orleans. The Alabamans, proud of their gallant 4th, their flying artillery, and

other regiments, may be known by their strong frames, gay manners, and devil-may-care air. The South Carolinians, sallow in complexion, tall in stature, seldom need the Palmetto to tell the stranger the State from which they come; but in all regiments it is easy to perceive differences in manner and bearing, indicative of the various classes of which the army is composed.

Numbers of wealthy planters serve as privates side by side with the professional man, the shopkeeper, the clerk, the labourer; and all go through the ordinary fatigue duties incident to camp-life. We saw a poor negro servant actually shedding tears because his master, on being told off to dig a trench round a battery, would not allow him "to lend a hand."

"Twill nebber do, massa," he said; "I go 'tarnal mad wid dem darn'd Yankees."

One day we heard a lad boasting to one of a different regiment of the number of gentlemen in his company who had thousands of dollars at their command. The latter replied, "Oh, of course they fight; but we have some in ours who have not got a cent!" The Washington artillery, comprising many batteries, is composed of the best blood in New Orleans. The gunners, dressed in light-blue uniforms, are all men of independent means. General Beauregard's son, for instance, left his father's staff, and entered as a private. The drivers are regularly enlisted into the army, and paid by the regiment; so here is a force which does not cost the country a single farthing. Their efficiency is undoubted, and the execution which they did at Bull's Run, has led to their material augmentation, and the formation of others on similar principles. From the same city comes a very different regiment, called the New Orleans "Zouaves," dressed in red caps, blue braided jackets, and trousers striped with

light grey and red. These men look like pirates—bearded, fierce-looking fellows—

"Theirs to believe no prey, no plan amiss."

Apparently at least; for as they marched past the General with a long swinging step, singing a wild martial air, we thought they were as formidable a body of men as we should care to see.

The drill of the army is the same as the French, the step even quicker than the Zouaves, and a good deal longer than that of the English infantry. Movements are executed with considerable precision, and as rapidly as in English light-infantry battalions.

From the reports we had heard in the North, we expected to find ragged and half-clad regiments; instead of which we failed, during many rides through the various camps, to see one man who was not clad in serviceable attire. It was expected that winter clothing would be served out before the 1st of November, and that dress would then become more uniform.

But the point to which the chief attention of officers and men is directed is the arms. Besides the Enfield rifle, most of the privates in the army carry at least one revolver and a bowie-knife: these are invariably kept bright and in good condition; and the early training which all Southerners undergo in shooting squirrels as soon as they are able to handle a gun, gives them a facility of using their weapons and a correctness of aim that renders their fire unusually formidable.

The commissariat seemed to be most efficiently administered.

A large depot of bread-stuffs is placed in convenient position, whence the different corps are supplied in waggons drawn by four horses, one of which a negro generally rides. The resources of the country produce the fresh meat necessary for the enormous daily

consumption; and we frequently saw scores of cattle and sheep driven along the roads, from the condition of which it was evident that their journey had not been long. Indeed, a country gentleman informed us that there were animals enough in two counties of Virginia adjacent to the seat of war to last the army for two years.

We were naturally anxious to inspect the ground upon which was fought the great battle, called in England "Bull's Run," but in "Secessionia" that of "Manassas Plains;" the former name being in America applied to the engagement which took place on the 18th. of July, three days previous to the great "stampede."

The open space which formed the battle-field is scarcely a mile in length, and considerably less in breadth. Undulating ground declines to the centre of this clearing, through which runs the Warrenton high-road. Upon these slopes the great struggle took place.

The object of the Federal general was to cross the valley and fall upon the flank and rear of the Confederates, who were drawn up in line of battle along Bull's Run, at right angles to the road.

General Johnston had therefore to change his front when he found that a powerful attack was being made upon his left, and that the whole force of the enemy had already overlapped it, and was descending the hill to the Warrenton road.

General M'Dowell skilfully avoided the defences of the Confederates, and with great ability succeeded in conducting his troops to a point from which success seemed inevitable. He reached the road without much opposition, and began ascending the broken ground in front. There the battle really began. Again and again the Southern brigades, as they came up in succession, were thrown into confusion by overpowering numbers, and forced to retreat into the woods at

the summit of the hill. Generals Johnston and Beauregard came to the front at this crisis, rallied the wavering troops, and turned the tide in favour of the South. General Kirby Smith, who happened to be passing along the railway with troops for Manassas, hearing the engagement going on, stopped the train and brought at this seasonable moment four regiments into action. In another hour all was over, and then took place that remarkable "tall walk" so graphically and truthfully described by Mr. Russell.

More than four thousand small-arms and twenty-eight field-pieces, belonging to the United States army, fell into the hands of the Confederates.

The Southern official account has not yet been published, but when it is, we think the public will read with surprise the list of articles actually "carried over" to General Johnston's stores after the 21st of July. It will be seen that the celebrated masked batteries must have been altogether a myth, the battle having taken place at least two miles from where the nearest Confederate gun was situated on the morning, and at right angles to the position at which the attack was anticipated.

Several wounded soldiers were walking about the ground the day we visited it, who took great pleasure in showing us the places where the hottest parts of the contest took place. One of them, an Irishman, belonged to that gallant band of 800 who bore the whole brunt of the enemy's left for the first two hours in the morning. He told us that this force consisted of two companies from New Orleans, called respectively "Tigers" and "Wild Cats," the 4th Alabama, and some companies of the 6th and 7th Georgian regiments. He said he himself was "bate up wid foitin," and when "General Bewregard kem up wid raynforcements in the afternoon and tould the 'Wild Cats' they had done enough—Bedad, they wint to the rear and got a few glasses of

whiskey, and kem back to the 'foit' as fresh as the flowers of May!" On our remarking that we had heard that the 69th Irish New York regiment had fought very bravely on the side of the North, he replied, "Indeed they did, sir; divil a bitter. Troth, the Irish did the best part of the foitin a both sides, and no mistake."!!

A small pillar, in all respects like a milestone, has been erected on the spot where General Bartow fell. His last words are engraved upon it—"They've killed me, boys; but don't give up the fight." This is the only monument as yet erected; but numbers of graves are to be seen around the brow of the hill where the final struggle took place.

We have heard it frequently remarked that the volunteer system was tried and found wanting at the battle of "Manassas;" but surely the best reply that can be given to such a statement is that the whole of the Southern army is composed of volunteers; and we saw many regiments which arrived in Virginia only four days before the action.

The time which we had allowed ourselves for our American tour being now nearly spent, we returned to New York, where we found most persons altogether in ignorance of the feelings and intentions of the South; and so strong is the confidence generally reposed in the numerical strength of their vast army, the alleged efficiency of the navy, and the great wealth of the New England States, that few persons are to be met with who think gloomily of the future. The hundreds of contractors, who are making large fortunes by the war, form no inconsiderable part of the public. The taxation consequent upon the State spending nearly £800,000 a-day has not yet fallen upon the people, while their worst passions are excited by an unscrupulous and one-sided press. Better men, and far more true to the Con-

stitution, than the Government, would then be heard. Genius, virtue, integrity, now languishing in Fort Lafayette, if too late to save the Union, will then at least be exerted to bind together what remains. But, alas! a raging democracy now supports a Ministry which bears no reproof, and will endure no criticism; and signs pregnant with those consequences eloquently predicted by Sir Bulwer Lytton are rising in the political horizon. General Fremont has been removed from the command of an army over which he possessed undoubted influence, and although no success has hitherto attended its efforts, the supporters of the Union in the West are ardent admirers of its late chief. Whether he is destined to become the head of an Abolition Cabinet at Washington, or the dictator of a North-Western Republic, we cannot attempt to foretell; but we mistake the character of the man if he be contented long to remain in a subordinate position. One thing is, however, certain; his removal will not affect Southern politics. By this

measure, of course, Mr. Lincoln wishes to impress upon the seceded States that it is his intention now to preserve the "institution" in all its integrity; but such a policy is too late. The South cannot believe in men who, merely catching at a straw, repudiate in the hour of peril the doctrines which they have hitherto held, and to which alone they owe their advancement.

In these islands, of course, we all pray for universal emancipation. We have made enormous sacrifices in the cause ourselves; but we cannot help sympathising with ten millions of people struggling for independence; nor can we think that the condition of the negro in the Southern States will remain long what it now is, but that, if European intercourse be established with the Confederacy, and she be admitted into the family of nations, commerce, always favourable to freedom, will then gradually but surely effect far more humane results than those which the most sincere Abolitionists can ever attain.

SOME ACCOUNT OF BOTH SIDES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

IF there be one characteristic which, more than another, distinguishes the intelligent portion of the British public, it is the desire to draw its own conclusions. It loves to be furnished with full and constant information of current events, but is suspicious of such accounts as bear the evident impress of partisanship. There is probably no newspaper writer whose letters have become so popular and so generally read as Mr. Russell's; and, if we mistake not, they owe their popularity as much to the spirit of close criticism which pervades them, as to the remarkable powers of graphic description for which their author is famous. His exposure of pretensions and fallacies alike in his letters from the South at the outset, and in those from the North during the progress of the war of Secession, have rendered him unpopular with both parties engaged, but have gained for his statements a degree of reliance; while the strong Northern bias of the *Times'* New York correspondent deprives his representations of that effect which their ability would deserve.

It may be observed in passing, that in no respect is the contrast more strongly marked between English and "American" manners than in the different style and tone of the newspaper press of the respective countries. For, however eagerly educated and refined persons on the other side of the Atlantic may disclaim the tone of their Press as a true indication of public opinion, the record of events would not be uniformly garbled and inflated did simplicity and accuracy suit the appetites of those for whom the journalists cater. They read contentedly every day accounts of victories and successes gained by the Northern forces, by which it is hardly conceivable that they can be misled. On the other hand, among us at present the complaint is com-

mon that we are excluded from all reliable intelligence of the position and prospects of the "rebels;" and we cannot help rejecting the marvellous tales, derived from Northern sources, of hard-won victories against heavy odds, and of the daily slaughter of the enemy in hand-to-hand conflicts, which never lead to any appreciable results.

Under these circumstances, a statement, comparative of both sides of the position, and derived from recent personal observation, which the facilities afforded by the military commanders enabled the writer to make, may not be unacceptable to our readers, at a time when the impressions of writers in magazines and newspapers on the subject of the American war, all along uncertain and fluctuating, appear to be affected by recent accounts of the imposing preparations of the North. The disparity of the resources of the contending communities appears to be assumed, and a deduction is made that, as the *Times* not long since said, "the tide may be too strong even for the obstinacy of the Southern race to resist."

It is not indeed surprising, if, as the correspondent of the *Times* has owned, Englishmen at Washington and New York be led insensibly, by the boastful language of the newspapers and of public men, almost to a conviction of the strength of the community amongst which they are living. Every one must be conscious of having received such impressions under similar circumstances. But it is surprising to find existing a gross misapprehension, on the part of those who might be presumed to be well informed, of the distribution and numbers as well as the condition of the Confederate forces. From the blindness with which, in the few engagements of the war, Federal generals have fallen into well-laid traps, and, if their despatches can

be believed, have uniformly found themselves confronted by superior numbers, when the disparity of force between their army and that opposed to them is their daily boast and demonstration,—it is impossible to doubt that the Federal generals are much worse served in respect of information than the Confederates, and that the latter must possess some means more reliable than the statements of deserters or spies. If, then, the want of intelligence suffered by those in authority be so great, that each advance of ten or fifteen miles into a country quite familiar to them exposes them to damaging and demoralising defeat, how much greater must be the ignorance of the general public, dependent for Southern news on what filters through these clouded sources. It may be useful to present to our readers some facts as to the position and strength of the Southern Confederacy which, though they may be at variance with received notions, we give either from personal observation, or on the authority of those we consider most trustworthy; and our facts are at least, we hope, untinged by what is called in America “sectional” spirit. We must, however, premise, that while we endeavour to give a correct statement of facts, we abstain altogether from prophecy. He would be a bold speculator who risked an opinion upon the result of a war of conquest, dependent for its prosecution upon the resolution of a most versatile people, and upon the achievements of armies as yet newly organised, which are operating over a vast area, and for the most part in a country so wooded and impassable, except by infrequent roads, as to be unsuited to extended military movements.

With regard, in the first place, to the main Federal army of the

Potomac, there can be no doubt that, for its size, it is one of the best equipped which any nation has set on foot. Its transport is superb; its artillery numerous, well appointed, and of the best description;* the *physique* of its men unsurpassed. It is, moreover, at the disposal of a Government virtually drawing at will upon the accumulated capital and the entire credit of the nation. For practical purposes, the President and his ministers are all-powerful. Such as the army is, and in so far as they can depend upon its good conduct, it is at their absolute disposal; and upon the use they are able to make of it depends the solution of the great question at issue. We have enumerated, as belonging to it, elements most valuable to its efficiency, and highly creditable to those who have employed so judiciously the resources at their command. We shall presently refer to its value in respect of certain military qualities, which neither the most competent war minister nor the most overflowing treasury can so quickly infuse into its character.

But before doing so, we cannot leave unnoticed the action of causes of weakness to the North, of which the effects, though not yet fully experienced, can hardly be averted but by some signal military success.

1. The strife of parties in the North is reviving. Republicans and Democrats are charging each other with culpability in the origin of the war, and differ widely as to its objects and limits. The former, avowedly or secretly, desire the subjugation, or at least the permanent restraint, of the Slave States; the latter, that the war shall be prosecuted only so long as may be necessary to induce the seceded States to accept of terms of compromise; and they would gladly give terms vastly more favourable to

* Military men may be interested to hear that great inconvenience is said to have been caused to the Northern army at the battle of Manassas by the field batteries being composed entirely of rifled guns—superb for long range, but useless for shrapnel at close quarters. The Confederates avoided this error.

the South than those proposed by Mr. Crittenden with their consent, but contemptuously refused by Mr. Lincoln.*

It may not be unworthy of remark that, in the elections to the State legislatures now going on, the results, so far as they are known, indicate a great gain to the Democrats, even in the New England States; and though Congress itself will not be actually affected thereby, we may fairly anticipate the growth of a feeling averse to the prolongation of a conflict inevitably crippling to the whole community.

2. The unpopularity of some of the leading Ministers is extreme with the moneyed men of the North, on whose support its power so much depends. In spite of the destruction of the liberty of the press, in which the constituted authorities and the mob have vied with each other,† and the establishment of the "American Bastille,"‡ a very general feeling seems to be making itself apparent, that great changes in the construction of the Cabinet are necessary, and will be forced upon the President.

3. The immense advances made by the banks of New York have bound up the fortunes of their proprietary in the war, but do not, as has been supposed, prove the confidence of their heads in its success. It is commonly believed, and was understood by the parties concerned, that had the banks not afforded to the Government the supplies necessary for the prosecution of the war,

the Treasury would, on its part, have opened a war loan to the public on terms which would have diverted from the banks the investments essential to their stability; while an appropriation of their bullion for the necessities of the Union would hardly have been a difficulty to the Government which has found the United States' constitution so elastic, and would certainly not have been cavilled at by the despotic majority. The bank directors probably thought that, as far as they were concerned, of two great dangers, the chances of war were, on the whole, the lesser and more remote.

4. But plainly impending are the consequences of the present system. The safeguards ordained by the authors of the constitution have long been withdrawn. Federal Republicanism has become Democratic Absolutism, which has borne its natural fruits—the extinction of personal liberty, a fettered press, a reckless expenditure. An inconvertible currency cannot be remote; and meanwhile the proved and alleged dishonesty of the departments produce general distrust, which goes the length of a belief that some members of the Government would plunge the country into foreign war from personal and selfish considerations. Worst of all, the widespread distress which must attend upon the collapse of all foreign trade, if we except the export of corn from the West—the stagnation of manufactures, except such as serve the devouring

* Mr. Crittenden, a venerable and honoured citizen of Kentucky, which he has during many years represented in Congress, made an earnest attempt to avert the dissolution of the Union, by proposing that the Constitution should revert from the law that a new State shall be Slave or Free according to the votes of the majority of the residents in its "Territory," to one resembling that of the "Missouri Compromise," by which all new States were to be Slave or Free as they were formed north or south of the *Southern* line of Missouri prolonged to the Pacific Ocean. This proposal, made by a Republican, appears very honourable to him, as involving, for the common good, a large sacrifice of the "platform" of his party. He has since proved that his willingness to concede so much arose from no lack of loyalty to the Union, having cast in his lot with it when his fine State became at last involved in the war, and was torn to pieces by its divided opinions.

† Up to the end of last month, eighty-nine newspapers are said to have been suppressed in the Northern States since the secession of South Carolina.

‡ *Vide* a pamphlet under this title, lately published by Hardwicke, Piccadilly, London.

jaws of war—the rapid absorption by the war of capital withdrawn from investments—the additional liability of the North, in the event of Southern independence being maintained, for those portions of the war debt which the Government pretend to allocate to the seceded States,—must give the governing, because the most numerous class, a motive terribly forcible for pressing on their delegates financial measures the most unscrupulous and most ruinous to their country.

Such are some of the elements of early difficulty which beset America; but for the present the question is one of war, and we proceed to consider how far the new Confederacy may be expected to maintain its position as a *de facto* Government, against the great armaments of the Federal Government. The Government has drawn without stint upon the national resources, and the newspapers are never tired of declaring that the country possesses a “magnificent” and overwhelming army, the onset of which we continue to await.

But we must not, like the Americans, in their sanguine anticipations, forget that of the rank and file of this grand army the chief part is little more experienced than it was at the battle of the 21st July—that its officers are taken from the same class as they were on that day, and elected in the same manner—and that of all the causes to which the rout of Manassas has been attributed, none is better proved than the incapacity of the regimental officers. The unfitness of the great mass of the general officers for their position is a necessity. Moreover, a large, and we believe the most trustworthy part of the Federal army is composed of foreigners; and although the Germans are valuable for their aptitude for drill, and the Irish for their courage, their services cannot be the offspring of a patriotic spirit, which might compensate for a defective discipline. They are just such troops as high pay will attract to any service in the world; but the

time essential to their military education has been wanting. Of the soldiers who can properly be called American, we believe that many joined their regiments from a belief that Washington was threatened with capture, and their native States with invasion. It is curious that in the North by many the awakening of the military spirit is ascribed to the ill-judged speech of Mr. Walker, then Confederate Secretary of War, who promised to the seceding States that “their banner should wave over the Capitol;” while in the South, men who formerly, and up to a late date, were stout Unionists, declare that Mr. Lincoln’s proclamation, in which he called for war upon the South, alone alienated their loyalty. It is much to be doubted whether many of the American-born soldiers calculated on or desire the invasion of the Southern States.

It is evident too, that, though the confidence expressed by the Northern newspapers in the invincible character of the army is unabated, it is hardly shared by the commanders. Their measures within their lines on the right bank of the Potomac are rather calculated for defence, or for a secure retreat, than for the advance of an eager and “imposing army.” Every road is commanded by powerful batteries and breastworks—every hillock crowned with a redoubt—every mile to which the retreating enemy encourages the advance of their outposts is marked by fresh field-works of the strongest description.

The Northern army may probably consist, according to the most circumstantial statements, of about 360,000 men, for the larger estimates evidently include, among those raised by the various States, the “three months’ men,” afterwards disbanded. Frequent complaints reach us as to the slackness of the recruiting in New York and other eastern States. Many of the 360,000 must be as yet very little drilled, and few have seen four months’ service. There must be also a con-

siderable daily diminution by casualties. A gentleman who professed to be well informed, but who was himself bound by no official reserve, stated that he had an exact account of the arrival of troops at Washington from the date of the battle of Manassas to the middle of October, and that their number did not exceed 60,000. It is likely, therefore, that Mr. Russell's recent estimate of the "Army of the Potomac" at 100,000 is not much below the mark, including probably about 150 pieces of artillery. Yet, if the Federal general has such a force at his command on the line of the Potomac, we should fall into a grave mistake were we to conclude from experience of European or of any regular troops that he is in a position to advance far into a difficult and hostile country, held by a wary and resolute enemy.

We have seen it assumed by the *Times* in one of its speculative moments, that "without sending a man from the army destined to protect Washington and to advance into Virginia, the Federal Government can direct expeditions upon other points which they may judge assailable." It is true that, as they have just done, the Government can, with the command of the sea, direct expeditions to any point, and that they have in other quarters large forces in the field; but, besides having to leave some 30,000 men to maintain the quasi-Venetian occupation of Maryland, it must be remembered that their forces have as yet failed to gain one real success (in the European sense), if we except the capture of Cape Hatteras under the guns of men-of-war, and from thence they have failed to advance; that they have sustained several serious defeats, one of which resulted in a three months' suspension of hostilities at the most important point; that they helplessly see the navigation of the Potomac closed; that from Kentucky the most sanguine *bulletin* announces that "Louisville may now be considered safe;" that in

Missouri, Fremont was unable to prevent the capture of a town, important because held by a competent garrison, and containing large stores of arms, ammunition, and treasure; and that since he took the field he has been unable to prevent the junction of Price and M'Culloch. It may indeed happen that Kentucky and Missouri will be lost to the North. And if the statements of the generals, who almost uniformly report that they have been opposed by vastly superior forces, are to be relied on, the conclusion is irresistible that either the numbers of the Northern army are grossly exaggerated, or that its generals are woefully inferior to their enemy in the important art of bringing their troops to the points at which they are required.

The conditions of the contest will appear still more altered if the state of the South be understood. That its army is inferior to that of the North in equipment, in military material, in the command of European supplies, has been correctly assumed. It is not uniformly clad; its *train* is less regular and splendid; its field artillery probably less numerous; and the supply of rifled ordnance and gunpowder must necessarily be difficult.

But the spirit which has created and maintained hitherto the Southern Confederacy, has also found means to supply many of its wants. Formerly neglectful of manufactures, even of the simplest kind, the blockade has called forth many which were before hardly known in the South. At Nashville a factory has been established, from which half a million of copper caps are turned out daily. The Navy Yard at Norfolk furnished numerous heavy guns, which are supplemented by factories at Richmond and elsewhere. It is worthy of note that the Federal officers failed to destroy the valuable machinery at Norfolk before they retreated, though they dealt fire and destruction upon the wooden sheds. The arms found in the Federal arsenals, or purchased

by the several States, amounted, by the report of the Secretary of War in July, to 707,000 stand; since which large quantities of the superior kinds of rifles have been introduced through Kentucky, or by running the blockade. The Bermuda alone, which arrived at Savannah about the end of September, brought, among other valuable stores, 25,000 rifles. And it must be remembered that in the South almost every man was possessed of arms, generally of a rifle—that skill as a marksman was highly esteemed—and that in a war *wherein bayonets are never crossed*, and a “battle” is a volley in the bush, such arms cannot be ignored in the enumeration of the national armament.

The New York papers credit the South with nearly 300,000 men in arms. Mr. Yancey said, the other day, it had raised 250,000. American numbers seem fated to be vague, but in July last the report of the Confederate Secretary of War, already quoted, reported “190 regiments and 32 battalions” (the latter probably artillery) as having been accepted into the service, which implied that they were complete; so that, subject to the casualties of war, at least 200,000 of their troops have had the advantage of service since that time. The battle of Manassas took place on the 21st of July; and while a large portion of the Federal army was disbanded after that date, and of course but slowly replaced, the Confederate troops who fought there and at “Big Bethel” as raw recruits have been constantly drilled, have been performing all the duties of an army before the enemy, and are still animated by the memories of those victories. How raw some of them were at Manassas may be imagined from the fact that one battery which

was hotly engaged, and is said to have done good service, had never before fired ball, and that one battalion (of Louisiana) stood its ground for hours against repeated attacks, though it had only been a few days organised.

Further, the Southern force is possessed of elements of strength which might compensate for greater numerical disparity. It is commanded beyond all question by the most talented officers of the late United States army. Few without actual military experience hold the command even of brigades,—and very young “West Point officers” hold considerable commands which, but for the jealousy of the Southern public of civilian commanders, might have been given, as in the North, to influential politicians. While General McClellan himself, great as his abilities are admitted to be, never held a command, and had, before the separation of the States, retired to a civil appointment, at least twenty of the Confederate generals were brigadiers or field-officers of the little United States’ army, and eight or ten others commanded brigades in the Mexican war. Hitherto their tactics have hardly been chargeable with a blunder, while in many instances their plans have been eminently well laid and successful.

Nothing is more conspicuous than the confidence displayed by the army in its generals. When every soldier is something of a politician, seems to understand the features of the Southern case, and to be acquainted with the geography and objects of the campaign, it is remarkable to find a universal belief in the prudence and foresight of the commanders. In all the great commands on the Potomac, where are Johnston as commander-in-chief, Beauregard* and

* General Beauregard, formerly an engineer officer, seems to be the admiration and favourite of the army, while General Johnston’s military qualifications and coolness under fire are acknowledged.

Buckner, within three weeks after the formation of the Confederate force in Kentucky, had all his departments thoroughly organised.

Smith at the head of *corps d'armée* under him—in Kentucky, where are another Johnston, Buckner, and in another quarter Zollicoffer—at Norfolk, where is Huger—at Yorktown, where is M'Gruder—in Missouri, where are Price and M'Culloch, such a feeling is constantly expressed; and this confidence appears to be mutual, the generals relying on their men. There seems among the superiors to be a calm assurance, resting upon preparations completed, on troops willing, orderly, and improving—on past successes and on what is believed to be a patriotic cause.

The army itself, to be understood, must be seen and inspected. Roughly, irregularly, often quaintly clothed, not unlike a certain British army whose clothing was a little long delayed, but with something like a soldierly appearance—with bright and generally well-carried arms, alert on duty, very rapid on the march—they do not look like men to be readily subdued. The cavalry consists of men accustomed to constant horsemanship; they generally bring their own horses into the service, and their aptitude is proved by the rapidity and accuracy of the movements of strong squadrons quite lately formed. Even Northerners admit the superior discipline of the Confederates, as shown in respecting the property near which they are quartered. We ourselves saw how the country in the neighbourhood of their camps bore no mark of spoliation; and some instances, we are sorry to say, in which, when it fell into the hands of the other side, the most wanton and cruel destruction ensued.

The army certainly in Virginia, and, we believe, everywhere, is plentifully fed; the difficulties of provisioning reported by Northern papers are visionary. Two counties of Virginia alone have meat enough to supply the armies for two years; and even during October, when it had occupied the same district for four months, the animals

destined for its supply were driven into camp from no great distance. The harvest has been plentiful; the price of corn in Richmond is but two-thirds of that of last year; and the gifts of food which are sent to soldiers from their friends are often so numerous as to exceed the power of the railways to convey them.

Inaction is the *bête noir* of the Confederate soldier, who has come very often from the far south and west with the idea of an early conflict with the invader. He welcomes the comparative excitement of the three days' outpost duty, performed in turn by regiments detailed one from each of a certain number of brigades, and petitions are often made to have the period extended. Their inaction has caused much sickness, chiefly measles, which attacked especially men accustomed to wholesome country life—the *mauvais sujets* of New Orleans being the healthiest. These attacks usually left the convalescent weak, and predisposed to low and sometimes typhoid fevers. During the early autumn the Confederate hospitals were crowded; but now the epidemics have ceased, and every report of an expected engagement brings hundreds of convalescents to the front. As the probability of renewed fighting becomes greater, even the sick go reluctantly to the rear by the railway.

The moveability of the army deserves notice. Each brigade can strike its camp and pack its baggage on its carts in twenty minutes; change of camp by some of the brigades is often made—so that, concealed by the partially-cleared forest, its enemy knows not from day to day how far its flanks extend. Though less numerous probably than the Federal army opposed to it, the Confederate commanders, as we have already remarked, have the faculty of directing certainly a sufficient, or, as the Federals say, a superior force to every point attacked.

But the most interesting feature

in this army is its composition. In the first place, it is composed almost entirely of Americans. In its ranks, as subalterns and even as privates, are to be found many men of wealth and good social position serving from a sense of the necessity for united national exertion, and cheerfully performing every duty. A rough-looking sentry, or an orderly with an officer's horse, often proves to be a man with land and property of his own, whom you might have met a few months since in the ball-room or opera.

There are many companies, troops, and batteries, in whose ranks stand the men at whose expense they have been formed, and horsed, and armed — free gifts to the State — men of great wealth, whose life has been of ease, accepting the lowest posts in the service of their State. Mothers sending every son whose age enables him to bear arms to the war, without regret or a pang — whole families side by side. A mother at Richmond, whose son had gone west for employment, had never ceased to lament his absence; but when the war broke out, and he returned to enlist in the Virginian Contingent, she saw him go without a tear. Almost every one has a son at least, or a brother in the army, but one does not hear of anxieties or fears: it is, "if the enemy beat them we must go too." There was a battery covering the railway bridge at Mumfordsville, Kentucky, in which the captain is the poorest man, and many of the cannoniers wealthy planters. They have mounted their battery with eight rifled guns, horsed it, and serve without cost to the State. Similar is the origin of the "Washington" battalion (four batteries) of artillery, forming part of the "Army of the Potomac." So W—— of New Orleans raised one in which he serves as a private. Major Y—— of Louisiana raised a company at his own expense, and is major in the regiment into which it was mustered. He owns six plantations, and near 1000 negroes, and leaves them all. These

are not thought extraordinary instances here. Men subscribe 10,000, 20,000, 30,000 dollars to the State loan. General C—— of the Confederate army, reputed to be worth 2,500,000 dollars, and to possess 1500 slaves, has handed over his whole income to the service of the Confederacy, retaining but a modest subsistence for himself. And it must be remembered that in the case of the conquest of the South, not only is the loan worthless, but the South are made liable, by the laws of the U. S. Congress, for a share in the Northern debt — the cost of their own defeat.

Again, the clothing of the army causes but a slight drain upon the treasury. States, counties, cities, associations, individuals, clothe their own brigades, regiments, and companies. Everywhere ladies are working in the common cause. Those who last year were crowding the Northern watering-places, and scattering their gold broadcast, have this summer and autumn been working in vast establishments, spinning thread, weaving cloth, cutting out and fashioning rough soldiers' clothing, organising hospitals, and tending the sick and wounded.

As to money matters, there is more gold in the treasury and in the banks than when the struggle commenced; the latter are within their issues of paper, although cash payments are suspended, as this year no money is going abroad. Though in all transactions payment is made in paper, all are agreed to take "Confederate notes" *at par*. When life, home, and property are at stake, to take on trust the value of the currency is but a slight addition. So far from there being any anxiety for the sale of the cotton crop, its export is prohibited by the States, or by the order of the governors, with the entire approval of the public.

We have seen an attempt to throw doubt on this statement, on the ground that some cotton has found its way to Europe, and more was known to be in the ports; but

such supplies must have been shipped or come into the seaport towns, for it was only, in most cases, a day in October that was named as the last on which cotton might be held there; and in New Orleans alone 10,800 bales were in store on the 28th September.

The insurance companies will insure cotton if stored on the plantations, but not in the seaports. Such, however, is the resolution of the people, that we are convinced a vast majority would rather burn the cotton on their estates, than ship it through a port in the hands of the Federals. At Savannah the "Bermuda" began to load cotton for her return voyage; but when she had loaded some 400 bales, the people interfered and would allow no more to be taken on board; so that she was compelled to fill up with rice. Cotton is regarded as the basis of wealth and currency. Southerners cannot see, that inasmuch as we are laying our account to receive no American cotton during the present winter, and taking precautions for the future, we shall next year depend still less on their supply. The Government loan is subscribed in it. The State bonds are issued as its security; and no Southern citizen will believe that such security is not ample, or that, come when it may, reviving trade will not bring an undeteriorated market. The cotton crop this year, by the by, owing to rains in August, is not expected to exceed three and a half millions of bales.

There is a considerable amount of Treasury notes thrown into circulation. These are partly in anticipation of the loan, partly in consideration of advances in money, or, as is usual, in *kind*, particularly in supplies to the army. They are taken at par by the banks—that is, in the currency of the country, small notes (Americé, "shin-plasters"). Gold already commands 15 per cent premium; but our informants (intelligent gentlemen) say "the faith and patriotism of the community is the security. We are

all agreed to take this paper, and when we are so resolved, its credit will be maintained." Doubts in the security of their credit system do not appear to trouble folks in general. It is a neck-or-nothing game—they confide in their ultimate success "when all will come right"—say "they will win," and remark justly enough that when they are fighting for existence, if they lose the game, contingent and financial losses are secondary matters; on the other hand, if they win, they say that their internal resources are so boundless that they will at once recover their present sacrifices. It is a favourite calculation in conversation, and in the newspapers, that the South, producing five-sixths of the exports of the entire Union, consuming at least its share of the imports, and paying the enhanced price caused by the protective duty on manufactured goods, either in the shape of duty, or the artificial price charged by the Northern manufacturer, is taxed by the North to the amount of the difference of such duty, while its consumptive power is proportionably reduced. Great expectations were aroused in October last by the purchase of tobacco on a large scale, on account of the French Government, and by the rumoured demand for cotton at New Orleans. An agent in Louisiana reported to his principal extensive sales at the high price of 20 cents per lb.

Allowing for the difficulty of general observation, we can yet confidently speak of the earnestness manifested on both sides in the present contest. In the North there is earnestness. Congress, only seconding the popular desire, has voted 500,000 men, 500,000,000 dollars. Unheard-of pay is offered to soldiers; liberal rations punctually delivered; and to the standards have flocked a volunteer army rivaling in numbers that which is raised by any European conscription. For the service of the war, the citizens, unmoved, are contemplating an expenditure so tremendous, that in less

than four years, even at the rate of its growth in this the first year of the war (proverbially the least costly), its interest will equal that of the debt which Great Britain has accumulated in two centuries; which has borne the cost of the campaigns of six generations—by means of which were kept alive the liberties of Europe, that otherwise had been crushed out by the iron heel of military despotism. For this war, the North is content to see extinguished that freedom which was her boast, and for which she claimed to be born—for this, to the sword has been committed the rule of the disposing majority. There is no place for the man who writes or speaks aught distasteful to the many-headed tyrant; nay, in some cities, even to be reserved and moderate, is to be suspected and watched. Mob rule and anarchy are terrible, but their duration is commonly brief; far worse is the Government of ambitious men who are content to be dragged at the heels of popular passion, and reign but to execute the wild will of the blinded multitude. So for this war in the boasted seat of freedom and independence, a secret police, nightly arrests, without cause assigned, suspension of writs of "habeas corpus," warnings, suspension, and suppression of newspapers, are common and acknowledged. The seizure of the property of Southern States men, unreasoning cries for foreign aid—which would pass unnoticed if the offspring of newspapers or pot-house politicians—are significant when in the mouths of ministers of state. There is, too, in many States of the Northern Union, a strong and resolute sentiment, which is certainly patriotic and worthy. If the levies which have been raised in some eastern towns are composed of the same materials as the band which followed David to the wilderness, far different are the soldiers of the regiments which have mustered in the agricultural States. Fine country-bred fellows are many of these—resembling our young yeomen—men who have made great and real

sacrifices to join the army, but who believe in their duty to the Union, and are willing to strike a blow for it. Such are the men of Illinois, of Eastern Missouri, of Indiana, of Ohio, of Northern Kentucky—who will surely prove stouter foes to the brave Southerners than the loose levies they scattered so easily in July. Their tone is earnest; for, whether it will stand the test of the battle-field or not, there is, without doubt, both in the camp and the city, a stern resolve to avenge past reverses and defeats, and, cost what it may, to compel the seceding States to submit again to their allegiance to the sovereign Federation.

And the South is in earnest. We do not take as proof of this the vote of its Congress which echoed the unlimited grants of its rival to the executive, because that might be an empty boast—or the bitter and loud defiance on the lips of the wealthy and poor alike, because that is common to both sides, and does not of necessity imply constancy and fulfilment; but it is proved by the out-pouring which only nations in their agony know; it is shown in the one heart which seems to animate these millions like one man in the surrender of individuality, in the abnegation of self, that strikes the stranger with astonishment—in the abandonment of habits and peculiarities—in the boundless confidence which this sensitive people repose in the public men to whom they have intrusted their safety—in the softer virtues which national trial calls forth, and which mitigate the horrors and curse of civil war.

Here is an army not much inferior in numbers to the hosts of the North, furnished from a population far smaller and less inclined actively by habit and climate, and from such classes as we have described.

We have said that there is full confidence in the public men; and, accustomed as we are to hear American statesmen reviled by the party out of power, while the Lincoln Cabinet is censured for inaction, precipitation, or both—while "old Scott" is said to be "done"—while

Fremont is called incapable, deaf to counsel, corrupt, and inaccessible to citizens, &c.*—these people have entire confidence in the prudence and ability of the men to whom they have committed their destinies, though no citizen not on business is allowed to go to the army—though the ministers have ante-rooms, hateful to the American Republican mind, and secretaries, to be passed—though no one knows the numbers or the mortality of the army, and the plans of the generals are hardly surmised by “our own correspondents”—though they stand on the defensive, in itself most trying to the morale of a proud people and a volunteer army. Loud and general, however, seems to be the utterance of the resolution never to yield: “rather,” say they, “we will burn every house, every bale of cotton, and lay our country waste.” Deep and bitter is the resentment against the North; and firm, at present at least, the declaration that their dealings shall be with any country in the world rather than with her. Add that in the presence of actual war, beleaguered, threatened with the fate of conquered nations, the Government has had recourse to no exceptional proceedings—that the liberty of individuals is respected—that the press is free—that newspapers (e.g. the *Charleston Mercury*) publish without molestation the sharpest diatribes on the authorities and on the conduct of the war, though it should be noted that their complaints are generally to the effect that the policy adopted is defensive, and not aggressive. Crime and violence were never so rare. The cities on Sundays present an appearance almost of Scottish tranquillity—though in most cases large bodies of troops are cantoned in the immediate neighbourhood. The vast slave population, so far from proving the cause of embarrassment or weakness, have enabled the cultivation of the soil to proceed: while so many of the white population have joined the army, the women live with unlocked doors on the plantations. In all ranks of civil and military life there reigns, with the sternest resolution, an absolute confidence of their ultimate success. The conclusion we conceive to be irresistible, that although, with constancy and perseverance, the North may mould

* So much has been said of General Fremont's magnificence in St. Louis that it may be worth mentioning in what state he was living when the writer was there in September last. He was occupying a substantial house in a good quarter, placed at his disposal by a friend. Most of the sunk and basement floors were taken up by busy secretaries and clerks. The general was incessantly engaged in organising and providing transport for a force which should subjugate Missouri—a State half as large as Ireland—the Legislature and most of the people of which were hostile to the Union, and of which he had been less than a month in nominal military command. Regiments were pouring in to him from the neighbouring States in various degrees of rawness, generally without arms, and unacquainted with their use. He had no rifles in store. His troops were being drawn away to reinforce points further East. The insanity of plunging into such a country when so unprepared needs no remark, but was illustrated by the fate of the garrison of Lexington.

The “body guard” which has so stunk in the Republican nostrils consisted of a troop of volunteer cavalry, the members of which had enrolled themselves for the purpose of so serving. It presented the appearance of a raw and shabby squad of yeomanry, but it furnished the sentries at the General's gate, who only admitted persons on business, and so prevented his house from becoming what in America is called *levee*, but in England a bear-garden. We need not try to strike the balance of truth between the charges of peculation brought against officers about General Fremont's staff, and the counter charges of backstairs cabals against the General at Washington. But the measure of forbearance accorded by the Executive to Federal commanders would appear to be uneven; for if those on the west have gained no more than those in the east, yet they have not lost so much.

its heterogeneous army into efficiency, and though the lessons of war may gradually supply that military character in which for the present it is deficient, her *gros bataillons* and her outpoured treasures will fail, like other armies and more ancient powers, to crush the newly-won independence of a resolute and united people.

The war, perhaps, is not one to awaken our warm sympathies for either party. The unfriendly tone of the organs of public opinion in the North, when in recent years the military prestige of England seemed for a space to wane, excited not resentment among us, but surprise that an honourable rivalry should have degenerated into jealousy, and that despotic Russia, rather than free England, should possess the sympathies of the great Anglo-Saxon Republic. Their importunate demands for our partisanship, at the same moment that they flouted our offers of mediation — their insolent threats of finding compensation for Southern losses in aggression upon the peaceful British provinces — their loud boastings and ignominious defeat — would have enlisted on the side of the

weaker party the generous British love of freedom and jealousy of despotism, whether wielded by an emperor or by a triumphant faction.

But that devotion to the cause of human freedom which has led us already to make so many sacrifices, has barred the way to our giving to the South that moral encouragement accorded so often to communities engaged in the struggle for independence and self-government. Recognition of their independence and close commercial relations with England, without restrictions upon trade, are earnestly desired by the people of the South; and there may be a little impatience that their nationality is as yet ignored by the civilised world. A more correct view appears, however, to be taken by the heads of the Government. "Our separation from the North," said President Davis lately, "is as complete as if it had been accomplished fifty years. But I am far from complaining of the tardy recognition of European governments. It is better for us that we should work out our own independence, and the rest will come in good time."

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